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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts vii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 10.

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ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

All true religion flows out of the life of God in the soul. Wherever this divine life exists, there will true religion be found. Where it exists not, there may be the name of religion; but it will be a shadow without substance, a form without power, an imitation without reality. Almost the first truths that are sealed on the conscience in the earliest dawn of life and light, when men are beheld as trees walking, are connected with the life of God in the soul as a divine work.

That God is a Spirit; that he must be worshipped in spirit and truth; that there is a new birth; that the seat of all true religion is in the heart; that every thing must be given up for Christ; that sin is a dreadful internal reality; and that therefore grace and salvation must be internal realities too—amidst all the darkness and confusion of mind in the beginnings of the work of grace, these truths stand prominently forth, as the mountain tops lift themselves up out of the mists of the valley.

Nor are these simple truths ever shaken or undermined by subsequent experience. Much may have to be renounced. Many opinions, prejudices, pursuits, connexions, attachments, may have to be abandoned; much pride, self-righteousness, creature-strength and wisdom to be burnt up: the soul may be stripped naked and bare, and "left like a beacon upon the top of a mountain, and as an ensign on

a hill;" but this truth is never swept away, that the kingdom of God set up in the heart with a divine power is the main point, the one thing needful, the treasure in the earthen vessel, the white stone and the new name, without which all profession is but a mask and a show. Nay, all the storms, waves, and billows that, rolling over the soul, bury and drown all religion that is of the flesh and the creature, only settle and ground it more deeply in the firm persuasion that all true religion is a divine work, a new creation, and that it is begun, carried on, and perfected by the sovereign, efficacious power of God alone.

Hence springs the separation between those that are born of the flesh and those that are born of the Spirit. Probe all false religion to the bottom; put the scoop into its heart and centre; strip off its garments and trappings, and what will you find? SELF.

False religion may assume a thousand shapes, from preparation for Confirmation at a young ladies' boarding school to the hair shirt and bleeding back of a Popish saint. It may run through all shades of profession, from wild Ranterism or Mormonism to the highest flight of doctrinal Calvinism. But hunt it down through all its turnings and windings, and you will find the creature at the end of the chase.

How this leaven met and thwarted Paul at every step! "Ye must be circumcised and keep the law of Moses," was the first stumbling block cast into the path of the Gentile believers. And by whom? By "certain of the sect of the Pharisees which believed;" (Acts xv. 5;) who, in bondage themselves to the law of works, envied the Gentile saints the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free. With them, as with all who are not effectually humbled under the mighty hand of God, the grand stumbling stone and rock of offence was this, that Christ must be all and the creature nothing. "I bear them record," says the apostle, "that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." (Rom. x. 2, 3.)

And so it is in our day. The "straitest sect of the Pharisees" did not die out in the days of the apostles. Its roots still lie deep in the human heart. It is a religion taught at the mother's knee, nurtured and fed by schools, tutors, and governesses, strengthened in maturer years, where not knocked to pieces by worldly lusts, by sermon upon sermon and tract after tract, and handed down in old age as a precious legacy to the rising generation. Nor is it confined to what is called "the religious world," and to be found only in little books

bound in crimson watered-silk as Christmas presents for good little boys and girls. Alas! it is found in a higher, purer atmosphere, intruding itself into the church of God—a rank, rampant weed in the garden of spices. Nearly all the mistakes, errors, confusion, strife, and division everywhere seen in the churches that hold the truth, arise either from the want of divine life, or from mingling with it what is of the creature and the flesh.

Religion is with some almost as indispensable as the air they breathe or the food they eat. It is a natural craving that requires a suitable aliment. In some it is Popery, in others Arminianism, in others Calvinism—a numerous tribe of sisters, but with a strong family likeness stamped on all. “Let us have some religion. We cannot do without religion. Our church, our chapel, our pew, our minister, our people—we can’t exist without them.” Such is the feeling, such the language of hundreds who have not a grain of real religion, not a spark of divine teaching; who, with all this clamour about religion, have never once, perhaps, in their lives cried from a broken heart, “God be merciful to me a sinner,” or ever had one sight, by living faith, of the King in his beauty. When this strong natural feeling of religion is well varnished over by a few tears under a sermon, gilded by a sound Calvinistic creed, and kept duly polished by a consistent life, who can wonder that there are shoals of professors in the churches in whom the very root itself of divine life is wanting?

Now these, though embarked under a free grace profession, will be either Pharisees or Antinomians. The leaven, though hidden for a time, will, and must work; and when it breaks forth, contention must ensue. For errors and mistakes must arise where the Spirit of *truth* is not; strife and division must exist where the Spirit of *love* is not; pride and self-righteousness must prevail where the Spirit of *Christ* is not; carnality and death must reign where the Spirit of *life* is not; and sin must rule where the Spirit of *holiness* is not. A spirit of loose Antinomian licentiousness has, it is to be feared, deeply infected many Calvinistic churches. They have argued, or if not argued, have almost acted, as if free grace were a freedom to evil, and gospel liberty a liberty to please the flesh and the world. And need we wonder that in churches where admission is so easy, where so shallow a work is considered sufficient for membership, there are many real Antinomians—Antinomians in heart and secret practice, who are not sufficiently so in life to bring them under church censures? But because there is this great evil in one form, shall we correct it by an equally great evil in another

form? To avoid Scylla, must we fly to Charybdis? Because the Antinomian has bent the stick in one direction, shall we straighten the curve by passing it into the hand of the Pharisee to bend it in the other direction? That were to break the stick, not straighten it; to cure of arsenic by administering prussic acid. Pharisaism is every whit as deadly an enemy to Christ as Antinomianism. Gentile sinners and Jewish Pharisees crucified, by mutual consent, the Lord of life and glory. The austere priests of the Hebrew Sanhedrim "spit in his face and buffeted him," and the wild soldiers of the Roman camp mocked him with the crown of thorns and the purple robe. One error is not to be corrected by another; an abused gospel cannot be rectified by introducing into it a strong tincture of the law. Error of any nature or shape, introduced into the gospel of Jesus Christ, is like the introduction of a foreign body into the human system; it must fret and irritate till dislodged or worked out. Arminianism is as much a grain of sand in a living eye as Antinomianism. In a gospel church a handful of Arminians will cause as much confusion as a handful of Antinomians. The gospel of Christ fights equally with both; and therefore both equally fight with the gospel of Christ. Nay, the greatest confusion frequently arises from the Arminian quarter. Fretted and irritated by a condemning law, which they are vainly endeavouring to keep, they are ready to quarrel with a straw, and secretly hate a free grace gospel, because it will not go partners with their righteousness.

Need we wonder if, under these circumstances, there is so much confusion and division in the churches, and so little love and union among the ministers?

But what should all do who love vital, spiritual, experimental godliness? Contend for *all* truth and oppose *all* error. And above all, seek to be endued themselves with power from on high, and to get their religion from the Fountain-head; to be satisfied with nothing short of divine teaching and divine testimony; to buy of Christ gold tried in the fire, and to beg of him to anoint their eyes with his own precious eye-salve, so that they may see. A mighty conflict is apparently at hand, which may arouse the most sleepy and try the most strong. We shall want, in that battle, not notions, but faith; not only union with a church, but union with Christ; not a lazy hear-

* *Scylla* was a rock on one side of the narrow strait between Italy and Sicily, and *Charybdis*, a whirlpool on the other; and as it often happened that in avoiding one a ship fell on, or into the other, it became an ancient proverb to express how, in endeavouring to shun one difficulty, a person ran upon the opposite.

ing of sermons, as though that were the all in all of religion, but sheddings abroad of the love of God; not a sitting under the vine and fig-tree of the pulpit, and a snug corner in a Calvinistic chapel, but a putting on of "the whole armour of God, that we may be able to withstand in that evil day, and having done all, to stand." Whilst the officers have been quarreling, and the crew asleep, the pirates have come alongside the ship. Rome has hoisted her black flag, and we may have to contend with her foot to foot, and shoulder to shoulder, upon a deck flowing with blood. When the day comes "for the slaying of the witnesses" (Rev. xi.)—a prophecy yet unfulfilled, for the testimony of the gospel has never yet been silenced—*realities*, divine *realities* will be found needful. There will be no nice, neat, well pewed, softly cushioned chapels then, no quiet sleeping corners to nestle down in after the text has been given out. "Our chapel" may be then a store-house or a granary; "our minister" be an exile or in prison; and "our people" gone over, two thirds of them, to Popery.

Whilst, then, a breathing time remains, let us be seeking that which can alone:

"Stand every storm, and live at last,"

a vital union and communion with the Son of God.

As a humble instrument, then, in the hands of the Lord, would we, whilst opportunity is allowed, "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

We have spoken of the black flag of Rome. Let ours be a different banner—the banner of *truth* and *love*. (Psalm lx. 4; Song ii. 4.) "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

1. The new man of grace has a pure appetite. Husks cannot satisfy it. *Truth*, pure truth, is the element it breathes; bread, heavenly bread, the food it eats; water, living water, the stream of which it drinks. This air, this food, this water, it seeks as with a spiritual instinct. As the new-born babe seeks the mother's breast, the new-born soul desires "the sincere milk of the word, that it may grow thereby."

Truth revealed by the Spirit is the soul's food, whether milk for the babe or meat for the man. This truth, in its purest form, is contained in the Scripture. But it often needs to be dealt out. Truth flows in God's word as a mighty river; but it often reaches the soul through canals, pipes, conduits appointed of God or sanctioned by him.

Among these canals or conduits of divine truth, we would fain hope the "Gospel Standard" has a place. May it be our increasing desire that through it pure truth may flow. But what truth? Not truth in a dry, dead, cold, abstract form. It is vital truth, truth impregnated with the power and unction of the Spirit,—truth wet with the dew of heaven, truth to which the Holy Ghost has given bone and sinew, life and breath,—that alone is profitable. What this is, requires a spiritual eye to see and a spiritual heart to feel.

2. But we need over us also the banner of *love*. Paul has beautifully combined both in one short sentence: "Speaking the truth in love," (Eph. iv. 18,)—love to Jesus, love to the people of Jesus, and love to the truth as it is in Jesus. Love in the heart and truth in the lips form a beautiful and harmonious union; and both are needed to blow the silver trumpet of the gospel and bring forth its melodious and joyful sound.

An archer needs a mark, a pilot a compass, a runner a goal, an architect a plan. Without this definite object, the arrow has no aim, the ship no course, the racer no prize, the building no symmetry. What, then, is or should be the object of a Periodical that, like the "Standard," circulates widely amongst the living family? The same object that Paul set before the Ephesian elders, (Acts xx. 28,) "to feed the church of God." "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs," was Christ's thrice repeated injunction to Peter. Every preacher, writer, and editor, that addresses himself to the church of God, should have this set before him as his whole aim and desire.

This we can honestly say is ours, and the only motive which keeps us at our difficult and responsible post. Here we feel our conscience clear. It is not worldly interest, or ambition, or aiming at popularity and influence, but a desire to be instrumental in feeding living souls, that bears us up and keeps us at our post amidst many discouragements, from both within and without, best known to ourselves. Added to which, we are deprived of the valuable aid and advice of our late dear friend and coadjutor, poor M'Kenzie, who, in mercy to himself, but with a heavy loss to the church, has been removed from this vale of tears. Pressed with the difficulties of our post, wearied with its toils, sensible of our own insufficiency, cast so much upon our own judgment that, as regards our editorial task, we may well say, "Of friends and counsellors bereft;" wishing to do right, but often not knowing how; anxious to avoid what is wrong, but often entangled unawares in it, our path as editor resembles very much the exercised path of a Christian. Let such sympathize with us. Let them consider our difficulties; bear with our infirmities; hold up our

hands at a throne of grace, and beg of the Lord to endue us with grace and wisdom needful for our post. We can assure them the bitters much outweigh the sweets. But, through mercy, there *are* sweets. Our labour is not in vain in the Lord. Again and again have we been on the point of resigning our post, but some instance of a blessing has come to our ears, which has encouraged us to persevere and to hold on, "faint, yet pursuing."

During the year now before us, may the blessing of God accompany what is brought before the church of Christ in our little work.

This blessing, as it has rested upon our pages, so we hope it may rest upon them again; and that will be an ample reward for all the difficulties and discouragements that have hitherto beset our path, and will, if we be faithful, beset it to the end.

PERILOUS TIMES.

BY JOHN RUSK.

[We introduce to our readers a piece by John Rusk on "Perilous Times," written rather more than nineteen years ago. But if the horizon were dark and gloomy then, how much more has it become so during that interval! The storm that now threatens was then comparatively but a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. Two features in it will be found worthy of notice: 1. Rusk, as a well-instructed scribe, shows very aptly from God's word the security which the saints of old possessed, in having the Lord himself for their refuge; and 2. points out prayer and watchfulness as the main spiritual weapons of the church when dangers threaten, and above all when they burst forth. May we have grace to attend to and act upon the counsels of this well-taught man of God.—ED.]

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come."—2 TIMOTHY iii. 1.

Having gone through the subject of "The Stranger,"* &c., as the Lord has been pleased to lead me on, my mind is now led to another thing, and a weighty thing it is. It appears that we are entering fast into very dangerous times indeed, and such times as none living ever knew. But this is our mercy: that the Lord our God sits at the helm, and that he never will forsake his people, but that all things shall eventually terminate in their good and his glory.

It is now more than ten years since I wrote a sermon, upon these words, which was done from deep impressions at various times of the certainty that they will take place; for the Scriptures cannot be broken. Now, although our nation at the present time appears to be

* Rusk alludes here to his piece entitled, "Sorrow and Comfort; or Conflicts and Trials the Common Lot of all Real Believers," from Preverbs xiv. 10, which appeared in the last year's "Standard."

in a fearful condition; seeing that there is a division in the house between the Lords and the King,* so that people are in great fear of a revolution; yet it is not my intention to fill these pages with political matters, neither am I capable of it were I so inclined: But what I aim at is of a more noble nature, substantial things; and may the blessed Spirit of all truth guide me into such things as shall be to the encouragement of myself and all that are honest in heart.

In my other treatment of this subject I endeavoured to show, I. What was meant by *the last days*; II. What by *perilous times*; III. The *certainty* of the coming of those times; and that those perilous times are times of great calamity, great distress, and great trouble to the church of God; times in which God's enemies will triumph; times that will bring matters to a decision, as to who is on the Lord's side; and times in which many lives will be lost for the truth's sake. Upon these things I then enlarged.

Seeing, then, that every thing now of an outward nature looks very dismal, what I have in view in taking up the subject a second time is to inquire,

I. What Paul says about *the knowledge of it*: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come."

II. *Where our safety lies* as the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

III. *The necessity of all real believers at such critical times uniting and crying mightily to the Lord.*

IV. I will endeavour to show a little from God's word *what great events have taken place in answer to the prayers of the saints.*

I. The apostle Paul wishes us to have a *knowledge* of these perilous times. Reader, you and I are not to be careless or indifferent, Gallio-like; to say, "All will be well at last; I know that God's decrees will take place; I am sure that he is my God, and therefore I shall give myself no concern about what is coming on." I should rather doubt such a confidence as you speak about, and fear that you are not trusting in the Lord, if these things never trouble you. Remember that carelessness is not trust; and although God's children at times feel strong in the Lord, yet it is a very humble confidence, and they rejoice with trembling. Many have spoken very largely, who after all have denied Christ altogether. I believe, then, that what Paul means here by a knowledge of these perilous times, is a knowledge that enters the heart, or a full persuasion of its real truth. He does not say here that he speaks by permission, and not by commandment, and that he *thinks* he has the Spirit of God, as he does when he writes to the Corinthians about marriage. No, but it is a fixed and settled thing with him, what he firmly believes, and therefore he affirms it with all confidence: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times *shall* come."

* Rusk here alludes to the commotion at the time of the Reform Bill, in October, 1831, when the Upper House threw the bill out, after it had passed the Commons, and the men of Birmingham threatened to march upon London.

This knowledge takes in as follows: a being on the look-out, a standing on the watch tower and crying to the Lord to be delivered from the cold, careless, indifferant, lukewarm, and Laodicean state; and a standing in awe, a trembling at God's word, and entreating him to preserve his church whenever such times may come. I shall not enlarge here, and therefore I come,

II. To show *where our safety lies* as the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. That it is a right thing to use all lawful means as far as possible, is an undeniable truth; yet these things are not our safety, but only, at best, means which God makes use of. Now, our safety lies in God's promises to us in Christ Jesus, God the Father having made such exceeding great and precious promises as he has, and he being a faithful, unchangeable God, who cannot possibly lie. What safety and what security are here! as Hart beautifully writes,

"I on thy promises depend," &c.

Again:

"No other stay have I beside;
If these can alter I must fall," &c.

Shall I mention a few of them? Then observe: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. The holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." (Psalm xlv. Read it carefully all through.) Now, there cannot be greater danger mentioned, I think, than what you read of in this psalm; and the only safety which the church has is in God himself, as made over to them in all his promises and covenant engagements in Christ Jesus.

And do not forget that these promises are *absolute*. Did they at all depend upon any condition to be performed by us, it would be poor work indeed, and there would be no foundation for our hope. But bless the Lord, it is not so. "I will be their God, and they shall be my people;" this is the language of the new covenant; and the Scriptures cannot be broken. Again: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee, and shall say, Destroy them." (Deut. xxxiii. 27.) If you read the prophet Joel, it is wonderful what precious promises God makes there in a large cluster: "Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things." (Joel ii. 21.) Read them over. "The Lord also shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem, and the heavens and the earth shall shake;" and then mind the promise; "but the Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel." (Joel iii. 16.) There is safety only in God. It matters not what

strong buildings men may have, what weapons of war, or what great, yea, very great multitude and force of mighty men; all this is nothing against Him who is almighty. The walls of Jericho, how secure they seemed to be! and yet with what simple means are they destroyed when our God gives the word! only by the priests walking round and compassing the city: "So the people shouted when the priests blew the trumpets; and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpets, and the people shouted with a very great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city." (Josh. vi. 20.) With this agrees the prophecy of Jeremiah. After Jeremiah had looked at the potter, the Lord says to him, "O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel. At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up and pull down, and to destroy it, if that nation against whom I have pronounced turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them." (Jeremiah xviii. 8.)

From all this we see how blessed a thing it is in troublous times to have God on our side, who is almighty; for, as Paul says, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Plenty are against us, but it avails nothing. What a plight was Israel in at the Red Sea! They were quite shut in, mountains prodigiously high and rugged on one side, Pharaoh and all his hosts behind, and nothing but the Red Sea before. And now is the time for God to display his power in their salvation, and in the destruction of his and their enemies, and glorify his holy name; and this shall be done by making a way for them in the sea and dividing the waters. Now, the Egyptians had no trial this way, for the waters appeared a wall, and all in a fair way, as they thought; but it was to their destruction; and thus the Lord got to himself a glorious name. Observe, also, that the sea at this time was not still and calm to Israel, but quite the contrary. Hence the prophet Isaiah tells us, that "the Lord divided the sea, when the waves thereof roared; the Lord of hosts is his name."

Look also at the state of the Jews in the days of Haman, that child of the devil! How craftily he planned their destruction! But our God, who is the God of salvation, blasted all his schemes and sent him out of the world, glorifying his holy name in their salvation as it were in the last hour. O what a God is our God! Again: Peter is shut up in prison by Herod, and well guarded by soldiers; but that was nothing to One that is almighty; and therefore he sends his angel, who touches Peter and orders him to dress himself and then follow him: the doors all opened of their own accord, and out came Peter to his own company, the church of God, who had prayed without ceasing for his deliverance. Thus God is glorified in appearing for his people in times of great danger and when there appears no way for them to escape. Bless his holy name!

Although we at this time as a nation and as a church appear to be in

great danger, yet "is the Lord's hand shortened that it cannot save? and is his ear heavy that it cannot hear?" No: "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, without variableness or the shadow of a turning;" and all on behalf of his church, however he may deal with others in a conditional way. You and I are so prone to look at second causes, and to judge according to appearances, that we thus forget the promises and our hands get weak; whereas God's unconditional promises are mighty bulwarks, to guard us against every enemy: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." And what is that word but this? "I will never leave thee, never, never forsake thee." There are five negatives in the original, say the learned. "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." Take notice of David, and how he makes his boast of the Lord, telling us what the Lord is to him: "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." (Psalm xviii. 2.)

Now all this security and safety which David found, and which all believers find in their God, implies danger on all hands; else there would be no boasting of what God is to us in the face of all opposition. "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord," says the Psalmist. David had long proved this, both spiritually and temporally. And this clearly shows that, let people possess what they may, if they are in a smooth path altogether, they are completely deceived. David was long hunted and hated by King Saul, insomuch that he cries out in bitterness of soul, "I shall one day fall by the hand of Saul;" but did he? no, "the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went." And how often have you and I drawn the same conclusions, when we have "feared every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as though he was ready to destroy!" But does he destroy? no, and therefore God asks such, "Where is the fury of the oppressor?"

O the very many straits, fears, sinkings of soul, temptations, &c., that I have been in, and still often am in, so that I conclude all is over with me; and yet the Lord does not resist me at a throne of grace, but at times enables me to wrestle hard with the promises; although it appears as if I should never succeed, all being as it were against wind and tide. Jacob said, "All these things are against me;" but at the same time they were working together for his good. The truth is, you and I are so short-sighted. I am at this time under many fears. There is a dangerous disorder, that has killed a great many people, and is now not far from us—not above a day's sailing;* also the rioting there has been at Bristol,† and expectations lest it should be so in London; the oppression which I have in labouring for my bread, and the fires I have to go through—bodily

* The cholera, which was then at Hamburg and crossing the sea, broke out at Sunderland, Oct. 26, 1831.

† These were the Bristol riots at the time of the Reform Bill, at the end of Oct., 1831, when public buildings and private houses were burnt and plundered by the mob, involving a loss to the amount of £200,000; and the sadder loss of between two and three hundred lives.

weakness, want of sight, and, what is worse than all, inbred corruption working stronger than ever, so that at times I feel as though I should turn back in the day of battle; and as though I certainly were an enemy to Zion. God hides his face, and who can behold him? Thus my path is rough; yet I am preserved, and at times feel a little hope arise.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PEOPLE OF THE BLESSING AND THE PEOPLE OF THE CURSE.

"Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read; no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate; for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line; they shall possess it for ever, from generation to generation shall they dwell therein."—ISAIAH xxxiv. 16, 17.

The chapter in which these words are found begins with an exhortation for all nations and people to give ear, and listen to the important matter contained therein. In these words, "Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people; let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it," it is evident, and might be proved from Scripture, that the "nations, people, earth, world, and all things therein," mean one and the same thing, and, in plain terms, they mean the inhabitants of the earth; for they are alone interested in what follows. It does not call to the heavens, because angels are not interested; nor yet to hell, because devils have no part or lot in the matter; but it calls to man—that creature hastening on to an eternal world—and exhorts him to give ear and attend to the important matters that follow in the chapter.

The chapter then goes on to declare the indignation of Jehovah against all who are not interested in the great salvation which his Son hath wrought out, and also of the eternal security of those who are interested in that blessed Lamb; and clearly shows the marks which distinguish the "children of the promise" from the "children of the flesh," with their state, position, and ends; the awful curse of the one, and the certain salvation of the other, in "the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion." (Isa. xxxiv. 8.)

Ever since the earth hath stood, there have, in the sight of Jehovah, never been but two classes of mortals in the world; and to make plain English of the matter, these two classes are those who are "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father," (1 Pet. i. 2,) and those whom the Lord calls "reprobate, because he hath rejected them." (Jer. vi. 30.) The one is a "vessel of mercy afore prepared unto glory," (Rom. ix. 23,) the other a "vessel of wrath fitted to destruction." (Rom. ix. 22.)

And it is from this foundation of distinction that the Holy Spirit in the word of God hath seen fit, in order to accommodate it to our weak understanding, to set forth this distinction in so many figures and similes as he has, such as "sheep" and "goats," (Matt. xxv. 33),

"wise" and "foolish," (Matt. xxv. 2,) "good figs" and "bad figs," (Jer. xxiv. 3,) "vessels of wrath" and "vessels of mercy," (Rom. ix. 22, 23,) the "living" and the "dead," (Eph. ii. 1,) the "seeing" and the "blind," (John ix. 40, 41,) the "faithful" and "unbelieving," (2 Thess. iii. 2; Rom. iv. 3,) the "many" and the "few," (Matt. vii. 13, 14,) the "children of the promise" and the "children of the flesh," (Rom. ix. 8,) the "precious" and the "vile," (Jer. xv. 19,) the "wicked" and the "righteous," (Hab. i. 4,) the "tares" and the "wheat," (Matt. xiii. 25,) the "good ground" and the "bad," (Matt. xiii. 3—8,) the "children of wrath" and the "heirs of promise," (Eph. ii. 3; Gal. iii. 29,) "Jacobs" and "Esau," (Mal. i. 2, 3,) "new bottles" and "old bottles," (Matt. ix. 17,) the "spiritual" and the "fleshly," (Rom. viii. 5,) the "world" and those "chosen out" of it, (John xv. 19,) the "clean" and the "unclean," (John xiii. 10, 11,) the "generation of vipers" and the "generation of the upright," (Matt. iii. 7; Psalm cxii. 2,) the "Israel of God" and those who are "not Israel," (Rom. ix. 6,) those who are "in Christ Jesus," and those who are "in the wicked one," (Ephes. i. 3; 1 John v. 19, *margin*,) the "wild olive tree" and "the good," (Rom. xi. 24,) the "rich" and the "poor," (Prov. xxii. 7,) the "righteous nation who keepeth the truth," and the "people against whom the Lord hath indignation for ever," (Isa. xxxi. 2; Mal. i. 4,) and the "tribes of the spiritual Israel" and the "tribes of the earth," (Matt. xxiv. 30; Rev. vii. 4.)

To these two classes the whole revealed word of Jehovah, either in blessings or curses, points; and in this chapter these two classes are distinguished as the "people of God," (Isa. xxxiv. 5,) and those "written in the book of the Lord." (Isa. xxxiv. 16.) I therefore propose to write a little of each, together with their state, condition, and end. And O that the precious Spirit, who hath, of his infinite grace, taught me some of his truths, may so guide my heart and pen as to write that which shall be for the good of the Lord's elect, and the glory of a triune Jehovah! Even so, Lord, Amen!

The "people of God's curse," or those on whom the curse of God will come, are here said to be Idumea: "For my sword shall be bathed in heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment." (Isa. xxxiv. 5.) This Idumea was the country of the Edomites, which is plain from the following passage: "Concerning Edom thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Is wisdom no more in *Teman*? (a province of Idumea;) is counsel perished from the prudent? is their wisdom vanished? Flee ye, turn back, dwell deep, O inhabitants of *Dedan*, (another province of Idumea,) for I will bring the calamity of Esau upon him, the time that I will visit him." (Jer. xlix. 7, 8.) Here the provinces of *Teman* and *Dedan* are spoken of as the places of residence of the children of Edom.

It is also equally plain from Holy Writ, that the Edomites were the direct attendants of Esau; for, in the very passage I have quoted above, it speaks of the "calamity of Esau" as the same with Edom. And two verses farther on are these words, speaking of the continuation of the judgment in Edom: "I have made Esau bare, I have uncovered his secret places, and he shall not be able to hide himself;

his seed is spoiled, and his brethren, and his neighbours, and he is not." (Jer. xlix. 10.) But, if further evidence still is wanting, it is plain enough where Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage to Jacob. And the Holy Ghost appears to make it plainer there than anywhere else, in order, I believe, that his genealogy and judgments may be traced down to all time; he says, "And *Esau* said to Jacob, Feed me I pray thee with that same red pottage, for I am faint; therefore was his name called *Edom*," (Gen. xxv. 30.) The meaning of Edom is *red*, hence the cause of his being called Edom was his selling his birthright for a mess of *red* pottage.

Now, Jacob and Esau were twins, and before they were born, the Lord said to their mother, "Two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels." (Gen. xxv. 23.) And true enough it was, for one proved to be elected of Jehovah to eternal life, while the other was left to the "calamity of Esau." And this was so ordained before either of them was born, according to Paul: "And not only this, but when Rebecca also had conceived by one, even by our father Isaac, (for the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth,) it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." (Rom. ix. 10—13.)

It is plain, therefore, that the "people of God's curse," here mentioned, on whom the judgments were to fall, were the descendants of rejected Esau, and that this rejection was before Esau was born, "that the purpose of God according to election might stand." And this curse chased all his posterity, down to the days of Malachi; (Mal. i. 2—4;) and will till the last great day of account, when it shall gather together all its vengeance, and burst with one eternal crash upon the heads of all his race. "And the streams thereof (that is, of Edom) shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever; from generation to generation it shall lie waste (of all spiritual cultivation); none (of the saved in the Lord) shall pass through it for ever and ever." (Isa. xxxiv. 10.)* And this is to be in the day of the Lord's "vengeance, and the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion." (Isa. xxxiv. 8.) This day and year I believe to mean especially the day of the great assize, which will be his day of vengeance. "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." (2 Thess. i. 7—9.) This is the "day of the Lord's vengeance," and his way of recompensing Zion (not for merit, but in free grace) for her passive part

* Though Edom was doubtless a type and figure of the reprobate, we are not to lose sight of the literal fulfilment of these prophecies, which have been most remarkably accomplished, Edom, according to the testimony of travellers, lying waste and desolate at this very day.

in controversy. The apostle follows on to show, "when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe, in that day." (2 Thess. i. 10.)

Now, the womb of Rebecca containing "two manner of people," was a type of the womb of time, which contains the whole human race. Jacob was a type of the "vessels of mercy," and Esau a type of the "vessels of wrath." Jacob being the youngest, and yet the chosen, was typical of God's choosing the weak things of this world, to confound the things that are mighty. (1 Cor. i. 27.) And Esau being rejected, shows that the first shall be last, and the last first. Jacob's blessing was typical of the spiritual blessings of all the "seed of Jacob." And Esau's blessing shows that his posterity have their portion only "in this life." Jacob represents all the spiritual seed of Abraham, according to these passages: "Cursed is every one that curseth thee, and blessed is every one that blesseth thee;" "So then they that be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham;" "As many as are of faith, they are the seed of Abraham." (Gal. iii. 7—9.) Here the seed of Abraham is said to be those who have spiritual faith; and all who have this are "blessed with Abraham." And the blessing which is here mentioned as made to Jacob, is the self-same blessing that was made to Abraham two generations before, and descended, by covenant-arrangement, through Isaac to Jacob, saying, "I have blessed him, yea, and he shall be blessed." (Gen. xxvii. 33.) Therefore, being blessed with the same blessing as Abraham and all his spiritual children, he stood as a typical character of all the "vessels of mercy."

But especially so as he stood in contrast with Esau: "Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels. And the one people shall be stronger than the other people, and the elder shall serve the younger." Here it is said, that not only "two manner of people" were in the womb of Rebecca, but also two "nations." Now, although it did literally refer to the Israelites as one and to the Edomites as the other, yet, spiritually, it had a far greater meaning; the "seed of Abraham" promised, had a literal fulfilment, yet it was but a shadow, and Israel literally was but a type of "those that be of faith," (Gal. iii. 16,) who are really and truly the proper seed of Abraham. (Gal. iii. 7.) So, too, with these nations; the one nation, spiritually, was that "holy nation" (1 Peter ii. 9) which the apostle speaks of, and the other comprised all the "nations of the earth," who shall "see and be confounded" (Mic. vii. 16) in the day of vengeance and the year of recompense for the controversy of Zion.

The "people of God's curse" were therefore literally the inhabitants of Idumea, who were the descendants of their father Esau, whom the curse of Jehovah did rest on and follow up in all his posterity; so that if Esau (in his posterity) clothe himself in his own righteousness, God says, "I have made him bare;" (Jer. xlix. 10;) if he try to hide his nakedness, God says, "I have uncovered his secret places;" (Jer. xlix. 10;) if he try to conceal himself in any creature performances, God says, "He shall not be able to hide himself;" (Jer.

xlix. 10;) if he try (as his seed ever do) to "build the desolate places" of the fall of Adam, yet "thus saith the Lord of Hosts, They shall build, but I will throw down; and they shall call them the border of wickedness, and the people against whom the Lord hath indignation for ever." (Mal. i. 4.) And this indignation shall one day be vented upon all the figurative descendants of Edom, for "Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at the plagues thereof;" (Jer. xlix. 17;) "and at that day (the day of the Lord's vengeance) shall the heart of all the mighty men of Edom be as the heart of a woman in her pangs." (Jer. xlix. 22.) No matter how presumptuous worldlings may brave it out now, the day shall come when all the mightiest of them shall be "as the heart of a woman in her pangs."

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

Those interviews with which Jesus is pleased to favour many of his people in their early days, leave a deep and lasting impression on their minds; an impression which neither age nor infirmity can fully erase. Jacob, after a lapse of many years, and but a short time before his death, when he was blessing Ephraim and Manasseh, the two sons of Joseph, refers to that memorable event, the Bethel visit, and other blessed seasons of deliverance which he had been favoured with by the Angel of the Covenant. Sometimes, under great and painful darkness of soul, the believer is able to maintain the fullest persuasion that what he has known and experienced was by the special teaching of God the Spirit; and still, resting by faith on the eternal veracity of the Promiser, is led to expect the Sun of Righteousness to arise again upon his benighted soul with healing in his wings: "He will return again, he will have compassion upon us," &c.—*H. Fowler.*

Seeking sinner, what abundant encouragement does the word of God afford thee! God is a God of truth: he never said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain. When Jesus was in our world, he distinguished himself by his wonderful compassion to the poor and the needy; binding up the broken-hearted; liberating the captives; speaking peace and pardon to the most guilty, and cleansing from sin the most filthy. He came into the world to save sinners—the chief of sinners: and will he not be gracious unto thee, and heal the foul diseases of thy troubled soul? Dost thou complain of the hardness of thy heart, and of thy backwardness to every thing that is good? Hast thou had a little of the light of God's countenance, and it is gone? Hast thou been overtaken by temptation, cast down, and sorely wounded? Canst thou find nothing in the word that will suit thy case; and do the terrors of the Almighty fall upon thee? Thou art the very sinner to whom Immanuel speaks, (Matt. xi. 28,) yes, to you is the word of salvation sent: "Christ is exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins?"

THOU ART THE KING OF GLORY, O CHRIST.

Beloved Friend in the Lord, and highly favoured of Him who ascended up on high, and hath received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, or I could have no hope of mercy,—He has graciously given you the pen of a ready writer, and heavenly wisdom, willing to speak a word in season to them that are weary; &c.

Many thanks I beg your acceptance of for yours of yesterday, as all yours breathe a Christian-like spirit of brotherly kindness and concern about us and our better part, with the anxiety of true, hearty friendship so very rare.

But you are rewarded sweetly in your own dear bosom, being favoured with the spirit of grace and supplication promised to the household of David; with enlargement of heart to plead for others, dear to Jesus the Lord alone. Who, knowing all of them and all things, and is very tender and merciful to such as are the most weak and tried in various ways, and whom by his almighty, all-conquering grace and love he makes willing to suffer whatever he appoints in this vale of tears, and in their feeble, mortal bodies; so that Christ Jesus alone and him crucified may be exalted and extolled, that all glory may be given to God and the Lamb, as the only true and living God of all salvation unto the ends of the earth. Amen.

Your blessed petitions, dear brother, are a true copy of my own of late, having been highly favoured with nearness and access to the throne of grace; when my soul bowed in holy fear and sweet reverential awe before the sacred and most holy revelation of the adorable Trinity; with liberty to plead "Abba, Father," that my soul might be drawn to Christ, his only begotten Son, and be conformed to his image; that I might value Jesus more by communing with his blessed Spirit of all grace. When I got a sweet glimpse of his soul-cheering face, the beauty of the Lord, then I could venture to call him, "My Lord and my God." Seeing and feeling all the adorable perfections of Deity shining in his works and person, my soul exclaimed in ecstasy of wonder and admiration, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ." But he ascended in a cloud; and now I hope and desire to sit at his dear feet, to learn of him my daily, yea hourly, lesson of living by faith on his infinite fulness and freeness of all grace to the chief of sinners.

The envious serpent is still carping and disputing with my helpless soul in self and corruptions, still trying for mastery; but grace must and will have the dominion, glory be to God above, whose sovereign right it is to give and call into exercise this holy troop, that he plants in our hearts for our good and his own glory.

We are both tolerable at present in body, though weak and infirm. But I feel my time will not be long here; so weary of sin and self, and every thing under the sun, so filled with snares is this evil world, and Satan with his children so devising and filling with murmurs, that I have been something like Asaph of late, "envious at the prosperity of the ungodly." (Psalm lxxiii.) "Verily (he says) I have cleansed my heart in vain," whilst he was "plagued all day

long." So blind and stupid is that awful cursed sin of unbelief. I never felt it horrible before. A God-dishonouring, soul-destroying, hateful bar to all that's good, and as such the devil's darling, by which he seduces the whole world.

I must conclude, being weary from fever to-day, the intermittent complaint being still upon me.

Ever thine in Jesus, affectionately,
July 22nd, 1835.

M.

Enclosed in the above letter were these verses:

My dearest, my beloved Lord,
O grant me this request,
The sum of all my soul's desire:
To lean upon thy breast.
How sweet when, by constraining love,
At thy dear feet I'm bless'd,
For oft thou bidst me come up high,
And lean upon thy breast!
If left to search creation round,
For me there is no rest,
Since I have been indulged, dear Lord,
To lean upon thy breast.
While myriads seek their whole delight
In fleeting things at best,
My favour'd soul is blest to lean
On thy unchanging breast.
'Tis not the imperial monarch's throne,
Nor yet the noble's crest;
But all my utmost thoughts would crave
To lean upon thy breast.

LETTERS BY THE LATE MR. LEWIS, OF CHICHESTER.

No. III.

To my dear Brother in Christ,—I hope you will not think me unmindful in not writing before. I know not how it is, but I feel more reluctant in writing letters than ever; perhaps one reason may be, the deadness, coldness, and insensibility that I am the subject of. I know that bonds and affliction await me go where I will; but as the Psalmist saith, "They that have no changes fear not God." Another reason is, the well is so deep, and I have nothing to draw water with. "When I would do good, evil is present with me; and how to perform that which is good I find not." Well, it must be so I suppose, in order to empty us of self, and strip us of all confidence in the flesh; to lay us low at the Saviour's feet in self-abasement, contrition, and godly sorrow, that Jesus alone may be exalted, extolled, and be lifted very high.

It is a mercy that the dear Lord does not leave me in the hour when speaking in his blessed name, that is, not so as to be thrown into a state of confusion and distraction before the people, but does aid and assist me in speaking; although according to my feelings

sometimes I feel so tied and bound in spirit, I think they must clearly see it; but when after service I speak of it to some few individuals, they can scarcely believe me, saying they thought I must have been sweetly enjoying what I said—they felt it good to be there. How puzzling these things are! At other times, when I have found sweet liberty and freedom of spirit, matter flowing in, a door of utterance given, with some degree of clearness touching the subject-matter delivered, and holy boldness withal, then I seem to be almost the only one that has enjoyed. But why write I these things to one who knows far better about them than I do? only because I would give vent to my feelings.

I really sometimes conclude I never can speak again in the Lord's name. The Bible appears a completely sealed book; not a single ray of light; all seems as dark as midnight; no heart or soul to read; and when I do attempt it, I have not the common understanding of a man. All past experience appears gone, my evidences beclouded, darkness in my mind, my judgment confounded, my spirit bound, and the Lord seeming to hide himself. Then, like poor Job, I cry, "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat;" but, "behold, if I go forward he is not there; and backward, I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." Then Satan, with carnal reason and unbelief, all say, "His mercy is clean gone for ever, he will be favourable no more, he hath shut up his tender bowels of pity and compassion, and that for evermore." How many times have I thus concluded; yet notwithstanding, in the end, the Lord has always proved himself faithful and true to his promise! "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you." Thus Job concluded, amidst all his sufferings, anguish of mind, and pain of body, "He knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

It is a mercy that, in the hour of temptation, when beset on every hand, when the devil roars, corruptions rage, lust boils, and the old man of sin is determined to have his own will and way,—I say it is a mercy "that the foot of faith hath held his steps, his way have we kept, and not declined." Sure I am, that if we were not upheld by an almighty power and an invisible hand, we should surely sink to rise no more, make shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience; but, blessed be our unchangeable God and Saviour, he hath promised to give us shoes of iron and brass, and as our day our strength shall be. "Who is a God like unto our God? There is none holy as the Lord: for there is none beside thee: neither is there any rock like our God." None can possibly deliver us but He that made both heaven and earth. O that I could trust him more, and lean less to my own understanding!

But as I always was, so it seems I ever shall be, both a fool, and one slow of heart to believe all that the Lord hath spoken, and all that he has done for me, a poor vile, sinful, rebellious creature. I would have it otherwise; but cannot. I would live to his glory, honour,

and praise, exalt his blessed name, set him up on high, make mention of his righteousness, and his alone, for life and everlasting salvation, knowing that this only can give us an admittance into his eternal kingdom and glory above. I am not so much distressed as it regards my eternal state and safety in Christ Jesus, knowing whom I have believed, and being fully persuaded he is both able and willing to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. But what my distress chiefly arises from is, that I am such an unprofitable servant, that I cannot do more for Him that has done so much for me. Surely I take nothing but shame and confusion of face to myself, and believe I ever shall. I often think of you, how you labour in the dear Lord's vineyard; how many miles you have to travel, how cheerfully you go to your work, and regret that you do not, or cannot, preach every night in his blessed name. Well, my brother, go on; and may the Lord abundantly own and bless your labours to the gathering in of poor sinners into his sheepfold, and the building up of his saints on their most holy faith.

Yours in the best of all bonds,

Chichester, Nov. 18th, 1846.

JAMES LEWIS.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KENT.

Dear respected Friend,—Your kind letter came safe to hand. I received it with every feeling of gratitude; and it has made an impression upon my heart. Letters from you ought always to have a speedy answer; and I would gladly have done so, but my loss of sight lays me under the necessity of waiting the coming in of a friend to do it for me. My son, who has been my letter writer for some years past, is at present moved into the country, as the doctor recommends change of air as the only remedy. What may be the issue of his present illness must be left to Him whose ways are in the mighty waters, where his footsteps are not seen.

I hope this will find you, with the family, in that best of earthly favours, health. Through mercy, I enjoy more of that blessing than might have been expected at the age of seventy-five years; but I have to be ashamed of my ingratitude and forgetfulness, for mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life. I feel the old tabernacle to be falling into decay; and every day tells me that I shall shortly put it off, and go down to the silent chambers of the tomb. I bless God for a good hope beyond it. He has overcome the last enemy, even death, and him who has the power of death, which is the devil, and consecrated the grave as a subterraneous passage to glory; and given us in the gospel a sure pledge of that inheritance which "is incorruptible and undefiled, and cannot fade away." The grapes of Canaan were to Israel a token of the goodly land beyond the swellings of Jordan. I wish you many a faithful view of it from the top of Pisgah.

It was a saying of good old Rutherford, "I want not to love the

breasts more than the nurse." If you have not seen his Letters, I recommend them as a sweet morsel.

Since you last heard from me, it has pleased my heavenly Father to remove from me the partner of my joys and sorrows. She has entered, I would hope, into her eternal rest; having, as she told me just before her death, committed both body and soul into the hands of her dear Redeemer.

Wishing you all joy and peace in believing, I remain, in the fellowship of the gospel,

Your brother in Christ Jesus,

Devonport, June 25th, 1842.

JOHN KENT.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

The very kind, savoury, and affectionate epistle of my well-beloved friend, ought to have been acknowledged long before this, but your poor correspondent is of himself both weak and helpless in the performance of every work, and feels that when he would do good, evil is present with him.

I often wonder that any who love and fear God should ever take the least notice of one so unworthy and nothing-worth; but the wonder increases when I am told (as in your last) that the good Lord hath condescended to bless the feeble communications of such a feeble one. But this is a fresh confirmation of the apostle's assertion: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence, &c." (1 Cor. i. 26.) This blessed portion of divine revelation is for us despised ones an answer to all the attacks of the worldly-wise. But this is not all; when assaulted and opposed by our enemies, we are not overcome, because we have ever found that, in times of trouble and conflict, "the name of the Lord is a strong tower;" yea, to us "the Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble;" for he hath known our souls in every adversity, and will never forsake the work of his own hands. The wise man's observation is, I think, applicable to us weak ones. "The conies (*i.e.* rabbits) are but a feeble-folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." (Prov. xxx. 26.) Nothing so helpless as these creatures, nor any dwelling so strong as theirs: we also feel ourselves the weakest of all things, yet, having for our "defence the munitions of rocks," we abide in safety. And though now we are lightly esteemed by many whose shining abilities or earthly possessions are "their strong city, and as an high wall in their own conceit," nevertheless, "their rock is not as our rock;" for the period will soon arrive, when all uncertain riches and every refuge of lies will be entirely swept away.

Nothing short of "the house built upon the rock," Jesus Christ

the righteous, can stand the storms of temptation, the hour of death, and the judgment day. Many, it is to be feared, who stand high in their profession, are unacquainted with the meaning of the apostle: "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God." (1 Peter iv. 17.) They go on in a smooth path without any changes; they take the lamp of profession, but are destitute of a new heart, (the vessel,) and the Holy Spirit's indwelling, which is the oil in the vessel, with the lamp of the wise. It is not so with the vessel of mercy; such a one is arrested and brought to the judgment seat of Christ at the *beginning* of his profession. Under the quickening operations of the Holy Spirit, this poor soul finds trouble and sorrow, and begins to pray in earnest, as Paul did when the Lord Jesus met him by the way to Damascus, rent the caul of his heart, and discovered to him the awful state he was in and the fallacy of all his former profession. The voice of the Son of God aroused him from the sleep of death, as he himself describes: "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." This poor persecutor of the saints, when Jesus met him by the way, felt the truth of the Saviour's declaration: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." (John vi. 63.)

The elect sinner in his natural state is dead in trespasses and sins; and these spiritually dead ones "shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." Thus, whenever the Almighty comes near to judgment, however various the manner of his operation with his chosen ones may be, divine life always attends his voice; life in us produces motion and sensations of soul trouble. "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee, they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." (Isaiah xxvi. 16.) Thus judgment begins at the house of God. Before a spiritual birth can take place, there is a begetting with the word of truth: spiritual quickening and soul-travail succeed, and then follows spiritual birth, when perfect love casts out tormenting fear. The atoning blood of Christ is sprinkled on the conscience, speaking peace; and his everlasting righteousness is apprehended and put on by faith. When this takes place, we are justified freely from all things, and are delivered from all condemnation. Now we come into the experience mentioned in Isa. liv. 14: "In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear: and from terror, for it shall not come near thee. Behold, they shall surely gather together, but not by me: whosoever shall gather together against thee, shall fall for thy sake. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise up against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn. This is the *heritage* of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." In this cluster of precious promises faith finds a strong consolation, and the soul is assured of its perfect safety, although in the present state of probation it is still exposed to the assaults of many enemies, oppression, fear, terror, some that gather together, weapons, tongues, &c. These we must expect to be exercised with; more or less, which constitutes the present time a state of warfare.

But notwithstanding all the oppositions we may meet with, "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus;" for his everlasting righteousness is an everlasting breastplate, through which no weapon can ever pierce; and though a host of foes should encamp against us, not one shall ever finally prevail, for we are "kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation."

The church of God is likened to a vineyard, and no tree is so weak and feeble as a vine, or requires so much care; therefore to comfort such helpless ones the promise is made: "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." The Almighty hath engaged to "keep us as the apple of his eye," and we are sensible of his gracious care. How often, when according to our feelings we have been pressed above measure, when all things have appeared to be against us—when, like Hezekiah, we have concluded that we should not see the Lord's delivering hand again in the land of the living; or, like Jonah, who said, "I am cast out of thy sight"—how oft, at such seasons hath he come in with a "*Fear not*, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for *I am thy God*, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." We are conscious that in many sore conflicts we "have cried, and the Lord hath heard us, and delivered us out of our distresses;" and even in the worst of times faith assures us that "he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

But, after all, how apt we are to shrink at the appearance of the least difficulty, to despond and partially cast away our confidence, which has "great recompense of reward!" These exercises have their influence; they teach us many profitable lessons. We learn that we can do nothing without faith; and that faith can do nothing without him who is its author, and who ever maintains the work of his own hands. I often feel myself to be one of the most helpless, the most insignificant beings upon the face of the earth; full of wants and necessities, perplexed, discouraged, and cast down; yet at the same time utterly unable to move a single step, or cast a single look towards him "who is my life, and the length of my days," if I might gain a world. Sometimes, like Issachar, "I am as a strong ass crouching down between two burdens;" tribulation on one side, and temptation on the other; yet even then, if a beam of heavenly light darts upon my soul, like him I can see that rest is good, though not at present enjoyed; and the land of promise to be pleasant, though not in present possession; and when favoured with a sight of the goodly inheritance, though at a distance, the vision produces a sweet submission; and with him I bow my shoulder to bear, and become a servant to tribute; willing to bear the daily cross, to bow to the sovereign will of God, and ardently desire to reach the dear Redeemer's standard of obedience, so as to say from my heart, "Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done."

There are seasons, now and then, when the sun shines upon my soul and upon my path, so that I can rejoice in the midst of tribulations; when the Holy Spirit condescends in his blessed operations

to blow upon his own plantation, and put his own fruits in motion. Then faith, hope, love, joy, peace, humility, and patience, come forth and show themselves. When this is the case, every burden becomes comparatively light; the trial, be it what it may, loses its keen edge. If sickness invades the tabernacle, the pillow is made soft; and I am strengthened on the bed of languishing. If in the dispensation of Providence I am straitened in outward circumstances, faith prophesies, "My God shall supply all my need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus;" "The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." If troubled and hated by the ungodly: "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me; thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies; and thy right hand shall save me." If the enemy of souls comes with his cruel taunts to add to the load of my sorrows, "the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him," and enables me to repel his vile insinuations: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! When I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Thus, my dear friend, in every perplexity and trial, of whatever kind, that may befall us, we have a covenant God for our refuge; and, as the poet sings,

'A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears."

The present life is a state of probation and trial for the children of God; a stage of action, on which we are called to do and suffer, according to the will of God. The bounds of our habitation, the period of our time on earth, the calling in which we are to abide, the station in life and the connexions that we are to form in society, are all appointed by the unerring wisdom of the Most High, whose superintending care and mercy runs through every minute circumstance, and attends us from the moment when we begin to exist until we quit the stage of time. "My times," saith the sweet singer of Israel, "are in thy hand;" (Psalm xxxi. 15;) and if my dear friend read to the end of the psalm, I presume she will see that which will throw a light upon my imperfect hints on the subject.

I cannot tell whether any sentence in this letter will prove seasonable to my sister in the Lord. I would most willingly communicate whatever might be conducive to edification or profitable in the perusal; but at present I am in a low place, and not a little tried in various ways; and with respect to spiritual matters, I have to lament my unfruitfulness. It would be pleasant and desirable to my mind, when I address myself to one of my fellow pilgrims, to make my appearance in my court dress; to feel my heart warmed with "a live coal from off the altar;" to be enabled with joy to "draw water out of the wells of salvation," so as to convey refreshing to the souls of my friends; to get a fresh supply from the Fountain-head, to fructify and warm my own soul, in order that I might instrumentally cheer and comfort such as are weary. I sometimes ponder over those sweet words in Psalm cxlv. with a pleasing sensation of soul: "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall

sing of thy righteousness; they shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of thy kingdom." When the heart is enlivened, and the Holy Spirit anoints us with fresh oil; when the heavenly Bridegroom leads us into the banqueting-house, and his banner over us is love; when "he stays us with flagons and comforts us with apples," the precious fruit of his dying, rising, reigning love, *this* is enough to make the lips of those that are asleep to speak; and when thus indulged we rejoice, and we know what David means in Psalm cxi.: "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." These things, experienced and enjoyed, are the blessed earnest of our future inheritance; and whether it be in public ordinances, social conversation, meditation, or epistolary correspondence, we prove that a day or an hour spent in such delightful employ, is better than a thousand spent in sublunary pursuits.

In the ordinances of God's house, and in the communion of saints, I believe there is much lacking of that life and energy, that refreshing dew, that sweet savour, and that heavenly fire, which we have found in the seasons that are past; at least, I find it so. But this is our consolation: "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loveth them unto the end;" to the end of every affliction, temptation, and tribulation; to the end of every conflict; to the end of their lives; and the end of our faith will be the salvation of our souls!

May the dear Lord bless my beloved friend with much of his gracious presence, many first-fruits of the heavenly country, many sweet glimpses of "the King in his beauty" and of "the land that is very far off." This will wither you to the spirit of this world, discover more clearly the vanity of all things beneath the sun, and cause you to join with the Psalmist, in holy aspiration, "O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy." (Psalm xliii.)

My heart's desire and prayer is, that every covenant blessing may be found in the lot of my esteemed correspondent, in the lot of her beloved children, and in the lot of her affectionate brother, friend, and servant.

JOHN KEYT.

March 6, 1822.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF HITCHIN, HERTS.*

My intentions in writing this little work are chiefly three: 1. The first is, to bring to remembrance the way by which the Lord has hitherto brought me, hoping to find a little gratitude to him for upholding and preserving me through all the dangers I have been in;

* The manuscript of this interesting Experience, in the handwriting, we believe, of the author, has been put into our hands for insertion in

that I may examine the work he has wrought in my heart, and the good work he performs in the souls of his elect, so that by comparing the two, I may have the satisfaction to find the work that has taken place in my soul is a real work of grace; to give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name for it, and expect the fulfilment of what he has promised to the soul in whom he has begun the good work, that "he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ;" (Phil. i. 6;) "That he will perfect that which concerneth me;" (Psalm cxxxviii. 8;) and "never forsake the work of his own hands, but will water it every moment, and keep it day and night" by his own almighty power. (Isaiah xxvii. 3.) The apostle says, "Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another." (Galatians vi. 4.)

By communing with our own hearts, and making diligent search, we come by degrees to a point touching what the Lord has done for us; and we are enabled to defend his good work wrought in us against the cunning craftiness of carnal men and the malice of our grand adversary, Satan, who does all he can to eclipse the work of the Lord in the souls of his children, that less gratitude may redound to their bountiful Benefactor for what he has done for them.

But by doing what the Lord tells us, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith," and by finding the work within us to agree with the word of God, we take encouragement, and often come to a point that the whole work has been wrought of God; so that we are enabled to say, with the testimony of God and our own consciences, "I know in whom I have believed;" "He loved me, and gave himself for me;" "I shall not die, but live;" "He will guide me with his counsel, and afterward receive me to glory;" "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant." These good men were at a point touching what they said; they were not "tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine;" but were satisfied with the goodness of their eternal state, established, strengthened, and settled in the everlasting love and goodness of their covenant God towards them.

But pray, how did they gain this establishment? By doing what the Lord tells us to do: they proved their own work, and the Holy Spirit bore a comfortable witness in their souls to the truth of it, that it was wrought of God. This satisfied their consciences, and enabled them to approach their reconciled God with a "holy boldness," and say, "The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what

the "Standard," with the following note on the cover: "An account of my valued friend, J. R. Watts, of Hitchin, of blessed memory to me, who departed this life Jan. 28, 1822, and with whose acquaintance the Lord was pleased to favour me from the year 1801 to 1822. S. L."

It is a manuscript of some considerable length, and contains incidents in his life not strictly spiritual; but as these have all more or less connection with the work of grace upon his soul, or with the dealings of God with him in providence, it has been deemed preferable to give it unabridged.

We may remark that the two friends, one of whom still survives, were old Huntingtonians.

man can do unto me:" for he has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." And indeed, if the work be really of God, the oftener it is examined the more satisfied we are that the Lord alone is the Author of it, and the more we are enabled to speak "a word in season" to those who are weak in faith, and to be instrumental, in God's hand, of establishing others; the more humbly we walk with God for his immutable love and goodwill towards us, and the greater things we are taught to expect from our God, "who performeth all things for us." (Psalm lvii. 2.) "Believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these," (John i. 50,) said the dear Redeemer. Therefore it is good for us to examine well what foundation we are upon; whether upon the Rock or upon the sand; and to "remember the way the Lord our God has led us, to humble and prove us, and make us to know what is in our hearts." (Deut. viii. 2).

2. Another reason why I desire, by God's help, to write what he has done for me, is, That the Lord may be glorified for his superabounding grace towards me; that his holy name may be exalted among his people, in declaring his goodness, loving-kindness, and tender mercy to my soul. This is what the Lord commanded the poor man, out of whom he had cast a legion of devils, to do: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee. And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him; and all men did marvel." (Mark v. 19.) The Lord also highly approved of the conduct of the leper whom he cleansed, who returned to glorify God for his cure, when nine others, on whom the same miracle had been performed, went their way without rendering a tribute of praise to their great Benefactor: "And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God. And he fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks; and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering, said, Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine? There are not found to return glory to God, save this stranger. And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." (Luke xvii. 17.) Thus we see the Lord approved of his behaviour, and said that it sprang from his faith. Now, what this poor leper did is left upon record for our example; and if we examine the Scriptures carefully, we shall find that the saints of old were very desirous that the dealings of God towards them should be made known to others. Job wished that his words were "printed in a book," that they were "graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever. For I know that my Redeemer liveth." (Job xix. 24, 25.) David desired that those who feared God would come and hear, and he would declare what he had done for his soul. (Psalm lxvi. 16.) The apostle Paul took a pleasure in declaring his experience, and said before his judges, that Jesus appeared to him on his way to Damascus, "who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious;" that the grace of his Lord "was exceeding abundant" upon him; because Jesus Christ showed forth all long-suffering in him, as a *pattern* to them who shall hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." (1 Tim.)

The apostles Peter and John, when they were brought before the rulers and elders, and threatened, declared seriously, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." (Acts iv. 20.) And the same desire is in the hearts of all who have tasted that God is gracious to this day. We all love to speak to the honour of His name "who hath remembered us in our low estate." (Psalm cxxxvi. 23.) And although we are not able to do it in so masterly a manner as the apostles and prophets, yet we sincerely desire to speak of his loving-kindness and tender mercy according to the ability God shall be pleased to give, that our reconciled God may in all things be glorified through Jesus Christ.

3. My third reason is, that the church of Christ, who in Scripture are called wise men, may judge of the case. "I speak as unto wise men," says Paul, "judge ye;" that they may read the dealings of God with another belonging to his little flock, and be constrained to glorify God on his behalf, "who hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, my feet from falling." And may the good Lord be pleased to bring the work he has wrought in me to remembrance; give me ability to describe it consistently with Scripture; and condescend to own and bless it to the comfort of his own family, and I shall have a good reward for my labour. For although I am conscious there are pieces turned out of hand far superior to my little narrative, yet the Scriptures encourage me to speak as of the ability God giveth, that he himself may be glorified in all things through Jesus Christ.

A word, sometimes, spoken at the conclusion of a discourse has been more blessed than the whole discourse besides. The power is alone of God, and not of man; this has been an encouragement to me to "abound in the work of the Lord." Notwithstanding all the good books that have gone before me, I am desirous of joining mine with the number, through the support I have received from this text: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that; or whether they shall both be alike good." (Eccles. xi. 6.)

It was remarked by a good man, that an elect vessel has something singular that follows him from his birth. When the soul that is ordained unto eternal life comes into this world, the eye of the Lord is upon that soul for good, as saith the Lord by the prophet: "Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb;" (Isaiah xlv. 3;) and, "Even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and I will deliver you." (Isaiah xlv. 4.) In allusion to this the apostle remarks, "But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me," &c. (Galatians i. 15.) The Psalmist also observed the same thing: "By thee have I been holden up from the womb. Thou art he who took me out of my mother's bowels; my praise shall be continually of thee." (Psalm lxxi. 6.) And I can say of myself, that when I was a little child I made remarks concerning my soul that were singular.

When I was about five or six years old, I read these words in a book: "If we repent of our sins, God will forgive us our sins." I felt a great desire to know what repentance was, and to be forgiven my sins. I thought it was so great a thing to be pardoned, and for the Lord to love me, that I cannot express the desire I had within me after his favour. What it was to repent and be pardoned I could not make out, but thought it must be very great. These words were pondered in my mind, and I felt the workings of a legal spirit in many instances, when I was quite a child. I remember when I was about seven years old I was angry with my brother, and called him a fool. My conscience felt the guilty expression, and these words came into my mind: "But whoso shall say to his brother, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." (Matthew v. 22.) The distress I felt on this account will not easily be credited; I dreaded the awful consequences, and wished I had not said so; but it was too late; the words were gone from me, and gave me no small uneasiness for some time after.

My father was a Portugal merchant, and my mother an American of a good family in that country; they were both coming from Portugal in an English vessel bound to London, and, while on the passage, I made my first appearance in this miserable world. I was born on board ship, in the Bay of Biscay; there it was my mother brought me forth to see many an evil day upon the tempestuous sea of this world. A sea-faring person I was in my infancy, and a sea-faring person I am, in a spiritual sense, to this day; bound to the blessed port of everlasting life, to the city of the New Jerusalem, "whose builder and maker is God," where I hope ever to enjoy a comfortable mansion in the "building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and join the society of "an innumerable company of angels;" to be ranked in the number of God's saints "in glory everlasting," and to "enjoy the pleasures at God's right hand for evermore." And although the voyage at some seasons appears to be highly dangerous, insomuch that the vessel seems to be in imminent danger of shipwreck; yet, through the kind care and infinite wisdom of my heavenly Captain, I have hitherto been preserved in a multitude of dangers, and I believe I shall at last reach the desired haven, and be brought safe to the heavenly country, where I shall enjoy, to the eternal comfort of my soul, a sight of "the King in his beauty," (Isaiah xxxiii. 17,) majesty, and glory; for he has said, that no vessel of mercy shall be drowned in perdition.

(To be continued.)

ADVANCE OF POPERY.

Most of our readers are, probably, aware of the bold step that the Papacy has lately taken to advance itself in this country. A few remarks, therefore, at this juncture may not be unseasonable. Politics, it is true, are from principle excluded from the pages of the "Gospel Standard." But let no one consider this question merely political. It involves not only our civil, but our religious liberties.

Popery is not only the enemy of *man*, the withering blast that blights all it touches, the Tyrant under whose grasp Intellect, Science, Freedom, Morality itself, all fall strangled; but it is the enemy of *God*; the "Anti-Christ," that is, the adversary of Christ, the deadly foe of the Lord Jesus. With Rome, therefore, there can be no truce nor compromise. She must be resisted, as our martyred forefathers resisted her, unto the death.

But before we proceed any farther, a few words of explanation may be desirable, as it cannot be expected that all our readers should clearly understand the steps that Popery has lately taken, steps which have caused so much excitement through the country.

Ever since 1829, when the Act of Emancipation was passed, Popery has been advancing with rapid strides; but more especially since Puseyism became prominent, about 1832. This system, which is disguised Popery, has most deeply leavened the ministers of the Establishment, nearly all the young active clergymen being real or semi-Puseyites; and, from the countenance of several of the bishops, it has spread very widely. Simultaneously with this, Popery itself has much increased. Chapels have sprung up in every direction. Nunneries, monasteries, various kinds of Orders, things unknown in England since the Reformation, have, like night-birds before a storm, begun to rear their heads. Upon these objects money to a vast extent has been spent, one Roman Catholic Society alone, that called *De Propagandâ Fide*, having within a year expended £40,000, nearly half its income, entirely in forwarding Popish objects in this country. Jesuits are traversing the land in all directions, insinuating themselves where there is the least appearance of an opening. Under the pretext of ministering to the religious wants of the lower Irish who swarm in all our manufacturing towns, they are erecting chapels, intending these as so many fulcra, or points of support, for their lever to act upon the Protestant population, and in time to organize and use these very Irish as willing instruments of physical violence. From the concurrence of these circumstances, a general persuasion has widely spread over Continental Europe, that England, Protestant England, is ripe and ready for a return to the maternal bosom of Rome. Emboldened by these circumstances, and probably misled by his adherents in this country, the Pope* has issued a bull, parcelling out this country into twelve bishoprics, and appointing over them a Cardinal (the highest officer next to the Pope in the Romish church, and out of whose body the Pope is always chosen) as the Archbishop of Westminster.

A few words of explanation are perhaps here desirable. Hitherto, the Romish church in this country, though active in proselyting, has confined itself to the members of its own communion. Its

* It is generally supposed that the Society *De Propagandâ Fide*, whose seat is in Rome, but which, through the Jesuits, has constant communications with this country, is the real author of the bull, and that the Pope was unwilling to issue it. The universal burst of indignation with which it has been received, must by this time have undeceived their expectation of England's speedy conversion.

affairs have been administered by vicars-general, *i. e.*, a kind of bishops, but dependent only on the Pope, having no territorial jurisdiction. But this late bull has appointed bishops with, at least nominally, territorial jurisdiction. A claim is therefore set up, which Rome will surely enforce if she ever have the power, over the country generally; a re-establishment of the supremacy which she once enjoyed over the souls and bodies, lives, goods, and liberties of the people of England.

For together with this restoration of territorial bishoprics, Rome has re-introduced the *Canon Law*. This is a feature especially worthy of notice, for the Canon Law is the grand code whereby Rome has carried into practice her hellish cruelty. The Canon Law declares that all baptized (*i. e.*, sprinkled) persons are subject to the Romish church; that all heretics may be compelled by her to obedience; that promises and oaths detrimental to the interests of the church, are not binding; that faith is not to be kept with heretics, but that they may be persecuted with fire and sword.

This infamous Canon Law has been just introduced into this country; and though Rome has not now the power to enforce it, yet the time may arrive when she will have both will and power to do so, and then the fires of Smithfield may be rekindled.

Through the blindness of our Rulers in removing all restrictions, Rome has ventured to do in this land what she durst not do in a Roman Catholic country. Austria or France would throw back her late bull in her face. In those countries there are what are called *concordats*, which effectually tie up the hands of Rome from meddling with the civil power. But by this late bull the Pope, who is held upon his tottering throne only by French bayonets, (there being now in Rome a French garrison to keep him from being assassinated by his own subjects,) has claimed temporal dominion over these realms. "We govern," says his mouthpiece, the Cardinal Archbishop, lately appointed, "such and such districts."

It is necessary, therefore, to resist this first encroachment at the very outset. Rome never recedes unless compelled. She must, therefore, be hurled back, or she will soon have her feet upon our necks. Like her father, the devil, she knows neither pity nor mercy. "I will exalt my throne among the stars of God," is her ambitious war-cry. Nothing but a decided, unanimous effort will suffice. It is a deadly struggle for our civil and religious liberties. Let Popery prevail, and our chapels will be closed, our congregations dispersed, our ministers imprisoned or burnt, and free England become a Spain, an Italy, a Portugal, crawled over by lazy monks, all liberty of speech or action crushed, and English wives and daughters poisoned with the obscenities of the confessional.* Are we not bound to struggle might and main against such an infamous, accursed system?

* We dare not touch farther upon this subject. Suffice it to say, that the priests are enjoined to ask their penitents most revolting questions, which they are bound to answer, under the penalty of deadly sin. O the craft and cruelty, lust and blood of this horrible system! No person

Apart from all spiritual considerations, all who have any regard for their country are bound to oppose the God-dishonouring system of Popery. England has been for three centuries a Protestant nation, and signally has she been blessed and honoured. In the war which desolated the Continent in the early part of the present century, when nearly every capital in Europe, from Moscow to Madrid, was burnt or plundered, England never saw the smoke of an enemy's camp. But should she again embrace the withered harlot of the seven hills, "the woman" whom John saw in vision "as drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus," what can be expected for her but destruction? We should bear in mind our children too, and hand down to them uninjured the liberties which our fathers purchased with their lives. The grave may close over us before Popery is reinstated in full power; but our children may be exposed to its "tender mercies," our daughters seduced into convents, and there be exposed to the brutal lusts of the priests,* and our sons massacred by Irish soldiers.

It may be said that all these things are visionary, that such acts could not occur in this country. But the question is, "Is Popery capable of such actions?" Let the history of the past suffice for answer. There is no crime which Popery has not committed to gain or maintain power. It has murdered millions. The dreadful crusade against the Albigenses in the thirteenth century, when Piedmont was ravaged with fire and sword, was the effect of a Papal bull issued by Pope Innocent III.† The horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris, Aug. 24, 1572, when for three days the Protestants were murdered without distinction of age or sex, was planned by Popery, and a medal struck at Rome on the occasion as a lasting memorial of it. The massacre in Ireland, 1641, when from 150 to 200,000 Protestants perished, was plotted and carried out by Popery. And besides these wholesale massacres, the Inquisition has destroyed hundreds of thousands in Spain, Portugal, Italy, India, and wherever this infernal machine has been set up, by rack, torture, fire, and imprisonment. Shall we, then, tolerate this enemy of God and man, and let her creep in with her soft, cat-like steps, till she burst forth with the talons of the tiger?

can communicate (*i.e.*, take the Lord's supper) without confessing to a priest and receiving absolution. The doctrine of Rome is, that if the penitent do not confess all his sins when thus asked, if he have any mental reserve, or answer falsely, the absolution is void; and if under these circumstances he take the consecrated wafer, he is guilty of deadly sin, in other words, has damned his own soul. What a trap of hell!

* Maria Monk's disclosures of the abominations of the convents in Canada, and Hogan's of those in Ireland, show that this is no over-charged picture.

† When in this crusade Beziers was taken by storm by the Roman Catholic army, 30,000 individuals were massacred without distinction of age or sex. As there were Roman Catholics in the city, the Papal legate, Arnaud, abbot of Cîteaux, was asked by some of the military leaders how they should distinguish them. His answer was, "Kill all; God will know his own."

But it may be said, "It is so carnal to interfere with these matters. Cannot God protect his own church? And if it be predestinated that Popery should prevail, prevail it must."* Apply this reasoning to other matters. Your house is just beginning to be on fire. Never mind; let it burn on. Don't send for the engines, nor even dash a bucket of water on the burning spot. What! send a carnal servant for a carnal fire-engine, to be worked by carnal men, to put out a carnal fire! Let the house be burnt down, and your neighbour's too; aye, the whole town. If predestinated to be burnt, burnt it must be.

But he who has predestinated ends has predestinated means. God predestinated all the crew of Paul's ship to be saved, for he told him by his angel that he had "given him all them that sailed with him." (Acts xxvii. 24.) Yet Paul said to the centurion and the soldiers, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." We cannot act upon the secret purposes of God, nor does he mean that we should. Here is an enemy whom we must keep out as we would a thief out of our house. Here is a fire that we must put our foot on and stamp out, before it burn the house down. There are means; let us use them. Paul, to save his back from stripes, pleaded his Roman citizenship, it being contrary to the law to beat a Roman citizen. (Acts xxii. 25.) Was not that carnal? And on another occasion, when he saw that Festus was about to deliver him to the Jews, he appealed unto Cæsar. Was not that more carnal still, to appeal to a wicked Emperor? So men might say upon false notions of spirituality. But Paul doubtless felt that the God of grace had provided these laws and institutions, and that he might with a good conscience avail himself of them. Would William Huntington or John Bunyan have held their peace were Popery in their day coming in like a flood as now? Would Luther, or John Knox, or Rutherford, have said or done nothing? And yet they were as firm Predestinarians, and may be as spiritual, as any in our day.

But what are we to do? Are we to mingle in the busy arena of politics? No. We have two courses open to us, one as Christians, and the other as citizens. As Christians, we have a throne of grace, a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God to go to. He can, if he will, disappoint all these Popish devices; and were he to pour out a spirit of prayer upon the churches for this purpose, he would graciously appear on behalf of his Zion. As citizens, we need unite with no men, views, or principles against our conscience. We need attend no meetings, nor interfere in the least degree with political matters. We have a peaceful, legitimate, and constitutional way open before us, involving no strife, nor demanding the least sacrifice of principle, moral or religious. PETITION PARLIAMENT.

We would not advise petitioning the Queen, as that would be a tacit acknowledgment of her supremacy. But petition Parliament. Our rulers, it is to be feared, have been encouraging Popery. But they must be taught what the voice of the country is. This is best

* Rusk has some good remarks on this subject in our present number.

obtained through parliamentary petitions. If every congregation through the country were to petition Parliament, Parliament must act. The Papists too would then clearly see that England will not allow these insidious encroachments. Parliament will meet in February. In the interim, we advise every congregation with whom we have any influence to prepare a Petition.

But it may be urged, that it is not right for Christians under any circumstances to appeal to the civil power. Paul did not think so when he made the magistrates at Philippi come to the prison and lead him out, although he had free permission to leave it without putting them to this mortification. (Acts xvii. 85—89.) But can you carry out this principle? A principle is worthless which cannot be carried out. If a mob were to attack our chapel, may we send for the police? or if we do not send for them, may we use their services if they come uncalled for? Is not this employing the civil power? May we, under threatenings of further violence, seek the protection of a magistrate? Is not this seeking the aid of the civil power? And if we are allowed to employ the civil power to protect our religious assemblies from violence when it takes place, why may we not appeal to the civil power to prevent the violence from taking place at all; in other words, prevent a Roman Catholic mob from pulling our chapels down a few years hence? Take the thing in time. Something may be done now, and that without persecution or violence. Let the fire burn on, and who shall stop the conflagration?

But are we not advocating persecution? By no means. We don't want to persecute them, but to keep them from persecuting us. What we are opposed to is, the temporal power that Rome claims—a claim rejected by many Roman Catholics themselves. There are two parties in the church of Rome; one embracing all the priests, and advocating what are called *ultramontane** principles; and the other, consisting in this country chiefly of the laity, holding what are called *cismontane*† principles. The former claim for the Pope absolute dominion, temporal and spiritual, civil and ecclesiastical, over all the world, as the vicar of Jesus Christ. The latter allow him supreme spiritual authority, but deny him temporal power beyond what he exercises in his own limited Italian territories. It is this *ultramontane* power which the Pope is trying to set up in this country, the same system as is carried out in Ireland as far as the civil power there permits. Now, these ultramontane claims put Popery on a completely different footing from all other sects. No religious party in this country is seeking or claiming supreme temporal power.

Here then is a palpable line of distinction between Popery and every other religious system. In asking, therefore, Parliament to interfere, we do not ask for penal laws to punish them for religious

* *Ultramontane*, literally, "across the mountains," i.e., the Alps, which separate Italy from the rest of Europe.

† *Cismontane*, literally, "this side of the mountains," as embracing the other Roman Catholic countries, on this side of the Alps.

opinions, or to meddle with the internal government of themselves simply as a religious body. Let them have the same privileges as other sects in this country, but no more. But when they move out of the circle to which they have hitherto confined themselves, and claim a territorial dominion over large districts, thereby saying that every baptized person in these districts is *ipso facto* an apostate Catholic, and as such may be reclaimed, if necessary, by fire and sword—when Rome thus comes forward, and, leaving her position as a part, demands to be the whole, she puts herself out of the pale of the Toleration Act. She is no longer a dissenting body, as the Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, and others; but she is, or claims to be Queen—aye, the Queen Bee, who will sting to death every rival, that she may reign alone in the hive, and enjoy all the honey.

To call, therefore, upon Parliament to stop her encroachments, is not to advocate persecution, or deprive her of present privileges. Let her have what she has enjoyed, but no more, and stop her before she gets further vantage-ground. It may prevent the effusion of blood hereafter. For let no man think that if Rome is to sit as a throned Queen in these isles, it will be without fearful struggle, in which blood will be shed as water. To stop Rome, therefore, by legal enactments, from marching on to universal dominion, is no more persecution than to pass laws against highwaymen and house-breakers. Let Rome see that the Dissenters in this country will not join her to pull down the Church. But let them come forward as their forefathers did at the Revolution of 1688, though bleeding from the wounds that the State Church had inflicted upon them for nearly twenty-eight years, and say, "Popery is our common enemy. We must resist her, to preserve the enjoyment of our civil and religious liberties."

In order to aid those that hardly know how to set about it, we subjoin a form of petition, which they may adopt if they please. Two petitions should be drawn up, one to the Lords, and the other to the Commons; and the latter should be presented, if possible, by the county or borough members. Lord Winchelsea or Lord Roden would probably present that to the House of Lords.

It may be written on common paper, and should be signed by adult males as numerous as possible.

To the Honourable the House of Commons in Parliament Assembled.

The humble Petition of the Church and Congregation of Particular Baptists, assembling themselves for the worship of God at ———,

Showeth,—That your Petitioners have viewed with indignation, not unmixed with alarm, the insolent and insidious step lately taken by the Pope of Rome to parcel out this country into Bishoprics, claiming thereby a spiritual supremacy over these realms.

That your Petitioners believe the Supremacy of the Romish Religion to be totally incompatible with either civil or religious liberty.

That your Petitioners, thankful for the privilege of worshipping God after the dictates of their own conscience, and aware, from the history of the past, of the persecuting spirit of the Popish Religion as soon as it

obtains power, are suspicious of any approach to the ascendancy of that Apostate System.

They therefore beg your Honourable House to take such measures as shall with God's blessing nullify the insolent and insidious steps already taken by the Pope and his Agents, check further encroachments, and preserve to Us and our Posterity the inestimable benefits of the Blessed Reformation.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, &c. &c. &c.

N.B.—The petition to the House of Lords should be addressed the "Right Honourable House."

POETRY.

MILTON'S SONNET ON THE MASSACRE OF THE VAUDOIS IN PIEDMONT, A.D. 1655.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and, in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

The cruelties to which Milton refers in this noble sonnet, took place nearly three centuries and a half after the crusade prescribed by Pope Innocent III. against the Albigenses, A.D. 1208, mentioned page 32; but Popery devised and accomplished both. Oliver Cromwell, that noble champion of Protestantism, sent a letter to the Duke of Savoy, that "he should think himself wanting in his duty to God, to charity, and his religion, if he should be satisfied with pitying only the sufferings of the Vaudois, unless he also exerted himself to the utmost of his ability to deliver them out of it." This letter, backed by a note from Cardinal Mazarine, the French minister who used to turn pale whenever Cromwell's name was mentioned, stopped the massacres. But to strike some further terror into the Pope and the little princes of Italy, the Protector gave out that, forasmuch as he was satisfied they had been the promoters of this persecution, that he would keep it in mind, and lay hold of the first opportunity to send his fleet into the Mediterranean to visit Civita Vecchia, and other parts of the ecclesiastical territories; and that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome itself.

There are times and seasons when a believer knows what it is *really* to cease from man, from all men, bad and good; and then it is he finds the sweetest repose in the Lord his God. It is true, every means ought to be used to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; and nothing is more beautiful than to behold love in exercise among *real* brethren. But how frequently do the saints idolize these things, till the Lord permits the potsherds to dash against each other; that, severe as such circumstances may be, they may by such things learn to "Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils."—*H. Fowler.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts vii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 10.

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THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF
HITCHIN, HERTS.

(Continued from page 29.)

The ship in which I sailed anchored in the Downs off Deal, where I was christened. We then proceeded on our voyage to London, and arrived safely at the house of my grandfather, a lace merchant, in Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury, where I was brought up. When I was three years old, I lost my mother, who died of the small-pox, at a time when I was not sensible of my loss. My father took her death much to heart, having lost her after four years' marriage, at the age of twenty-five years, after bearing him three children. I was informed by my aunt, who brought me up, that my poor mother, having me in her arms, looked at me and burst into tears. I observed her grief, and asked what she cried for. I suppose she looked hard at me, as her firstborn; and thinking I might have a troublesome world to go through, it touched her feelings. But had she known the troubles I have since had to cope with, she would have given fuller scope, to her grief; but it pleased God to deprive me of this valuable parent at a time when I stood much in need of her. Her great regard towards me has caused me greatly to respect her memory, though unknown to me personally, and I have not the most distant recollection of her. I have often wished that I had known her, and that it had pleased God to prolong her life; but I must leave such things with the Most High; the Judge of all the earth will do right. He cannot err. "He is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works," though to us poor mortals his doings are past finding out. "But who hath known the mind of the Lord?" "He declares the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the

things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." But I bless my God that, though I have often been much confused in meditating upon the mysterious doings of the Lord among the children of men, yet one thing I have found out, he has in the multitude of his tender mercies ordained me to eternal life, and he has given me the *faith of God's elect* to believe it. (Acts xiii. 48.) And by this precious gift of faith I have laid hold on the dear Redeemer. He hath given me "a good hope through grace" that I shall never perish; he hath "slain the enmity of my mind," and circumcised my heart to love God for his rich mercy towards me, his long-suffering, mercy, and slowness to anger on my behalf, in not dealing with me according to my sins, and sending me to the place where

"Hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still argues, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur, unconsumed."

To this place Judas went, after he had fallen by his own transgression. To this place every sinner must go that dies unpardoned; and to this place I should have gone long ago, if tender mercy and loving-kindness had not prohibited my entrance, saying, "Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom." (Job xxxiii. 24.) This goodness of my God wins my affections over to love him for his everlasting love towards me, for first loving me and ordaining me to eternal life through Jesus Christ. Whilst in the enjoyment of this rich blessing, I envy no mortal his happiness, however rich, honourable, or dignified he may be with this world's goods. He has the less, I have the greater; he has the temporal portion, I have the eternal inheritance, that shall never fade away, reserved in heaven for me through Jesus Christ, who is Heir of all things; and I, a poor sinner, being united to him by that faith which worketh by love, have become a joint heir with him in his unsearchable riches. (Rom. viii. 17.) In this my soul delighteth; in this I rest fully satisfied; and for this unspeakable gift of my God I desire to remain under the sweetest obligations of gratitude, love, and humility, so long as I have a being, and to say with the Psalmist, "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" But to proceed.

At seven years of age I was put to a boarding school at Brompton; the master's name was Matthews. He used to pray in his family, sing hymns, and give his scholars religious books to read, which had a great influence upon my mind in giving me an early desire after things of this sort. I continued here two years, and then was removed, in the year 1773, to a school at Hertford, where I was instructed in the common branches of learning, but was not favoured with such a master as I had at Brompton, as religion was not the thing he cared about. When I was at Hertford, the Lord was pleased to visit me with an affliction which will be a heavy cross to me so long as I live in this world. I was taken with a lameness; it came very

slightly at first, but got worse every week. At last a contraction was formed, and my thigh began to waste. I was now quite lame, and was sent home. The doctor ordered a remedy at first which seemed to promise speedy and complete cure; but alas! it so fell out that this remedy was ordered to be left off, and others were applied, but to no purpose. I got as bad as I was at first, and remain so to this day. However, I have reason to bless the Lord for his kind promise, that "all things work together for good to them that love God," which has often been a comfort to me, for although I shall carry this affliction to the grave, I shall finally lose it there, and be fashioned, at the resurrection of the just, like unto the glorious body of our dear Redeemer; this I believe, and therefore I wait in humble hope and expectation of the fulfilment of God's promise. I was next ordered by the doctor to Margate, to bathe in the sea and drink the water, in order to restore me. I therefore went with my father in the Gravesend boat, and from thence by Rochester, and to Margate, where I was put to a boarding school. The master was a preacher, and one that bore an excellent character for his exemplary behaviour; he used in the winter to give a great quantity of bread and coals away to the poor. I thought myself happy in being placed at his school, as he set so good an example to his scholars, in his moral conduct and kindness to those who acted right, that learning became a real pleasure to me. I have at times got up in the winter by candle light, on purpose to forward myself in arithmetic. But I had a great trial to go through at this place, which was bathing in the sea in winter time; this was sad work, as I had half a mile to go in the snow before I arrived at the bathing-house, and I was obliged to perform this before breakfast, and therefore used to get up before I could well see the daylight, that I might be back in time. This bathing work I dreaded, for I have been so very cold when I got home that my hands have been as though pins had been stuck in them. This difficult task was performed by order of the doctor, it being supposed that bathing in the winter would be of more use than in the summer time. But for what reason did the doctor oblige me to go through the punishment of bathing in the sea, in the depth of a very severe winter, when many travellers were lost in the deep snow that fell in that year, 1776? It was next to a miracle it did not kill me with the cold, instead of curing me of my lameness. But I must settle this calamity upon its proper basis, and say with poor afflicted Job, "He performeth the thing appointed for me, and many such things are with him." "He is of one mind, and none can turn him; and what his soul desireth, even that he doeth." (Job xxiii. 13, 14.) I was now sent from Margate incurable; all that human skill could suggest was tried; but through the overruling providence of God the whole completely failed, after having cost my father, as he told me himself, one hundred pounds. "Who can make straight what God hath made crooked?" "The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, and who shall disannul it?" Having made full proof of what could be done for me at Margate, but without effect, I was sent home to my

father's house, in Holles-street, Cavendish-square, and after a short time returned to the school at Hertford; but whilst I was here I used to be sadly distressed at the sight of the different places where I used to run about; but now this was all over, and there was no prospect for me but to be lame for life. This so affected me that I used to get by myself and give vent to my grief in a flood of tears, lamenting my hard lot to see how my schoolfellows ran and played, and I was obliged to walk with a stick, who was only two years back one of the foremost of them. But had I known then what I know now, it would have considerably relieved my anguish. I knew not then that I was ordained to eternal life, through Christ; that I was beloved of God with an everlasting love, and had a kingdom prepared for me before the world was; but blessed be God, through grace I have been enabled to rejoice in these things since, for I believe this better portion hath fallen to my lot. And though I have no doubt I shall remain lame for life, yet I believe, on the other hand, at the appointed time I shall mount up, and meet the Lord in the air, and be so active that I shall ascend far above all heavens, for "where I am," says the dear Redeemer, "there also shall my servant be." (John xii. 26.) The firm belief of this reconciles me to my lameness, and at times to every other cross. The pleasing thought that I, a poor sinner, am reconciled to the Most High, that I am adopted into the heavenly family through faith in Jesus Christ, that the Lord will never more be wroth with me nor rebuke me, having placed all my sins to the account of Christ my ever-blessed Surety, who hath discharged the whole debt, does at times so powerfully operate on my spirit, that I sensibly feel fresh strength, both in body and in soul: "The joy of the Lord is my strength." (Nehemiah viii. 10.) It is then I feel a sweet resignation to God's blessed will, and can say with our dear Friend and Companion in tribulation, Jesus Christ, "Not my will, but thy will be done."

I continued at Hertford for two years, when I finally quitted all school matters, at Christmas, 1778, having made a good proficiency in the common branches of learning, and attained to some knowledge in the Latin tongue. My master used often to say, he wished my father would take me away; and I as often wished I had done with the imprisonment of a school, for I longed to enjoy my liberty. I thought that if I could but attain to this I should be happy; but alas! I was mistaken, for through the unkindness of my mother-in-law, who was frequently accusing me of some petty fault to my father, he was under the necessity of putting me into furnished lodgings at Paddington. And here, having some leisure time, and being desirous of filling it up profitably as I thought, I took the pains to write out "The Whole Duty of Man," and made it up into a book. I endeavoured to observe the duties enforced, and was greatly pleased when I performed my task pretty well, as I thought; and though I was certain I did wrong at times, yet repentance and the word of God, as I supposed, would make up the breach. Thus was I soothed into a false peace, and was very comfortable in the enjoyment of what I thought a good conscience.

When I was at Paddington, I used often to hear a person preach at Bentinck Chapel, of the name of Hunt, an American. This man I did at that time like much, though I was no judge of his preaching, whether it was orthodox or heterodox, yet I supposed he must be a good man, he was so bold in preaching, and seemed to have his heart so much in the work, that he gained my respect; and though I was only fifteen years of age, yet it was my great delight to attend his ministry, and I should have taken a pleasure in going to hear him twice a day, had he preached. My mind seemed bent after something that this world could not give. To hear preaching, to attend to reading and meditation, were my delight. To get by myself and to ponder upon a future state, was more pleasing to me than to associate with the wicked. Had I got acquainted with only one who was like-minded, it had pleased me well. But instead thereof, I fell in the way of those who were a snare unto me, and they damped my affections to better things. "One sinner," saith the wise man, "destroyeth much good." (Eccles. ix. 18.) Therefore the Lord commands his children to come out from among the wicked, and to be separate, "to forsake the foolish and live, and to go in the way of understanding." But although I was often hurt in the company of these, my mind was yet bent after spiritual things, and if I could, I should have been glad to shun the company of the wicked wholly, and be entirely occupied in attending to the things that belonged to my everlasting peace.

At the latter end of the summer, 1779, my father removed me from Paddington to my grandfather's house, in Tokenhouse-yard, as he did not like me to be at his house in Holles-street, it being displeasing to my step-mother. In this my father's second marriage I had great cause to lament the loss of my mother, who would not have served me so. But blessed be God, he doth all things well, he fixeth the bounds of our habitation, he maketh all things work together for the good of his adopted children, and he hath said "he will never leave them nor forsake them." This will make amends for all, when all temporal things will give way to the things that are eternal, when we shall enter into the house not made with hands, and take possession of the kingdom of glory, for ever, even for ever and ever." (Daniel vii. 18.)

I was now settled at my grandfather's for a few months; and he having a great regard for me, I was in a comfortable situation. To occupy my time, he took the trouble to instruct me in drawing and perspective, and he also gave me a tolerable notion of the rudiments of architecture; and understanding the French language, he took pains to give me an education therein. I always loved to improve myself in learning, and having a tutor who was a kind relation, his labours were not lost.

One would think that now I must be comfortably settled, with a relation who loved me from my infancy, a comfortable house to be in, plenty of good provisions to partake of, liberty to go where I pleased, and no care of this world to perplex my mind. Comfortable indeed I should have been, if the care of my soul had not lain with a weight upon me. I was anxious to know what would be my lot in

eternity. The uncertainty of life was before me; the judgment seat of Christ, before which we must all appear; and the everlasting happiness or misery that awaited the whole human race; these were things that made a great impression upon me. They sank deep into my heart, and were daily before my eyes; and though I strove in many ways to make myself comfortable, the burden still remained. I tried to please myself with my drawings, in which I much delighted; the agreeable company which visited my grandfather's, I hoped to draw comfort from. These for a while pleased me a little, but it was only for a moment, the uneasiness was still within; and though I did what I could to conceal it, I could not. I now made application to a medical man, who ordered me some peruvian bark; but to no purpose, my disorder was not to be cured by human means; it lay upon my spirit and required a spiritual physician. The gentlemen of the faculty always fall short when they have such cases as these to deal with. They may apply the whole *materia medica*, and the poor patient be as bad, if not worse than when they took him in hand. A wound immortal needs a balm divine, which only Christ can give, whose office it is to bind up the broken in heart, and to heal the wounds of a guilty conscience. (Psalm cxlvii. 3; Isaiah lxi. 1.) Blessed be his revered name, he has brought me health and cure. (Jer. xxxiii. 6.) He sent the word of faith into my soul, and healed me. (Psalm cvii. 20.) He loosed my bonds and enabled me to say, with humble boldness, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds." (Psalm cxvi. 16.) And truly he has effected the cure, and is well deserving of all the gratitude, love, and affection the poor sinner will with sincere and humble thanks ascribe to him, and that for evermore.

I have digressed a little from my narrative, but I cannot help it now and then. When the value of Christ, the good and great Physician, is brought afresh to my remembrance, and the worth of the cure he has effected is comfortably enjoyed, the poor patient who has received his cure *gratis* is constrained to say a few words to the honour of his holy name, who hath "remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever."

The Lord had now hedged in my way with thorns, (Hosea ii. 6,) and made me feel that rest was not to be found for a wounded spirit in temporal enjoyments; and the voice of the Lord in his word to me was, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest; because it is polluted. It shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction." (Micah ii. 10.) I had tried as far as my ability went the enjoyments of this present evil world, and had likewise sought for relief in medicine, but no refuge was to be found here; they proved indeed to be what the Lord by his prophet says, "broken cisterns, that can hold no water." (Jer. ii. 13.) I felt a want in my soul of something to satisfy me, which I vainly attempted to find in the creature, but which indeed can only be found in the enjoyment of the Almighty Creator, "in whose favour is life." (Psalm xxx. 5.) A feeling sense that my poor sinful soul is reconciled to an offended God, for the sake of our blessed Redeemer; (2 Cor. v. 18—21;) the sweet enjoy-

ment of his everlasting love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost; (Romans v. 5;) a heart sprinkled from an evil conscience, through faith in Jesus Christ, the only propitiation for sin; (Romans iii. 25;) the high and honourable title of being made a son of God, and a joint heir with Christ in the glorious inheritance; (Romans viii. 17;) and the Spirit of Truth bearing witness in my soul that these are true in me; (1 John v. 10;) these are what will effectually heal a wounded spirit, comfort the most distressed conscience, establish the most unsteady mind, subdue the most stubborn will, and reconcile the most inveterate enemy; and till it pleased God to bring me to this consecrated spot, I was like a ship in a storm, having no anchor, sometimes seeking comfort in a partial obedience to the law, and at other times getting indifferent, seeking to comfort myself with the perishable things of this present evil world, where there is nothing to be found but vanity and vexation of spirit.

(To be continued.)

PERILOUS TIMES.

BY JOHN RUSK.

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come."—
2 TIMOTHY iii. 1.

(Continued from page 12.)

Again: To show that our safety lies wholly in the Lord, look at the three men who were cast into the burning fiery furnace because they would not deny God and worship an idol. What but the almighty power of God could preserve them? Here is a furnace made seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated, and the most mighty men to bind them together, and they are cast in. But God fulfilled his promise, which is, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." (See Israel at the Red Sea, as before mentioned.) "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isa. xliii. 2.) This was verified literally in these men, for the king says, "Did we not cast three men into the furnace? They answered, Yea, O king." Said he, "Lo, I see four men loose, walking, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God;" yes, and it was the Son of God, for in all their afflictions he is afflicted, and the Angel of his Presence it is that saves them. When they were brought out there was not the least smell of fire about them; but when their enemies were cast in they were instantly consumed. (Daniel iii.) The burning bush was not consumed, while God remained there. The three, when Jesus made the fourth, found fire as soft as air. As God generally works by a succession of causes, men naturally trust in those causes, and conclude that safety lies in them. But it is not so; this therefore is making a God of the cause, and trusting in an idol. Knowest thou not, reader, that God is above all the causes which he makes use

of, and therefore he can take away the power out of the fire, and, as the poet says, "make it as soft as air?"

Learn from these things that safety is wholly and altogether in God, and as he pleases. He can and does preserve his people; and he chooses to do this very often to his own glory, in the midst of the greatest dangers and impossibilities, according to reason. When, on the other hand, carnal reason shall have every thing in its favour, and seems in the greatest security, so that there appears no cause of fear, it is all nothing in the way of our God. Hence one cries out, "My feet slipped; but," he adds, "thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." But is it so with the wicked, although, according to reason, they are safe? No; for "when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction comes upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." By all these things we are instructed not to trust in the means, but in the God of the means; and yet not to despise the means; for it is a humble trust and confidence in God, and not a bold, daring, presumptuous spirit, setting (as such do) his decrees against his revealed will, or his revealed will against his decrees. Now, observe, "We have heard with our ears, O God, and our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict thy people and cast them out; for they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance; because thou hadst a favour unto them." And then the Psalmist puts up a prayer for the same: "Thou art my King, O God; command deliverances for Jacob. Through thee will we push down our enemies; through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us." See how David rejects all fleshly confidence, saying, "For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me." Then, David, cast away your sword and your bow; for of what use are they, seeing that your salvation is wholly of the Lord? Not so: I will still have both bow and sword, and not act presumptuously: for God often works by very simple means to bring about great ends. He is a wonder-working God. And then he tells us how he succeeded: "But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and put them to shame that hated us." (Psalm xliv. 1—7.)

Again: Let us look at Daniel in the lions' den. Here we see safety to be of the Lord, contrary to all carnal reasoning, &c. Here we see the wise taken in their own craftiness, and the counsel of the froward carried headlong. Daniel was led to walk so circumspectly by the power of God, that his enemies could find no fault. Now, Daniel made it a rule to pray three times a day, with his window open, looking towards Jerusalem, and this they hated; and therefore they laid a scheme, which was, that if any person asked a favour or petitioned any one, either God or man, for thirty days, except the king, he should be cast into the lions' den. This was agreed to by the king, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not. Aye, now they think they have gained their end, and that this enemy,

Daniel, will be destroyed. But Daniel goes on as usual, praying to his God, and for this he is cast into the lions' den. But God shut their mouths, so that they did not hurt him; and he tells us the cause: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths," &c.; so Daniel was "taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God." (Daniel vi. 23.)

I will mention one case more, that is Job's. Truly he had a very great and singular experience, different from any that we ever heard of; and although some may say, 'My experience is just like Job's,' I say no; it may be in part, but not in the whole. For it is just as though Job was set as an example, and to go very deep into the path of tribulation, that what Moses says in Psalm xc. may be found true: "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men." It was as though God should say, "I will now let my people know in all after stages of the church, how very low they may be brought, both for their good and my declarative glory; and that in all such trials I am a faithful God, and never will leave nor forsake them." "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." (James v. 11.) Job was a rich man, the greatest in all the East, and sat like a king in the army, every body paying great respect and being very attentive to his commands; but he is so brought down as to be a proverb, and to accept of charity. Again, he has a testimony from God, to be a perfect and an upright man; "one that feareth God and escheweth evil." And all this was of God's grace; for he was a sinner by nature, like you and me, though a regenerated man, born again of the Spirit of God. It appears that Job had got very much into self, for want of furnace work; as we are all sure to do, if we go on for a while in prosperity, which Job had in every way. However, Job somehow feared that some calamity would fall on him, and that some time before it did; and I believe that the Holy Spirit told him this; for Christ says, "He shall show you things to come." Hence Job says, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me," &c. The devil having now got permission, destroys all his substance, kills all his ten children, turns his wife atheist, and sets all his friends against him, and indeed everybody was against him. And not only so, but Satan smote him with sore boils from head to foot, and tempted him to curse God from morning to night; and his friends spoke many hard and cruel things to him, condemning him as a hypocrite. But as the account may be read in God's word, I need not write much. Suffice it to say, that although he felt all that I have said, and what was worse, God appeared against him as an angry Judge, no mediator in view, a broken law applied to his conscience, so that there was a resurrection of all his sins from his youth, insomuch that he said, "As for my hope, who shall see it? and thou destroyest the hope of man," and he chose strangling, &c.; yet God never left him, but when he was truly humbled, and when he that sits as a Refiner and Purifier of silver knew that it was enough, he brings him forth as gold, turns his captivity, humbles

his friends for their folly, gives Job twice as much as he had before and as many children as he had lost. Thus we have a proof, that although God will greatly afflict, will chasten, will use the rod, yet it is all in love and faithfulness, intended for our real good and for his glory. And remember that he chastens us for our profit, and only in measure, let unbelief say what it will.

Having shown that our safety lies in God's promises, made to us in Christ, and having run over a brief account of some Bible saints, take notice, that it lies also in the *unchangeableness* of the Almighty. God can never change: "I am God, and change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Now, this takes in many things, but all in Christ Jesus. Do not let us forget that; and therefore, what is God? Answer, Love. Hence John says, "God is love." Well, then, he is unchangeable in his love. What is God? Why, "merciful and gracious." Well, he is unchangeable in his mercy; for "it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed," &c. What is God? Why, a compassionate God. Well, he is unchangeable in his compassion: hence Jeremiah says, "His compassions fail not." What is God? Why, a faithful God, as I have shown, and he is unchangeable in his faithfulness. Watts says,

"Our God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son."

What is God? A long-suffering God. Well, he is in this unchangeable; and this every believer knows day after day, in his long-suffering and forbearance, notwithstanding all our daily and repeated backslidings and revoltings. What is God? Why, a God of truth. Well, then, he is unchangeable in his truth; and truth takes in all the unconditional promises made to us in Christ Jesus and the certain destruction of every enemy we have. O what a God is our God! But what is God? Why, a covenant, yea, a *new* covenant God in Christ Jesus. Well, he is an unchangeable God in his covenant; he has sworn by his holiness that he will not lie unto David, that is, unto Christ: "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy upon thee." (Isaiah liv. 10.) Our God being unchangeable, takes in also his will, decrees, his purposes, his choice of us; and all these things working with almighty power, and that power joined with love.

Seeing, then, that God is unchangeable in all his perfections, and I have mentioned a few, and also the new covenant; then what foundation has a believer, a real believer, for fear? Thus our safety lies in a triune God, in his promises, and in that he is unchangeable.

Again: Our safety lies in *our union to Christ Jesus*; and this truly is a wonderful mystery. The rise of this took place in eternity; and therefore in the ancient settlement before all worlds, the Triune God entered into covenant. This was before ever man had fallen. And in this covenant this union took place; and thus the provision was made before Adam and Eve were created. O the unsearchable, sovereign, and discriminating love of Jehovah! Truly "his ways are past

finding out!" that he by his foreknowledge could see, in his eternal mind, the fall that would take place; should set his eternal love upon a certain number of the human race, and secure their standing in Christ Jesus, by choosing them in him; so that they were set far enough out of the reach of all danger as to the consequences of the fall. As to those who would deny all this, let them answer these two texts: "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world." Again: "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." (2 Tim. i. 9.) Take notice of the little word "*in*" in both the texts that I have quoted, two letters, *in* Christ. The elect had eternal life in Christ before ever "sin entered into the world and death by sin;" and this was according to his own good will, while others are justly left to perish in their own corruption. When we all fell alike in Adam, and deserved destruction, as considered in the fall, as much as the reprobate, all this safety and security of the elect was hid in God. And therefore there is a very great work to take place when time commences. First, the creation of the world and of man. God made man upright, yet not so as that it was impossible that he should fall; for that would have been deifying him, and he would not then have been a creature. The divine nature is incommunicable; yet God made him perfect and in his own image. As Milton says,

"Able to stand, but free to fall."

And his fall was, disobeying God's command through Satan's temptation, as you may read in the Book of Genesis.

When Adam fell he lost the whole of the image of God, and partook of the ugly image of Satan, so that he was naked; which does not mean only that he was without any clothing, for that he was before; but that his soul was naked, as you read in the Revelation: "And knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Now, all God's elect being descended from Adam, come into this world, as well as the reprobate, in this naked state; but none know it, because Satan blinds all their minds, one as well as the other. Thus they are called "children of wrath, even as others," notwithstanding they are secured all this time in Christ: "preserved in Christ Jesus;" and then "called," for their fall in Adam did not destroy their union to Christ Jesus. Well, Jesus Christ in this new covenant (the Word, the Second Person in the glorious Trinity) voluntarily agreed to remove all the dreadful consequences of this fall by becoming incarnate, and by taking our nature, pure from every taint of sin, into union with his divine Person; and thus standing in our law-place, is responsible for every charge that could possibly be brought against us. For you and I, although chosen in Christ Jesus, by this fall are as much exposed to God's wrath as the non-elect; because justice, holiness, righteousness, sin, Satan, a broken law, &c., all stand in the way. Say you, I cannot make this out? No, nor ever will you, except you are taught of God; and then he will make it all plain to you.

Well, to be brief, Jesus Christ completed the whole work, the covenant engagements; and now "mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace embrace each other;" they are all now in friendship one with another; every obstacle is now removed that stood in the way of this union. But this is not all; and therefore the world both of elect and reprobate shall go on, that is, increase and multiply. And God will in a sovereign way cause all this work to be experimentally known to those only whom he hath chosen in Christ Jesus; and therefore it is that the pure gospel shall be preached. Men shall be raised up and sent forth by him, and endowed with gifts and grace, in order that his own elect may be gathered to Christ Jesus, the Object in whom they were chosen; and this we may call a manifested union. Thus "life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." The Holy Ghost is now poured forth and attends the word to this and to that "vessel of mercy," known only to God; but as he makes it manifest, they are enlightened and quickened to see and feel their true state by the fall; to feel that they are the chief of sinners, and to cry to the Lord for mercy, as the publican did; and in his own time he hears and answers them, and brings them to a comfortable enjoyment of this union, which they had in Christ before the world was made.

(To be continued.)

SHORT DISCOURSES BY MR. HUNTINGTON.

No. III.

"He that believeth shall not make haste."—ISAIAH xxviii 16.

This verse contains a noble account of the foundation which God the Father hath laid in Zion, which foundation is Christ Jesus. God chose this foundation, and he chose all the materials in him, which are called his chosen, and chosen ones. And as he laid the foundation, so he brings all the materials to it: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him;" and as the foundation and the superstructure must be united together, so the Father "calls us to the fellowship of his Son."

It is the folly of the simple one to believe every word, but the character of the prudent is, "that he looks well to his way." This simple one, in the New Testament language, is one that hears the word, and anon with joy receives it; and this frothy joy, mingling with his legal, self-righteous spirit, inflames him with an immoderate heat; he catches the lamp, and off he goes. This sort the Saviour calls "the first;" but there are first that shall be last. The prudent man, who looks well to his way, has much work within to attend to, and he is obliged to order his steps in God's word, and to take heed thereunto according to that; so that he is in general thought to be behindhand, or, as the Saviour says, "he is the last," and yet there are last that shall be first.

Saul and David were lively figures of these two kinds of professors. Saul was always too hasty: he was to stay seven days at Gilgal, but Samuel comes not soon enough for him; then he

forces himself into the priest's office. At the defeat of the Philistines he curses any man that should eat food till night; Jonathan transgresses the oath ignorantly. Saul inquires of God, and obtains no answer; he puts the matter to lot, to know where the fault lies. Saul and Jonathan are taken, and the people escape. It is cast again between Saul and his son, and Jonathan is taken; and Saul swears by God that he shall die, but lets him live.

He is sent "to the Amalekites, to slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Saul spares Agag, and flies upon the spoil, contrary to God's command; and in his last trouble and extremity, because he got not an immediate answer from God, he goes to the witch of Endor.

When he is wounded in his last battle he wants his armour-bearer to thrust him through, which he refusing, he falls upon his own sword, and dies by suicide. "The counsel of the froward carries him headlong." Hastiness, distrust, infidelity, legality, self-righteousness, human applause, and carnal fear, influenced him through all his conduct. He consulted carnal reason, and conferred with flesh and blood in almost everything he did; and this self-dependence and self-contrivance pushed him on from bad to worse; hence we see that "by (human) strength shall no man prevail."

But David's faith waited for God's warrant. He attacks the champion of the Philistines in the name of the living God. When he was solicited to go against the Philistines he inquires of God, and said, "Go and smite the Philistines, and save Keilah." "Will Saul come to Keilah?" saith David. "He will come," saith the Lord. "But will the men of Keilah deliver me up?" "They will deliver thee up," saith the Lord. O what a safe way is this! "In all thy ways acknowledge him."

In David's behaviour before Achish, King of Gath, in his conclusion of falling one day by the hand of Saul, and in his determined destruction of Nabal's house, unbelief besets him, self was consulted, and the old man was put on. But this was not the habitual bent of his mind, nor the constant course of his conduct, for that was quite the reverse of this. David's faith was long tried before he came to the throne; and, when he did, he reigned seven years in Hebron before all the tribes of Israel came under his government; yet his faith was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; and so faith claims them: "Gilead is mine, Manasseh is mine, Ephraim also is the strength of mine head, Judah is my lawgiver, Moab is my wash-pot, over Edom will I cast out my shoe; through God we shall do valiantly, for he it is that shall tread down our enemies." Thus faith goes before giving glory to God, and calls things that are not done as though they were already done; and God comes after and puts an honour upon faith, that he that believes may not be ashamed or confounded.

"He that believeth shall not make haste." The work of faith is God's work: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." And the Almighty will not be hurried in his work; we are not to say, "Let him make speed and hasten his work, that we

may see it." (Isaiah v. 19.) "The Lord will hasten it in his time." (Isaiah lx. 22.) The first work of faith is to bring distant things near. Moses sees the threatened judgments of God coming upon Egypt, and casts off his adoption: "By faith he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." Noah is warned of the deluge not seen as yet; moved with fear and influenced by faith, he builds an ark and saves his house; "by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith."

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and this wise man who is brought to fear, is one that "foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself." The evil that he foresees is the day of judgment, the great day of the wrath of God; and under these fears he seeks the Saviour and flies to him, which in the New Testament is called "fleeing from the wrath to come," for refuge, to "lay hold upon the hope set before us." The work of unbelief is to "put far away the evil day, and to cause the seat of violence to come near; "but the work of faith is to bring the sinner "to consider his latter end." And when faith comes he cannot put the evil day from him, it will be uppermost in his mind, and always before him, in spite of all that he can do. To these views God holds him, and for a while, at the bar of equity he reasons with him: "Come let us reason together," saith the Lord. The sinner sees his folly, and rues it, and begins to amend and reform, to be attentive, and to ponder matters over a little, and hopes that a change has taken place; but alas! self-righteousness is all in all with him still; to strip him of which, God brings in bill upon bill, and terror upon terror, and appears against him. "And I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that defraud the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts; for I am the Lord, and change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." (Mal. iii. 5, 6.) Under this trial severe inquisitions are made, and matters discovered to the bottom, sifted out, and canvassed over, till the mouth of boasting is entirely stopped, and the sinner becomes guilty before God.

The Saviour is presented now and then at a distance, and the need of him is sorely felt. But the whole work is God's; we can neither forward it, nor let it. From Horeb the face is turned, and the face is Zionward; the eye of the sinner is to his Maker, and he has respect to the Holy One of Israel; and with supplication and bitter weeping God leads him, and he comes after him in chains. When God shines, then faith sees, not else; for it is in his light that we see light: this very often withdraws, and we appear again as dark and as far off as ever. Not one sure step do we take, unless God draws us; not one act of faith is put forth, unless the wind blow, and cause the spices to flow out. Under every such pleasing sensation we struggle hard. "The captive exile hastens, that he may be loosed, that he may not die in the pit, nor that his bread may fail." But this hastiness adds nothing to the work, "for ye

shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight, for the Lord shall go before you." (Isaiah lii. 12.)

After a little of this eager struggling of ours, the work seems at a stand again; at which we fret, repine, murmur, are self-willed, stubborn, and perverse, till fear and terror alarm us again; and then we relent, take shame and confusion of face to ourselves, confess our madness, and implore forgiveness; and when resigned and submissive, meek and quiet, come life or come death, here I am, "let him do with me what seemeth him good," the Lord revives his work, makes known the matter more clearly, and in wrath remembers mercy. Under these self-abasing sensations of humility, meekness, contrition, compunction, and godly sorrow, the faith of the coming sinner takes all the steps that he takes.

When self is denied, debased, and mortified, then faith moves; from this lowest room it is that the Lord bids us go up higher. Before every step that leads us to the honour of adoption is this humility. In this matter, we see that self can never contribute anything to faith, nor can faith and self work in conjunction together; for "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh;" the law of sin in the members wars against the law of faith in the mind, and these two are contrary the one to the other; but if the flesh be mortified through the spirit, we shall live by faith. Distant views and budding hopes at times soften and sweeten the soul, becalm and compose it, insomuch that terrors and torments begin to lose their force, and their violence to abate; the dreadful day looks farther off, and the alarming sight of it is more dim, and our meditations of terror do not recoil with that keenness and sharpness as before; while a daily cross becomes more familiar, and sits easier upon the shoulder, and the chastisements of God yield more peaceable fruits; and when patience has had her perfect work in this business, and submission to the will of God takes place, human strength being exhausted, and the mercy of God in Christ implored, the sweetest savour of Jesus, and the odours of his ointments, perfume the poor soul afresh; he appears more in view, and shows himself through the lattice of this chequer work; the sinner's hopes fly to him, and his mouth begins to confess him: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "Blessed art thou, sinner! for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father, which is in heaven." The fears and terrors of the law subside, an angry God disappears, love operates, and God shines upon the poor soul in the countenance of his dear Son, and gives him the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Now, the will chooses him, faith flies out to him, and exercises all her power on him, love works by it, and joy and peace flow in; while Jesus takes possession of his own, and is crowned King of Zion, the poor sinner ascribing all glory, might, majesty, dominion, and power to him for ever and ever.

The most puzzling thing to the believer under all this work is, that when he does the most good, as he thinks, he is the least regarded; and when he draws the worst conclusions of himself and his

state, he is the most cordially received; that when he detests himself, he meets with the most pleasing approbation of God; and that when nothing but damnation is expected, then salvation is the most near to them that fear him: yea, and when he would entreat God to let loose his hand and cut him off, as Job did, being desperate against himself and his sin, even then he finds the sweetest and most heart-melting seasons with God. But alas! we forget that salvation is of grace, and not of works; that God justifies the ungodly who work not, but believe; that his strength is made perfect in our weakness, and that God entertains those who are ready to perish; that he fills the hungry with good things, but sends the rich empty away. A bribe in our hand to obtain Christ, is the only thing that keeps us from him; and a foolish notion of rubbing off some of the debt, is the cause of the debt book lying open so long against us; for when we have nothing to pay he frankly forgives us all. But this state of insolvency is terribly mortifying and degrading to human pride. However, there we must come, or lie in prison till the utmost mite be paid; for the Surety will discharge all or none; he will be all in all to us, or nothing.

The father of the faithful obtains the promise of a son, and waits for the fulfilment of it till nature itself militates against him; to remedy which, Hagar is substituted into the place of Sarah. Ishmael comes into the world, and the end is obtained, and here he rests. "The steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus, and, lo! one born in my house is mine heir." All this human contrivance helps nothing forward. "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" No, reason and all her pleas must give way to faith, and faith must have nothing to look to or depend on but the power of God. Against all hope founded in nature, and supported by reason, he must believe in hope, founded on the power, truth, and faithfulness of God. "Abraham must believe that what God had promised he was able to perform, and Sarah must by faith receive strength from above to conceive seed, by judging him faithful that hath promised." And we must look to Abraham, our pattern, and to Sarah, that bore us, if ever our souls are quickened to serve the living God. For their faith and ours must centre and meet in unity in the same Object; and all our fruitfulness, as well as theirs, must come from his promise; yea, it must come from the same Christ, who is the Living Vine and Tree of Life, from whom all grace and life come; and he is a tree of life in us as well as in them: for "in me is thy fruit found."

God's children are liable to sufferings, whether we consider them as men or as Christians; as men, (Job xiv. 1,) "Man that is born of a woman is full of trouble." As our relations and comforts increase, so do the occasions of trouble. God never appointed this world to be the place of man's rest, but of our exercise, and only a passage to another world: and in this our passage we must look for storms and tempests.—*Bunyan.*

LETTERS OF A PILGRIM.*—I.

* The poor old woman who penned these two letters has since gone home. She was a £5 5s. pensioner of the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society, and had little else but that and the occasional kindness of friends to subsist upon. She was at times in great depths of poverty, almost, indeed, in actual want, very infirm in body, with much soul conflict, had scarcely a friend to speak to on the things of God, and was very rarely able to hear a preached gospel. Yet the Lord brought her through all her troubles and trials, and lately took her home to himself.

Dear Friends,—I can truly say it is with love and gratitude I write these few lines. Being a little better to-day, and a little liberated in my mind, I take the liberty to tell you a little of the dear Lord's dealings with me. I hope you will pardon my freedom, but I have no Christian friend but you and Mrs. R., in this town where I dwell, that seems to understand my language; as those who profess to be Calvinists, some of them seem to speak both the language of Ashdod and of Israel. I cannot travel with them; miserable comforters are they all. O, dear friends! I sit here alone, like a poor speckled bird, and when the dear Lord hides his face I am troubled indeed; and sometimes labour under such a diversity of feelings and such various exercises of mind, that I do not know where I am nor what I am; so that I feel constrained to cry with the Psalmist, "Undertake for me; cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; I lift up my soul unto thee."

Dear friends, I was very ill yesterday, and was afraid I should be forced to keep my bed again; but, blessed be my indulgent Lord! I feel better to-day.

Pardon my blotches; I am so weak; my hands shake sadly. O! dear friends, I find the valley of Baca a thorny path; darkness of mind, infirmities of body, enemies within and without, buffetings of the great enemy, and the hiding of my dear Lord's face, so that I feel as if I must sink, and cry out with Peter, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" But, blessed be his dear name, he will not let me sink. Infinite love! infinite condescension! he appears again, disperses those black clouds, and says, "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt? be not afraid, it is I!" Blessed be his dear name,

"He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all."

O yes! I may say salvation is all of grace, from first to last, or I must have sunk long ago.

I have been very uneasy of late, fearing lest some enemy has turned you against me, as I know there are some who are waiting for my halting; but this I know, that they cannot go a step further than the dear Lord permits them. This I can say, that they cannot say anything against my outward character since I have set out for Zion, if they say the truth; as I strive to keep my outward character as free from blots as I can. But that I must ascribe all to grace, for I know not where I should go if the dear Lord left me to myself. I do earnestly beg of him daily to keep me by his

mighty power, that he will not suffer me to be the reproach of the foolish, and that I may not bring a disgrace on his dear people.

Last week I felt as if I could say with the Psalmist, "Thy billows go over my head; I sink in deep waters." When I get into these depths, I find the great enemy takes every advantage, and the beasts of the forest creep out as though they would destroy me. But, blessed be my dear covenant-keeping God, he will not permit them to destroy me; and he does at times give me sweet tokens that I am among the happy number to whom he has promised that no weapon formed against them shall prosper.

Last week I was sunk very low indeed, so that I cried out, "Is thy mercy clean gone? wilt thou be favourable no more?" The great enemy buffeted me sadly, and told me the people of God would be tired of me, and that I should come to the Union at last; that I might as well give up; that I was nothing but a hypocrite, and that I should be a castaway at last; when all of a sudden, I thought I heard a voice say, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, persecution, or distress? nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life; nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers; nor things present, nor things to come; nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." O with what power these words came to my poor fettered soul! I knew them to come from my dear Lord. O how my poor soul was melted down at his dear feet, with such flowings of love as I cannot express! O I felt as though I could tread the world beneath my feet, and all it calls good and great! O infinite love! infinite condescension! that he should visit such a poor despised worm as I! O how it melts my poor heart while I am writing, that he has shown me that nothing shall separate me from his love! O dear friends, when I get a drop of these gracious springs; how sweetly they cheer, refresh, and strengthen my poor longing soul through my weary pilgrimage! They are like ointment poured forth, and they preserve my spirit when fighting in the dark valley of conflict.

May the dear Lord shine upon your path; may every covenant blessing attend you in providence and in grace; may you enjoy many a refreshing breeze from the everlasting hills, is the sincere prayer of

Yours in the unbreakable bonds of the everlasting covenant,

K—, Nov. 1849.

ELIZABETH CLARKE.

LETTERS OF A PILGRIM.—II.

Dear and faithful Friends,—As such I esteem you. Being a little revived and liberated in my soul, I take up my pen to tell you a little of the Lord's dealings with me. I have been greatly exercised in my mind since you left me on Sunday night, attended with strong and powerful conflicts. The great enemy took every advantage of my weakness; black clouds of darkness came over my head; the beasts of the forest crept out of their dens in all their terrific

forms; as though they thought I was nothing but a hypocrite, and that I should surely fall by the hand of the enemy. I took up the Bible, but could not read it; I strove to pray, but could not. I felt as though I durst not look up; all I could say was, "Lord, help me! O thou that art mighty to save, help." "Hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit." I strove to cry, but my prayers seemed shut out. One word you repeated in your prayer took great effect on my poor fettered, harassed soul. You said that you and a few individuals had come to visit me, though you hardly knew what for. O how the great enemy did harass my poor fettered soul, telling me I had better give up, for I was not only deceiving myself, but deceiving and hurting the minds of the dear children of God! I thought I could cry with the Psalmist, "The sorrows of death compassed me. I found trouble and sorrow." I burned a light all night, but could not rest; the horror and darkness of mind I laboured under I cannot express. I thought of those words in Mr. Gadsby's Hymns:

"Though much dismay'd, take courage still,
And knock at mercy's door;
A loving Saviour surely will
Relieve his praying poor.
"He knows how weak and faint thou art,
And must appear at length;
A look from him will cheer thy heart,
And bring renewed strength."

I found a little relief from these words. I begged of the dear Lord, if I was his child, to give me some powerful manifestation from his dear self, and show me I was a pardoned sinner. O blessed be his dear name, he did hear my poor breathings. I was led to Calvary, as though I beheld my bleeding Lord, with deep furrows cut in his dear, sacred side, and he looked at me and said, "I suffered this for thee; I was wounded for thy transgressions, through my stripes ye are healed." O that look I cannot forget! O how it melts my poor heart while writing it! I thought I did look on "him whom I had pierced" and mourned. I felt the efficacy of those precious drops of blood that sprang from his dear side as a healing balm to my poor sin-sick soul. I felt all my guilt removed, that my sins were pardoned, and I sealed with precious blood. O what meltings of heart and flowings of love I then felt towards my once dying, but now risen and exalted Lord! I cannot express it. Weak as I felt myself, I burst out, saying with the poet,

"There beneath the cross adoring,
Sin doth like itself appear;
When the wounds of Christ exploring,
I can read my pardon there.
"Here I would feast my soul for ever,
While this balm of life I prove;
Every wound appears a river
Flowing with eternal love."

O dear friends, I am feeding in high places. Now I want to stop here; I do not wish to go back to my old place again.

O glory be to his dear name, he does all things well! Although hard to bear, I believe he loves me when labouring under these dark

and trackless paths in which I so often wander, that in the sunshine of his presence I feel as if I could say with his dear servant, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." O that these precious rays would lead me all the way to the valley, and through the valley! O that I might sing victory through the blood of the Lamb in the swellings of Jordan, and arrive safe on that happy shore, where he will never hide his face any more, where I shall see him as he is and love him as I ought! Then

"My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again."

I now conclude, with my sincere love and thanks to you for your great kindness to me, spiritually and temporally. May the Lord shine upon your path; may he bless you and your dear family in providence and in grace. That you may enjoy many a refreshing breeze from the celestial hills, to cheer and comfort you all the way home, is the sincere prayer of

Yours, I hope I may say, in the unbreakable bonds
of the everlasting covenant,

K—.

ELIZABETH CLARKE.

REVIEW.

The Resurrection Body; being the Views of James Godsmark, Minister of Providence Chapel, Hackney. London: H. Y. COLLINS, 22, Paternoster Row.

A Pamphlet by J. Godsmark, being a Further Declaration of his Views on the Resurrection. London: H. Y. COLLINS, 22, Paternoster Row.

The Resurrection of Christ's Identical Body Proved. By George Abrahams, Minister of Regent Street Chapel, City Road. London: JAMES PAUL, 1, Chapterhouse Court.

A controversy has arisen between Mr. Godsmark, of Hackney, and Mr. Abrahams, on the subject of the Risen Body of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Controversy is a subject that we usually avoid, as often tending more to strife and to "minister questions, rather than godly edifying, which is in faith." Imputations are made, harsh speeches used, and in the warmth of the moment expressions dropped as much at variance with the precepts as with the spirit of the gospel. The controversial writings of neither Toplady nor Huntington, eminent as both were in grace and gifts, are totally free from this blot. Yet at times controversy is not only unavoidable, but necessary. When Arianism arose in the fourth century, an Athanasius was needed to rebut and demolish it. When Pelagianism sprang up in the fifth century, an Augustine was required to overthrow it. In later days, by the controversial writings of Luther, Popery received a deadly wound; Toplady's sharp pen penetrated through John Wesley's Arminian coat of mail; and Huntington's powerful arguments demolished the moral law as a rule of life to believers. In fact, as there is not a truth which has not been attacked and denied, nor an imaginable error which has not been broached, controversy is inevitable, unless we would see truth trampled under foot. An important error, we will say, is advanced by some man of name and

influence, and sedulously propagated by him and his followers. If not at once detected and exposed, this error gradually gains ground, and at last may become established as a truth. Such was the rise and progress of most of the errors of Popery. They were broached by men of learning or influence, and as all opposition to them was prevented by persecution, they became in time almost universally recognized. Controversy is, therefore, in such cases indispensable, and becomes a blessing to the church. It is in fact, under such circumstances, a necessary branch of "contending earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints." Controversy has winnowed truth from error; controversy has torn to pieces the robes of Satan transformed into an angel of light; and controversy has established on a firm basis, one by one, well nigh every article of our most holy faith. There is nothing, then, in controversy itself intrinsically wrong. It is the abuse, not the use, which has so often made it objectionable. We desire, then, to approach the controversy before us in the spirit of the gospel, and as far as we have light on the subject, to enter upon it without partiality or any respect of persons, our aim being, not men or ministers, but truth. It is a subject, to our mind, of weight and importance, as involving vital, essential truth. It is not a mere strife of words—a dispute about non-essentials, but touches the very foundation on which the church is built. This is, therefore, our main reason, as it must form our chief apology, for introducing the present controversy into the pages of the "Gospel Standard."

The Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ is a grand fundamental article of the faith once delivered to the saints. It is well worthy of notice, that there is not a single sermon recorded in the Acts of the Apostles in which it does not form the principal feature. When Judas went to his place, and an apostle was chosen in his room, it was that he might be a witness of Christ's resurrection. (Acts i. 22.) And, therefore, when Paul, who was called after Christ's ascension, would establish his claim to the apostolic office, he says, "Am I not an apostle? am I not free? have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord?" (1 Cor. ix. 1,) he being favoured with an especial revelation of the risen Jesus, to qualify him to be a witness of his resurrection. On this branch of the subject we need not, however, enlarge, both parties equally admitting the fact and deep importance of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus. The matter in controversy is, *With what body did he arise? Was it actual flesh and blood, as Mr. Abrahams holds? or was it, as Mr. Godsmark maintains, a body so sublimed, as it were, and altered, that it no longer possesses flesh and blood, but is rather some ethereal, aerial substance?*

As our object is not men, but truth, we shall take no notice of any harsh speeches made on either side. Truth is not forwarded by such weapons, and, in our judgment, both parties have erred here.

The truth, on this momentous subject, can only be found in the Scriptures. All arguments, therefore, founded upon mere natural

reasoning—all assertions that this or that view is absurd, irrational, improbable, or impossible, must be laid aside.

Nothing more stumbles human reason than the incarnation of the Son of God, and the resurrection of the saints—two articles, each fully admitted by both parties. Try these by human reason, and we fall at once into infidelity. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves wholly to the Scriptures, and see what *they* teach on this important point.

But we must premise, that generally speaking, on these mysterious subjects, which are matters not of reason but of revelation, the Scriptures confine us, as it were, within certain definite limits. The path of truth resembles a road bounded on each side by landmarks, to show us where *we may not go*. Within these boundary stones the road lies; and thus, when we would turn aside to the right hand or the left, there is a voice saying, as it were behind us, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

1. In approaching this subject, our first inquiry will be, *What body did the Lord Jesus take?* This we must lay as the solid foundation of the whole argument. Here the Scriptures are most decided, clear, and positive. Was it not *actual flesh and blood*? How clearly does the apostle speak on this point! "Forasmuch, then, as the children are *partakers of flesh and blood*, he also himself likewise *took part of the same*"; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death; that is, the devil." (Heb. ii. 14.) Did not Christ's human nature consist of a perfect human body and a perfect human soul, differing from ours only in two points: 1, that it was a nature, not a person; 2, that it was conceived in a supernatural way by the overshadowing operation of the Holy Ghost; and therefore perfectly and intrinsically holy and pure, without the least taint of sin, sickness, or mortality? With these two exceptions, the human nature of the Lord Jesus Christ was identical with ours. He ate, he drank, he slept, he walked, he wept, was weary, had bones, though not one of them was broken, had flesh, through which nails were driven, and blood, which he shed for man's redemption.*

2. Was not this participation in human nature the grand mystery ordained before the foundation of the world? "And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." (1 Tim. iii. 16.) "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." (John i. 14.) John makes the confession or denial of this grand truth the decisive test of a true or false spirit, with reference, doubtless, to the Gnostic heresy then prevalent, to which we have already alluded in our note. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby

* One would suppose that all this was too plain to be denied. Yet the first century was pestered with a set of heretics called *Doceta*, a branch of the early *Gnostics*, who actually denied that Christ was clothed with a real body or that he really suffered, their idea being that his body was a kind of ærial substance, resembling, but not identical with our own.

know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of Antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world." (1 John iv. 1—3.) In his Second Epistle, John speaks with equal strength and decision: "For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist. Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." (2 John 9—11.) With the exception of the Ebionites, a small sect at the close of the first century, who denied Christ's divinity, the heresies of the apostolic times were chiefly confined to one point—a denial of Christ's having actually taken flesh. They allowed that he was *God*, but not that he was really and truly *man*. This will explain why John insists so strongly upon Christ's *having come in the flesh*, i.e., was really and truly a partaker of the flesh and blood of the children. And, indeed, upon this all redemption, and consequently all salvation, hangs. If Christ were not really and truly man, then he had no true and real union with human nature, and consequently there is no true and real mediation, no true and real sacrifice, no true and real reconciliation, no true and real redemption. If, as the Gnostics asserted, Christ's human nature was not real, but apparent; not substantial flesh and blood, but shadowy, then all Christ's work, and consequently redemption itself, would be but apparent and shadowy too. John, therefore, opposed this heresy so strongly because it cut at the very root of redemption, and so denied the whole work of salvation from first to last.

As we pursue our argument it will be seen what bearing this has upon the controversy before us, and why we have laid it down thus broadly at the outset.

3. Did not Christ in this true, actual, real, substantial human nature suffer and die upon the cross?*

4. When the blessed Redeemer laid down his life, and breathing forth his holy soul, left, so to speak, his body on the cross, was not that same, actual, identical body laid in the tomb?

5. Was not that same, actual, identical body preserved in the tomb without any the slightest taint of corruption? Here the Scripture is express. This was the ancient record: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine

* This was denied by Cerinthus, one of the early Gnostics, and concerning whom we have an interesting anecdote of the apostle John. The beloved disciple, while he resided at Ephesus, going once to bathe there, perceived that Cerinthus was in the bath. He came out again hastily. "Let us flee," said he, "lest the bath should fall, whilst Cerinthus, an enemy of truth, is in it."

Holy One to see corruption." (Psalm xvi. 9, 10.) That this was literally fulfilled, we have the express testimony of Paul. "Wherefore he saith also in another psalm, Thou shalt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption. But he whom God raised again saw no corruption." (Acts xiii. 35—37.)

These steps have led us to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus. We ask, then,

6. Did this true, actual, identical body rise from the dead?

Here we approach the pith and marrow of the controversy. That a change took place as regards that body we admit; that any such change took place as essentially altered the nature of that body we deny.

But before we come to the scriptural proof of this, we must premise two observations:

1. That the Lord Jesus had but *one* body. This body was prepared for him: "Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but *a body* hast thou prepared me." (Hebrews x. 5.) Now, if Christ's risen body *essentially* differed from his suffering or crucified body, then he would have, not *one*, but *two* bodies. Here lies the whole pith of the controversy. The Person of Immanuel is God-man. If, then, any such change has taken place in the risen body of the Lord Jesus as has altered, affected, or essentially changed his true, real, and proper humanity, so that he is no longer actually *man* as well as God, his complex Person is thereby destroyed. Here, then, is one of the boundary stones of which we spoke as pointing out and limiting the path of truth. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, *the man* Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. ii. 5.) Observe the words, "There is one Mediator, *the man* Christ Jesus." If not a man, therefore not a Mediator; if not *now* a man, not *now* a Mediator. We must therefore hold by this sacred truth as by our life, for it is our life, our all—that the Mediator now at the right-hand of the Father is *a man*, a real, actual man, as well as God; and that the body which he wears is the *one* body "prepared" for him, the one body that suffered, the one body that rose from the dead, the one body that ascended up on high. An error here is fatal, for it removes the foundation on which the church of Christ is built.

2. What is human nature? It consists, all admit, of a body and of a soul. Both of these the Son of God took into union with his divine nature. Concerning Christ's human soul there is between the parties no controversy. His body, as a human body, was actual flesh and blood. This was essential to his being man. If he had not taken flesh and blood, actual flesh and blood, he would not have been man, actual man. Now, is not flesh and blood an essential part of human nature? It is not what logicians call "an accident," *i. e.*, something, such as race or language, which does not affect the very essence of the thing itself; but flesh and blood are so essential to human nature that, if not existing or removed, human nature is destroyed. Therefore, whatever change has passed upon

Christ's human nature, however inconceivably glorious it now is, no such change has taken place as has destroyed flesh and blood; for if it have, it has destroyed his human nature; and then he has ceased to be the man Christ Jesus, and the church has no longer a Mediator at the right-hand of God.

We now pass on to positive scriptural proof that Christ's risen body was, and therefore is, actual flesh and blood. How decisive is the Lord's own testimony to this point! "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet." (Luke xxiv. 39, 40.) "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is *I myself*"—not an ærial, ethereal substance, but I myself, the same, actual, identical Jesus—the same *man* that for three years you have seen and known. "Behold my hands and my feet"—real, actual human hands and feet. And if sight will not convince you, *feel* them; "*handle me*," feel if I am not substantial, "for a spirit hath not *flesh and bones* as ye see me have." Now, is it possible to deny in the face of this express declaration of Christ himself that he has now flesh and bones?

Thomas would not believe that Christ had actually risen from the dead. And here we may observe that Thomas's unbelief has been wonderfully and mercifully over-ruled for the good of the church. His unbelief has contributed to establish her faith.

But what was the only thing, the only solid and unanswerable proof that Thomas would accept as demonstrative that Christ was indeed risen from the dead? Would an ethereal, ærial body have convinced him? No; nothing would satisfy him but a real, actual, substantial flesh and blood body, such as he knew was nailed to the cross. "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." (John xx. 25.) This the Lord mercifully vouchsafed him. "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." (John xx. 27.) Now, when the Lord said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands," were they not *real* hands? And if real hands, were they not hands of flesh and blood? the same hands actually and truly that were nailed to the cross? Were not the scars of the nails actually in the hands? and might not Thomas have touched those scars, and thrust his hand into the actual side which was pierced with the Roman spear? Now, if those scarred hands were not *actual human* hands, and that pierced side not *really flesh and blood*, we say it with all reverence, the Lord would have deceived Thomas. He who is perfect truth would have said the thing that was not. Now let us see how Mr. Godsmark explains these appearances of the Lord Jesus to his disciples after his resurrection, which will also give us the opportunity of presenting his views in his own language:

"We destroyed the temple of his body, but in three days he built it up again, and having purged our sins, which was his destruction, he beautified it with infinite glory, which swallows up everything natural.

Therefore, it behoved Christ that he should reveal himself unto his disciples after his resurrection—naturally to their senses, in order to confirm them that it was the same Jesus; but that glory which would eclipse every natural appearance was hid from their eyes. Therefore he says, in order to confirm them that he was not a spirit as they supposed, ‘Handle me, and see that it is I myself; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.’ He also did eat before them; but of course, not from necessity—it was simply to confirm them. And the Christ of God could as easily transfigure himself from a glorious body to a natural body, as he did from a natural body to a glorified body, on the Mount, or as he could stand before them in an instant—the doors being shut—and in an instant vanish out of their sight.”

Observe the last sentence, where such a distinction is made between a *natural* body and a *glorified* body as evidently makes the Lord Jesus to have had *two* different bodies. Mr. Godsmark, we know, declares in words that Christ had but one body, for he says that his glorious body was “not another body, but the same body;” but his assertion that Christ’s body is now no longer flesh and blood, makes it a different body from what it was when on the cross. It brings us, in fact, to this dilemma: Christ appeared to Thomas and to the other disciples, either with an actual flesh and blood body, or with an ærial body, in which there was no flesh and blood at all. Now, one of these consequences necessarily follows: the scars were either *real* scars, in a real flesh and blood body, or *pretended* scars, sham marks, only calculated to deceive the eyes of Thomas. We ask one question: Were they *real* hands, or *sham* hands?—the same actual, identical flesh and blood hands that were nailed to the cross, or merely ærial appearances? We are sorry to be compelled to use such language, but if they were merely ærial appearances, it was a deception; and then what evidence have we that Christ rose from the dead at all? If Thomas’s eyes could be deceived by an ærial appearance, a mere phantasm, how do we know that Christ’s body was ever anything but an ærial appearance; and what proof is there that ever he had an actual flesh and blood body at all? If the eyes and other senses of the disciples could have been deceived *after* the resurrection, why not *before*? Luke tells us that “he showed himself alive after his passion, by many *infallible proofs*, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.” (Acts i. 3.) Where are these “infallible proofs,” if the mouth that spoke was not a real mouth, if the eyes that looked were not real eyes, if the feet that walked were not real feet, if the features of the face were not real features, if the hands that broke the bread at Emmaus were not real hands? Did ærial hands break a substantial loaf? Now if these absurdities must at once be rejected as a destruction of the very testimony on which revelation itself stands, there can only be another solution, admissible with the views of Mr. Godsmark, viz. that Christ in these appearances to his disciples resumed for a time his flesh and blood body. This, from the extract we have given, appears to be Mr. Godsmark’s view. But this necessarily involves that Christ had *two* bodies, and that too after the resurrection—one ærial, in which there is no flesh and blood at all, and another,

which Mr. Godsmark calls "natural." According to this view, the ærial body is now in heaven, the natural body broke bread at Emmaus; the ærial body was assumed on the Mount of Transfiguration, and then dropped to re-assume the natural body that hung on the cross.

Now, if the body of Christ were a flesh and blood body *before* the resurrection, and an ethereal body, without any flesh and blood, *after* the resurrection, we are necessarily landed into one of these two consequences: 1. Either that the Lord Jesus practised a deception upon Thomas, to persuade him that he had flesh and blood when he had not—a thing awful to think of; or, 2, that Christ had *two* distinct bodies, *one* flesh and blood, which he showed to Thomas; and *another* without flesh and blood, which he now wears in heaven.

But where does Scripture speak of Christ's having *two* bodies, one natural and the other spiritual, and that he alternately changed from one to the other? And where does the word of God say that Christ had a *natural* body at all? We have natural bodies, because begotten by natural generation: but Christ's body was begotten by a supernatural operation. It was "a holy thing," a spiritual body in its very conception, because begotten by the Holy Ghost, according to the angel's express testimony, "And the angel answered and said unto her, *The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee*, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that *holy thing* which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Luke i. 35.) It was indeed flesh and blood, because made of the seed of the woman, and whilst in the world had certain incidents, as eating, drinking, sleeping, &c., necessary to a time state; but still it was a spiritual body, because "conceived" (or "begotten," margin) of the Holy Ghost." How plain is the testimony of the Holy Spirit here! "Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, *she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.*" (Matt. i. 18.) Therefore the angel said to Joseph, "Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for *that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.*" (Matt. i. 20.)

Here it appears to us that Mr. Godsmark has stumbled, overlooking the spiritual generation of the Lord Jesus. Let us ask him, in all faithfulness, one or two questions. You talk about Christ's *natural* body. Was not that body begotten by the Blessed Spirit? Did the Blessed Spirit, then, beget a natural body? Like begets like. Our bodies are natural, because our fathers were natural. But Christ's body was a spiritual body, because begotten of the Blessed Spirit. Mr. Godsmark admits that Christ's body when transfigured upon the Mount was a spiritual, or at least glorified body:

"But nothing seems more conclusive to me, as regards the glorified body of Jesus, than that which was revealed to the disciples on the holy Mount of Transfiguration. And this revelation was not merely to establish them in the divinity of Christ; the Spirit of the Father had just before revealed that he was the Christ, the Son of the living God, as declared by Peter. But he was now about to favour them with a glimpse of his glorified body; but they were not to speak of it till after his resurrection, when that which they then saw would be really accom-

plished. * * * Thus the disciples saw his glory—his glorified or glorious body, as it is now in heaven. And, as an excellent author observes, ‘Gazing at the glorified body of their Master, they beheld not only a proof, but an express and lively image of his resurrection, ascension, and exaltation above the heavens.’ * * * Now the question is this, In which of the two characters does Christ appear in heaven—as they then saw him, or as they saw him before, when they saw his glory? I believe we shall see his glorious body infinitely more glorious than the disciples saw it, which no mortal eye can behold without expiring; and this infinite glory of the Son of Man must be something more than flesh and blood.”

But this cuts the whole ground from under his feet; for he must own that this glorified body upon the Mount was at that time and afterwards actual flesh and blood, really and truly ate, drank, slept, sweated blood, and at last suffered on the cross. This changing backwards and forwards, as if Christ had two bodies, one natural and the other spiritual, both before and after his resurrection, appears to us monstrous indeed, and what the Scripture knows nothing of. It seems to us that the cause of his stumbling in this way arises from his confounding the resurrection of our bodies with that of Christ’s.

These, as we hope (D.v.) to show in our next number, are distinct things. Having exceeded our usual limits, we must reserve to another opportunity our remarks upon two points closely connected with the present subject: 1. How Christ’s risen body differed from his crucified body; 2. The resurrection of the saints, and how in their case the body is sown a natural body and raised a spiritual body. Meanwhile we may observe, that Mr. Godsmark’s view is merely the revival of an old heresy, as most new discoveries are, broached, as Tertullian informs us, in the second century, by some disciples of Marcion and Apelles. This made Irenæus introduce into his creed the express words, “The taking up into the heavens of Jesus Christ *in flesh*.” Dr. Owen says it is “a Socinian fiction,” in the extract immediately following, which we have given as, in our opinion, very much to the point. The words of truth and soberness that are stamped upon it throughout are well worth consideration by Mr. Godsmark and his friends:

“That very nature itself which he took on him in this world is exalted into glory. Some, under a pretence of great subtlety and accuracy, do deny that he hath either flesh or blood in heaven; that is, as to the substance of them; however, you may suppose that they are changed, purified, glorified. The great foundation of the church, and all gospel faith is, that he was made flesh, that he did partake of flesh and blood, even as did the children. That he hath forsaken that flesh and blood which he was made in the womb of the blessed Virgin, wherein he lived and died, which he offered unto God in sacrifice, and wherein he rose from the dead, is a Socinian fiction. What is the true nature of the glorification of the humanity of Christ, neither those who thus surmise nor can we perfectly comprehend. It doth not yet appear what we ourselves shall be, much less is it evident unto us what he is whom we shall be like. But that he is still in the same human nature wherein he was on the earth, that he hath the same rational soul and the same body, is a fundamental article of the Christian faith.”—*Owen on the Glory of Christ*, chap. vii.

(To be continued.)

P O P E R Y.

I.

John Bunyan, in the First Part of *Pilgrim's Progress*, speaking of Popery under the figure of "Giant Pope," describes him as, "by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he had met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at Pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them."

But between the publication of the First and Second Parts of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Popery seems to have made a great advance, as in fact we know was the case from the history of the period. In the Second Part, therefore, Popery is represented as "*Giant Grim*," no longer in his cave as before, but armed for battle; and as "*a Monster*" who "came out of the woods and slew many of the people." Prospects were indeed then gloomy, when a Papist in disguise (Charles II.) sat on the throne, and the heir-presumptive (his successor, James II.) was one of the most bigoted Papists without disguise that the world ever saw.

Bunyan died August 12, 1688; and therefore did not live to see that glorious Revolution, by which, with the blessing of God, Giant Pope was sent back to his cave, there to bite his nails till they bled again, because he could not swing his club as before to dash out English brains. Our forefathers, who knew by painful experience his evil deeds, wisely kept him in his cave, and shut him in with bolts and bars. But our modern legislators, as if history were an old almanac, or as if the giant had mended his manners by his long imprisonment, in 1829 opened the doors, and let him out; and growing since that date ever bigger and bigger, he has at last come forth with a gigantic bull, claiming all England as his sole right and property.

Bunyan, by representing *Great-Heart* as fighting with Giant Grim and the "Monster," alludes to the writings of the Puritans in his day and to their attacks upon Popery, and intimates the success of these weapons by expressing it as "the belief of some that this beast will die of his wounds." The combatants whom he sends forth to fight against the "Monster" he names Mr. *Great-Heart*, Mr. *Contrite*, Mr. *Holy-man*, Mr. *Dare-not-lie*, and Mr. *Penitent*, clearly intimating by these names that he considered opposition to Popery a Holy War.

Would he, then, have been silent with tongue or pen had he lived in our day, and witnessed the amazing growth of Popery in this land? We trust, then, we shall not be considered stepping out of our province, if at this juncture, when Popery, which once appeared well nigh worn out, has issued forth, like a snake which has cast its slough, with renewed life and vigour, we have felt a desire to point out, in a series of articles, a little of its true spirit and character.

We do not, indeed, possess a deep or intimate acquaintance with the Romish system. To obtain that requires a long, close, and patient

study, for which we have neither time, talent, nor opportunity; and, we may fairly add, nor inclination. And, indeed, in a publication like the "Standard," anything of an elaborate nature would be out of place. Our main difficulty will be to make the subject sufficiently plain and simple, and to select from the boundless field before us what shall be really interesting, instructive, and edifying.

A lamentable ignorance generally prevails upon the subject. Popery has so disguised herself, that her ugly features are but little known. But, occupying our present position, we should almost feel unfaithful to our post, if we sounded no alarm, and, having the means, did not avail ourselves of them, to lay before our readers what little knowledge we may have upon the subject. Ezekiel xxxiii. has been somewhat impressed upon our mind; and whatever inferior or subordinate position we may occupy in the church of God, however unworthy or unfit to be "a watchman," still we feel it in a measure incumbent upon us "to blow the trumpet and warn the people," as far as our voice may reach, if we see that "a sword is coming upon the land."

The bold and decisive step recently taken by the Pope, to parcel out this country into bishoprics, alluded to in our last Number, is but a means to an end—a foundation for a superstructure. The next step will probably be to appoint priests to the parishes, and thus to bring Popery to well nigh every door. Many of the nobility and gentry have already embraced it; and these new converts are not what the few old Roman Catholic great families have been, quiet and inactive, but are full of zeal and energy, prepared to devote their property, which in some recent cases is very large, and all their exertions to the one object of establishing Popery triumphant in this land. We do not mean to say that we are apprehensive lest any of our spiritually taught readers should embrace this apostate system. But are they generally acquainted with its features? Do they know its doctrines? Are they familiar with its dark deeds? We do not claim any special wisdom or knowledge upon these points; but we may have the advantages of more leisure, perhaps more education and habits of reading and study, more access to books, more practice in committing our thoughts to paper, and as the Editor of the "Standard," more opportunity to make these thoughts public, than can well be the case with the bulk of our readers. Possessing these opportunities, are we not warranted in making use of them? And if, indeed, we are on the eve of a gigantic struggle with the powers of darkness, should we not be in some degree culpable of unfaithfulness to our readers if we did not avail ourselves of them? In so doing, we need not trench upon more valuable matter, nor exclude anything of a more spiritual and experimental nature. Each number already consists of 36 pages; and if our projected articles should occupy four or even six of these pages, it will leave ample room for more important matter; not to mention that, by the use of a smaller type, arrangements can always be made to prevent any such loss at all. Our present article, as the commencement of a series, is intended to present a general sketch of Popery.

Cecil has well called Popery "Satan's masterpiece." It has been framed by him with the most consummate skill, and with the deepest knowledge of the heart of man. There is no depth of human nature to which it cannot sink, nor height to which it cannot rise. It is plastic and pliable enough to fit into every nook and corner of the heart, and yet, when needful, can be as rigid and unbending as an iron rod. For the admirers of the past it has hoary antiquity; to the lovers of the beautiful it presents pictures and architecture; for the devout it has bleeding hearts, crosses, altars, relics, warm, passionate addresses to the saints; to the rigid self-martyr it offers its hair shirts, fasts, scourges, midnight watchings, and an unlimited variety of the most ingenious tortures. For the lovers of ease and pleasure it has absolutions and indulgences, there being a regular tariff of payments to suit little or great sinners, and graduated so as to accommodate rich and poor.^{1*} Never was any system so adapted to captivate the senses. It has the most exquisite music for the ear,² the sweetest perfumes for the smell,³ the most gorgeous ceremonies, processions, and dresses,⁴ for the eye. It is the perfection of natural religion; and has, therefore, the deepest hold on the human heart. Those who think that Popery is a weak, worn-out religion, know neither it nor themselves. A craving after some kind of religion is a want as natural to man as a desire for knowledge, or power, or society, or any other appetite not strictly animal or sensual. Temples, idols, priesthoods, sacrifices, in all ages and amid all nations, amply prove this. Popery addresses itself to this want. Here it differs from Protestantism. Protestantism, where the life of God is not, is a cold, dead, effete system. Look at a parish church with a poor, lifeless stick for a minister. All is as cold as Christmas. Parson and clerk, squire and farmer, the lady and her maid, the Sunday school children in the aisle, and the poor old alms-house men and women in the corner—what a picture of death and desolation! what icicles, what corpses are they all! Nor, though there may be more of the form of godliness, is there one whit more to touch the heart or feed the soul in the great bulk of Dissenting chapels. Now, Romanism has something to touch the natural mind with. Besides the appeals to the senses that we have mentioned, the sacrifice of the mass, as it is termed, is peculiarly adapted to work upon the feelings. Those who have, like ourselves,⁵ witnessed high mass in the foreign cathedrals, must acknowledge that it is a spectacle singularly imposing.

To believe, as the Papists do, that the consecrated wafer is the *actual* flesh and blood of Christ, that it is a *real* sacrifice, that when the host⁶ is elevated, and they, at the tinkling of a little bell, fall down and worship it, they are adoring Christ as much present among them as he was with his disciples at the last supper—we may wonder at their superstition, but none can deny that it has a deep hold on the mind. The devotion of the women especially must strike all

* The figures refer to "Notes and Illustrations" at the end of the present article.

who have ever witnessed it.⁷ Here, then, is one of the strongholds of Popery. It presents religion to the human heart in a sensual, palpable, intelligible form. It not only addresses itself to the senses, and captivates them as it were by a general assault, but it can touch the chord of the deepest human feelings. A weeping Madonna⁸ opens up a channel for the feeling of *pity*; the warmest expressions of *love* are embodied in its hymns; the luxury of *grief* may be indulged by the sorrows of a penitent Magdalene or an exquisitely carved crucifix; *charity* and *alms-giving* are some of its holiest duties. Whatever human nature wants, it has something at hand suitable to it. It is a grand imitation, a huge lie, a most awful imposture; but one so subtle, ingenious, and compact, that earth has never seen its fellow. Paganism was well contrived, and had a deep hold on the minds of men. But Paganism fell before Christianity. Another system was wanted to maintain Satan as the prince and god of this world. With consummate skill and address, he invented Popery as a substitute for worn-out Paganism; but as superior to Paganism, as an instrument of deception, as a devil in white is to a devil in black. When, therefore, Satan saw that Christianity must prevail, after a deadly struggle, in which Paganism, at his instigation, persecuted her with ten bloody persecutions, he turned about when his cause seemed hopeless, and perverted Christianity, paganized it, poured poison into its springs and wells, and turned it into a curse. Then the true church fled into the wilderness, (Rev. xii. 6,) where she will continue till the 1260 days (prophetically years) are expired. Rome then gradually lifted up her head in arrogance and power, till she reached her highest point in the person of Pope Innocent III.⁹ (A.D. 1198—1216.)

The transference of the Papal see from Rome to Avignon, in France, by Clement V., (A.D. 1305;) the great Western Schism, as it is called, (from A.D., 1378 to 1429,) when there were always two, and on one occasion three popes at once, all excommunicating and cursing each other; and the Council of Constance, (A.D., 1414—1418,) one of the largest and most important that was ever assembled, which passed a canon, asserting the supremacy of a general council over a Pope, were three circumstances that much injured the Papal power. The crimes of Pope Alexander VI., who is generally believed to have died of poison prepared by him for a cardinal, his guest at supper, but taken in mistake by himself;¹⁰ the military ardour of Pope Julius II.,¹¹ who, when Mirandola, an Italian city, was taken, (A.D. 1511,) marched through the breach;¹² and the general infidelity of the Papal court under Leo X.,¹³ with the scandalous crimes of the monks and priests all over Europe, all gave a rude shock to Popery. It therefore gradually declined in influence and authority till the beginning of the 16th century, when God raised up Luther, (A.D. 1517,) and brought about the blessed Reformation. Then seems that prophecy to have been fulfilled, where John saw in vision "one of the heads of the beast as it were wounded to death." (Rev. xiii. 3.) Civilly and religiously the Reformation inflicted a deadly wound on Popery. England, Scotland, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Northern Germany, half Switzerland, by the help and blessing of God, broke

the bonds of Popery from their necks. Humanly speaking, it was prevented only by the terrors of the Inquisition from penetrating widely into Spain and Italy itself. France at one time counted its Protestants by hundreds of thousands, and still has many, (though sunk for the most part into Socinianism,) in spite of the most unwearied persecution from the time of Francis I. to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. (A. D. 1685.)

But John saw the deadly wound of the beast "healed; and the whole world wondered after (or admired) the beast." Some intimation is here given of the recovery of Popery from the deadly blow of the Reformation, and of the wonder of the whole world in consequence. This prophecy seems now fulfilling; the efforts made by Rome since the general peace (1815) have been as extraordinary as successful.¹⁴ On this fair and wealthy land she has especially fixed her eye. To enslave free England, to make Britain bend its neck to her yoke, to draw English gold into her coffers and English influence to her side, to trample out all liberty of thought, word, and action, to extinguish Protestantism, and drink the blood of the saints who will not receive her mark in their forehead and hands,—this were a conquest for that haughty Queen to boast of.

What we have most reason to dread is, not the power of Rome, but its subtlety—its arts, not its arms. Two most lamentable features are everywhere apparent: (1.) *One*, a general indifference to all or any kind of religion, a latitudinarian, infidel spirit, as if there were no difference between truth and error, Christ and Belial. As instances, we need only mention the following: In India, the East India Company furnish every year a quantity of red cloth, in which the horrible and obscene idol of Juggernaut is dressed up. In Corfu, our soldiers are compelled to attend the procession of Saint Nicholas, in which the preserved mummy of that so-called saint is carried about for adoration in a glass case. Parliament votes £30,000 annually towards the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, where all the Irish priests are educated. These are public acts—acts, therefore, of national disobedience and idolatry in an especial manner provoking to God. (2.) The *other* lamentable feature is the bending of so many minds to Popery. This, though the opposite, is still the result of the infidel, latitudinarian spirit above-mentioned. Not to be infidels, men become Papists. This is the infection which has so deeply tainted many English minds, and is spreading daily among the clergy, even if, at present, it has not laid any deep hold of the laity.

Those traitors within the camp, the Puseyites, have done thus much of the mischief. Rome is said to make "the inhabitants of the earth drunk with the wine of her fornication." (Rev. xvii. 2.) This is her exact description. She intoxicates the mind, drugs it, and bewitches it. This wine cup would not have been received at once from her hand in this country. But what she could not do for herself, Puseyism has done for her. Seated at our Universities, Puseyism has poured out of this intoxicating wine cup into the head of the waters. Thence have they flowed over the land. Almost all

our large towns and many villages have Puseyite clergymen in them, who, by their forms and ceremonies out of the pulpit and their doctrines in it, have been for years endeavouring to leaven the national mind with Popery. They have bridged over the gulf that flowed widely between. They have accustomed the eye to Popish ceremonies and the ear to Popish doctrines. Already one hundred and thirty-four clergymen have openly embraced Popery; and there are doubtless hundreds who are Papists at heart. These men have laboured for years, disseminating Popish principles when they were nominally Protestants; and the same thing is doing on the largest scale still.

The Dissenters, too, generally seem ripe for the same sickle. Arminianism is the life-blood of Popery, and it is the life-blood of modern Dissent. They, as a body, have neither heart, spirit, nor life to withstand Rome's assault by sap or storm. Let Popery make further head, and they would go over in shoals, or perhaps join Rome to pull down the State Church, in hopes of a share of the spoil, not knowing that she would treat them as the giant Polyphemus in the cave kindly promised Ulysses—that he would eat him last.

We have felt, therefore, desirous to lay before our readers, from authentic documents, a little of Rome's real character,—her creed and practices. There will be nothing particularly novel or learned in our papers on this subject—nothing to frighten, we hope, the poor of the flock from their perusal. We will write as simply and plainly as we can. Words and ideas we shall perhaps occasionally employ a little beyond the totally uneducated. This is almost unavoidable from the subject itself. We may have to give Popish Bulls and other authentic documents, and this cannot always be done so simply as to reach all our readers. But something seems necessary to be done, some effort to be made. Our circulation is large and our readers are many, and we wish them to see a little what Popery really is—the ugly features of the old harlot when the mask is taken from her face. And as Antichrist is the special enemy of the Lord Jesus, may we hope that the Lord will graciously smile upon our feeble attempt to point out the features of his and the Church's deadly foe.

Our next paper will (D.v.) be chiefly to fix upon Rome her name and character as pointed out in the language of prophecy.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.*

¹ Tetzel's tariff was as follows: Polygamy paid six ducats (allowing for the altered value of money, about £5 12s.); theft in a church, and perjury, nine ducats, (£8 8s.); murder, eight ducats, (£7 9s. 4d.); magic, two ducats, (£1 17s. 4d.) Samson, who carried on the same traffic in Switzerland as Tetzel in Germany, had a somewhat different tax. For child murder he charged four livres *tournois*, (about 8s. 8d.) for murdering a father or a brother, a ducat, (18s. 4d.)—*D'Aubigné*.

* As our notes are rather numerous, we have thought it best to throw them to the end of the above paper, in order to disencumber the page, a mode which we shall probably adopt in our future articles. We have used numbers, to render the reference more easy and simple.

² Opera singers are continually engaged to sing at Popish chapels in London. Abroad, a regimental band plays at military mass, the rest of the soldiers being drawn up on each side of the aisle, and all at the elevation of the host grounding, as it is called, their arms, that is, bringing their muskets to the ground at once with a loud crash. This, many years ago, we have ourselves witnessed.

³ On entering foreign cathedrals, almost the first thing that strikes the senses is the smell of the incense, which, diffused through a large building, is to most persons a very agreeable perfume, and has almost an intoxicating effect on the brain.

⁴ Our large cathedrals, with their wide and long naves, were built to display these in the most striking manner. Through the western doors, generally wide and handsome, the procession entered, sweeping up the middle of the nave, and thence into the choir, into which none but priests were allowed to enter, the spectators occupying the aisles of the nave, bowing, crossing, or prostrating themselves as the crucifix or host passed up the nave. Shall Protestant England again witness these superstitious mummeries?

⁵ To prevent any misconception, we think it desirable to mention that this took place more than twenty-five years ago, and before we either knew or professed anything of spiritual religion.

⁶ This is the name among the Papists for the consecrated wafer, (or bread,) signifying a sacrifice, from the Latin word *hostia*, a victim, or animal offered in sacrifice. When the officiating priest has pronounced over the wafer the words, "*Hoc est corpus meum*," ("This is my body,") the Romish creed is, that the bread is *transubstantiated*, i. e., changed into the actual flesh and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is then "elevated," or lifted up; a little bell is tinkled to announce the elevation; and immediately all the people adore it, some merely bowing their heads, others falling on their knees, or even prostrate on the ground.

⁷ When we were in Ireland, in the year 1826, we went with a few friends to see a part of county Wicklow. On entering an old building, called St. Kevern's Kitchen, a woman was kneeling, if memory serve, before the wall. But did the poor woman turn round to gape and stare at the strangers as they entered with their loquacious guide? Not she. She never looked nor moved, but continued, to all appearance, entirely absorbed in her devotions. When two or three strangers enter our chapels, even when the minister is engaged in prayer, how many of our people resemble this poor Irishwoman?

⁸ An Italian word, meaning, literally, "My Lady," and usually applied to the Virgin Mary, but generally used with reference to the pictures of the Italian masters representing the Virgin Mary with the infant Christ in her arms. *Lady Day* is a relic of it in this country, March 25 being what is called "the annunciation" of the Virgin Mary; i. e., the day on which the angel Gabriel *announced* to her that she was to be the mother of the Messiah. We may have occasion hereafter to bring forward proofs of the superstitious veneration, we may, indeed, say, the idolatrous adoration paid to the Virgin Mary by the Romish Church.

⁹ This Pope had Dandolo, the Ambassador of Venice, at that time a wealthy and important power, chained under his table like a dog.

¹⁰ The following extract is from a Roman Catholic historian:—"But this still not sufficing for the great expense at which he and Cæsar (his son, the infamous Borgia) lived every day, he at length took the resolution even to take off by poison all the richest prelates and cardinals of his court, that by confiscating their property he might have it in his power to appease more largely the burning and insatiable avarice of the duke, his son (Cæsar Borgia). This plot, Guicciardini, Arnaud, and

other historians say, he would have executed, if the wonderful providence of God had not otherwise ordered. For by the mistake of the butler, the poisoned wine was offered first to himself and Cardinal Adrian, who had great influence and authority with him. Thus those whose death they had plotted escaped, and they themselves perished."—*André du Chêne*.

11 Luther often told an anecdote of this Pope. When news was brought him of the defeat of his army by the French, before Ravenna, he was reading his Hours. He dashed the book upon the ground, and said, with a dreadful oath, "Very well, so you have turned Frenchman. Is this the way in which you protect your church?" Then turning in the direction of Switzerland, the country to whose military aid he meant to have recourse, he exclaimed, "Holy Swiss, pray for us."—*D'Aubigné*.

12 "The spring of that year witnessed a sight which was and ever will be deplorable in the Church of God, viz., an old Pope (Julius II.) making himself general of an army, commanding artillery, and directing assaults, without caring for his exalted dignity, and the duties he owed to him whose vicar he was, the mild and peaceable Saviour. That spring was one of the severest ever known in Italy. For several days it snowed; all was snow and ice, and frequently a most cutting wind, yet nothing could restrain the martial ardour of the Pope from assisting at the works, planting the artillery, and directing the attacks, often at the peril of the life of his sacred person, whilst the Cardinals, with bent heads and afflicted minds, detested such excesses. The breach being made, and the wide and deep ditches of Mirandola being frozen over, induced the garrison to surrender. But such was the anxiety of the Pope to enter, that without being willing to wait till the gates were opened, he entered through the breach by a ladder."—*Muratori*.—*Jan. 21, 1511*.

13 "It was fashionable at the Papal Court to attack Christianity, and, in order to pass for a complete gentleman, absolutely necessary to hold some erroneous or heretical opinion on the doctrine of the church. When Erasmus was at Rome, they attempted to prove to him, by passages from Pliny, that there was no difference between the soul of man and that of the brutes; and young courtiers of the Pope maintained that the orthodox faith was merely the result of crafty inventions by some saints."—*D'Aubigné*.

14 According to the Roman Catholic Directory for 1851, there are in Great Britain (*i. e.*, England, Scotland, and Wales) 694 churches and chapels, 11 colleges, 17 monasteries, (*i. e.*, "religious houses" for men,) 53 convents for women, and 972 priests, being an increase of the latter, during the year, to the amount of 43. In the colonies there are 45 Roman Catholic bishops. To this official statement we may add two other circumstances. 1. That 134 clergymen have already gone over to Popery; and that, 2, the Pope is said to have lists of every influential family in England, in which there are members favourable to Puseyism.

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

We are not troubled for sin so much as we should be; our sins do not lie so hard and heavy upon us as they should; our hearts do seldom feel the weight of sin pressing us down; many sins lie light on us. But our afflictions, which, comparatively, are but light, lie too heavy upon us, and press us down even to the dust.—*Bunyan*.

If two angels were sent from heaven to execute a divine command, one to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to change employments.—*Newton*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts vii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 10.

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PERILOUS TIMES.

BY JOHN RUSK.

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come."—2 TIMOTHY iii. 1.

(Continued from page 48.)

But say you, "Did not this saving knowledge of God go on before Christ undertook to come into the world manifestly; or else, what becomes of all the Old Testament saints?" I answer, That the only difference upon that head is, they trusted in a Christ or Messiah that was *to come* in the fulness of time, and we trust in a Messiah that *has come* and finished the great work God the Father entrusted to his dear Son to accomplish; the whole work that by covenant he had engaged to do, and for which they were given to Jesus Christ in that covenant: "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." Here we must view him as God and Man, and this was the order of the covenant; for, as God, they were his right, he himself being Jehovah, equal with the Father and the Holy Ghost. And when the work was manifestly done, Jesus Christ trusted to his heavenly Father to bring home safe to everlasting glory every chosen vessel, body and soul; which work has been and is now going on, and which nothing can stop: "I will work, and none shall let it." And notwithstanding that to us all may appear to be confusion, yet not so with God. No; every thing is going on straight, and done in regular order: "For he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will."

But now, in order to illustrate our safety by virtue of this union, I will treat a little of a *manifest union* to Christ, and how it is that we come to a knowledge of it, that is, the benefit which arises from it to every real child of God.

1. There is such a thing as being in *sin*; hence Christ says, "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come." To be in a man's sins is to be in his natural state, as he was, and as we all are born in this world, (as you may see in Ezekiel xvi.,) in the old Adam, and united to his family, blinded by Satan, alienated from the life of God through ignorance, and far from him by wicked works, enemies in our minds, being carnal, sold under sin, taken captive by Satan at his will; and this is called "the bond of iniquity."

Now, there is no safety here, no promise in all God's word to secure the standing of such. They may appear to flourish in providence for many years, and they do—they have health, strength, children, friends, connections, and some have great honours; but it is all vanity, no substance, and will come to nothing. David tells us that he had "seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree; yet he passed away, and was not." (Ps. xxxvi. 35, 36.) And we are told that, "when the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish, they shall be destroyed for ever." (Ps. xcii. 7.) This is being in sin, unregenerate, unconverted to God.

2. Again: There is such a thing as being in *the flesh*. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." By this I understand, a man having self-righteousness, dead works, doing much good to his fellow creatures, being very liberal, visiting the sick, belonging to a church, attending to family worship, hearing preachers, going amongst societies of professors of godliness, being honest in his dealings between man and man, endeavouring to attend to God's commands, and to take God's law as the rule of his life.

Now, these things look well; and it would be well for us as a nation if there were more of this. "Yes," say some, "this is real religion, this is vital godliness." To this I answer, That although such things are profitable to society, good for men, and also to the poor; and though this righteousness may profit the sons of men, yet there it resteth; a man may do all this and much more, and not be one step in the way to heaven; for there is not one grain of real godliness in all the catalogue I have mentioned, consequently no safety, no security. Such may "lean upon their house, and it shall not stand." But why? because such only build their house on the sand; and you read that "when the rains descended, the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, it fell, and the ruin of that house was great."

The reason why I call all this flesh is this: because Paul always opposes all the bond-family to the free woman. The bond-child always cleaves to the moral law: "We are Moses's disciples," say they; and Paul likewise opposes the Spirit to the law, as you read, "If ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law." Thus he calls the one "being in the flesh;" and the other, John says, is being "in the Spirit:" "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." Now, "they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit."

3. But there is such a thing, also, as being in *Christ Jesus*. Take this in a threefold point of light

(1.) *Professedly*. Now, here a man may have a great knowledge of the letter of the gospel, so as to preach, pray, publish books very orthodox, and have the lead over people for many years; he may als puzzle God's people, by bringing forth the experience of the saints, which he may gather by attending their societies; this, and much more may be gone on with, and yet the man be a professor and nothing more. Now, such are said to be in Christ professedly; hence Christ says, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (John xv. 2.) Thus God the Father takes such away in his own time, as is often seen. Either they go into the world of the ungodly, or into some fatal error or another; so that there is no safety in all this. But there is,

(2.) A being in Christ Jesus by *eternal election and free adoption*. And here all God's elect are, and none else: "According as he hath chosen us in him," &c.; "Being predestinated to the adoption of children," &c. But although safety lies here, yet all this is a secret hid in God until he reveals it and makes it known. And there is,

(3.) A being in Christ Jesus, that we may call a being in him *manifestively*. And this is only known by the experience of a work of grace wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost. And in order to make it clear to them, he begins and carries on a great work; in some more suddenly, and then takes them to glory; and in others more deliberately; indeed, the latter is the general way in which he works by the preaching of the gospel, and it is intended to bring the sinner out of himself and manifestively into Christ Jesus. You cannot find such out by their external appearance. No; for many a hypocrite has in this appeared to outdo them; but it is a secret work, that only God and themselves know. It is showing them the fall of man very deeply in their own experience, teaching them how fearfully they are fallen, and by degrees leading them, empty and stripped of all, to Jesus Christ, "in whom all fulness dwells," every thing that they can possibly need in time and to all eternity. It is a painful work to strip us, owing to the legal spirit which is rooted in us, being naturally wedded to the moral law. But God will have a divorce between Moses and us; for it is in this way that we find out what it is to be in Christ Jesus. He therefore lets us find danger in every other way, try what we will. The more we labour to alter ourselves and our ways, the more he discovers to us our vile hearts and lives, although in the eyes of others we may appear circumspect. Hence the confessions of the saints to God: "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities as the wind have taken us away." "Yes," say some, "this was true in our natural state." I say, No, that is not the meaning; for then we were in sin and in the flesh;

and how could we be taken from God, when we knew him not? No, it is under God's teaching that all this is seen and felt from day to day, year after year, in order that we may be rooted and grounded in God's truth; viz. that we are nothing but sin, and, even after having been called by grace, destitute of all power to move one step aright. This cuts up all the blasphemous doctrines of Popery and Arminianism, as well as the bare and empty profession of a pretended Calvinist, and makes Christ Jesus all in all to every one taught by the Holy Ghost. And when the Holy Spirit empties us of self, he leads us to Jesus Christ, and we find all we need in him, and are delighted with it.

"Aye," says one, "I went the way you speak of, was afterwards led to Christ, and I have been happy ever since, and never doubt its reality." You are deceived. You have no changes, and you fear not God; you only *notionally* know Christ, not *savingly*; and, therefore, you are not in a safe state. No, by no means; for were you right, you would find it a very painful path, a path of tribulation in every thing you put your hand to, only when you felt the Lord manifesting himself to you; and thus your life would be chequered; you would see and feel every thing you do to be wrong, a monster of iniquity, not in the eyes of others, but in your own; and this would often terrify and frighten you, and it would appear as likely that God would save the devil as ever look upon you.

And now I will, as the Lord shall assist me, treat a little about this *manifestive union to Christ, and of our safety in him.*

1. God declares that nothing unclean, or that defileth, shall ever enter the heavenly Jerusalem above. Now, "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Well, how am I, as a sinner, to get to glory above, and yet God be true to his word? Why, it all lies in this one thing, viz., my union with Christ. He died for our sins, and gave full satisfaction to the justice of God in behalf of all the elect; and therefore, if I am one, I am safe and secure. Observe that little precious word "*in*:" "*In* whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace;" but "if ye die in your sins, where I am (Christ says) ye shall never come." Now, God lets us know what pardon is as we go on, by a blessed change in our feelings; for, after showing us our lost estate, and that we are altogether "as an unclean thing," the Holy Spirit testifies to us of Jesus, and draws forth faith from self to him, and then the filth and guilt of sin is removed, and peace is felt, love to the Lord, and an access to him; so that we can now draw nigh: "*In me ye shall have peace.*" There again is the union. "Thy sins are forgiven thee," &c. Mary "had much forgiven her, and she loved much;" but she was not first in this, but "loved him, because he first loved her;" and "the love of God is in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 39.) There is this union also. Such find access to God, "being made nigh by the blood of Christ."

Reader, seek after an experience in your heart of these truths, for here is safety and nowhere else.

But again: All men by nature are unrighteous: "There is not a just man upon the earth, that doeth good and sinneth not;" and God says, "There is none righteous, no, not one;" and "The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Well, how is it, then, that some get to glory? Why, through the perfect and spotless righteousness of the Son of God, and that freely given, independent of any thing in them which they are brought to know by painful experience; for they feel as Joshua the High Priest did, that they are "clothed with filthy garments." But God is pleased that the best robe shall be brought forth and put upon them, for they cannot put it on themselves. This is called the imputed righteousness of Christ, who is God-man Mediator. Now, through the operation of the blessed Spirit, (he being the Spirit of faith,) they are enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness;" and God the Father accepts them in the Beloved. O! what are all pretensions to religion short of this! for we must be either in a state of justification or condemnation before God, and it is only in this righteousness that we ever can stand. This is a way of God's own devising, and no other; for "by his obedience shall many be made righteous," which can only be done by this union with Christ Jesus; for "in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory;" "Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength," that is, all the election of grace, for so we are to understand it, when it says "one." Hence Christ says, "My undefiled is but one," &c. Well, suppose you and I die destitute of such experience, what will it terminate in? Solomon tells us: "Hell is naked before him, and destruction has no covering," nothing to screen such from the vindictive wrath of a sin-avenging God. There is no safety, you see, for such, and they will find it a perilous eternity.

If it be asked, How shall I know whether I am righteous or not, so as to stand the test? I answer, That it is known by the witness of God's Spirit, to which before such were strangers. Now, having felt a guilty conscience always pursuing them like a bailiff, Satan always accusing, they filled with slavish fear, an angry God before their eyes, and themselves laden with sin and filth, no access to God by prayer, but taking the threatening part of God's word to themselves, expecting wrath, ruin, and destruction; then to find a blessed change, peace, joy, rest, love, acceptance with God, and an inward witness to our adoption carrying all before it; truly it is wonderful, but no more than true, as I myself have lived to prove. Hence Paul says, "By faith Abel obtained witness that he was righteous."

Now, these two things, viz., pardon of sin and justification by the imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, take in every thing that we can possibly need, and secures us in safety; so that whatever attacks may come against such from the world, the flesh, or the devil, while in this time-state, nothing can finally injure them; for, as Paul says, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Why, very many. Yes, but it matters not, because God is almighty; hence he

says, by the prophet Isaiah, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn; this is the heritage of the saints of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me." Mark that, it is of *me*; I wrought it out for them, I freely give it them, and in it they shall shine like the sun in their Father's kingdom for ever and ever: thus "their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." (Isa. liv. 17.) "He was delivered for our offences, but raised again for our justification." And the apostle Paul lays the greatest stress upon his resurrection: "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died," (and he does not leave it there, but adds,) "yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Thus his obedient life is our righteousness; for "by his obedience shall many be made righteous." His death is our ransom. "I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death," &c. His resurrection is our free discharge. Hence when he arose from the dead he said to his disciples, "I, as your Living Head, having conquered every foe, have for ever secured your eternal safety, and exalted you as the adopted children of God. All hail! all power is given unto me in heaven and on earth; and I ascend to my Father and to your Father, and to my God and your God!" This ascension is our eternal glorification. "They shall sit with me on my throne," &c. You see what a wonderful work Christ has accomplished; and it is a finished work: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Again: he said, "It is finished! and gave up the ghost."

Now, the greatness of this work consists not only in delivering his people from the dreadful consequences of sin, their just deserts, viz. eternal suffering. Pause a while, O my soul, at the thought. Eternity! never to end! O what a thought! but so it must have been, had he failed in this work. But no, "It is finished!"

Now, I say, had it gone no further, what a great work it was, for thousands and millions will suffer the vengeance of eternal fire in the bottomless pit! But O! look further, and see, my soul, to what heights of glory thou art exalted! It is beyond conception: "An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." The saints of God shall take the kingdom and possess it for ever and ever. Here is an eternity of unspeakable happiness and glory, and all secured to us by this union, or a being in Christ Jesus.

Are we not, then, laid under the greatest obligations to free and sovereign grace, flowing through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ? Truly we are; but, as Watts says,

"Great God! what poor returns we pay,
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF
HITCHIN, HERTS.

(Continued from page 43.)

Finding myself miserable in the things I once took most delight in, and having no power to shake it off, I gave my mind to reading books that treated of what I thought religious subjects. I used frequently to visit a bookseller in Change-alley, in the hope of meeting with some book that might be a means of conveying a little comfort to my heart; but not having judgment to know which were good books, I purchased those that I *thought* were such; which was just as prudent as for an ignoramus to go into an apothecary's shop and take the first drug that came to hand, and administer it to a person dangerously ill, and say he *thought* it was an excellent medicine. This was similar to my case. I bought what I thought were good books; one of which was Hammond's "Church Catechism Explained," and another was Sherlock on Death. I read these authors frequently; but alas! my bondage still remained.

I now went after some fresh book, hoping to get relief from some quarter. Through desire of eternal salvation, a man having separated from the company of the wicked, seeks and intermeddles with all wisdom which will lead him to the ultimate end of all his desire. (Prov. xviii. 1.) "But a fool," says Solomon in the next verse, "has no delight in understanding." I now read in an account of books to be sold by Mr. Rivington, in St. Paul's-churchyard, a work, entitled "Sober Thoughts for the Cure of Melancholy, especially that which is Religious." This I purchased, which having done, before I went from the shop, the bookseller begged of me to accept as a present another book by the same author, entitled, "All that is Necessary for a Person of a Plain Understanding to Know in Order to his Salvation." This I received, and hoped by the assistance of these two books to get relief from the burden that I felt in my soul. I read them very carefully, and found that an additional task was laid on me to perform; and being willing to do all that was in my power in order to my salvation, studiously endeavoured to perform the conditions. But I fell short in fulfilling my task, and they did the same in neglecting to show me *the way* in which the seeking sinner is to find acceptance with God through Jesus Christ, have nearness of access to him, and be enabled through grace to serve God "in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." (Romans vii. 6.) Had books of this kind fallen into my hands, I might have got a reviving in my trouble, and been kept in humble hope of deliverance from the bondage (Rom. viii. 15) under which I laboured hard. Had these letter-learned gentlemen pointed out to me that my carnal mind was in a state of enmity against God, not subject to the law of God, neither could be; and that whilst in this state it was impossible to please God; (Romans viii. 7;) had they further insisted that without Christ I could do nothing, (John xv. 5,) and that my soul must be united to the dear Redeemer as the branch is to the vine, or I could not bring forth the acceptable fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the

glory and praise of God; (Phil. i. 11;) had they directed me to go and humbly ask of Jesus Christ, who "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," freely to bestow these blessings on me for his name's sake, and never to give it up till the kingdom of God was set up in my soul; (Luke xvii. 21;) it might have pleased the Most High to have owned and blest their honest labours. But alas! no such good news was found in the books that fell into my hands at that time, though I bless the Lord there has since, in the writings of Mr. Huntington. But I was first to fall into the hands of blind men, that I might prize the true light when God caused it to shine into my heart. (2 Cor. iv. 6.) I was to experience the dreadful effects of legal bondage, that I might be thankful for gospel liberty, when it should please the Lord to proclaim it. (Isaiah lxi. 1.) I was to feel the insufficiency of my own righteousness, that I might know how to value the imputed righteousness of Christ, (Phil. iii. 9,) and feel a love to the Redeemer for clothing me with it. (Rom. iii. 22.) And I was to make trial of my own strength, and thus be made sensible of my own weakness, helplessness, and undone state by nature, that I might make my boast in the Lord, who is "the hope of his people and the strength of the children of Israel." (Joel iii. 16.) And though I had a rough path to go through, before the Lord in his tender mercies revealed to my soul the finished work of our glorious Surety, yet I have reason to be thankful now, though the trial was very severe for many months. But what is dearly got is highly prized.

I had naturally a good flow of spirits, but the distress I went through at this time greatly depressed them, and gradually produced in me an habitual sorrow of heart, which at length terminated in a broken and contrite spirit, a sacrifice the Lord our God will never despise. (Psalm li. 17.) It was not the sorrow of the world that worketh death, which so far from leading the soul to seek after the Lord, drives the sinner far from God, when not being able to get rid of his distress, he sinks into despondency, despair, and madness, and sometimes into suicide. But, glory be to the Lord's ever blessed name, this was not my case. I was cast down, but not in despair; I was brought low, but never, no never, not in the saddest hour I have yet been in, have I been utterly forsaken of my covenant God. I have been holpen at the worst of times; (Dan, xi. 34;) succoured in every hour of temptation; (Heb. ii. 18;) and, through the faithfulness of the Most High, have never been tempted more than I have been enabled through his power to bear. (1 Cor. x. 13.) And for this unspeakable goodness of my God, I do sincerely desire, both in public and in private, to acknowledge that it is entirely owing to his unmerited mercy alone that no weapon hitherto formed against me has prospered; (Isaiah liv. 17;) no enemy that has risen up against me has finally prevailed; and from a principle of love to the Lord, I am constrained to join with the Psalmist David, and say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake." (Psalm cxv. 1.)

At the time the spirit of bondage came upon me, I had none to whom I could open my mind; the distress I felt was all pent

up, as Jeremiah says, "like a fire in my bones." (Jer. xx. 9.) Had I met with a friend who could have told me from his own experience the case I was in, and pointed out from the Scriptures the feelings of a soul who is quickened of God, it would have given me relief. I sadly wanted an interpreter. (Job xxxiii. 23.) Blind guides I found plenty of, but they only added affliction to my bonds, and so far were they from removing the stumbling-blocks out of the way, (Isaiah lvii. 14,) that they put more in it. And this is the sad case of those who have no other than blind guides to lead them; and if it had not been for the everlasting love of God towards me in Christ, and his absolute predestination of me to eternal life, (Acts xiii. 48,) we had both fallen into the ditch together. (Matt. xv. 14.) But the elect of God cannot be finally deceived. (Matt. xxiv. 24.) The dear Redeemer will gather all his sheep out of all places whither they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. (Ezek. xxxiv. 12.) He came into this world that "they which see not might see, and that they which see might be made blind." (John ix. 39.) I desire for ever to be thankful to him for his matchless mercy to my soul, for I was as blind once, touching the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, as any poor creature was that never was favoured with a ray of natural light, and I humbly pray him to grant that the little spiritual light he has been pleased to bestow on me may yet shine brighter and brighter, until it shall please him at last to take me to the realms of endless day, where my sun shall no more go down, but the Lord himself shall be unto me an everlasting light.

But to proceed. About this time it was that a book fell into my hands, wherein I was informed that I could not have my sins forgiven unless I made restitution to my neighbour for the injuries I had done him. No one will believe the distress I now laboured under, unless it be those who have laboured under the spirit of bondage, which always tends more or less to slavish fear and torment. My fear was so great at this time that it deprived me of all the comforts of life; and though I was only sixteen years of age, yet I had all the gravity of an old man at the foot of the grave. The fears of falling short of eternal salvation, and the heavy burden I daily felt lest I should not fulfil my task, were almost too much for me; but the Lord upheld me, or I know not where it would have ended. I had a yoke upon me that neither myself nor any fallen sinner was able to bear; but, however, as this way seemed right to me at that time, I was fully intent to pursue it. I therefore began to examine closely whom I had injured, but my conscience did not accuse me of any material transgression on this head, as I had little or nothing to do in my dealings with any one, and those I dealt with I almost always paid directly for what I had; and as for slander and taking away my neighbour's character, my conscience did not reprove me for these actions. But still the spirit of bondage distressed me sore, and some sin or other I had been guilty of was sure to be brought to remembrance, and I was as sensibly arrested by conscience for sin as any poor debtor ever was in a literal sense. It was well for me that this inquisition after my sins was in the

days of my youth, and that I had been preserved through the tender mercy of the Lord from the most heinous sins; for when God sets the sinner's crimes in order before him, attended with the reproofs and rebukes of an angry God for the same, (Psalm l. 21,) he indeed finds that what is lightly thought of, and called by many little things, will make strange work in conscience. There is no sin but what is committed against the infinite majesty of the God of heaven, (Psalm li. 4,) and when God enters into judgment with us, we shall certainly find that the least sin left upon our conscience unpardoned will sink us into utter ruin and destruction. "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all." This was the case with poor Job, for although he was an "upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil," yet when the Lord entered into judgment with him, and made him to possess the iniquity of his youth, he was obliged to beg of God to provide him a surety, as we read: "Put me in a surety with thee; who is he that will strike hands with me?" (Job xvii. 8.) Job found himself in deep arrears to divine justice; he felt that the law of God is spiritual, (Rom. vii. 14,) but himself unable to answer the demands of it; that the wrath of God was revealed against him in the law, (Rom. iv. 15,) and would for ever have held him under bondage, as a prisoner to the law he had broken, if He, glorious Surety! whom he requested of God, had not appeared in his behalf, and delivered him "from going down into the pit." (Job xxxiii. 24.) Blessed be God! the same divine Surety has discharged the debts of all the poor sinners he undertook for, and sooner or later they shall receive the atonement of Christ. (Rom. v. 11.) Christ "hath magnified the law, and made it honourable," and is become "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." (Rom. x. 4.) God our heavenly Father views us complete in him, (Col. ii. 10,) unblameable and un-reprovable in his sight. (Col. i. 22.) And whatever we may, in a fit of unbelief, think of ourselves, or others think of us, it all stands for nothing; God is judge himself, against whom we have all sinned; and this judgment is always according to truth. He declares of every one whom he accepts in his dear Son, (Eph. i 6,) that he is without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing. "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee; (Song iv. 7,) and no condemnation to thee; (Rom. viii. 1;) God having made our blessed Surety to be sin for us, who knew no sin himself, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Thus we make an exchange. He, the dear Redeemer, becomes sin for us, who knew no sin, and suffers the just for the unjust; and we poor sinners, who believe in him, receive the precious gift of the imputed righteousness of the Son of God, which justifies us freely from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.) And upon this account alone it is that the Lord hath sworn not to be wroth with the poor believer in Jesus, nor enter into judgment with him, (see Isa. liv.,) vengeance being taken upon our sins, in the person of Christ, our ever adorable Surety. (Heb. vii. 22.) These are soul-establishing truths; but nothing short of an application of them to the heart, by the power of God, will settle any poor sinner

that has felt the arrows of the Almighty in his soul, (Job vi. 4,) and the spirituality of God's holy and righteous law in his conscience. But a firm belief that the Lord is reconciled to us for Christ's sake, raises us from our low estate, to a humble hope in God's mercy, (Heb. vi. 18, 19;) fixes our standing upon that Rock which has borne up every elect sinner since the world began, (Psalm lx. 2,) purifies the heart from the love of sin, affords matter for a strong consolation, when all earthly comforts fail, (Heb. vi. 18; Heb. iii. 17;) gives the believer in Jesus a complete victory over every enemy, (2 Cor. ii. 14,) and will at last bring us safe to the enjoyment of those pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore, for his mercy endureth for ever. I bless the Lord with all my heart, for inclining me to seek after him in the days of my youth, (Eccl. xii. 1,) and for making my conscience betimes tender of sin. This has been a blessing to me, for which I can never be thankful enough, for I found when the Lord brought my sins to remembrance, and charged the guilt thereof upon my conscience, although I had been kept from very gross transgressions, yet, when God enters into judgment with the sinner, as he will with us all, sooner or later, for God will bring every secret thing into judgment, (Eccl. xii. 14,) then the sins that are thought lightly of will, when set in the light of God's countenance, (Psalm xc. 8,) and reflected with God's wrath upon the sinner, create such fear, distress, guilt, and agony in the soul, as will not be credited by any but such as have laboured under it. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," saith the wise man, but a stranger to this soul exercise can form no idea of it; he thinks they are only qualms of conscience, which want but the assistance of cheerful company, and what he calls agreeable diversions, and they will go away; but these things never removed my trouble. "In the midst of laughter," saith Solomon, "the heart is sad," and the end of this mirth is sure to be heaviness. A wounded spirit, made so by God, can only be cured by Christ, the good Physician, whose office it is to bind up the broken in heart, and to heal the wounds that sin has made in the conscience; and he has, to the honour of his name be it spoken, performed most astonishing cures of this sort, and amongst the number he has not forgotten me, a poor unworthy servant. And from my own experience I would direct the poor sinner who is labouring under this malady, called a wounded spirit, to be earnest in his importunity with Christ, the good Physician; and although he may be pleased to defer the cure a long time, yet follow him up closely, and the sighing of the poor in spirit will come up with acceptance before him, and obtain this gracious answer: "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace." This will cure the wound effectually, but nothing short of this will or can.

"It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. (Lam. iii.) True, and I really found it to be so, for by this sharp discipline of the law in my early days, my conscience was made very tender of sin, insomuch that I was afraid to take a pin, if it did not belong to me, and was very careful of what I said. The Sabbath day I paid a strict regard to. But notwithstanding this, I had an uneasy mind and a troubled conscience; something or other I was sure to be accused

of, live how I would, or do what I could. When the Lord brings iniquity to remembrance, there is no standing before him in our own righteousness; the language of the law will always be, "He that offendeth in *one point* is guilty of all;" the law is spiritual, and brings the soul in guilty for an evil thought, and pronounces the sentence of the law: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all things* written in the book of the law, to do them." These are the unalterable words of God, who hath said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, having come short of the glory of God; and we know that heaven and earth shall both fail sooner than one jot or tittle of the law pass away; then woe be to the man that dies under the law, without an interest in Jesus Christ, the only law-fulfiller, who hath magnified the law we poor sinners have broken, and made it for ever honourable in behalf of every broken-hearted sinner, who by faith becomes one with Christ; but without an interest in this blessed Surety, every one of us must look to his own account, and become responsible for every sin he hath committed, in thought, word, and deed, for the law is spiritual, and will admit of nothing short of spiritual and uninterrupted obedience, and into the prison of hell the sinner must go if all demands be not satisfied. "I tell thee, thou shalt not depart thence till thou hast paid the very last mite." (Luke xii. 59.)

(To be continued.)

A LETTER UPON THE SUBJECT OF ADDRESSES TO THE QUEEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

Dear Sir,—I feel much indebted to you for your appropriate remarks on the Papacy, and for your lucid argument in support of the duty of Dissenters to petition Parliament. "The floods are now lifting up their waves;" but he who has loved the church, and given himself for it, is "mightier than many waters." No calamity can befall his beloved Zion, except by his permission and for wise purposes. Present appearances seemed to indicate that, without his divine interposition, the time is fast approaching when many "youths shall faint and be weary," and many "young men shall utterly fall;" but "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Should the threatening storm burst upon the church in our days, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." Not being of those who are strong enough to look with indifference on the momentous events which are passing before us, and to defy the force of persecution, I desire to bless God for a throne of grace. But as citizens, inasmuch as the proceedings of the Pope and his deluded creatures affect our civil as well as religious privileges, we have a duty to perform. Here, however, will the Editor permit me to except to his recommendation, to withhold addresses from the Queen? Whatever constructions may by different persons be put on the word "supremacy," so far as the constitution refers it to her Majesty as the head of the ecclesiastical establishment, it cannot be expected that Dissenters, in any of their addresses, would expressly acknowledge it; a tacit acknowledgment of it is excluded by the very notion of dissent. But none are, I hope, more ready to acknowledge and maintain the supreme authority of the sovereign of these realms in every other respect than are the Dissenters,

at least those in your connexion. The undeniable fact is this: A foreign potentate, the head of an apostate church, demands from her Majesty a share of the allegiance which we owe to her exclusively, and he seems to reckon on our acquiescence. The requisition is grossly insulting to our Queen and to us; and thinking that every loyal subject ought to assure her Majesty that he so viewed it, I signed an address accordingly, but in which address it was not thought necessary to introduce the word "supremacy," or even the idea of it, in its ecclesiastical sense.

That you may know nothing in your ministerial labours, save Jesus Christ and him crucified, and find it your delight in instrumentally exalting his name, is the desire of

Yours, dear sir, unworthily, but affectionately, for your work's sake,
London, January 17th, 1850. J. W.

We insert the above letter chiefly as affording us an opportunity of explaining our reasons for recommending, (as we did in our Jan. No., p. 33,) petitions to Parliament, instead of addresses to the Queen. It was not any disrespect or want of loyalty to her Majesty that prompted that advice. Indeed, so far as the Queen has been insulted by the intrusive act of a foreign Power, as we believe she has by this late bull* of the Pope, we should be glad to sign an address expressive of indignation at the insolence of this Italian Priest, and of loyalty and attachment to her Majesty's throne and person. Though, with our correspondent, opposed upon principle to her claim of religious supremacy, a more loyal Englishman, we venture to say, does not breathe than he who is now tracing these lines, nor one more attached to the constitution of his beloved country. But as an appeal to the civil power seemed warranted by this late act of Papal aggression, and as there were two courses open, one to address the Queen and the other to petition Parliament, the latter appeared to us preferable for several reasons.

1. We perceived that almost all the addresses presented to her Majesty went upon the ground that she was the Head of the church. When we saw both Universities, the bishops and archbishops, large county meetings, attended chiefly by nobility and gentry, numerous bodies of clergy, deans and chapters, all presenting addresses to the Queen, it seemed to us assuming too much the aspect of a High Church movement. The principal burden of their complaints seemed to be, that her Majesty's religious rights as head of the church had been invaded, and that the Pope's chief offence was his trespassing upon her ecclesiastical authority.

* We believe that, in correct language, this late mandate of the Pope is not a "Bull," but a "Brief," that is, an official, authoritative letter. The word "bull," we may here observe, is derived from the leaden seal at its foot, in Latin "bulla," which means literally "a bubble," and thence "a hollow metal ornament worn by children." This seal, called by the Pope "the seal of the fisherman," i.e., Peter, which gives validity to the document, and is attached to papal bulls, being round and hollow, was thence called *bulla*. Thus D'Aubigné mentions, that when Dr. Eck endeavoured to publish the famous Bull of Leo X. against Luther, at Erfurt (A.D. 1520), the university students seized the copies and threw them into the river, crying out, "*Bulla est; natet.*" "It's a bubble; let it swim." By rendering it "bull," the translators have spoiled the meaning.—D'Aubigné. Vol. II., p. 97.

Now, this was not, in our view, the legitimate ground of complaint, nor one in which we could conscientiously sympathize. It was his assumption of *temporal* authority that we considered so objectionable and so unwarranted—his claim to that universal supremacy which has always been, wherever established, destructive of civil and religious liberty.

It was not because the Pope had appointed bishops, but because he had assigned to them territorial districts, which they were "to govern" by his, a foreign prince's, delegated authority, that we considered gave Dissenters just ground of apprehension, and legitimate warrant for asking parliamentary interference. A step of this nature appeared as much laying claim to temporal authority, and much more dangerous than if the Emperor of Russia were to issue, to-morrow, an *ukase*, dividing England into thirteen provinces. *That* would be simply ridiculous, unless he could back it with ships and armies. But Rome has a whole army of Jesuits, priests, and monks in this country, bound to her hand and foot, who must do her bidding at any cost—as they believe, at the risk of their own salvation or damnation. Under such circumstances, when Antichrist is thus secretly establishing himself in this country, are we to be mute, and quietly let him put his foot into the stirrup, that he may bestride at his pleasure our civil and religious liberties? Do we not now, as Dissenters, enjoy privileges bought by our Puritan forefathers' sufferings unto blood, that are, or should be, dear to us—the privilege of meeting together in the name and fear of God, the privilege of a preached gospel, the privilege of an open Bible, the privilege of the ordinances of God's house, the privilege of Christian intercourse and communion? Shall we, then, tamely look on and allow an Italian Priest to rule in these realms—a foreign Power, alike subtle and formidable, which, if unopposed, will go on strengthening and establishing himself, step by step, till all resistance will be useless? Shall we let him come demurely into the wood, and give him, or quietly let him take from the saplings of the forest, a handle to his axe, that with it he may hew down all our civil and religious liberties?

But what power is to stop these encroachments? What but Parliament? *That* is the constitutional depository of all lawful power in this country. The Queen is but one Estate of the realm. Parliament, *i.e.*, Queen, Lords, and Commons in Parliament assembled, is the only constituted authority from which all laws emanate. And as this assumption of power by the Pope can only be peaceably and constitutionally put down by law, we thought it best to go at once to the fountain-head.

2. It seemed to us somewhat difficult to steer clear of acknowledging the Queen's religious supremacy. To introduce into the address a protest against her spiritual headship, would not be seemly; and shorn of this acknowledgment, what would an address be? Merely a declaration of loyalty. Here it would begin and end. It would seem, if not absurd, at least useless, to ask her Majesty to take measures against Popery, when all the world knows that the Queen can of herself take no measures at all, but must say and do just what her ministers advise. The very answers which she returns

to the addresses are not her own.* Every word is written down for her by her Prime Minister; for the Queen, as Queen, has no opinions of her own; her opinions are those of her ministers. Why was there lately such intense anxiety to know what answer the Queen would return to the addresses? Was it because persons wished to know what her Majesty thought about Papal Aggression? No; but because the public wished to know what *the government* thought about it, and how *they* would act. As far as an address to the Queen is an expression of loyalty to her Majesty, and of indignation at the insult offered to our rightful Sovereign, we highly approve of it. But our object is not mere expressions of loyalty to our Queen, though good in their place, and highly becoming Christian subjects, but *remedies*, and such remedies as, without persecution or violence, will meet the exigencies of the case. Now, as her Majesty cannot give these remedies, we thought it best to go at once to those who can, and we hope will—the two Houses of Parliament.

3. There is another reason, of still more importance. Addresses to the Queen have, except from large public bodies, usually little weight. As acknowledgments of our loyalty they are well and good, but there they terminate as to real weight and importance. Addresses from dissenting congregations, with which alone we had to do, are, after they are delivered, little better than waste paper. The Secretary of State acknowledges their receipt with a civil note, and there the matter ends. But not so with Parliamentary petitions. These are carefully registered, the number of signatures counted, and both published at the end of the session. We are not politicians, or we could mention valuable measures wholly carried against the will of ministers by the weight of petitions. Here we see the value of petitioning Parliament if we appeal to the civil power at all. Ministers have sadly winked at, if not openly encouraged Popery. They need to be told that this is a Protestant country, and that we owe it as a duty to God, to our children, and to our native land, to resist all encroachments of Papal Rome. If this country and the professing church become "partakers of her sins, it will surely receive of her plagues." (Rev. xviii. 5.) "Her sins have reached unto heaven," and all that foster her in their bosom, or drink of her wine cup, will have to drink of the cup of God's wrath.

By our petitions to Parliament we come respectfully to the door of the House, and cry aloud in their ears, "We are a Protestant people. We prize our civil and religious liberties. We are opposed to Popery, and call upon you to stop its insidious encroachments." This is the legitimate way of making our wishes and complaints known. But if we are silent, what will Parliament say? "The Dissenters have no objection to Papal aggression. At least, they make no complaint. It is merely a High Church question." By our silence, then, we should be weakening the cause of Protestantism. And what will not the all-grasping, ever-watchful Rome say to herself? "This is the very thing I want. Divide and conquer. Keep the Dissenters quiet. As long as it will serve my turn, I am a Dissenter myself, and can talk with the best of them about toleration * and liberty.

* The Romanists now talk much about the blessings of toleration.

At present I only fight with the church. Let me get her down first; their turn will come next." Therefore we say, "Petition Parliament." Let not Rome point to the Dissenters, and say, "Silence gives consent. They have no objection to let me have power." Rome, in fact, is now playing precisely the same game, though with a bolder hand, as she did in the times of Charles I. and James II. In her machinations under the former prince, she was defeated by our Puritan ancestors, who knew her wiles and abhorred her doctrines; and under the latter reign she was overthrown by the union of Church and Dissent to depose a Popish king, and to set upon the throne the Protestant Prince of Orange, afterwards King William III. Popery is stronger, at least in this country, than she was then; and the resistance to her is weaker. "Satan has come down with great wrath, knowing that his time is short." Antichrist is mustering his armies to the last and greatest conflict. The outer court will soon, we fear, be abandoned to the Gentiles; the temple of God, and the altar, and those that dwell therein, (for "judgment must first begin at the house of God,") will be measured, and the witnesses slain. But though we may thus fear, are we to fold our hands and do nothing? This is more like Turkish fanaticism * than Christian wisdom.

Our child may be seriously ill. The physician may give little or no hope of recovery. But shall *he* prescribe, and *we* use no remedies? Thus, whatever be our fears of the issue, we should *act*; and as we believe petitions to Parliament a more efficacious resource (with the blessing of God) than addresses to the Queen, we have recommended that course in preference.

Satan will seldom come to a Christian with a gross temptation: a green log and a candle may be safely left together; but bring a few shavings, then some small sticks, and then larger, and you may soon bring the green log to ashes.—*Newton*.

Many earthly parents do not correct their children in measure, being ignorant of their nature and disposition; and therefore their correction doth them no good. Many physicians mistake the constitutions of their patients, and therefore may do them more hurt than good. But God knows our need and our strength, and so suits all his remedies accordingly.—*Bunyan*.

It is worth while to compare with their present language the following extract from the famous Encyclical Letter of Pope Gregory XVI., dated Sept. 18, 1832: "And from this filthy fountain of indifferentism flows that absurd and erroneous opinion, or rather, that *madness*, that liberty of conscience ought to be allowed and assured to all." As a practical comment upon the above, the present Pope, when he returned to Rome, shut up Dr. Achilli in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where it is said that many victims, among them sixty priests, are now languishing.

* We have been informed by a friend, who was afterwards on the spot, that at the earthquake which destroyed Aleppo in 1822, when the walls were rocking to their base, a party of Turks, quietly sitting under them, kept on smoking their pipes, and with the cry in their mouths, "God is great," let the wall fall and bury them under its ruins.

THE PEOPLE OF THE BLESSING AND THE PEOPLE OF THE CURSE.

"Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read; no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate; for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line; they shall possess it for ever, from generation to generation shall they dwell therein."—ISAIAH XXXIV. 16, 17.

(Continued from page 16.)

I. Having thus shown on whom the curse will fall, I shall now briefly show what this curse is, and then go on to those "written in the book of the Lord."

The curse of God consists in three things mainly: first, *a separation from all spiritual life*; secondly, *the endurance of spiritual death*; and, thirdly, *the endurance of the wrath of Jehovah*.

1. *The forfeiture of all spiritual life* is mainly implied in that passage of Paul to the Thessalonians, "Whom he shall punish with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power." (2 Thess. i. 9.) Here the punishment is mentioned as being a separation from the Lord's presence and from his glory. Now, we know that his presence makes heaven, whether it is in the flesh or not, and that the fulness of joy to which we look for eternal happiness, is neither more nor less than basking in his glorious presence; for says David, "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are (spiritual) pleasures for evermore." (Psalm xvi. 11.) Now, these eternal pleasures, and this fulness of joy, are only in the Lord's presence, the enjoyment of which is spiritual life, and from the fulness of which these heavenly pleasures flow. Hence the words before that text are, "Thou wilt show me the *path of life*." Where? "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." The forfeiture of this life is therefore a forfeiture of these pleasures, and of the joy springing therefrom. And the "everlasting destruction from his presence" supposes the same thing, being eternally separated from him who is "the life." (John xi. 25.) This is one part of the curse.

2. Where this spiritual life is not, *spiritual death* must reign; and this spiritual death consists in all that is opposite to spiritual life. On him that hath no part or lot in the first resurrection, which none but they who *live* and reign with Christ have, (Rev. xx. 4,) the second death will surely have power, and they will be raised with their bodies so changed as to endure the "lake of fire" for ever without being "consumed." (Mark ix. 48, 49.) Then there will be set up "a great white throne, (to denote the purity of the judgment denounced therefrom,) and before him that sits on it the earth and heaven will flee away, and there will be no place found for them." And then all the spiritually dead will "stand before God," and the "books will be opened;" (these books are not the Lamb's book of life, for that is mentioned separately; that will also be opened, but only to show that their names are not written therein;)

the books then being opened are the "books of the law," out of which all those who live and die under it will be judged; for they that are under the law shall be judged by the law." (Rom. ii. 12.) And by this righteous plummet their whole work (of which so many of them boast) shall be measured, and "they shall all be judged out of those things which are written in the books, according to their works." (Rev. xx. 12.) And there not being one who can stand this scrutiny, the whole mass who are not found written in the book of life will be cast into this second death: "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death." (Rev. xx. 14, 15.)

This death consists in hatred, malice, envy, strife, anger, and rebellion against Jehovah; they are said to be in "outer darkness," which supposes their distance from Jehovah, who is "light;" and to be cast into the "bottomless pit," to denote that they are ever sinking in their feelings lower and lower, but never arriving at the full depth of their misery and woe; here the worm of conscience never dies, and the fire of wrath can never be quenched, for blackness, darkness, terror, wrath, and indignation will be ever pouring down with pitiless horror on their distracted heads: "Upon the wicked the Lord shall rain quick burning coals,* (of wrath,) fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup." (Psalm xi. 6.)

3. Moreover, this time is called the "*great day of wrath*," (Rev. vi. 17,) because the wrath of God will then and for ever blaze forth in its utmost fury: "God is angry and wroth with the wicked every day," (Psalm vii. 11;) but then especially shall his wrath be manifest and "burn like fire." (Psalm lxxxix. 46.) This wrath will not only afflict the body, but it will reach the soul, and here it will pour out its torment for ever. Quickened souls know what a condemnation is felt under a sense of sin; what guilt, what darkness, what misery, and sometimes what terror! And though this is not the wrath of God in a punitive sense, (for all that was due to the elect was poured on our Surety,) yet it paints a feeble picture of what the damned in hell, without any respite, must eternally suffer. Their bodies and souls, at the resurrection, will be so changed as for ever to be able to live a life of eternal death, in the unmitigated fire of the wrath of Jehovah.

One part of the misery of the curse of the Lord will also be, that the wicked will have to endure the whole of it for ever in the presence of the Lord Jesus, happy and holy angels, and just men made perfect. They will behold their happiness, holiness, glory, and joy, which will aggravate their own wretchedness, vileness, curse, and misery: this is evident from the case of the rich man, who, pleading but for one drop of water to cool his tongue, looked up, and saw not only Abraham, but also Lazarus in his bosom: "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger

* *Margin.*

in water and cool my tongue: for I am tormented in this flame," &c. (Luke xvi. 23, 24.) Here it is evident, that this lost soul had to endure this hell in the presence of Abraham and Lazarus, who were typical of the everlasting Father and all the elect in his bosom. And not only so, but also in the presence of all the glorious angels, and especially in the presence of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, shall they endure their torment; there shall they see the mercy and the salvation which they despised ever shining, and eternally enjoyed by others—ever in their sight, aggravating their misery and multiplying their woe. "They shall drink of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and they shall be tormented with fire and brimstone, *in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the Lamb*; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night." (Rev. xiv. 10.)

II. Having considered somewhat of the "people of God's curse," and what that curse is, I shall pass on to the other class of people mentioned in the chapter, and who evidently are in the book of the Lord, by our being commanded to look there for them. For the sake of order I will notice them and their state, case, condition, object, aims, and end, just as they occur; and I believe there is a sweetness in it, if the Spirit enable us to milk out to our delight and satisfaction.

"Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read." Now, we are to seek in the book of the Lord, and read, for a certain purpose; and the purpose, I humbly believe, is to see who are the people of God, for it evidently implies this, saying, "Not one of *these* (meaning *persons*) shall fail." And in the next sentence, not only is it evident that it means persons, but they are spoken of in the feminine gender, in these words: "None shall want *her* mate." It is evident, therefore, we are to look in the book of the Lord for *persons*.

The Lamb's book of life contains the names of all the elect of God. (Rev. xx. 15.) And those who are written therein are said to have their names "written in heaven," (Luke x. 20,) and are consequently "written among the living in Jerusalem," (Isa. iii.) or, as the margin reads, "*written to life*;" which means that, being written in the book of life, and their names being enrolled there, they are "ordained to eternal life," (Acts xiii. 48,) and to an entrance into Jerusalem which is above, and which is our spiritual mother. These, and these only, will at the great day of account find entrance there. "And these shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth; neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but *they which are written in the Lamb's book of life*." (Rev. xxi. 27.)

In this book of life all the elect are written, but it is not this book that we are to look into, for it is sealed to all but the Lion of the tribe of Judah. (Rev. v.) But all those who are written in this book are also "written among the living," (Isa. iv. 3,) or "*written to life*." And consequently, according as Providence brings them on the stage of time, this life to which they are ordained takes posses-

sion of their souls, dethrones the prince of this world; sets up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, sways its sceptre over the whole man, and finally triumphs in eternal glory.

When this life takes possession of the soul, it makes the recipient of it the subject of a variety of exercises which it knew not before; and these exercises springing up in the heart through the supernatural work of God the Holy Ghost, he has been pleased to record them in the revealed word of God, exactly to fit our case, even before we are born. I believe it is the states, cases, and characters written and described in the word of God which we are to seek for and read, as mentioned in this passage; and then by faith to lay hold of the many blessed things that follow to these "written ones."

The blessing of God is pronounced upon the "poor in spirit," (Matt. v. 3,) the mourners, (Matt. v. 4,) the meek, (Matt. v. 5,) the hungry after righteousness, (Matt. v. 6,) the thirsty, (Matt. v. 6,) the merciful, (v. 7,) the pure in heart, (v. 8,) the persecuted for the truth's sake, (v. 10,) the peacemakers, (v. 9,) the faithful, (Psalm ii. 12,) the waiters, (Psalm cxxx. 5, 6,) the chastened, (Psalm xciv. 12,) and a variety of other characters in the word of God. Now this blessing is the very spiritual life in the heart, and eternal life in glory, which the elect are written to: "The Lord commanded the blessing, (containing all others in it,) even life for evermore." (Psalm cxxxiii. 3.) Therefore all those who are blessed in their state, case, and character, are blessed with this life whence their character flows; so are they written among the living in Jerusalem, and are the elect of God, for on no others does this blessing in itself or in its various branches fall. "Thy blessing is on thy people," (Psalm iii. 8,) and all others are the people of his curse.

I believe, then, that the book meant is the revealed word of God, for to no other have we access; and those for whom we are to seek are the people of God, in all their intricate corners and crooks; and when we have found them, present them with what follows.

"No one of these shall fail." The children of God, before they come to an established knowledge of their interest in the salvation of Christ, often have many fears that they shall fail of the great end of their faith; but this can never be, if they have spiritual life in their soul. This life will, and that continually, manifest itself in a variety of evidences in the soul; and to which evidences (as I have shown) the blessing of God is affixed; for where this life is, it is the manifestation of their being "*written to life*" in the eternal counsels of Jehovah; and their names are in the book of life, of which their case is an infallible evidence. Thus our Saviour says, "I give unto my sheep *eternal life*," which, when it is given, proves itself to be eternal by its ever manifesting itself again and again, let whatever may oppose or damp it.

"It lives and labours under load,
Though damp'd, it *never dies*."

The consequence is, that the dear Lord follows up this assertion by this very truth, saying, "And they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." (John x. 28.)

Now, these very words mean the same thing, and leave no room for any one to squeeze in their ifs and buts, for it says "no one" of these written in the book of the Lord shall ever fail, whoever he may be, upon all the face of the globe, rich or poor, high or low, of whatever nation, kindred, people, or tongue he may be, if his character as blessed is written in the Lamb's book of life; and if he is favoured with faith, he has ground and authority to say that his soul shall never fail; and I believe the great day of account will honour his faith with an entrance into the heavenly Jerusalem.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REVIEW.

The Resurrection Body; being the Views of James Godsmark, Minister of Providence Chapel, Hackney. London: H. Y. COLLINS, 22, Paternoster Row.

A Pamphlet by J. Godsmark, being a Further Declaration of his Views on the Resurrection. London: H. Y. COLLINS, 22, Paternoster Row.

The Resurrection of Christ's Identical Body Proved. By George Abrahams, Minister of Regent Street Chapel, City Road. London: JAMES PAUL, 1, Chapterhouse Court.

(Concluded from page 64.)

In our last Number we intimated our intention (D.v.) to make some remarks upon two points closely connected with the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, as it appeared to us, desirable, if not necessary, towards a fuller view of that important subject. These two points were, 1, How Christ's risen body differed from his crucified body; and 2, The resurrection of the saints, and how their body is sown a natural body, and raised a spiritual body. This pledge we now, with God's blessing, propose to redeem.

I. The view which in our last Number we endeavoured to combat was, it will doubtless be remembered, that Christ's risen body was not *actual flesh and blood*, but some ethereal, ærial substance. The identity, the oneness and sameness of the body of the Lord Jesus, and "that he is still in the same human nature wherein he was on earth, that he hath the same rational soul and the same body," we believe, with Dr. Owen, to be "a fundamental article of the Christian faith." Mr. Godsmark's views destroy, as we conceive, that identity. An ærial substance, in which there is no flesh and blood, is not the one body prepared for him, nor that real, actual, essential manhood which the Son of God took into union with his divine Person. And yet, though the same body in substance, it is evident that a change has passed upon it, which, without absorbing, destroying, or annihilating flesh and blood, has yet rendered that body unspeakably glorious.

In attempting to unfold this sacred and mysterious subject, we must revert to a remark dropped by us in our last Number—that the path of truth lies within certain boundary lines. *Within* these limits we are safe; we are on the King's highway of holiness; we are on consecrated soil, where the redeemed may walk under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

1. *One* of these boundaries we have already laid down—the identity of Christ's human body as now actually participant in flesh and blood. This forms *one* limit of the path, to swerve from which is to fall immediately into error.

2. The *other* boundary is, the exclusion from the glorious humanity of the Lord Jesus of all infirmities incidental to a time state. It was necessary for the accomplishment of the work of redemption that the human nature of the Lord Jesus should resemble ours in all points, sin only excepted. It was therefore born, and grew like ours, ate, drank, slept, suffered, bled, and died. Jesus was thus "made a little (or, 'for a little while,' *margin*) lower than the angels," who, as undying spirits, are not subject to such sinless infirmities as encompassed the Babe of Bethlehem. These sinless infirmities were incidental to a time state; but they are not essential to human nature, nor necessary to its existence. Upon earth, in a time state, flesh and blood are sustained by food and sleep; but flesh and blood may and do exist in heaven without any such earthly support.

The present glory of Christ's human nature, as in intimate union with his Godhead, and exalted "far above all principality and power, and every name that can be named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come," surpasses human comprehension. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him;" and amongst these things, so unutterably glorious, is the human nature of the Lord Jesus; for, as John says, "We shall see him as he is;" (1 John iii. 2;) and, as Paul declares, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." (1 Cor. xiii. 12.) Glory and majesty pervade every feature and lineament of that "visage once marred more than any man, and that form once afflicted more than the sons of men." Those eyes that once drooped in rest on the Galilean lake, (Mark iv. 38,) now neither slumber nor sleep, but ever beam with brightness as lamps of fire. The hands that were nailed to the cross, now wield the sceptre and govern all things that are in heaven and earth. The mouth that cried in agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" now speaks, and the armies of heaven obey, and now whispers to the suffering saints on earth pardon and peace. The voice that once, faint and languishing, murmured forth, "Let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done," is now full of melody and power, "as the sound of many waters." And the feet which bore the wearied body along Samaria's toilsome road, (John iv. 6,) and which the rude nails of the cross mangled and tore, are now "like fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." (Rev. i. 14, 15.) All weakness, for "he was crucified in weakness," is gone; he is "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." (Rom. i. 4.) On earth he "hid not his face from shame and spitting," but he is now "crowned with glory and honour." (Heb. ii. 9.) Death had once dominion over him, for though his human nature was not mortal as is ours, that is, had no seeds of

death naturally in it, yet he laid down his life that he might take it again; and submitted to die that "through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life time subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 14, 15.) "But now, Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him; for in that he died, he died unto sin once, but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God." (Rom. vi. 9, 10.) He now lives "after the power of an endless life." (Heb. vii. 16.) He therefore says of himself, "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death." (Rev. i. 18.)

The glory of his exalted human nature we cannot now comprehend. All we know is, that it is inconceivably glorious, and exalted above the nature of angels and every name that is named in heaven and in earth; that, though still flesh and blood, it is free from all the weaknesses of humanity; that in it it hath pleased the Father all fulness should dwell; that it is in most intimate and indissoluble union with his Godhead, from which it derives unspeakable glory and lustre; that in it the Father hath unutterable satisfaction and delight; that it is the bond of union and communion between God and man; the channel of all mercy, through which streams of pardon flow down to the sons of men; the treasure house of all grace and truth; the consecrated medium of life, light, love, happiness, and holiness; and the glorious pattern to which the risen bodies of the saints are to be conformed.

It was represented in type, to the sleeping Jacob, by the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, upon which the angels of God ascended and descended: intimating thereby, that through it all the messages from the saints go up, and all messages to them from heaven come down. It is, viewed in union with his Godhead, a fountain of grace, a door of hope, a consecrated mercy-seat, a holy altar, a smoking censer, a habitation for God, a refuge for man. It is a mystery which "the angels desire to look into;" the summit of Jehovah's wisdom, and the deepest emanation of his grace; taking its rise in the eternal fountain of his good pleasure, gushing forth in streams of mercy throughout time, and rolling onward to the inexhaustible ages of eternity. To know it is eternal life; to taste it is the beginning of endless bliss; to see it is the joy of heaven; and to be conformed to it is to awake up satisfied with such a glorious likeness. Here let us pause a while to meditate, before we pass on to our second point.

II. *The Resurrection of the saints.* Now, in them we have to consider two things: 1, How their body is sown a natural body, and 2, How it is raised a spiritual body?

1. By "a natural body," we understand not merely a body of flesh and blood, sustained by food and sleep, but a body tainted and corrupted by the Adam fall.* The penalty of disobedience denounced on Adam was death: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou

* Here we wish to drop a word or two upon some expressions which we

shalt surely die." This denunciation most surely took effect. Though the body of Adam did not sink into the grave until 930 years after the fall, he died in the very hour that he ate of the forbidden fruit—died in his soul so as to become dead in trespasses and sins, and died in his body, inasmuch as in that hour the entrance of sin brought with it the seeds of sickness and death. And "as in Adam all die," all his posterity partake of this mortality and death.

Now, the Lord Jesus did not partake of the Adam fall, either in its guilt, death, or corruption. Though "made of a woman" who was fallen, and partaker of the flesh and blood of the children, his flesh

used in our last Number, and which, if not erroneous, were at least liable to exception or misconception.

We allude to what we said in p. 63, about Christ's body being a spiritual body from its conception. In saying that Christ had not a natural body, we did not mean that he had not an animal nature, *i.e.*, actual human flesh and blood, for to establish that was the drift of all our argument. But we meant that his human nature, not being begotten by natural generation, did not partake of the taint and corruption of the fall. Thus Christ's human nature was not like ours, inherently mortal. It could die, yea, was made that it should die. But the blessed Redeemer said of himself, "I lay down my life for the sheep; no man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." We used the word *natural* in what we consider the scriptural sense, *viz.*, *fallen nature*, as, "The *natural* man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." By a "natural man" is there meant a partaker of the Adam fall, and of the death in sin which was consequent upon the Adam fall. Now, in this sense, Christ was not a "natural man." He partook not of the Adam fall, and therefore not of the death of the Adam fall. His soul was essentially, intrinsically holy, and always did that which was pleasing to God. His soul, therefore, needed not to be regenerated as ours does. So also Christ's body, though of flesh and blood, was essentially a holy body—holy in its conception; a fit companion for a holy soul. We have sinful souls and sinful bodies; he had a holy soul and a holy body; and thus was "a Lamb without blemish and without spot." And yet, in a time state, as "made of a woman," and "in all things made like unto his brethren," his body, as an animal body, increased in stature, and his soul, as a holy soul, increased in wisdom. In this sense we used the word *natural* and *spiritual*, meaning by "natural" tainted and depraved by the fall, as the Apostle Jude uses the word (v. 19) "sensual," (the same word in the original as is translated 1 Cor. ii. 14, and xv. 44, "natural,") "having not the Spirit." And as the same word is also used by James (iii. 15), "This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, *sensual*, (*margin*, *natural*,) devilish." In a similar manner, in speaking of Christ's body as spiritual in its conception, we meant that it was holy as begotten of the Spirit; not spiritual in the same sense as Paul uses the words, "a spiritual body." (1 Cor. xv. 44). Our object was to destroy the argument drawn from 1 Cor. xv. 44., as applicable to Christ, believing as we do, that it has reference only to the resurrection of the saints. This we believe to be the scriptural meaning of the term *natural*, and in that signification we used it. But as it might appear thereby that we denied that Christ's body was natural in the sense of animal, and therefore not identical with "the flesh and blood of the children," our language was open to exception, and we have taken the earliest opportunity to explain it.

was sanctified by the Holy Spirit in its very conception; and being a "holy thing," in it were no seeds of sickness, corruption, or mortality. But our bodies are fallen and our flesh corrupt; and in this sense our body is sown a natural body.

To illustrate this part of our subject, let us for a moment cast a glimpse at three different things: 1, The body of Adam unfallen; 2, The body of Adam fallen; 3, The body of the Lord Jesus Christ.

1. The body of Adam was created out of the dust of the earth; but in it, as it came pure from the hands of its Maker, were no seeds of sickness, sin, or death.

2. The body of Adam fallen was like ours, sinful and mortal.

3. Compare with these the body of the Lord Jesus. Like the body of Adam unfallen, it had in it neither sin, sickness, nor mortality. But it differed from the body of Adam unfallen in these three particulars: 1, It was a nature, not a person; 2, It was begotten by the Blessed Spirit, and was therefore intrinsically and essentially holy, whereas the body of Adam was merely pure; 3, It could not fall nor sin. It could die, but only be a voluntary act. Adam's body died because it sinned. Christ's body died that it might redeem from sin. The burial and resurrection, therefore, of Christ's body, is not wholly identical with ours. His body in the grave knew no corruption, because a holy body; but our body is sown in corruption. Our bodies need to be purged of sin which now dwelleth in them; but he did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; "he was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," and therefore had no taint of sin to be purged away. We can only be raised by the mighty power of God; Christ raised himself by his own power. "Destroy this temple," he said, "and in three days I will raise it up." We rise as individuals; he rose as the great Head of the church. We rise only by virtue of his power: "In Christ shall all (*i.e.*, the elect) be made alive." He rose by his own power: "I lay down my life, that I might take it again." Christ's resurrection is the pledge, the first fruits, and the sure earnest of the resurrection of the saints; and to his glorious body are their bodies to be perfectly conformed: "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." (Phil. iii. 21.) The saints are to awake up in his likeness. (Psalm xvii. 15.) "We shall be like him," says John, "for we shall see him as he is." (1 John iii. 2.)

2. They will then have "a *spiritual body*"—that is, not one changed into a spirit, nor into some ærial substance, but employed in spiritual services, delighting in spiritual things, bright and glorious "as the angels which are in heaven;" (Mark xii. 25;) without weakness, sin, or infirmity; not needing sleep, or rest, or food. They bore on earth the image of the earthy: a house of clay, a tabernacle of dust, taken from the ground, that it might return unto it again; the abode of sickness and sorrow; filled with vile lusts and passions; subject to pain and weariness; exposed to death from a falling tile, a crumb, or a cherry stone; creeping and crawling in infancy, fevered in

youth, asthmatic and worn out in old age, and sinful and miserable in all. This, their "natural body," as an old husk, a tattered worn-out garment, they quit at death, as the butterfly its loathsome chrysalis case, the sailor his crazy, water-logged, sinking ship, and the owner of a new house his old hired, tumble-down tenement. Slow and sluggish, a constant clog to the soul; chained down to the dull clods of clay amongst which it toils and labours; wearied with a few miles' walk to chapel, or with sitting an hour on the same seat; with eyes, ears, mouth, all inlets and outlets to evil; tempting and tempted; galloping to evil and crawling to good; with its shattered nerves, aching joints, panting lungs, throbbing head, and all the countless ills that flesh is heir to: what is this poor earthly frame fit for but to drop into the grave, and be buried out of sight till the glorious resurrection morn? There let it lie, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," till "the trumpet shall sound," and the sleeping dust be raised "a spiritual body," to die no more, to sin no more, to suffer no more; "for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortality must put on immortality."

How this change takes place, and in what it consists, we know not, for John says, "We know not what we shall be." But we may be certain it will be a glorious body, perfectly pure and holy, without spot or stain, fit companion for an immortal soul; able to see God as he is face to face, and bear "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." A natural body is only adapted to the present course of nature, fitted only for a time state; but a spiritual body is fitted for eternity; for "as is the earthy"—earthy, fallen Adam—"such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly"—the glorious and spiritual body of Christ, the Lord from heaven—"such are they also that are heavenly" when fully conformed to his glorious image; "for flesh and blood," in its present state of corruption, sin, and death, "cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It is sinful, and needs purifying; it is carnal, and needs sanctifying. It is now earthy, and must be made heavenly; vile, and must be made glorious; it is now frail and crushed before the moth; and therefore must be changed, transformed, and conformed to the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here, then, we close, sensible of the imperfect manner in which we have handled the subject, but desirous to do so in a way that shall be for the glory of God and the good of his people.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Lord Roden has kindly undertaken to present to the House of Lords all petitions from Particular Baptist congregations which embody the substance of the form given in the January Number. Such petitions, therefore, may be forwarded to his Lordship thus addressed:

PARLIAMENTARY PETITION.
Right Honourable the EARL OF RODEN,
House of Lords,
LONDON.

. The Petitions should be sent in open covers, (in the same way as newspapers,) and must not weigh more than 32 ounces. They will then go free.

POPERY.

II.

I. THE CHARACTER OF POPERY, AS POINTED OUT IN THE PROPHETICAL SCRIPTURES.

In our Introductory Article (Feb. No., pp. 65-72) we attempted to present a general sketch of Popery, as viewed chiefly under one aspect—its *remarkable adaptation to man's fallen nature*. A system which has endured for so many ages, which has revived again and again from apparent decrepitude to reclothe itself with activity and youth, which is so widely spread as to include empires and continents in its embrace, and so dear to countless multitudes, that, were it in imminent peril, there would blaze forth

“Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs

Of mighty” warriors,

to conquer or die in its behalf, must possess amazing strength. This strength must either, as the Papists assert, be derived from the power of God and the promises of Christ to his church, or from its thorough adaptation to the nature of man. A system so deep and so durable must have a soil proportionate to its growth and expansion. As an oak needs a deep and fertile soil to rear on high its rugged trunk and toss abroad its sturdy arms, so a system so hoar with antiquity in its stem, and so wide and strong in its branches, must needs have a proportionate depth and richness of earth. As well plant a cedar on the Goodwin Sands, or an oak on the top of Skiddaw, as for Satan to plant Popery on earth, were not the heart of man a suitable habitat, a soil congenial to its growth.

This peculiar aspect of Popery will meet us again and again. It is indeed the master-key that fits into the intricate wards of its most ingenious locks, and throws back the doors which open into its most secret cells. We shall have, therefore, to carry it at our girdle, as we thread the crooked galleries and winding corridors of that ancient pile which contains rooms of state for cardinals and prelates, and gloomy cells for nuns and monks; banqueting halls where princes may feast, and dark dungeons, where the rack may stretch the joints, and the heated iron hiss in the flesh of dying martyrs.

The object of our present Article is, to fix upon Popery its *prophetical character*, as drawn with a ray of light in the Scriptures of truth. “Surely the Lord God,” we read, “will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets.” (Amos iii. 7.) And thus we may be certain that, in tender mercy to his church, the Lord has pointed out in the prophetical Scriptures the features of her deadliest foe. Our limits, we fear, will prevent us unfolding this branch of our subject as fully as we could wish. A faint outline is all that we can hope to achieve.

The vision of “the little horn,” (Daniel vii. 8, 20, 21, 24, 25,) as it is the earliest, so perhaps it is the clearest intimation of the rise, growth, and fall, as well as of the nature, of the Papal power that is contained in the inspired page. Of this, therefore, we shall now attempt a brief explanation.

In the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, (Dan. ii.) an *Image* was seen, the head of which was of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet partly of iron and partly of clay. By this image four successive Empires were symbolized: The *Assyrian* by the gold, the *Persian* by the silver, the *Grecian* by the brass, and the *Roman* by the iron. By the feet—part of iron and part of clay—is symbolized the state of the Roman Empire when broken up by the northern nations; and by the ten toes, the ten kingdoms into which it became divided are clearly pointed out. The vision of the four Beasts (Dan. vii.) is, as it were, a repetition to it.

prophet of the same four Empires as were to Nebuchadnezzar represented by the Image, with, however, these two points of difference: 1, that to Daniel, as a prophet, the four Empires were figured as *beasts*, intimating their destructive violence to the church; and 2, that there is a particular description of the rise of a power, "*the little horn*," not pointed out in the Image. The four beasts are the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman Empires. And it will be observed that the ten toes of the Image correspond to the ten horns of the fourth beast, and intimate precisely the same thing—the ten kingdoms which were formed upon the breaking up of the Western Roman Empire by the irruption of the northern nations.

This fourth beast demands a somewhat closer examination: "After this I saw in the night visions, and, behold, a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it: and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns." This "dreadful and terrible and strong beast," with "great iron teeth," most aptly symbolizes the ancient Roman Empire, which truly, according to the explanation given, (Dan. vii. 23,) "devoured the whole earth, trod it down, and broke it to pieces." This empire was in its strength when Christ appeared on earth, and continued so until about A.D. 180, when it began gradually to decline. The removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople by Constantine the Great, (A.D. 328,) gave the Roman Empire of the West a fatal shock; and the irruption of the northern nations (A.D. 360—570) eventually broke it up into ten kingdoms. These are pointed out by the ten horns. As commentators are not fully agreed in pointing them distinctly out, we need not attempt to determine them. But Daniel saw "a little horn" come up among the ten horns, "before whom three of the first horns were plucked up by the roots." This "little horn" symbolizes the Papal power, which arose, like the little horn, from small beginnings; and "the three horns" which were rooted out by it, seem to have been, 1, the exarchate of Ravenna; 2, the Kingdom of the Lombards; and 3, the senate and people of Rome. It is an historical fact, that on the ruins of these three powers Rome established her temporal sway.¹ The exarchate of Ravenna belonged to the Eastern Empire—the last relic in Italy of the once powerful Empire of Rome. The kingdom of the Lombards was a principality in Northern Italy carved out by the victorious swords of the Longobards, or Lombards, one of the northern nations. And the senate and people of Rome still wielded a faint sceptre—a shadowy image of their ancient authority and power. Till these three powers, symbolized by "the three horns," were plucked up by the root, the Papacy could not exert any temporal sway. Indeed, it scarcely ever was so low as just before its memorable rise. Astolphus, King of the Lombards, had (A.D. 752) taken Ravenna, driven out the Exarch, and was thundering at the gates of Rome, menacing it with fire and sword. Papal Rome lay prostrate at his feet; but to save herself from destruction, and having no weapons but fawning adulation, or threats of excommunication, both of which the Lombard warrior alike despised, she was obliged to call in foreign aid. This aid, as in July, 1849, came from France. Pepin, King of the Franks, by marching an army twice (A.D. 754 and 756) across the Alps, and by putting an end to the three powers named above, established the Popes of Rome on a temporal throne.²

We have dwelt upon this part of the subject chiefly to fix the probable commencement of the "time, times, and dividing of a time"—i. e., three years and a half, corresponding to the 1260 days³ of Rev. xii. 6, and the forty and two months allotted for the duration of the beast.⁴ (Rev. xiii. 5.) In determining the fall of the Papal power, which we know is limited to

1260 years, the difficulty has always been to fix the beginning. Could we accurately determine the commencement, we could fix the end, and predict the fall of Babylon to a year. But "the times and the seasons the Father hath put in his own power;" and thus there probably hangs over the dawn of Antichrist a purposed haze, that we might "stand continually upon the watch-tower in the day time, and be set in our ward whole nights;" (Isaiah xxi. 8; Hab. ii. 1;) that "our loins might be girded about and our lights burning, and we ourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, that when he cometh and knocketh we may open to him immediately." (Luke xii. 35, 36.) But if we may offer an opinion, in our judgment the commencement of the 1260 years is usually fixed too early. Too much stress has been laid upon the *pretensions* of Rome to temporal sway, and too little upon her actual *possession*. "The mystery of iniquity" worked even in the time of the apostle, (2 Thess. ii. 7,) which mystery seems to be the dreadful iniquity of depraving the kingdom of Christ into the kingdom of Satan. But "he who now letteth," or hindereth, as the word means, viz., the then subsisting Roman Empire, "will let, or hinder until he be taken out of the way," which he was not completely until King Pepin put an end to the kingdom of the Lombards and the exarchate of Ravenna, as mentioned before.⁵ If we consider mere *pretensions* sufficient, we must ascend to a very early date; for even in the third century, Cyprian (who lived about A.D. 258) ascribed a certain pre-eminence to the Bishop of Rome. And in the fourth century, to use the words of a celebrated ecclesiastical historian, "the Bishop of Rome surpassed all his brethren in the magnificence and splendour of the church over which he presided, in the riches of his revenues and possessions, in the number and variety of his ministers, in his credit with the people, and in his sumptuous and splendid manner of living." Our limits will not permit us to trace out the gradual progress of Papal pretensions, till by craft and stratagem, Boniface III. obtained from the Emperor Phocas, one of the vilest wretches that ever existed, the title of "Universal Bishop." (A.D. 606.) Many interpreters of prophecy, and, if we are not mistaken, among them Mr. Huntington, have therefore assumed this date as the commencement of the 1260 years, which would make them terminate A.D. 1866, which year, therefore, if that calculation be correct, would witness the fall of Babylon. But it appears to us that it is the rise of *temporal*, not of *spiritual* power which we have to regard. "The ten horns" clearly indicate ten temporal powers; and why should not "the little horn" symbolize a temporal power also? It seems departing from the precise meaning of the figure, to interpret "the ten horns" as temporal powers in one case, and "the little horn" as a spiritual one in the other. This title of "Universal Bishop," was, after all, merely an ecclesiastical dignity, and conferred no temporal authority. And whatever pretensions the Popes at that time made to temporal power and authority, the Gothic kings who succeeded to the throne of Italy upon the fall of the western Roman Empire, and afterwards the Lombard sovereigns, kept all such claims effectually in check. Rome was never so prostrate, or the Popes so weak, as just before the accession of Gregory the Great to the Pontificate. (A.D. 590.) And even 160 years afterwards, (A.D. 754,) when Astolphus, King of the Lombards, threatened Rome with his victorious army, and Pope Stephen III., amidst the tears of the city, left it to cross the Alps, then a most tedious and laborious journey, to supplicate at Paris the aid of Pepin, King of France, of which some account will be found in our Notes, we see how weak the temporal power of Papal Rome then was. When we read the piteous complaints which the same Pope made two years afterwards

to the same monarch, and his earnest supplications for help, we see what little temporal power Rome still possessed; and, indeed, she had none until Pepin a second time crossed the Alps with an army, and plucking up the three horns by the roots, established the professed Vicar of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," on a throne of earthly dominion. Here then would we fix, so far as is allowable for us to form any judgment in a matter so difficult and obscure, the commencement of the 1260 years, corresponding to the "time, times, and dividing of time," i.e., three years and a half, (Dan. vii. 25,) and "the forty and two months" duration of "the beast with seven heads and ten horns," which John saw in the Apocalypse. (Rev. xiii. 1-5.)

We are sorry to occupy so much space with merely historical, and, to most persons, dry and scarcely intelligible details; but, in regarding the prophetic aspect of Popery, it is so necessary to regard historical circumstances and dates—the duration of the Papal power being limited by God himself to a certain number of years—that we must plead this as our apology. We hope not thus to trespass again.

Having thus attempted to fix the probable time when "the little horn" obtained temporal power, we may pass on to point out some of its distinguishing characteristics.

1. The first is, that "*it should be diverse, (i.e., different) from the first,*" (v. 24.) i.e., from all the preceding empires, the word in the original being in the plural number. Now, this is one of the most striking features of the Papacy, that it is essentially different from all other powers which have ever obtained wide dominion. All other monarchies have been, and are, purely secular and temporal. But Rome Papal has, in the most extraordinary way, combined ecclesiastical, or as she calls it, spiritual (there being in fact, nothing spiritual in it but what she has got from the evil spirit) with temporal authority. The Pope claims to rule as the successor of Peter and the vicar of Christ. He therefore claims to be Christ's representative here below; and as "all power is given to Christ, in heaven and earth," he demands, as his vicar, universal dominion here below as his heavenly right.

We have now before our eyes a proof that the Papal power is "diverse" from all others. What other power in Europe could carve England into districts, claim from English subjects an allegiance distinct from that due to their sovereign, appoint one of his own privy council, which a cardinal is, to a place of authority in this country, and issue bulls and mandates which clergy and laity are alike bound to obey, whether they clash or not with the laws of the land? And all this daring insolence under the garb and pretext of being the Vicar of Jesus Christ and God's representative on earth!

2. "*And, behold, in this horn there were eyes like the eyes of man.*" By this the cunning and foresight of Papal Rome are clearly intimated. Her eyes are everywhere, spying out opportunities, on the right hand and the left, to advance her own interests at any rate and price. An army of Jesuits, devoted to her body and soul, is spread well-nigh all over the whole globe. By them reports are sent through various subordinate channels to their head, called the General, or General Superior, who usually resides at Rome, and rules the whole order with absolute sway, there being from his decisions no appeal. He thus holds in his hands all the threads that extend from pole to pole; and whilst, like a spider in its cell, he can feel every vibration, however remote, he can send from Rome, as from an electric battery, Papal influence and Papal mandates, along every wire, to the most distant station. Though, in the language of prophecy, "a beast" by nature, her eyes are not the eyes of a beast, irrational and unthinking, engaged only on present food and enjoyment,

but far-seeing and watchful as "the eyes of a man," guided by the utmost sagacity of human wisdom.

3. "*A mouth speaking very great things.*" What an accurate description of the noisy, blustering language of the Pope, thundering out his bulls and anathemas, cursing and excommunicating, denouncing heretics, deposing princes, laying whole kingdoms under interdicts, and absolving subjects from their obedience to their kings and rulers!

4. "*And his look more stout than his fellows.*" By this is intimated the claim which the Bishop of Rome has set up, not only above all his fellow bishops, but above all crowned heads, making kings lead his mule and hold his stirrups, kicking off their crowns with his foot,⁷ and giving his toe to be kissed, as though he were a god upon earth.

5. "*And he shall speak great words against the Most High;*" exalting himself above all laws human and divine, claiming the godlike attributes of abstract holiness and infallibility, setting up his doctrines and decrees in opposition to the Scriptures, and assuming power to hold the keys of heaven and hell, at his will to save or to destroy.

6. "*He shall wear out the saints of the Most High,*" which he has done for centuries by fire and faggot, rack and torture, imprisonment and death. What hecatombs of victims has this bloody tyrant butchered! The Albigenses of Provence, the Waldenses of Piedmont, the Huguenots of France, the Protestants of England and Germany, the Molinists⁸ of Spain, the Jansenists⁹ of Paris. Wherever anything like vital godliness has lifted up its head, there the bloodhounds of Rome have tracked the scent, and hunted down the saints. The object of Rome has ever been "to wear them out." Whatever change there may be of Pope, there is no change in Popery. The policy of Rome is like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not; and this is "to wear out" by laws and enactments; by dragoons, (as Louis XIV. persecuted the French Protestants,¹⁰ at Papal instigation); by preventing all but her own religious assemblies; by forbidding the circulation of the Scriptures; by prohibiting the burial of those whom she pronounces heretics;¹¹ and by a general and systematic prolonged course of fiend-like oppression. Thus has Rome sought to "wear out the saints of the Most High," that they might be ground off the face of the earth. No word could so accurately express her system of persecution. It is like one of the fiendish tortures of her own darling Inquisition—the contrivance that drop after drop of cold water should fall from a height upon the same spot of the head, till the brain burn with madness and agony.

7. "*And shall think to change times and laws.*" Has not Rome done this by appointing fasts and feasts at her pleasure; changing work-days into festivals, and Sabbaths into days of pleasure and amusement?¹² The laws of God she has changed, by setting up idols and images; by repealing the primeval law of marriage, and denouncing it, in the case of her priests, as an unholy thing; by canonizing dead men, and worshipping as saints such vile wretches as George of Cappadocia,¹³ and Dominic, the founder of the detestable Inquisition; by imposing vows of celibacy upon nuns and friars; and by repealing in her confessional the laws of God and man against murder, by allowing her priests there to learn beforehand intended assassinations, and yet by prohibiting them by the most solemn sanctions to warn the intended victim, thus virtually dipping her hands in his blood and becoming a partaker of the assassin's crime,¹⁴

Wherever Popery reigns immorality and crime prevail. Look at the murders of Ireland, the universal perjury and falsehood of her witness-box,¹⁵ the rioting, violence, drunkenness, filth, and profligacy of the lower Irish in our large towns. Is not Popery responsible for having systematically thus degraded and debased the Irish character? Look, too, at

Italy, Spain, Portugal, South America, and every country where Popery is paramount, and see what universal immorality prevails. And how has Popery wrought this? By turning the religion of the heart into the religion of form, setting up her own laws above God's, selling indulgences and absolutions, thus commuting adulteries and murders into money payments, and by extreme unction in the last moments blotting out the crimes of a life.

8. "I beheld, and the same horn made war with the saints, and prevailed against them;" (Daniel vii. 21;) "*and they shall be given into his hand.*" Of what power is this true but the Papacy? What other European power has not only systematically made war with the saints, but prevailed against them? The Reformation had at one time penetrated widely into Italy, but was hunted down by the bloodhounds of the Inquisition. The sad history of Francis Spira, who was an Italian, shows that the Protestant doctrines were then widely spread. But, with the exception of the English and American residents, there is probably now not an avowed Protestant in Italy. In Spain, too, the doctrines of the Reformation were making way when the Inquisition stopped their progress by fire and faggot. "The little horn" was not merely to make war with the saints, but "to prevail against them." The Council of Constance burnt Huss and Jerome of Prague, condemned Wickliffe's books, and ordered his bones to be dug up and burnt. Success has attended Rome in almost all her attacks upon the saints. They are given into her hand. It is God's revealed mind and will that this Antichristian power should overcome the saints, that their faith may be tried, and they endure what their Lord endured before them.

This makes us fear that Popery will prevail in this country. Success has hitherto crowned her deep-laid schemes, and will, we fear, still do so, because, for a certain fixed period, the saints are given into her hand. Papists boast of this success as the mark of theirs being the true church. Guided by the light of prophecy, we see rather in it the mark of Antichrist. But as this mark will (D. v.) come before us again, we will not further enlarge upon it.

By way of recapitulation, we would call the attention of our readers chiefly to two points, which, in our view, fix the meaning of this prophecy beyond all controversy:

1. That the power pointed out in this chapter of Daniel evidently sprang out of the ruins of the ancient Roman Empire. This is fixed by "the fourth beast," which, beyond all doubt, is the ancient Roman Empire, and by the "ten horns," which correspond to the ten toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, and are clearly the ten kingdoms which were set up by the northern nations when they had broken the Roman Empire to pieces. Now this fixes "the little horn" as rising up about a certain period and in a certain quarter; and the uprooting of the "three horns" or powers determines still more closely its position.¹⁶ This we may call fixing the *latitude* of Rome.

2. Now for her *longitude*. If we get *that*, we shall be able to determine her exact place upon the chart of prophecy as distinctly as, at sea, the sailor, when he has ascertained the longitude and latitude of his ship, can point out her precise spot upon the map. The *longitude* of Rome we then fix by the eight marks just enumerated and commented upon.

Where shall we find a power in Europe which corresponds with these eight marks but Rome Papal? Take the whole range of history, from the fall of the Western Roman Empire (A.D. 479) downwards, for we are limited to that by "the fourth beast," and examine every monarchy that has since then existed all through the middle ages to the Reformation. What power but Rome has "spoken great words against the

Most High," "worn out the saints of the Most High," "changed times and laws," and been in its constitution and government, claims and pretensions, "diverse from all other kingdoms?" What other European power has uninterruptedly and systematically "made war with the saints, and prevailed against them?" If Spain or France has persecuted the saints, it has always been from Papal instigation. Pope Innocent III. hounded on Raymond and his bloodthirsty bands against the Albigenses. Pope Sixtus V. instigated Philip II. of Spain to fit out against England, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, the expedition called, by a terrible blunder, "The Invincible Armada." Other powers may have persecuted from passion; Rome has persecuted from principle. The extermination of heretics is the avowed law of Rome. Earthly kings, as Francis I. of France, and Henry IV. of England, have burnt the bodies of heretics; Rome alone claims power to damn their souls. Temporal princes pursue them only to the limits of time; Rome denounces and curses them to all eternity. The secular arm lights the pile that consumes the flesh; Rome assumes to hurl the immortal spirit into the lowest depths of hell.

Our limits forbid our pursuing this branch of the subject further in our present Number. We have opened, however, but one page of those prophecies which brand Rome as with characters of fire. We therefore hope (D. v.) to resume the subject in our next Number, and to bring forward additional evidence that Papal Rome is there pointed out by the finger of the Blessed Spirit, that the saints of the Most High may read in the inspired page the features of the great enemy of the Lord Jesus, and beware of receiving her mark in their hands and foreheads.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

¹ Sir Isaac Newton, in his "Observations on Daniel vii.," makes the following remarks: "In the eighth century, by rooting up and subduing the exarchate of Ravenna, the kingdom of the Lombards, and the senate and dukedom of Rome, the Pope acquired Peter's patrimony out of their dominions; and thereby rose up as a temporal prince or king, or horn of the fourth beast." Again: "It was certainly by the victory of the see of Rome over the Greek emperor, the king of Lombardy, and the senate of Rome, that the Papacy acquired Peter's patrimony, (*i. e.*, her temporal possessions in Italy, generally called "The States of the Church,") and rose up to her greatness."

² To those of our readers who are not acquainted with the history of this somewhat intricate period, the following short sketch may be serviceable:

The Roman Empire set up by Augustus (Before Christ, 31—14) was, by the transference of the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople by Constantine, (A.D. 328,) divided into two great empires; that of which Constantinople was the metropolis being called the Eastern, or Greek Empire, and that of which the seat was at Rome being called the Western, or Roman Empire. The former continued until A.D. 1453, when the Turks took Constantinople, and put an end to the Eastern Empire. The Western Empire fell to pieces from the attacks of the northern nations, and ended with the deposition of Augustulus, (A.D. 479,) Odoacer, the leader of the victorious army, becoming king of Italy. Odoacer, after fourteen years' reign, was conquered and put to death by Theodoric, general of the Ostrogoths, who set up (A.D. 493) what is called the Ostrogothic Empire. This lasted about sixty years, (A.D. 493—553,) and was put an end to by Justinian, Emperor of Constantinople, sending an army under his generals, Belisarius and Narses, who conquered Italy, and annexed it to the Eastern Empire. Thence sprang the exarchate of Ravenna, so called because the governor, or, as we should call him, the lord-lieutenant, who was sent from Constantinople to administer the province, was called the exarch, and lived at Ravenna, a strongly-fortified town in the north of Italy. In A.D. 568, the Lombards, a northern nation, under Alboin, conquered the greater part of Italy, and set up the kingdom of the Lombards reducing the exarchate of Ravenna to a very small province.

At this time, then, and for near two centuries afterwards, there were three independent powers in Italy: 1. The kingdom of the Lombards; 2. The exarchate of Ravenna; 3. The city of Rome, which, though often taken, still managed to preserve a shadowy independence. In A.D. 752, Astolphus, king of the Lombards, attacked and captured Ravenna, and thus put an end to the exarchate. Flushed with his success, he laid siege to Rome; all Italy lay prostrate at his feet, and his victorious army thundered at the gates of what is proudly called the Eternal City. As this was a remarkable epoch in the history of the Papacy, we subjoin fuller details in the language of a celebrated historian.

"Rome was summoned to acknowledge the victorious Lombard as her lawful sovereign; the annual tribute of a piece of gold was fixed as the ransom of each citizen, and the sword of destruction was unsheathed to exact the penalty of her disobedience. The Romans hesitated, they entreated, they complained, and the threatening barbarians were checked by arms and negotiations, till the pope had engaged the friendship of an ally and avenger beyond the Alps.

"Amidst the tears of the city, Stephen III. embraced the generous resolution of visiting in person the courts of Lombardy and France, to deprecate the injustice of his enemy, or to excite the pity and indignation of his friend. After soothing the public despair by litanies and orations, he undertook this laborious journey with the ambassadors of the French monarch and the Greek Emperor. The King of the Lombards was inexorable; but his threats could not silence the complaints nor retard the speed of the Roman Pontiff, who traversed the Pennine Alps, reposed in the Abbey of St. Maurice, and hastened to grasp the right hand of his protector—a hand which was never lifted in vain, either in war or friendship. Stephen was entertained as the visible successor of the apostle; at the next assembly, the field of March or of May, his injuries were exposed to a devout and warlike nation; and he repassed the Alps, not as a suppliant, but as a conqueror, at the head of a French army, which was led by the king in person. The Lombards, after a weak resistance, obtained an ignominious peace, and swore to restore the possessions, and to respect the sanctity of the Roman Church. But no sooner was Astolphus delivered from the presence of the French arms, than he forgot his promise, and resented his disgrace. Rome was again encompassed by his arms; and Stephen, apprehensive of fatiguing the zeal of his Transalpine allies, enforced his complaint and request by an eloquent letter in the name and person of St. Peter himself. The apostle assures his adoptive sons—the king, the clergy, and the nobles of France—that, dead in the flesh, he is still alive in the spirit; that they now hear, and must obey the voice of the founder and guardian of the Roman Church; that the Virgin, the angels, the saints, and the martyrs, and all the host of heaven unanimously urge the request, and will confess the obligation; that riches, victory, and paradise will crown their pious enterprise, and that eternal damnation will be the penalty of their neglect, if they suffer his tomb, his temple, and his people to fall into the hands of the perfidious Lombards. The second expedition of Pepin was no less rapid and fortunate than the first; Rome was again saved, and Astolphus was taught the lesson of justice and sincerity by the scourge of a foreign master."

³ A day in prophetic language stands for a year. (Ezek. iv. 6.)

⁴ "A time" signifies a year; "times" signify two years; and "the dividing of a time" is half a year; in all, three years and a half; which space, as the Jewish year was divided into twelve months of thirty days each, is just equivalent to 1260 days, and corresponds also precisely to forty-two months.

⁵ In fixing the period whence to date the commencement of the 1260 years, it seems necessary to take into consideration, as a necessary element, "the plucking up of the three horns by the roots." Were it not for this, the popedom of Gregory the Great (A.D. 590—604) would bid most fair for the commencement of the prophetic number, for it certainly was under his remarkable pontificate that the city of Rome was raised from a most prostrate condition. The following quotation, from an excellent authority, "The Encyclopedia Metropolitana," will show that, in the opinion of the able writer in that work, the pontificate of Gregory forms a marked era in Papal Rome.

"The most remarkable and energetic character among the early Roman pontiffs was the first Gregory; and it may be sufficient in this place to advert to his pontificate in the beginning of the 7th century, as the era of the earliest decided increase of the Papal power. Notwithstanding his professed contempt of learning and his superstition, he deserves to be favourably remembered for his paternal government of Rome. He actively provided for the defence of the city against the Lombards; and his spiritual eloquence, or his gold, diverted a formidable attack of the barbarians. With the sovereigns of the hierarchy of the western kingdoms he maintained a regular correspondence; and in his pretensions, the divine authority and office of the successors of St. Peter were first clearly defined and as strangely acknowledged by the ignorant nations to whom they were addressed."

But in the pontificate of Gregory the Great the three horns were so far from being plucked up that, but for the entreaties and bribes of Gregory, Rome would have been taken by the Lombards. "The sword of the enemy," says a celebrated historian, "was suspended over Rome; it was averted by the mild eloquence and seasonable gifts of the pontiff, who commanded the respect of heretics and barbarians."

The same authority seems to fix the donation which Pepin made to the Roman see of the spoils of the Lombards as the first date of its temporal power.

"The continued bad faith of Astolphus, the Lombard king, his impatience at the disgraceful treaty which Pepin had forced upon him, and his renewed oppression of the Papacy, roused the powerful monarch of the Franks, at the supplication of Stephen, again to cross the Alps for the deliverance of Rome. His second expedition was equally triumphant with the first, and distinguished by a severer chastisement of the Lombard, and a more important aggrandizement of the Papal power. He easily drove the restless but comparatively impotent monarch of the Lombards from his recent conquests, besieged him in his capital of Pavia, and compelled him, as the humiliating atonement for his aggravated attacks upon the Holy See, to relinquish the provinces forming the exarchate of Ravenna, which he had so lately torn from the Greek Empire. These fruits of his expedition, the French king formally bestowed upon the successors of St. Peter; and the memorable donation of Pepin, which, in the nomenclature of modern geography, comprehends the province of Romagna and the march of Ancona, is the authentic foundation of the Papal sovereignty over those states."

6 In the Pope's own book of ceremonies, published at Cologne, A.D. 1571, it is thus ordered: "When the Pope gets upon the stair to mount on horseback, the greatest prince that is present, whether he be king or emperor, shall hold his stirrup, and afterwards lead his horse a little way. But if there be two kings in presence, the more honourable of them shall hold the bridle on the right hand, and the other on the left." This service in the 12th century the kings of France and England performed. With all this, however, "his holiness" is so humble that he always rides upon a mule; so true is it that

"Of all the pride that the devil loves best,
Is the pride that apes humility."

7 This was done by Pope Celestine III., (A.D. 1191,) and is thus recorded by Baronius, a celebrated Roman Catholic historian in his "Annals:" "Our Lord the Pope (*Dominus Papa*) sat in his pontifical chair, holding between his feet the golden imperial crown; and the Emperor (Henry VI., of Germany), with bent head, received the crown, and the Empress likewise her crown from the feet of our Lord the Pope. But our Lord the Pope immediately struck with his foot the crown of the Emperor, and knocked it to the ground, signifying that he has the power to depose him from the imperial dignity if he deserved it." What Celestine III. did with his foot to the crown of Henry VI., Pope Pius IX. has done with his late Bull to the crown of Queen Victoria; but the Sovereign of England may smile where the poor German trembled.

8 So called from Molinos, a Spanish priest, who published a work upon secret prayer, in which he contrasted the prayer of the heart with the prayer of the lips. His followers were sometimes called *Quietists*, and his views were held and advocated in France by Fenelon and Madame Guyon. The Inquisition, however, apprehended Molinos, and he is believed to have died in its dungeons.

⁹ The Jansenists were so called from Jansen, or Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, in the Netherlands, who wrote a book called "Augustinus," advocating the principles of free grace and predestination. Two of his propositions condemned by the Pope were, 1. That no man can resist the influence of inward grace; 2. That to say Christ died for all men is semi-Pelagianism. Arnauld, Pascal, Nicole, Quesnel, and other celebrated writers, were Jansenists.

¹⁰ But for the persecutions of Louis XIV., the hand that traces these lines would not have been editing the "Gospel Standard," as the maternal ancestors of the writer left all their possessions in the south of France, at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, (A.D. 1685,) and fled to save their religion and their life. Romaine was the son of a French refugee under similar circumstances; and if we remember right, speaks in his "Letters" of his father as having been a gracious man. O the providence of a wonder-working God!

¹¹ Dr. Young, the Author of the "Night Thoughts," was obliged to bury with his own hands by night, his daughter, Mrs. Temple (the "Narcissa" of his poems) who died at Lyons, on her way to Nice, to which he thus alludes:

"Oh! the cursed ungodliness of zeal!
Denied the charity of dust to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
More like her murderer than friend, I crept,
With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh!"

¹² In all Roman Catholic countries the Lord's day is desecrated by public amusements. The theatres and opera present on that day their most attractive pieces, and are crowded with spectators. This is encouraged by the Romish principle, that after attending mass in the morning, the rest of the day may be spent in amusement.

¹³ George of Cappadocia, the tutelar saint of England, under the name of St. George, was an army contractor in bacon, in which trade, by cheating, he made a large fortune. Flying from justice to Alexandria, he embraced Arianism; and when Athanasius was driven into banishment, was made archbishop in his room. In this office he displayed such avarice and tyranny, that on the accession of Julian to the throne (A.D. 361), he was dragged to prison in chains, and twenty-four days afterwards murdered by the mob, who had forced open the doors of the jail. A cheating Arian bacon-seller England's tutelar saint, and the patron of the noble Order of the Garter! What power but that of Rome could thus "change times and laws?"

¹⁴ Nolan, a converted Romish priest, not long since dead, declared in print some years ago that several intended assassinations had been disclosed to him in confession; but that he dared not warn the victims, who were in consequence murdered. Among them was a father poisoned by his own daughter. Within these few weeks, a similar declaration has been publicly made by another priest, who has lately abandoned Popery. The Romish church forbids what is called "breaking the seal of confession" under any circumstances whatever. This the Irish assassin well knows; and therefore, when the murder is planned, comes to confession and gets absolution beforehand. He can then murder, he thinks, without crime.

¹⁵ When we were in Ireland, an eminent barrister, who was afterwards a judge, told us that in that country no one in a court of justice for a single moment attached the least credit to the testimony given upon oath by the lower order of Irish. The truth, he said, was only to be elicited by cross-examination. But what a state of things, that perjury should be so universal in a country that it comes to be a matter of course that every witness is guilty of it! In this country truth is the rule, perjury a rare occurrence. In Ireland, truth is as rare and as much wondered at as perjury here. And who is responsible for this but that church which pronounces it as one of her dogmas, that faith is not to be kept with heretics, in other words, sanctifies perjury?

¹⁶ Should this part of our subject interest any of our readers who have not access to more voluminous writers, we can recommend to them a little work once favourably reviewed by us, entitled, "Universal History on Scriptural Principles," published by Bagster, Paternoster-row; the last two or three volumes of which manifest a decided improvement in historical research and pleasing style over the preceding ones.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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WILLIAM HARLEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CALL TO THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY, TOGETHER WITH THE OPPOSITION HE MET WITH, AND HIS PROCEED- INGS THEREON.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."—EPHESIANS iii. 8.

"And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee: for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."—JEREMIAH i. 19.

It is generally supposed that the ministers of Christ have a two-fold call to the work of the ministry: the first *internal*, by the Spirit of God operating in their souls thereunto; and the second *external*, by the voice of man appointing, or, at least, acquiescing and agreeing thereunto.

How far I have been thus called to the work of the ministry will appear in the sequel of this account.

To begin with the first, or *internal* call of God. I must beg to refer the reader to the time when I was engaged in the catechetical exercise mentioned in the narrative of my experience.* You may there read that I heard it whispered, that of all the young men then engaged in the exercise, I seemed to bid the fairest for being called to the work of the ministry; and from that time I seemed to entertain great thoughts of such a thing, having secret hopes that I should one day appear in the character of a minister.

I must own that at this time I saw but little of the nature of the work. I saw nothing of the weight and importance thereof; nor did

* See the "Gospel Standard" for Sept., 1850, page 290.

I consider the awful consequences of the work, as being "a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death." I knew not the necessary requisites for such a work; nor was it possible I should be able to judge of a spiritual business, I being carnal, and at that time unenlightened. Yet methinks I can now see that the hand of God was then upon me; for though ambition was my motive, and the end of all centred in self, feeding my pride with thinking how rare a thing it would be for such a one as I to arise to such an honour as to be a minister, yet God overruled these motives to better purposes than merely to feed my pride. For, being ambitious thereof, I became doubly diligent, and laboured, I may say night and day, to excel in the answers my contemporary catechumens. Nor did the Lord suffer me to labour in vain; for thereby a rich store of scriptural knowledge was imprinted on or treasured up in me, I hope never to be forgotten, but to be now serviceable to better ends than to feed my ambition. God grant that in the use thereof I may glorify him and benefit precious souls.

But when God was pleased to begin that work in my soul which I now count my conversion; or, in other words, to enlighten my understanding and show me things in their proper light, I began to think more seriously of the work I had so much pleased myself with the hope of being one day employed in; when, from a discovery of my great ignorance of the things of God, I mean as to a spiritual knowledge of them, I surmised that such wise and understanding men as ministers were, or at least ought to be, could never be made of such an ignoramus as I found myself to be. Nor was I a little troubled, nor less discouraged, when my hope of being a minister was cut off; for as I now thought it never would be, my eager pursuit after knowledge was slackened; till one day, as I was troubled while I thought it could never be, that it was impossible that such a one as I should ever be a minister, the Lord was pleased to revive my hope by these words, which then dropped upon my mind: "Things which are impossible with man are possible with God." (Luke xviii. 27.) O how did I revolve the words in my mind! "Things which are impossible with man are possible with God." "Then," thought I, "it is possible." And from the bare possibility of it I began to hope for it; yea, that I should not only one day be a minister, but such a one as I ought to be, if I were a minister of God's making; which I thought it must be, if I were one at all, there being no room to hope for any such thing of myself, but in the power of that God to whom all things are possible. (Mark x. 27.) And now, as my hope was revived to expect it, so my diligent study of the Scriptures was renewed, in order to be prepared whenever God should be pleased to bring me to it.

But as God was pleased to carry on the good work of grace in my soul, I became more and more sensible of my depraved condition. I saw many things to be sin which I did not once think were sin; and, consequently, saw more sin in my life than ever I had done. I also began to see many evils and much more wickedness in my heart than ever, as yet, I could have thought had been there. I

also found my powers vitiated and myself corrupt in every part, which caused me many a cast-down season.

I remember one evening, while taking a solitary walk, as I was musing on the wickedness of my heart and life, my conscience condemning me for many things that the world could not, a thought struck me as though a voice had spoken to me, "What think you of being a minister now? Can such a clean thing come out of such an unclean?" and I replied, "It is impossible. Surely it is vanity, if not worse, it is folly in me to think of any such thing. I must give it up, and with the hope of it all the pleasing thoughts I have had about it." But the Lord would not permit me to do so; for at that instant these words were given to me: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." (Psalm xlii. 5.) The first part of these words rebuked my dismay: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" and the latter part sufficiently revived my fainting spirit: "Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." I was now enabled to believe that I should not only be a minister, but such a one as should glorify God; for I believed the promise, "I shall yet praise him," respected the public work, and that I should yet praise him therein.

When the Lord had carried on his work of grace in my soul so far as to give me "joy and peace in believing;" or, in other words, to cause me to rejoice in the enjoyment of the Lord's salvation, my desire after the ministry was greatly increased, though from different motives and for different ends. I also looked upon the ministry in a different light from that in which I had hitherto done. I no longer looked upon ministers as gentlemen, but rather as servants to all. I could now see a difference between minister and minister; that such as were most the gentleman, were such as I thought I should be very sorry to be. I saw they could fleece, without concern to feast or feed, the flock. I must own I might then want charity for some to whom charity might be due; for I then thought there were but very few ministers,—but here and there one, that might have the real interest of souls at heart; yea, though there might be more than I imagined, I am still of opinion there are but few.

Alas for Britain! How many are thy sleeping watchmen! how numerous are thy dumb dogs, that cannot bark; greedy dogs, that can never have enough; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber! O how many are thy blind guides, leading the blind till they both fall into the ditch! O for the refiner, to sit and purify the sons of Levi!

But to return. Those ministers who appeared to be such as I could wish to be, seemed to be like their great Master, despised of men; yet did I think them honoured of God, and did myself esteem them, looking upon their persecution as an honourable badge of their being the ambassadors of Christ; and often wished myself to be one amongst them; and that if ever I should be a minister, I might not think of pleasing man, but God, though I might be ever such a loser by it; believing those to be the greatest losers who

sacrifice a good conscience to their worldly interest, or the favour of God to the smiles of the world. Often on this occasion I remembered our Lord's words: "What will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26.)

Time was when I had other thoughts of the ministry from what I now had, and desired it from different motives from what I now did. It is true that I could never propose to myself any great things; yet I must own, at first I either looked at the profits or at the applause I should meet with; but now I began to see that the reward of faithful ambassadors was much greater, even "a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." (2 Tim. iv. 8.)

But instead of meeting with applause, I began to think I must expect to be reproached: for if all who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution, (2 Timothy. iii. 12,) much more must the ministers of Christ expect it. I read with pleasure the accounts of the sufferings which the apostles and prophets magnanimously endured in the faithful discharge of their ministry; which so far from diminishing, rather increased my desire of being a minister: "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." (Phil. iii. 10.)

I frequently put these and such like questions to myself: "Can I be willing to be a minister upon such conditions as these: to be reproached, instead of praised; to suffer loss, instead of getting gain; to look for my reward from heaven, and to wait for it, 'till Christ, who is our life shall appear?" When my heart could readily answer, "O yes, so that 'when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.'" (Col. iii. 4.) The thought of that would outweigh every other consideration; and my heart could readily answer, without hesitation or reserve, "Who would not, like them, be willing to labour, and suffer, and wait 'in hope of the glory of God?'"

Hereupon the following question arose in my mind: Whether this was not doing that which I should condemn in others? What matters it whether we look to be rewarded here or hereafter? if we work for hire, we make our works meritorious. Sometimes I was ready to think mine the worst, to expect so disproportionate a reward for so small a service, till one day, as I was meditating on the words, "For he had respect unto the recompence of the reward." When I received the words, I did not know of whom they were spoken. I immediately sought for them, and found they were spoken of Moses. (Heb. xi. 26.) I also found they respected a like business, his self-denial, refusing "to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Leaving the court, "not fearing the wrath of the king," "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater.

riches than the treasures of Egypt;" "for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward." (Heb. xi. 24—27.) This turned the scale in my favour, and I began to think it was not unlawful to expect the reward God had promised. Moreover, I observed in the next chapter, it is said even of Christ, that "for the joy set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 2.)

At other times, when my soul has been blessed with the divine presence, I have found such flowings of love to the dear Redeemer, with such desires that others should "taste and see that the Lord is good," that if there were no other reward, either here or hereafter, the pleasure of serving Christ and doing good to souls would be a sufficient recompence. Such has been my desire of using the abilities God has given me, that I seemed only to want an opportunity to preach to poor sinners the dear Redeemer. Sometimes I have realized the scene to myself, till my own soul has been melted into tears, and I have been so affected with the consideration of the saint's happiness and the sinner's misery, that I must say with Jeremiah, "While I refrained, his word was as a fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing." (Jer. xx. 9.)

Once upon a time, as I was hearing that man of God, Mr. Whitefield, his uncommon zeal and fervour in preaching so affected my heart, that, catching the flame of zeal, I thought I could now live no longer without entering upon that work I had so long lived in the hope of, and which was now more and more desirable unto me. When the sermon was over, being with Mr. Whitefield, I gave him an intimation of my desire, and some account of my motives. He desired me to call upon him the next day, and he would in the meantime think of it, and then have some further conversation.

But ere to-morrow came, it was otherwise with me; for it was suggested to me, I had only discovered my weakness and vanity in mentioning such a thing to such a man as Mr. Whitefield. Did I think he did not see it was only a spirit of delusion that I was under, and that it was that consideration which made him put me off till another day? all which was readily agreed to by me, and I began to think, If I had made myself look so foolish as to discover my folly once, I would not do it twice; for I would neither go to him nor ever mention such a thing again.

"Well," thought I, "but what will Mr. Whitefield think of my not going to him according to appointment?" To which I found this ready reply: "Think! why, he will think I have been wise enough to discover my own folly; and to correct my own errors is rather commendable than blameworthy. He will not think the worse of me for that, and I will not go; for if I do, he will only chide me for my vanity to think of any such thing." Besides, I was so ashamed already, that I thought I could never go and see him, and so resolved not to do so; and from that time forward endeavoured to keep myself at as great a distance from him as could possibly be for one of his Society, lest he should speak to me about it.

Whether Mr. Whitefield ever mentioned it to any of my acquaint-

ance, I know not; but, some time after, I was solicited to it by some and ridiculed about it by others. One said that I was like a Quaker, and wanted to hold forth. Another said I was like a vessel that was full, and wanted vent. But this ridicule rather animated me with a desire of deserving, rather than in any way discouraging me from it; while I remembered the prophet Jeremiah said, "Ever since I spoke in thy name, I am daily had in derision." (Jeremiah xx. 7; 8.) Others talked to me more seriously about it, using sundry arguments to persuade me to that which in the nature of it was very agreeable; such as that "no man lighteth a candle to put it under a bushel," (Luke xi. 33,) so wherever God bestows ministerial gifts, it is "for the edifying of the church;" (1 Corinthians xiv. 12;) and not to use them to his glory who gave them, is to bury them in oblivion, or hiding the talent in a napkin. (Matt. xxv. 18.)

I readily acknowledged the force of these arguments, and hoped that I should one day use them in the public work; but I could not think that the time for my entrance upon it was yet come. They then asked the reason why I thought the time was not yet. But I own I could assign little but my fear, first, lest I should run before I was sent; or rather, lest I should attempt it when or where God would not have me: and secondly, lest I should attempt what I should not be able to perform; or, in other words, I should be at a loss, and not find matter to carry it on, and, by making blunders, give enemies room to reproach the good ways of God. But of this they seemed to have no doubt. One of them, who I doubt not is now in glory, added, If he had the gifts God had given me, he should not be afraid, neither should all the men in the world keep him from preaching Christ; to which I only answered, I did not dare to trust to his confidence, nor could he properly judge, unless his soul was in my soul's stead.

Thus I have given you some account of what I imagine to be an *internal* call to the ministry, more of which I shall have occasion to mention in the further account of that which I reckon an *external* call.

(To be continued.)

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF HITCHIN, HERTS.

(Continued from page 84.)

The vanities of this sinful world being embittered to me, I became very anxious for comfort from some quarter. I therefore went to different places of worship, but I could form no judgment of the doctrines I heard; this was not the main thing I was after. The language of my soul was that of the Psalmist, "Who will show us any good? Lord," says he, "lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." (Psalm iv. 6.) After this I sought a long time in reading and prayer, and through the mercy of the Most High, my desire was granted. I took more delight in going to Methodist meetings than I did to the Church of England, but I could hardly tell why. It was not to judge of different points of doctrine. No, this would have been a task too hard for me at that time. But my mind was bent upon going to some place

of worship; and if I was pleased at all, it was when I was in a place where there were preaching and praying. Here I found myself more in my element than in any pleasure this world could afford me. And in this way the Lord was pleased to begin the good work, which at the set time arrived to justification of life, through faith in a dear Redeemer. "He hedged up my way with thorns," (Hos. ii. 6,) sent bitterness into my soul in the midst of earthly comforts, (Isa. xxxviii. 17,) and made me to feel that this is not my rest, being polluted. (Mic. ii. 10.) But this was not all. No, he enabled me to hope that I should find real and lasting happiness in the things that are above. He set my face towards the heavenly country, (Heb. xi. 6,) and gave me a sincere desire after his loving kindness and tender mercy, (Prov. xix. 22,) which at length I enjoyed. In this way God often works with his own elect. He quickens them to feel that the end of sin will be eternal death; this embitters all their sinful courses. (Rom. vi. 23.) He then sets them to seek after Christ as silver, and to search for him as for hidden treasure; (Matt. xiii. 44;) and he never suffers them to give up the pursuit till they know experimentally the pardon of all their sins, for Christ's sake, and their *union* with Christ the living Vine. (See Job xxxiii. 14—31.) But let the Lord work in what way he pleases with his children, it comes to this issue, namely, to make him sensibly feel that he is a *lost* sinner in himself, and a *saved* sinner through faith in Jesus Christ.

But to return to the subject of my narrative. I found a meeting at the time in Founders-court, Lothbury, which being near to my residence in Tokenhouse-yard, I often went to hear the minister; but I can truly say, I could scarcely form any judgment respecting his preaching. The veil was upon my heart, and I was as it were blind touching the doctrinal points of Scripture; but I liked to go, and go I did; and more than this, I could not be easy until I found out where the minister lived, which I did, and soon after paid him a visit. But when I had the favour of being admitted to him, I could scarcely tell what to say. He was the first religious character I had addressed; but however he did not speak roughly to me. If he had, I should probably have departed without speaking a word. The minister saw I was no hand at arguing points of doctrine, and therefore said but little to me on that head. He saw my conscience was tender, that I was sadly dejected, and he handled me accordingly. He told me he believed Christ had taken possession of my heart, intimating that he thought a work of grace was begun upon my soul. This gave me encouragement to speak freely to him. He put various questions to me, and my mind was much eased in returning answers. He sympathized with me in my distress, and I told him that I found myself a little easy. He said that the enemy would be at me again when I went away, which was true; but however, upon the whole, I was glad I spoke to him, for he appeared to be one that knew how to condescend to men of low estate, and to observe the words of our dear Lord: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." (John xvi. 12.) And indeed, I ever wish, if

distressed sinners who have a tender conscience and the fear of God in their hearts, come to me, to observe the caution given by Christ: "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones," but speak to them according to their tender feelings. To the weak the apostle became as weak; and we that are strong should act as the good apostle did.

A short time after the visit I made to the minister, tidings came from my father at Lisbon, that he had got a clerk's place for me in the counting-house of a Portugal merchant, who was an intimate friend of his. He was willing to take me and to bring me up in the mercantile line, because of the regard he had to my father.

Preparations were now made for my departure to that country: but before my departure, a circumstance came to my mind. It was this. When I left Margate, I abode some time with a friend of my father's at Canterbury. At this place I bought a book on credit, but when I left the town I forgot to pay for it. This I recollected before I left England, but could not return to pay the man for the book, as it was 56 miles from London. But I read in a book, that if we could not make restitution to the party we had injured, we must, as far as our ability would allow, make it up in giving to the poor. To this plan I agreed: and as I owed a shilling for the book, and a few other little matters which I could not restore to the persons, I made up my mind to assist the poor instead thereof.

I had by me at this time one guinea and a half, which some friends had given me as a present before I left England. I therefore put half a guinea of it into the poor box of a church behind the Bank. After this I felt some ease in my mind for a time, but it was of short duration. God will not let his children rest short of the rest he hath appointed for them in Christ. "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing" (Isa. xxviii. 12) for the weary and heavy laden sinner. This is "the good way" and "the old paths" (Jer. vi. 16) in which all God's spiritual Israel have found everlasting salvation. This is the rest our dear Redeemer has promised to "the poor in spirit." (Matt. v. 3.) "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

The appointed day being come, we set sail for Lisbon on the 1st of June, 1780, in the 17th year of my age, at which place we arrived in eleven days. While I was on the voyage, the memorable riots broke out in London, so that I just escaped being a spectator of that dismal scene. While at sea I was very sick, which made me unwilling to stir out of the cabin till necessity made me, which was owing to an American privateer coming up with us, which compelled me to move, bad as I was. Had I been in an English ship, I should have had a voyage to America instead of Lisbon; but upon examination of the captain's papers, we were suffered to proceed, it being Portuguese property. I began to get better after this, and was often upon deck for the benefit of the air. Here I had a noble view of the magnificent works of the Lord in the great and wide sea. (Ps. civ.) Truly this is a noble spectacle, it being such a display of the august

works of that God who made all things by the word of his power. "He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." (Ps. xxxiii. 9;) "Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord;" and for ever blessed are all they whom God has reconciled to himself through Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. v. 19—21.) These indeed are the truly happy souls; for He that dwelleth in the heavens is their almighty shield and their exceeding great reward. (Gen. xv.) His power protects them from all evil; his wisdom guides them through all difficulties; his loving kindness and tender mercy makes all his goodness pass before them, and draws forth their affections to love God, for his undeserved love and pity towards them: "Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O saved of the Lord?"

On the 11th June we dropped anchor before the city of Lisbon; and on the evening of that day, the gentleman to whose house I was to go came in a boat and fetched me to my place of destination. When I set foot on Portuguese ground, every thing was so strange to me that it appeared as if I was not in the same world I was in a few days ago. There was a strange set of people, dressed in strange apparel, and talking a language I could not understand; their houses, too, seemed so oddly built, when compared with our English habitations, together with the remains of many ruins made by the tremendous earthquake in Lisbon, on the 1st of November, 1755, that it appeared as if I had got upon enchanted ground. And I should have been much distressed, had it not been for the kind reception I met with from the gentleman who was a particular friend of my father's. This in some measure reconciled me to my new situation. I should probably have had an excellent place in Lisbon as a merchant's clerk; and might perhaps, had I minded solely this world and gained the affections and favour of the gentleman, been in time taken into partnership with him, as a person was who came into the house in the same capacity as I did. He had no money to join as a partner; but the head gentleman, (Mr. Montgomery,) as I was informed, lent this clerk the sum of 2000 moidores, which is between £2000 and £3000 of our English money, and with this he commenced merchant in company with the house I was in. Had I also been a man of the world as he was, I might have met with the same success; and I rather think so, because of the great regard Mr. M. had for my father. It was wholly through the intimacy that was between them that he agreed to take me into his countinghouse; and I believe the same regard would, had he liked me as well as my father, have encouraged him to promote my welfare in that country. It lay in his power, if he had pleased; but this was not to be, though the prospect, in my father's opinion, bade fair for it. "Many devices are in a man's heart, but the counsel of the Lord that shall stand." (Prov. xix. 21; Ps. xxxiii. 11.)

But although this scheme, which seemed to bid so fair for my temporal welfare, was through the determinate counsel of the Most High defeated; yet the same Wonderful Counsellor had determined to make a merchant of me, not literally, but spiritually; as it is written: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man

seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found *one* pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." (Matt. xiii. 45, 46.) And as the Lord has in the multitude of his tender mercies granted me favour in his sight, in setting me to seek the best gift heaven has to bestow, in the many encouragements he has given me in *pursuit* of it, and at length putting me in *possession* of this immense treasure, I have no cause to lament the loss I have sustained temporally, in losing my situation in Lisbon; because the Lord has made me a spiritual merchant; the traffic I deal in is of a spiritual sort, and I fetch my provision from a far country; as it is written, "She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her food from afar." (Prov. xxxi. 14.) This food I have found, and still find, to be of a nourishing sort. It revives the most dejected spirits, it comforts the most disconsolate mind, and fattens a soul in the most perishing condition; as saith the Psalmist, "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips." (Ps. lxiii. 5.)

If my reader desires to know what this wonderful provision is, I refer him to the Saviour's own words, in the Gospel of John, vi. 51: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever."

During my stay in Lisbon, which was upwards of two years, I was much oppressed by the spirit of bondage. The distress which came first upon me in England went with me into this foreign country, nor could all the worldly pleasures which were going on in Mr. M.'s house remove it; but on the contrary, I sank more and more into distress of soul, which was more than I could express; as says afflicted Job: "My grief is heavier than the sand of the sea; therefore my words are swallowed up. For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me." (Job vi. 3, 4.) And if the Lord had not been my help in this time of trouble, if he had not succoured me in the hour of temptation, and if the everlasting arms of my own covenant God in Christ had not been underneath me, to give me strength equal to my day, the gates of hell had certainly prevailed against me; and I had most certainly fallen a prey to that roaring lion, the devil, "who goeth about seeking whom he may devour." (1 Pet. v. 8.) Blessed be God, who hath not given me a prey to his teeth! And I hope, so long as I have any being, I shall remember the blessed God, who hath not forgotten me when in my low estate, because "his mercy endureth for ever." (Ps. cxxxvi. 23.)

If my reader desires to know the cause of my distress, I briefly refer him to the following texts; and if he is a person who has been in the deep waters of affliction and temptation, (see Isa. xliii. 2,) and whose heart has meditated terror as mine then did, (Isa. xxxiii. 18,) he will understand, by his own experience, the grief I felt. But if my reader has not done any business in these perilous depths, he will not understand me: and I shall therefore only refer him at present to a text in the Proverbs: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the ways of death." (Prov. xiv. 12; and again Prov. xvi. 25.)

This way that *seemed* right to me was, to hope for eternal life through my sincere obedience to the moral law. This, coupled with the mercy of God through Christ, was to make up my deficiency. This I thought was right, and just as it should be; but it was owing to my pride and ignorance. I was ignorant of the way in which God saves sinners, through the imputation of the precious merits of the Lord Jesus Christ to them, consisting of his active and passive obedience, freely imputed for pardon and justification before God. Of this I was ignorant, and I went about to establish mine "own righteousness." (Rom. x. 3.) This was pride in me, and God resisted me while I was at it. "God resisteth the proud," saith the apostle; (1 Peter v. 5;) and as there is salvation in no other name but in that of the Lord Jesus Christ, (Acts iv. 12,) God will beat his own elect off from all other props but this one. Here the poor, weary, and heavy laden sinner shall find rest; but until we get into this resting place by faith, we may toil and we may try, we may pray and we may fast, and we may do what we please to recommend ourselves, as we call it, to the approbation of our Maker, we shall surely be resisted to the end; and the language of God to us in his word will be, "The law is spiritual, but ye are carnal," (Rom. vii. 14,) and by the deeds of the law no man living shall be justified in the sight of God. (Ps. cxliii. 2; Rom. iii. 20; Gal. iii. 11.)

Another part of the distress I felt at this time was, not only through the wrath of God revealed against me in the law, but I likewise laboured under the assaults and craft of Satan. This enemy will have a stroke at all the spiritual seed of Christ, that we may feel a little more for our dear Redeemer in his sufferings, when he endured the wrath of God and had the malice of devils to cope with, as we read, "This is your hour, and the powers of darkness;" and we the poor members of his mystical body must in some measure drink of the cup our Saviour drank, and be made conformable to his sufferings, as we shall be made like him in his resurrection. Therefore the apostle says, in Eph. vi. 12, we wrestle with "spiritual wickedness in high places;" and in 2 Cor. xii. 7, he gives us a little account of the engagement, and how Satan handled him.

(To be continued.)

PERILOUS TIMES.

BY JOHN RUSK.

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come."—
2 TIMOTHY iii. 1.

(Concluded from page 78.)

III. I come now to the third and last thing proposed, which is, *the need and necessity for all real believers*, in such critical times, *uniting together and crying mightily to the Lord*; and I will show a little from God's word what great events have taken place in answer to the prayers of the saints. I have, I know, hinted at this already as I have gone on, and it may be that I may again bring something of the same kind forward. Be that as it may, I trust it will not be

unprofitable; for as Paul says, "to write the same things, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe."

But it may be asked, What is prayer? To this I briefly answer, that it is a high privilege, granted only to the election of grace. God's people are a very poor, tried, tempted, and afflicted people, and God has many very precious promises in his word, which the prayer of faith shall bring in; indeed, it is impossible to tell them as they are; yet he says, "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, that I may do these things for them." And therefore he first causes troubles to come on us, and after this enables us to cry unto him to deliver us: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The heart of every man, more or less, conceives grief and sorrow; and the way the ungodly get rid of it, is by belching out from their hearts blasphemies; and in so doing they "treasure up wrath against the day of wrath." But God the Eternal Spirit helps our infirmities, and enables us to pour out our souls to the Lord, and show him our troubles; and our petitions are put up in the all-prevailing name of Jesus Christ the Mediator. And what should you and I do without prayer, fellow traveller? And to think that God does not look at the regularity of it, but at the heart! He therefore hears and answers sighs, groans, desires, longings, hungerings, and thirstings. Yes, and these are the best prayers too. Such prayers God answers, when the mouth is altogether unfruitful.

Yet still God does give to his people a door of utterance, and enable them to unite together in public worship; and it matters not whether it is secretly or publicly, so that heart and tongue go together; hence Paul says, "Praying always, with all prayer and supplication, in the Spirit." Mark that, "in the Spirit."

And what can be more consistent in this awful day, in which we live, of rebuke and blasphemy, these critical times, than for the saints to unite together in order that the judgments we fear as a nation, and the calamities which we dread as a church and as a people, might, if the Lord will, be averted?

Let us now, as the Lord shall assist us, attend to his sacred word. We will begin with King Jehoshaphat, and see how he acted: "It came to pass, that the children of Moab and the children of Ammon, and with them others besides, came against Jehoshaphat to battle. Then there came some and told Jehoshaphat saying, There cometh a great multitude against thee from beyond the sea, on this side Syria. And behold they be in Hazazon-tamar, which is Engedi. And Jehoshaphat feared, and set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah." Stop here, reader. Is this work going on in our day? Do we now, as a nation, and a Christian nation, as it is called, attend to such things? No, but on the contrary, invite the enemies of God and encourage them, in that we strengthen the hands of evil doers. Witness granting the Papists their claims, suffering the infamous works of Tom Paine to be sold publicly, and setting no times apart to fast and to cry to the Lord.

But to proceed: "And Judah gathered themselves together to

seek and to ask help of the Lord. And Jehoshaphat stood in the congregation of Judah and Jerusalem, and said, "O Lord God of our fathers, art not thou God in heaven, and rulest not thou over all the kingdoms of the heathen, and in thine hand is there not power and might, so that none is able to withstand thee? Art not thou our God, who didst drive out the inhabitants of this land before thy people Israel, and gavest it to the seed of Abraham, thy friend, for ever? O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us, neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon thee." And all Israel being God's people by national adoption, he had made these promises to be typical to those of the election of grace. "And Judah stood before the Lord, with their little ones, their wives, and their children." Here is a prayer from a deep sense of need, and now for the answer to that prayer: "Then upon Jahaziel, a Levite of the sons of Asaph, came the Spirit of the Lord in the midst of the congregation, and he said, Hearken ye, all Judah, and thou, King Jehoshaphat; thus saith the Lord unto you, Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's. To-morrow go ye down against them; ye shall not need to fight in this battle. Set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you, O Judah and Jerusalem. And Jehoshaphat bowed his head with his face to the ground." And they arose early in the morning and went forth in the wilderness, blessing and praising the Lord, singing and saying that his mercy endureth for ever. And the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, and Moab, and Mount Seir, and they were smitten, for every one helped to destroy one another." (2 Chron. xx. 23.) In this we clearly see the communion of saints, and that God is a God hearing and answering prayer.

But again: We will take notice also of Daniel, who was brought with his companions into a great strait. If some one did not tell the king his dream and the interpretation, destruction must follow. Now this appeared impossible; but "is any thing too hard for the Lord?" A living faith will surmount every difficulty. Daniel, therefore, unites with his three friends to desire mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret; and God answered them. Daniel is brought before the king, and tells him all about it, ascribing all the honour and glory to God, as true faith ever does, and debases himself and the rest. (Dan. ii. 18.) Here, again, we have the uniting of the saints together, and that God approves of it is shown by his hearing and answering them.

Again: Let us notice the deep craft and policy of Haman, to destroy all the Jews, and every thing bade fair for their destruction; for it was all fixed by "the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not." But prayer to the Lord surmounted this very great difficulty, for "what is impossible with men is possible with God." Esther and Mordecai both feared God; and they did not say, "Well, God will do as he pleases, and will bring forth all his decrees and purposes, and we can do nothing by all our prayers to him." No, reader, God's decrees are not to be set against his revealed will:

"Secret things belong to him," and things revealed to us. And now read how the queen acted. Mordecai having sent to tell Esther of the dreadful plot, she sent the following answer to him: "Go gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me; and neither eat nor drink three days, night nor day. I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so (mark that, *and so*, with this fasting and prayer) will I go in unto the king, which is not according to law; and if I perish, I perish." (Esther iv. 16.) Faith is bold, yet not presumptuous; and thus God delivered the Jews from this great destruction, and the wise man was taken in his own craftiness; for the very gallows which Haman had prepared for Mordecai he himself was hung upon. God's hand was known towards his servants, and his indignation towards this enemy to God and his church.

Again: We will notice the people of Nineveh. Jonah by God's command is ordered to go to Nineveh, and to cry against it, "for their wickedness was come up before God." And you know how very disobedient Jonah was, and how he fled to Tarshish from the presence of the Lord. But after all he is ordered a second time to go, and to preach the preaching that God bade him; a part of which was: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown. So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them: for word came unto the King of Nineveh, and he arose from his throne and he laid his robe from him, and covered him with sackcloth and sat in ashes. And he (mark this, and O that the Lord would be pleased to cause our sovereign to take pattern of him) caused it to be proclaimed and published throughout Nineveh, by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, take anything; but let man and beast be covered with sackcloth and cry mightily unto God; yea, let them turn every one from his evil way and from the violence that is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not? And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that he had said he would do unto them, and he did it not." (Jonah iii.)

But an objection may arise here, and some may say, Is not this establishing the Arminian doctrine, and making out God to be a changeable being? and how can all this stand with other parts of the holy word, such as: "I am God, and change not?" To this I answer, that "secret things belong unto God," but things revealed in his word to us and to our children; and therefore we do well to attend to that which belongs to us, and not attempt to find out God, or set our carnal reasoning to work on such profound mysteries. The contradiction lies in us, and not in God's blessed word.

"Say, Christian, wouldst thou thrive
In knowledge of thy Lord?
Against no scripture ever strive,
But tremble at his word.

"If aught there dark appear,
Bewail thy want of sight;
No imperfection can be there,
For all God's words are right."

Beware of a vain curiosity, or an unwarrantable diving into things beyond thy reach, lest, while trying to be wise above that which is written, God make you foolish enough below it: "Thy wisdom and thy knowledge (speculative) have perverted thee." Take notice of the following texts: "Who by searching can find out God?" "His ways are past finding out;" "His ways are unsearchable;" and, "As high as the heavens are above the earth, so are his ways above our ways and his thoughts above our thoughts."

But I shall mention one thing more concerning the church of God uniting in humble prayer together, and God hearing and answering them. You will find it in Acts xii. King Herod stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the church. Mr. H. used to observe, that when any one came to that, it was as though he had run his length; and that this was the finishing stroke in filling up the measure of their iniquity; for God says, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye;" and I could show this clearly from God's word. But to proceed: "He killed James, the brother of John, with a sword; and because he saw it pleased the Jews, he took Peter, apprehended him, and put him into prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers, (that is, to sixteen soldiers,) intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people." Peter, therefore, was kept in prison. But here mind what the church does: "But prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." And this trial went on both unto the church and to Peter until the very last night, as it is written: "And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And behold the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and he smote Peter on the side and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly; and his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals; cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And Peter wist not that it was true, but thought he had seen a vision. When they were passed the first and second ward, they came unto the iron gate which leadeth unto the city, and that opened unto them of its own accord. And they went out and passed through one street, and the angel departed from him. And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod; and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews." And then he came to the house where many were gathered together praying, which astonished them all.

From all this we may see, that our God is a wonder-working God, and that he attends to the cries of his people; and although you and I may not get an answer so soon as we expect, yet his time is the best. Being infinitely wise, he knows how to time his mercies; and in the delay we are well humbled in the dust, and prepared in this way to ascribe all the glory to God alone, who is worthy of it. "Delays are not denials," says Boston. After this the angel of the Lord smote Herod, and he was eaten of worms and gave

up the ghost. Thus "the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment." And here God fulfils his promises, that his hand shall be known towards his servants and his indignation towards his enemies; but all in answer to the prayers put up from a sense of real need, in the all-prevailing name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and under the influence of the ever blessed Spirit of God; for he it is that "helleth our infirmities," and guides us "into all truth;" and this we well know. When he suspends his divine aid for a time, we then find that we are poor creatures indeed. There is much speaking over sound words, but it is to be feared very little real prayer, I mean amongst professing people. O that the Lord would be pleased to pour out his Holy Spirit in an abundant manner upon his church and people, for truly we are getting into a very dark night! Every thing has a gloomy aspect; but our mercy is, that God will never forsake his people, because it has pleased him to make them his people. And although to us every thing appears to be confusion, yet not so with the Almighty God. All things are going on straight with him.

Seeing, then, that our God is above all, and is full of love, pity, compassion, and tenderness to us, what have we to fear? Many things, say some. So it may be; but I ask, What foundation is there for fear? None at all. Would you hear the language of true faith? take it, then, from the Psalmist David; a man as much troubled with fear as ever you can be. Hence he says, "Fear was on every side; they consulted to take my life;" and again: "I shall one day fall by the hand of this Saul." But which way did he take at such times? Why, he tells you: "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." Say you, This is an easy way. Not so easy as you may think; but I would have you try. Well, you see he was not always filled with these fears. No; for God delivered him; and therefore when faith speaks, how bold he is in his God! See him going against Goliath of Gath; and again in the 23rd Psalm: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;" and in Psalm xxvii.: "When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." And although he was a man after God's own heart, yet he was a man of like passions with ourselves.

May you and I, with David, "encourage ourselves in the Lord our God," and press on in "the narrow way" that leadeth unto life, cleaving close to the Lord Jesus Christ. It can be at the most but a short time that we shall have these trials to endure, and then farewell all troubles, afflictions, temptations, and "perilous times," and welcome "an eternal weight of glory."

"Trials may press of every sort;
They may be sore, they must be short.
We now believe, but soon shall view
The greatest glories God can shew."

THE PEOPLE OF THE BLESSING AND THE PEOPLE OF THE CURSE.

"Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read; no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate; for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line; they shall possess it for ever, from generation to generation shall they dwell therein."—ISAIAH xxxiv. 16, 17.

(Concluded from page 93.)

The word of God, speaking of carnal professors and those who lean upon an arm of flesh, tells us that all those shall fail, and all that they lean on shall fail them too; while of those who are written in the book it is said, that not a single one of them shall fail. "Both he that helpeth shall fall, and he that is holpen shall fall down, and they shall all fail together." (Isa. xxxi. 3.) Carnal preachers are always glad for people to lean on them, and blind professors are as glad to make them their support, instead of leaning on the Lord. And strange as it may seem, they all walk in nursing one another's pride, till death snaps the tie, and the decree is executed, that "they shall all fail together;" while not one of those written in this book, however poor a worm Jacob he may feel, shall ever fail. God's curses and blessings are all divine certainties, and the whole shall be sealed with reality and power.

There are many poor souls grieving under a sense of sin, hungering and thirsting after the imputed righteousness of Christ, longing and panting for the salvation of God, and kept in bondage by a legal spirit worked on by Satan, who, if they were blessed with stronger faith, would to their comfort be enabled to believe that not one of them shall fail of the salvation of their soul at the great day of account, though many others, who look to be saved by their works, shall "all fail together."

And not only so, but these written ones shall not fail of what their souls are longing and panting after, a manifestation of the Lord as theirs to their soul; for the next words go on to say this: "None shall want her mate." So they shall not only be delivered from failing by and by, but even here shall receive the great aim of their soul. "None shall want her mate." Here the church of Christ is mentioned in the feminine gender, in accordance with other scriptures. In the Revelation she is mentioned "as a bride adorned for her husband." (Rev. xxi. 2.) And again: "There came unto me one of the seven angels, saying, Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." (Rev. xxi. 9.) And in the Psalms she is also mentioned in the same way: "I will abundantly bless her provision, I will satisfy her poor with bread; I will also clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy." (Psalm cxxxii. 15, 16.) But I believe the figure here points to a pair of doves, or a dove and its mate, of which it is well known that the one always pines without the other. And so the reference is to the children of God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who is figuratively the Mate of his church and people. Hence he speaks of her as a dove, (Song ii. 14,) and she looks to him as her partner.

Now, in that it says "None shall want her mate," it does not mean that they shall always have their Mate in sweet union and fellowship, and never be sensible of his absence; but that they shall not want him for ever, or *in the issue*; for these spiritual doves are brought into a case and state to feel in very deed their want of this Mate. And I believe these words are intended to speak to them in that state, in order to spur them on to hope and expectation that they shall one day attain to that sweet fellowship and union with their Mate which they long and wish for.

These spiritual doves know what it is to have an empty void within them, which none but their Mate can fill; and long, and pant, and grieve, and pine for him they do, until he comes to them and makes his abode with them. Earthly objects cannot fill this spiritual vacuum; it is a place made for this Mate, and he alone can fill it. Hence one said, who wanted his Mate to come, "O when wilt thou come unto me!" (Psalm ci. 2.) And another searched for him east, west, north, and south, in order to find him; he says, "O that I knew where I might find him! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, so that I cannot see him." (Job xxiii. 3, 8, 9.)

When souls are thus blessed with a longing and panting for the Lord to manifest himself to their soul, (to speak without a figure,) they want him to visit them "*as he is*." My meaning is, God is life; and as the God of all their spiritual life, they long for him to come into their souls, and revive them into a sweet liveliness towards him. Hence David says, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God; my soul thirsteth for God, for *the living God*, (mark that:) when shall I come and appear before God!" (Psalm xlii. 1, 2.) Here, you see, David wanted his God to visit him as the *living* God. And I believe the reason was, because he wanted him to quicken his soul into liveliness at his throne and footstool.

Again: God is love. Now, when a soul longs and pants for the Lord to manifest himself to him, that soul, though he may not be able (and probably would not) to tell how he wants the Lord to come, yet in reality wants him to come as the God of love: first, to shed abroad his love in the soul, and also to draw out his poor cramped affections (as he feels) to the Lord. The desire of that soul will be, O that the Lord would manifest his love to me! O that I could love him! O that my heart were drawn out towards him! O that I could be melted down at his footstool! O that there was more love flowing to and fro' between us! and so on; when all the while this is both the effect of the Lord loving the soul, and also of drawing out his grace of love in that heart. Ah! poor soul, whoever you are, you shall not be put to the blush, for "none shall want her mate;" all shall enjoy their precious Partner in his own good time.

This being the case of the soul longing and panting after the Lord, and for a manifestation of its spiritual Mate, I believe the meaning of the passage is, that they shall one day enjoy him to the gladness of their heart, for their very care or wanting this Mate is a

full proof of their being in the book of the Lord. And the promise is sealed with a "shall," that they may not encourage doubts and fears respecting it. Now the next word that follows is "*for*," which means that the following is the reason why the former is as it is. In plain terms, it implies that the following declarations are the causes of the foregoing promises. And the causes are there shown to be *four*; which four causes secure the fulfilment of never failing, and of enjoyment of their Mate, to all who are written in the book of the Lord; as I have before shown.

The *first* cause of all this is, "For my mouth it hath commanded." This speaks of God the Father, who purposed, ordained, and commanded these blessings on his people in eternity. The *second* reason is, because the Spirit of the Lord brings all his people, according to the Father's command, into this state and blessing, which is contained in these words: "And his Spirit it hath gathered them." The *third* cause is, because Christ, by his suffering and death, hath fulfilled all the command of his Father, and in these words: "He hath cast the lot for them." And the *fourth* cause refers to the same work by the same Redeemer or Mate: "And his hand hath divided it (that is, the lot) unto them by line." To this then we will attend a little in each particular.

1. "My mouth it hath commanded." He that speaks here is God the Father, who has ordered, planned, purposed, counselled, and commanded every cause for his people. It is not God the Son, for he is spoken of separately as the Mate of his people; nor yet God the Spirit, for he is also spoken of in the next words as gathering the people of Christ; it is, therefore, the everlasting Father, whose office it is to command in eternal counsel that which shall be revealed and performed in time. Now, the Father, according to this, commanded that all who are found in the book (as I have before tried to explain) shall never fail, no, *not one* of them, of their everlasting inheritance; and also that every one of them shall also here enjoy their Mate and their heavenly inheritance. Hence he commanded that it should be so, and sealed the whole by his oath: "God (the Father), willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, (or command, as it is in the text,) confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation," &c. (Heb. vi. 17, 18.)

2. "And his Spirit it hath gathered them." This is the second cause assigned why these written ones are sure of their inheritance and Mate. The Holy Ghost is here spoken of as the *Spirit of Christ*, for the "*his*" evidently refers to the mate, who is our Lord Jesus Christ, our spiritual Husband. The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Christ, as he testifies of Christ in the soul. "He shall take the things of mine, and show them unto you," is a promise of Christ; and Paul, speaking of the Holy Ghost so shedding abroad the love of God in the heart as to cause the soul to cry, "Abba, Father," expressly calls him the Spirit of the Son of God: "And because ye are sons, God has sent forth the *Spirit of his Son* into your heart, crying, Abba, Father." (Gal. iv. 4, 6.)

Now, the Holy Ghost, according to covenant counsel, is said to

gather all these who are here described; and this he does in three ways specially:

First, By gathering them from out of the world, and making them partakers of his heavenly grace: "And I will bring thy seed from the east, and *gather* thee from the west; I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the end of the earth." (Isaiah xliii. 5. 6.)

Secondly, When this is the case, concern and anxiety soon gather upon the quickened soul, and in sensible feeling the man feels any thing but gathered; in his conception of the matter he feels scattered to the ends of the earth. There must therefore be another gathering, which is a gathering of his soul and affections, and placing and fixing them on the Lord: "In that day," saith the Lord, "will I *assemble* her that halteth, and I will *gather* her that is driven out, and *her* that I have afflicted." (Micah iv. 6.) This is the second gathering.

Thirdly, The third gathering is the bringing of all the children of God to glory, and gathering them all into one family, according to Paul: "That in the dispensation of the fulness of (predestinated) times, he might *gather* together in one (great family) all things (or persons who are) in Christ." (Eph. i. 10.) Then will every elect soul be gathered in of the "whole family," whatever their locality or position; for "he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall *gather together* his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." (Matt. xxiv. 31.)

This gathering is in all places said to be the alone work of God, dependent upon nothing but the command of the Father, which precedes the declaration of it; it is, therefore, a certain security of the whole receiving their inheritance, and never failing of enjoying their spiritual Mate.

3. "And he hath cast the lot for them." The person here referred to is the Lord Jesus Christ, the spiritual Mate of his people; for "*he*" evidently refers to the noun "*mate*," whom I have before shown to be the Lord Jesus Christ; the "*them*" also refers to those who are written in the book, as all will understand.

The plain meaning of this "*them*" is, that Christ hath cast the lot for his people; and this is the third cause assigned for securing unto them the blessings before mentioned.

Now, God divided the land of Canaan to the Israelites by lot, and I believe that is what this figure refers to: "Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan, the *lot* of your inheritance;" (Psalm cv. 11.) the lot, therefore, was the inheritance which was given to Israel. Now, Israel natural was a type of spiritual Israel; and the land of Canaan was typical of the heavenly Canaan above, in which all the elect have an inheritance, and each one his spiritual portion; which, I believe, is enjoyment of our Mate here, and full glory with him hereafter. This was by Christ casting the lot for us, or, in plain terms, securing it to us by his suffering and death. This is the way, I believe, the Lord Jesus cast the lot for us. And he did it for all those "in the book." Hence Peter, you will find, refers his converts first to their experience, then to the book of life, and tells

hem of the security of these, basing all upon the work of Christ, in these words: "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall *never* fall; for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." (2 Peter iv. 10, 11.)

4. "And his hand hath divided it (that is, the lot) unto them by line." When any lot was to be cast for any tribe or people, it was generally divided unto them by line, that is, a line stretched from one extremity to the other, and so dividing it into so many parts: "He cast out the heathen also before them, and divided them an inheritance by line, and made the tribes of Israel to dwell in their tents." (Psalm lxxviii. 55.) So sometimes, when God deals out blessings to his people, this figure is made use of: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage." (Psalm xvi. 6.) This goodly heritage was the engagement of the Lord himself, as appears by the foregoing verse: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and my cup; thou maintainest my lot." This lot or inheritance, which was divided unto David by line, (for the same figure seems kept up,) was the Lord himself, as David plainly shows.

Now, it is said to be the hand of our Mate, even the Lord Jesus Christ, who hath divided this lot by line unto his people; and this he did when, by his sufferings, agony, and death, he stretched a line throughout all mankind, which went between the elect and the lost, to a very hair. And the one part is placed on the one side to enjoy a goodly heritage for ever, while the other is left on the other side to endure the calamity of Esau throughout eternity. Thus his lines went out into all the earth, and divided the earth, so that some die in a polluted land, (Amos vii. 17.) while he divided unto others an everlasting inheritance. (Psalm lxxviii. 55.)

And now that the Lord hath given four such certain securities to his poor people who are longing and pining for their Mate, that they shall surely have him, and never fail; all which securities are in himself, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one triune Jehovah; he follows up the subject with an additional declaration of their security, assuring us that, having such immutable things to depend on, we shall surely enjoy our lot for ever. He therefore says,

5. "They shall possess it for ever, from generation to generation shall they dwell therein." This shows that it is no earthly lot or inheritance which is to be possessed, for that could not be for ever. But this is an eternal lot which these people shall inherit; this lot, as I have before shewn, is neither more nor less than the Lord himself, which every longing soul pants after; and this precious lot "they shall possess for ever." Here they will enjoy those pleasures for evermore which David speaks of as coming from the presence of the Lord himself, and here too their joy will "be full," for he calls it *fulness* of joy.

Now, I want nothing else but this. This is the end of my aim, the object of my affection, and the fulness of my wishes, to enjoy the Lord himself to the fulness of my soul. We cannot be more than

full, or that would be promised too, but there we shall be *full*; *aye*, David once felt so full even here, that he said his cup ran over. Our capacity for the enjoyment of these pleasures will be vastly enlarged, but still we shall be *full*, and this fulness will last for ever: "In thy presence is *fulness* of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures *far evermore*," this is the blessed lot which all these written ones shall possess for ever.

6. "From generation to generation they shall dwell therein." This does not suppose any rotation of time in eternity, for that cannot be; generations will not come and go, as they do here. It is an earthly figure, made use of to accommodate the meaning to our conception; and the meaning of it is, that we shall eternally, without cessation or alteration, dwell in our spiritual Canaan and our heavenly inheritance. This heavenly heritage is likened to Canaan, Goshen, the new Jerusalem, and Mount Zion, but is in reality the presence and favour of God himself. This, the Lord says, these people shall possess for ever, and "from generation to generation they shall dwell therein."

Thus, then, have I gone through my subject as well as I could, and made it as plain as lay in my power. What I have meant to say about it, I know to be the truth of God; but whether I have been able or not to make clear what I meant to say, remains with my reader to decide. All I have to say further is simply this: May my reader be enabled by precious faith to find himself written in the book of God's revealed word, then may he conclude his name is in the book of life, and so have all the blessings contained in these verses, and escape the sword which hangs over the people of God's curse to judgment, and which will one day "come down," and "bathe itself in blood."

Hastings, 1850.

O.

DOES GOD EVER BLESS THE WORD OF A DEAD MINISTER?

My dear Sir,—I feel backward to write to strangers, for I know how easy it is to learn to talk and write about religion. Those who well know characters who profess experimental things are puzzled with many of them, and as God's children are puzzled with themselves, they need not be surprised that others cannot make them out. I like many things that you say in your letter, and I do hope that you belong to the favoured few that will endure to the end. You are young, and will have in time to prove the reality of the things that you profess. I trust that there is a true desire in you to be led and taught aright. With respect to your trial about your call by grace, I am not surprised. Toplady was much tried about the minister's not wearing well under whom he first was wrought upon; the first work might not then have been, it might have been before or after in the quickening of the soul; or, if it were then, might not a dead minister use the words of a gracious man and be blest? There is much said upon the subject about God's children being awakened under free will, or dark ministers. If you read Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," you will perceive that an ungodly woman rebuked him, which

had an effect on his mind. Some cannot tell what were their first convictions by the Spirit of God, for their worldliness for some time afterwards makes them to question what might have been the special beginning of God's work upon their souls. There must be a true repentance, or there will be no salvation. But the Lord has thought fit to lead his people in such a way as to keep down pride, and at the same time they cannot but believe, through grace, that they are amongst the favoured few that are called. Grace must be tried, and trials will come in one way or another; either about your calling, your deliverance, or about your sins before or after your calling, or about your unfruitfulness or unprofitableness. When the Lord blesses the poor sinner's soul, all is right. He then can believe and bless God for what he has done for him. I hope the Lord will be with you, to keep you in the midst of all the temptations to which you are exposed. It is a very great mercy indeed, if we are to be amongst those blessed people at Christ's right hand.

Yours in the truth,

Abingdon, Feb. 26th, 1847.

W. T.

ENDURE HARDNESS AS A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.

My beloved Friend,—I am still spared in my own land, on praying ground, and on pleading terms with the Lord, notwithstanding the many suggestions of Satan. He appears to have more infernal malice against me than against any one I meet. He tries very hard to drag my poor soul down to the bottomless pit; and I have feared sometimes that I should be really carried away by him, his infernal temptations have been so strong. But this portion of Scripture has been daily on my mind: "No murderer hath eternal life."

I can never forget what the Lord applied to my soul about two years ago. He promises, and afterwards fulfils. It is not for tongue to express what I felt at the time, for the Lord came down like showers on the mown grass, and caused my soul to spring up with praise, thanksgiving, and adoration unto the God of my salvation. He took me and endeared himself unto me, and afterwards revealed unto me that I should have to suffer many things for his name's sake. This appeared to fill me with alarm; when the feeling came; "If you be a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, you must not expect to be always at peace; you must go to war." I sank under it, and I cried to the dear Lord, and told him that I was one of the biggest cowards, and that the least temptation would be too much for me. But the dear Lord assured me that he would be with me; and the presence of the three-one God was as near and dear to my poor soul, as if he was in the very place with me. I thought I should have been obliged to leave my work and go to some friend to tell him, for I was as sure of it as I was of my own existence, and am up to this present day.

I believe there will be many afflictions and sorrows, much deadness and darkness, fightings within and wars without, for every good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have felt lately as if there was

nothing else for me during the rest of my pilgrimage through this ungodly world.

I remember once walking in the fields, and, when no eye saw me and no ear heard me, groaning out my petition unto the Lord. I shall never forget it, for it is what I shall have need of so long as my soul remains in the tabernacle of clay; and I believe unto this present moment that it was God the Spirit that spake these words to my soul: "I know what you want; you want the Lord Jesus Christ to take the reins of your soul in his hands, and to manage all your affairs for you, both spiritual and temporal." I thanked the dear Lord and blessed his precious name, and said, "Dear God, that is just what I do want; thou knowest what I want better than I do myself." The Lord knows that every tempted, tried, and exercised child will feel their need of Jehovah keeping a tight rein in his own hands, and governing them, and working all things for them after the counsel of his own will; and will feel their need of the great Captain and Governor of their souls going before them, to fight all their battles and overcome all their foes for them. Sometimes we have to fight against self, sometimes against professors, sometimes against the devil; and often our Captain hides himself behind a thick cloud, and it appears in the feelings of our soul as if the Lord had forsaken us, and our enemies appear to say, "The Lord has forsaken him, pursue him and take him." The Bible is a sealed book; the throne of grace is shut up; God hides his face; and the sun is shut up in darkness, with a tempting and roaring devil suggesting to one's mind that there is nothing but afflictions for one the remainder of our days in this present world.

Whilst I was having a solitary walk, sending up to the Lord many sighs, groans, and supplications, being much tried both in providence and grace, my soul seemed to sink within me; I was walking by the river side with a knife in my hand, when it was suggested to my mind that I had better drown myself; and it was suggested again, "You can easily cut your throat and fall into the water." I walked about a mile in this state, by the water, and it was still suggested that I had better do it, as there was no other way of getting out of the troubles and trials which I was then labouring under. I appeared like Job, for "I went forward, but he was not there; backward, but I could not perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I could not behold him; he hid himself on the right hand that I could not see him." All that I could get was these words: "No murderer hath eternal life."

I have been tried and tempted in this way more or less for the last month, and the devil tells me I need not go to hear preaching, for I shall get nothing there; and I seemed to believe it true, which made me very careless about going. As I was going up stairs once with a heavy heart, he told me I had better hang myself on the stairs. And one day, whilst at my work, I made sad lamentations unto the Lord about the many petitions that I had offered up that he would appear and enable me to resist the devil, and deliver me from under his temptation. Then the tormenting devil came again, and pre-

sented the rope and the beam in the place where I then was. These are some of the sorrows and afflictions which caused poor David to cry unto his God to save him; and David's God must save poor me, and deliver me out of this deep mire. There is no peace nor rest on this troubled ocean. We have to cry out with Peter, "Save, Lord, or I perish."

These are some of the things that the soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ have to fight with. It is a blessed thing, my dear friend, to be found faithful, and I thank my God that I cannot go hand in hand with a base professing world. It is my desire that I may have no fellowship with these that have no fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ. We had much better stand alone. John calls them a generation of vipers, and as I have been bitten by these vipers, I cannot seek them, but would rather flee from them. We shall have to feel, whilst these two armies are within us, as Paul says, "The flesh warreth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these two are contrary the one to the other, so that we cannot do the things that we would." This warfare will never be finally accomplished until our earthly tabernacle is pulled down by death, and we shall always find something, either within or without, to oppose the things of God. I meet with so much of this, that I am obliged to say, I have strength enough, but none to spare, to bear up under them. Any stinking carcass can go down with the stream, but God's dear children have to go against the stream. There have been so many sharp conflicts lately between the devil and my poor soul, that I have scarcely known at the time which side the victory would be on. But God says we shall come off more than conquerors, through him that loved us. Paul proved this to be true, after he had travelled much by night, and saw neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor yet broke his fast for many days; and so God's children have to prove it spiritually.

My soul has been much exercised about things that have been written and spoken against our dear minister, whom I had received as being sent of God, and believed that he was set over the little hill of Zion, of whose people I believe God has made me one. These things troubling me much, drove me to a throne of grace, with strong cries and supplications unto the Lord, to know if I was deceived in him or not; and I begged of the dear Lord, if he was not his servant that he would undeceive me, for I had received him as his servant; and as I was going the next day to hear him, I earnestly entreated the Lord, that if he had sent him to preach his gospel, and anointed him as his servant, that he would strengthen him in soul and body, and enable him as his instrument to enter into my state and case, that I might have a testimony in my own soul that he was God's servant. I went and sat down in the chapel, as miserable as it was possible I think for a man to be, under the things I have spoken of. He spoke from these words: "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake, having the same conflict which ye saw in me, and now hear to be in me." (Phil. i. 30, 31.) He entered so fully into my case, or

rather, the Holy Ghost by him, that I had a good time in hearing the word, and it gave me a blessed lift by the way; and I felt such a blessed union of soul to him, and had such faith given unto me to believe that he was a sent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and felt such a blessed spirit of praise and thanksgiving unto my dear Lord, that he had heard and answered my petitions, and given such a testimony in my own soul, that I could say with Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love that is in Christ Jesus our Lord? for I am persuaded that neither death nor life, principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able."

When I came out of the chapel, I said to a friend that had come from a distance to hear, "If this be a false prophet, may God send more of them, for truly the harvest is great, and the labourers but few." God declares that he is a faithful witness that delivereth souls; I for one can bear witness to this, for time after time I have proved it, and in many other striking instances I can bear testimony to it; so that it is not what man says or writes that moves those that are built on the Rock Christ Jesus. But let men and devils say what they will against our dear friend, whom my soul loveth, and shoot their fiery darts as they may, I believe in my very soul he will stand every storm, and live at last, to the praise of him who I believe has called him to be a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

These, dear friend, are some of the things that I have been labouring under since I last wrote to you. God declares that all things shall work together for good to them who are the called according to his purpose; and if these are among the "all things," and work for my spiritual good, and the good of my soul, I will bless and praise him for it; and then shall we understand what Paul says, "These light afflictions, that are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I shall be glad to hear from you, and to hear what has been going on in your soul since I last wrote. May every covenant blessing attend you, is the desire and prayer of your unworthy friend,

T. B.

Stamford, May, 1847.

FAITH'S VICTORY.

We now proceed to another point of faith, and a choice one too, very savoury and nourishing to a true believer. Peter tells us that "faith purifies the heart," (Acts xv. 9;) and John affirms, "This is the victory whereby we overcome the world, even our faith," (John v. 4;) and he tells us what he means by the world, even "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." (1 John ii. 16.) Does your faith overcome "the lust of the flesh," making you victorious over your palate, and over outward pollution, and inward uncleanness? Does your faith overcome "the lust of the eye," and keep your heart from grasping after more wealth, more preferment, or more honours? Having food and raiment, have you learnt therewith to be content? (1 Tim. vi. 8.) Does your faith overcome

"the pride of life," and prevent your being charmed with a lofty house, rich furniture, genteel equipage, and splendid raiment? Does it make you sick of earthly vanities, and draw your hearts to things above? If you are a slave to these matters, and a quiet slave, you may keep your faith; Satan will not steal it from you. The devils do "believe and tremble," but are devils still. One point more, and we have done. Faith is not only intended to *pacify* the conscience and *purify* the heart, but also to *rescue* the mind from earthly troubles. Scripture promises are real bank notes of heaven and the riches of believers, who do not live on stock-in-hand, but traffic with this paper currency. Where divine faith is found, it takes the notes to Christ's bank, and receives the cash. But human faith cannot traffic with this paper; it reads the notes, and owns them good, but dares not take them to the skies for payment. No faith can act on God but that which comes from God. Prayer of faith, exercised with perseverance, surely brings deliverance; if not immediately, yet at a proper season; and till deliverance comes, the mind is stayed on God and kept in perfect peace. Faith picks the thorns out of the flesh, and takes the rankling pain away before the wound is healed. The prop of God's faithful word cannot break; and a human heart resting firmly on it never can sink. In speculation, it seems as easy to trust a faithful God as to trust an upright man; but in practice it is found otherwise. When trials come, men cannot trust a faithful God without divine assistance; so trust him as to cast their burden on him, and obtain his perfect peace. Faith is just the same thing now it was in Abraham's day, who "against hope believed in hope." (Rom. iv. 18.) He had no human prospect of an heir, and yet expected one, relying *wholly* on God's naked promise; and a naked promise is the whole support of divine faith. Now, Jesus Christ will admit no partner for our faith. He is worthy of full credit, and expects it; and we must either look to him *alone*, or look to be confounded. He will be all or nothing.—*Berridge*.

THE LAST DAYS OF MR. S. PEGG, OF BURNHAM, NORFOLK.

My late dear friend's death, of which the following is a short account, took place last July.

For several years preceding his death, the Lord had made him decided in the doctrines of truth, and he, with a few others, met together on the Lord's day to read the printed sermons of ministers sent by God.

Throughout his illness, which the Lord enabled him to bear with great patience, although it was very lingering, he never manifested the least wish to recover, but his constant desire was to be translated into that kingdom whose inhabitants are free from sin, sorrow, and trouble, and where the redeemed of every nation, tribe, and tongue adore and bless the grace of him who called them from darkness into light, and enabled them to wash their robes and make them

white in the blood of the Lamb. He constantly walked up and down his room, repeating the beautiful lines of Cennick's hymn,

"They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see;"

and he appeared to rejoice at the thought of being soon with that blood-bought throng (to use his own expression) who now surround the throne of the Lamb, and accompany their praises on harps of gold.

He had at times, however, darkness of soul, up to almost three weeks before his death; but being enabled to walk to the meeting three Lord's days preceding his death, (from doing which he had been prevented for some time before, which was a great trial to him,) the Lord graciously smiled upon his soul, and he received a blessing which cheered him and animated him to his last moments; tears of joy fell from his eyes, and his love to the blessed Jesus was manifested by the strain in which he sang the sweet hymn of Kent,

"'Tis with the righteous well."

Many of the congregation were overcome, and compelled to weep with him; his soul appeared to be above the earth, and to enjoy communion with the saints surrounding the throne of the Lamb. We read a sermon, published in the "Zoar Pulpit," from the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," which was so applicable and blessed to him, that on his way home from the meeting he constantly exclaimed aloud those words, and also the words of the hymn. During the remainder of his illness he never complained of darkness, and his soul appeared to lie passive in the hands of God.

The last few hours before his death, he was unable to speak, and it plainly appeared to those around him, that his dissolution was nigh; he suffered much in the last struggle.

The evening preceding his death a few friends called to see him, and although unable to speak, he motioned for one of them to engage in prayer, and by his utterance, although inarticulate, manifested that his soul was panting after Jesus. The following afternoon his departure took place.

He is now beyond the reach of sickness; uninterrupted felicity is his portion for ever and ever. He is now amongst that number whose glory and happiness consist in ascribing praises to the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, for every chosen vessel of mercy. His harp is tuned for ever, his soul is perfect and unblameable, through the righteousness of Jesus; and the Mighty Captain of our Salvation has taken another from this pilgrimage state, and from the harassings of Satan, to adorn his crown, which is composed of jewels; although the vilest in their own feelings, yet, as clothed in his perfect righteousness, pure before the eyes of the holy God.

[Mr. Pegg was, we believe, an intimate friend of the late Mr. Cressy, of March, Isle of Ely; and to him many of Mr. C.'s published letters were addressed.]

POPERY.

III.

I. THE CHARACTER OF POPERY, AS POINTED OUT IN THE PROPHETICAL SCRIPTURES.

In our examination of the great "Mystery of Iniquity," which, from the name of its head, is called Popery, we cannot attach too much importance to the delineation given of it in the Scriptures of truth. Human authorities are fallible; historical data are often uncertain, and need scrutiny more extensive, as well as research more deep and close, than most persons are in a position to give; and argumentation, except upon scriptural grounds, with an antagonist so subtle and so unscrupulous as Rome, is generally worse than useless. No weapon but "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," can pierce this Leviathan, the crooked serpent, this dragon that is in the sea. At all other weapons he laughs. "He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood; the arrow cannot make him flee; sling stones are turned with him into stubble." (Job xli. 27, 28.) Only "He that made him can make his sword approach unto him." When God, therefore, would pierce this Leviathan, he raised up Luther to draw the sword of the Spirit from the sheath. Many attempts had previously been made to shake off the incubus under which Europe groaned. Gerson¹ had written and preached; Germany had sent forth her "hundred grievances;"² Erasmus³ had written his witty "*Encomium Morie*," or Praise of Folly, and his pungent "Colloquies;" but all without effect.⁴ They were carnal weapons, which pierced not the scales of the Leviathan, "shut up together as with a close seal." The time was not come for a mightier weapon to leap forth. This was framed in a lonely cell, in the burdened heart of a pale-faced monk, driven almost to madness by temptation, guilt, bondage, and fear. But deliverance is at hand. In his convent at Erfurt Luther finds a Latin Bible chained, as books then usually were, to the library shelf. In this he reads night and day. Out of this book God teaches him how a poor sinner is saved, and seals salvation on his heart. He believes and loves. What is not that word of truth ever after, which has brought salvation into his soul? Thus in a gloomy cell, in the bosom of a lonely monk, worn down with temptation and sorrow, begins the Reformation.⁵ The word of God in Luther's soul—that is the sword which is to strike at the heart of Antichrist. This is not the learning of Gerson, nor the jeers of Erasmus, but

"The sword

Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was given him, temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge;"

and the Reformation began; that Reformation for which thousands will bless God to all eternity. In the whole character of Luther there is no feature so prominent as his intense regard for God's word. When, then, as he searched that word with trembling heart, his eye fell upon the track of Antichrist, and it flashed upon his soul, "THE POPE IS HE," the sword was drawn from its sheath, never to be returned to it again whilst the tongue could speak or the fingers write. If, then, the battle is again to be fought, it must be with the same weapon. By "It is written," "It is written," must Satan be resisted and foiled by the members, as he was by their suffering Head in the wilderness, on the exceeding high mountain, and on the pinnacle of the temple. (Matt. iv. 1—10.) "The word of God which abideth for ever"—that word of truth of which, "though earth and heaven shall pass away, yet shall not one jot or tittle pass away"—

those "scriptures" which "cannot be broken"—that word which God "magnifieth above all his name"—whatever else we give up, by that may we ever hold. And as, in tender mercy to his church, the Lord has revealed in this word of truth the features of Antichrist, may he enable us to read with an enlightened eye the description which the blessed Spirit has there so clearly and vividly traced out.

Feeling, then, the importance of adhering closely to the blessed Scriptures, we resume our inquiry into *the prophetic aspect* of Popery. As in our last Number we confined our attention chiefly to what we consider to be the clearest portraiture of Antichrist given in the Old Testament, we purpose now to examine what appears to be the most distinct and striking in the New. This we believe to be contained in 2 Thess. ii. 1—12, the remarkable prophecy of "the Man of Sin," the Lawless or "Wicked" One, who is to be consumed "with the spirit (or breath) of Christ's mouth, and to be destroyed with the brightness of his coming." This, we hope to show, is, in its main outlines, a prophetic delineation of the features of the Romish Antichrist.

The apostles in their ministry dwelt much on the second coming of the Lord Jesus. Paul especially made it a prominent feature in his preaching and writing. This led the Thessalonian church to expect this coming as close at hand, indeed, as all but immediate. To correct this error, the apostle addresses to them his Second Epistle, in order to instruct them, and the church of God in all ages through them, that between their time and the brightness of the Lord's coming, there would intervene a wide breadth of dark shadow; "that the day of Christ should not come except there came a falling away first, (literally, "*the apostasy*,"") and the man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition."

When a ship leaves a harbour, where for months she has lain quietly embosomed, to traverse the wide waste of waters, the pilot's eye, as he firmly grasps her helm, is fixed, sometimes on the buoys that mark her channel, and sometimes on the landmarks which direct her course. In the word of truth, the Blessed Spirit has laid down for the ship of the church her buoys and landmarks. Be it ours, in our present exposition, to steer closely by them.

1. The main feature of this remarkable prophecy is, that there should be a "*falling away*," an *apostasy*, before the second coming of the Lord Jesus. There was to be a signal and awful departure from the faith, doctrine, and practice of the apostles. To point this out more clearly, the apostle uses in the original the definite article *the*, "*the apostasy*," meaning thereby the particular apostasy which had been revealed to him by the Blessed Spirit as about to arise, and which he had mentioned to them when with them face to face; as he reminds them: "Remember ye not, that when I was yet with you, I told you these things?" (2 Thess. ii. 5.) By the use of the definite article, then, he signalizes this as *the* grand apostasy, that great, and terrible, and general departure from the truth of the gospel, which most certainly would come to pass. Let us fix our eye upon this landmark.

An apostasy, then, was to take place, and that not of isolated churches, still less of individuals; on such comparative minutiae prophecy does not dwell. Nor should it be a passing cloud that might for a while dim the face of the sun without robbing the day of its general warmth and brightness. It was rather to be a long eclipse—a darkness so deep and protracted that it would be as if the sun went down at noon. This could only be by "*a falling away*," an apostasy from the truth, all but universal. The word means literally,

"a standing off from," and in the New Testament is used to signify a departing from the faith; (1 Tim. iv. 1;) "a departing from the living God;" (Heb. iii. 12;) the word being in the original the same in the above-named passages, and implying a revolt, a defection from the truth of the gospel, a standing away from it as a ship stands off from the shore, or a desertion of its principles as a rebel deserts from the banner of his sovereign.

Now, of what general departure from the gospel is this true but Romanism? Heresies and errors have, it is true, arisen in the visible church in all ages; but they have for the most part been fleeting and short-lived; at any rate, they have not been built up into a widespread system. But Popery has systematized falsehood and stereotyped error. Every gospel truth she has adulterated, falsified, or anathematized. Instead of one Mediator, she has made thousands. The Virgin Mary she worships as the "Morning Star," "the Mother of God," "the Hope of Mankind," "the Queen of Heaven," "the Faithful Mediatrix," "the Gate of Heaven," the "Ark of the Covenant," the "Refuge of Sinners," the "Comforter of the Afflicted;"⁶ thus idolatrously applying epithets to a poor frail woman, that are due to the Lord Jesus alone. Justification by Christ's righteousness she has anathematized, and justification by works set up. The one sacrifice of Christ for sin she has virtually disannulled, by offering up millions of masses, their continual repetition implying, according to the apostle's argument, (Heb. x. 1, 2,) that the sacrifice offered on Calvary was imperfect and insufficient. His priesthood she has degraded, by setting up sacrificing priests on earth, reviving as it were, a Levitical priesthood; or rather, like Jeroboam, consecrating priests of her own arbitrary will. (1 Kings xii. 31.) His prophetic office she has set aside, by making the Pope her infallible Head; and his kingly office she has abrogated, by setting up in his name, and by his pretended authority, an earthly rule. All these daring acts of rebellion she has framed into a system compact and firm, of which she will not sacrifice one tittle, which she guards where she can by bayonets, sanctions by curses, enforces by the rack, and imposes by shot and shell,⁷ sword and fire.⁸ And, to add to her daring rebellion, this earthly, mundane, hypocritical system she has set up as the only true religion, and proclaims herself as the only true church, out of whose pale salvation there is none. It is this feature that marks the Romish system as an apostasy—that is, a deliberate departure from the truth of the gospel; not a backsliding through temptation, but a wilful rebellion against the Lord Jesus.

2. "*And that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition.*" "The man of sin" is a Hebrew idiom, and a most expressive one, to signify possession. So "a man of blood," (2 Sam. xvi. 7, *margin*.) means a bloody man, and "men of renown," (Gen. vi. 4,) men possessed of renown, renowned and celebrated men, literally, "men of name." Thus this man pointed out by the finger of prophecy is not merely a sinner, for that all are by nature, elect and reprobate; (Rom. iii. 23;) nor a sinful man, for that the elect are after calling; (Luke v. 8;) nor a man of sin, *i.e.*, a man possessed of sin and possessed by sin, for that the finally impenitent are; but "**THE MAN OF SIN,**" *the* man emphatically such, the man of men, the sinner of sinners, the man to whom sin is a god, the man who has sanctified, worshipped, and given form and body to sin; in a word, the man who by every word and action has said with Satan, his prototype, "Evil, be thou my good!"

But the words deserve and demand a fuller comment. By "man" we are to understand not a single individual, but a series, a succession of men, all so thoroughly imbued with *one* principle, *one* system of policy, *one* line of action, that they may be viewed, not as many individuals, but

one.* The Scripture often uses this mode of expression. Thus the series of kings who should rule over the children of Israel is spoken of (Deut. xvii. 14—20) as “the king;” and so Samuel says to them: “This will be the manner of *the king*” (i.e., kings) “that shall reign over you.” (1 Sam. viii. 11.) In a similar way, the succession of high priests under the law is spoken of as “the high priest.” (Heb. ix. 25.) Or in the same manner as the true church is represented (Rev. xii. 1) under the emblem of a woman clothed with the sun, and the false church under the figure of a woman arrayed in purple and scarlet: so “the man of sin” may be the emblem of a system of sin embodied in and carried out by a series of men.

Christ came to set up a kingdom of holiness in the hearts and lives of men. “The man of sin” has set up in the place of, and in opposition to this kingdom of holiness, the kingdom of ungodliness. This setting up of a counter empire, an antagonist sovereignty, stamps him as the great Antichrist. The word “Antichrist” admits of two meanings, the Greek preposition, *anti*, signifying two things: 1, “instead of, in the place and room of;” and 2, “contrary to.” The Pope is Antichrist in both senses. By calling himself Christ’s vicar he makes himself Christ’s substitute, thrusts himself forward into Christ’s place; and by becoming Christ’s substitute he virtually becomes Christ’s foe. One idea implies the other. Lordship implies unity: “To us there is *one* Lord, Jesus Christ.” (1 Cor. viii. 6.) Another lord is a rebel. When Charles Edward, commonly called the Young Pretender, proclaimed at Perth, in 1745, his father King of Great Britain, by putting him forward in the place of the lawful king, he put him in opposition to the lawful king. And thus Antichrist, by claiming to be Christ’s vicar, proclaims himself an enemy and a rebel.

Before his ascension, the Lord Jesus said to his disciples, “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.” (Matt. xxviii. 18.) To whom, then, has he delegated his power on earth? Miserable men must we be if we are to be governed by a viceroy—and that a poor carnal wicked creature, full of pride and earthly lusts, a bondsman to sin and Satan! “And lo, *I am with you always*, even unto the end of the world.” What need, then, of Pope? Were he even a true servant of Christ we should want him not. If we have the Master, what need of the man? If we have the presence, love, and power of the God-Man with us, in us, round us, for us, what need of his vicar two thousand miles off, at Rome? He might be the best of men, and yet we can do very well without him. But when a slave to pride and lust, a vassal of Satan, who has to run away from his own people in a footman’s livery, presumes to call himself the Vicar of Christ upon earth—to be to us in the place of (for that is the meaning of the word vicar) the blessed Jesus, all we can say is, “Away with thee, thou rebel in chief, thou apostate, thou man of sin! Show us thy commission. Point out chapter and verse in the word of God where the blessed Lord said, ‘I appoint the Bishop of Rome my Vicar on earth.’ If thou canst not do that, thou art an arrant impostor.”

But to our proofs that Rome is guilty of rebellion against the Lord Jesus. *Her head and chief has assumed divine attributes.*

1. *Infallibility* is one. The only wise God is alone infallible. That a fallen creature, a mass of ignorance and folly, a sensual, earthly-minded monk, a poor blind wretch with a thick veil of unbelief over his heart, cradled in superstition, nursed in doctrines of devils, and bewitched with idolatry—that such an unregenerate, and for the most part ungodly worldling, should have the daring arrogance to claim infallibility! in other words, that he can make no mistakes, broach no errors, and that his decisions should be as certain as the inspired truth of God itself!

Can anything be more monstrous? None but God can be infallible. Peter erred once and again; and for his error in withdrawing from the Gentile brethren was reprov'd by Paul to his face. (Gal. ii. 11—14.) And if Peter erred, what guarantee is there that his successor should not? A poor fallen creature infallible!—not liable in his decisions to make any error or mistake! And will you burn us if we don't believe such a monstrous tissue of absurdity? Why, this is adding the cruelty of hell to the lies of the devil!

2. *To pardon sin* is the sole attribute of God. "Who can forgive sins but God alone?" (Luke v. 21.) Reason and revelation alike declare that He against whom the sin has been committed alone can remit the penalty due to it. Rome, however, basing her pretensions on the gift to Peter of the keys of heaven, boldly claims power to bind and loose, shut up hell and open heaven. Were it only for a moment admitted that such absolute authority were given to Peter's person, not to Peter's doctrine, (two things widely different,) we should still want scriptural proof that the same authority was entailed upon his successors. An earthly gift does not pass to heirs unless it be specifically named. And how can we think that a gift involving such tremendous consequences as the salvation or damnation of souls, could have passed to such heirs of Peter as Borgia and other Papal "monsters," to use the words of their own annalists,¹⁰ without express warrant of Holy Writ? Men whom their own poets have placed in hell¹¹ could not hold the keys that open those dreary portals. Who but the "man of sin," the man who is all sin, drenched and saturated with it, possessed by it, and given up to it, who but he whose being and element, name and nature is sin, could mount to such heights of daring impiety as to curse whom God has blessed, and bless whom God has cursed? Balaam never ventured upon such awful rebellion. Balaam, though he loved the wages of unrighteousness, dared not curse whom God had not cursed, nor defy whom the Lord had not defied. (Num. xxiii. 8.) But this three-crowned monarch, seated on the seven hills, has cursed, by bell, book, and candle, the excellent of the earth, the saints in whom God has delight. Well, therefore, is he called "that lawless one," (in our version, that "wicked,") who has trampled down all laws, human and divine. He is thus identified with "the little horn," (Dan. vii. 25,) who "thinks"—yes, "thinks," making his own thoughts his guide and rule—"to change times and laws." This he has done by his indulgences and absolutions, vesting in a piece of paper to be bought for a shilling or two,¹² or in a lewd monk shut up in a box,¹³ the sole attribute of God—the *pardon of sin*.

Mercenary impostor! that pretendest to sit in Peter's chair, doling out thy pardons at a shilling a piece! What would Peter have said to thee, with thy tinkling money chests, thou that trafficest with the souls of men? (Rev. xviii. 13.) What would the inspired fisherman of the Galilean lake have said to thee, but the burning words that he addressed to thy father, Simon Magnus: "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money?" (Acts viii. 20.)

"*The son of perdition.*" A second Judas, as bearing the same title: "And none of them is lost but *the son of perdition.*" (John xvii. 12.) Not a successor of Peter, but a successor of Judas—a Judas incarnate; he thy head, father, and prototype! Was not Judas a thief? and who such a thief as Rome? Before old John Knox thundered and lightened her away, she had filched half the landed property of Scotland;¹⁴ and in Germany, before Luther drove her from her pride of place, she had clutched about the same proportion. And what goodly

manors, broad acres, sloping hills, fertile valleys, noble lands and houses, now ducal seats, did Rome once, in this, our own country, in days of yore, not steal from widows and orphans, by sending her priestly vultures round the dying bed of knights and barons to croak damnation in their ears unless they redeemed their souls by gifts to the church!

And this Judas is in the land still, carrying the bag and putting into its capacious mouth bequest after bequest,¹⁵ knowing well that money is power, the grand lever that moves the world.

Like Judas, too, the Man of Sin kisses whom he betrays, and betrays whom he kisses. Rome wants no spiritual conversions. Such she derides as fanaticism. She receives into her bosom all who embrace her creed and submit to her authority. No work of grace, no change of heart, no new spirit is required to become a true son of the Papal church. This at once stamps her as a false church, in setting up a form without power, a Christianity without Christ, and a mere ceremony instead of the quickening operations of the Holy Spirit.

But here we must abruptly break off, as our subject is still wide, and we do not wish to occupy with it too many of our pages.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

¹ Gerson was a man of amazing learning and influence, chancellor of the University of Paris about the end of the fourteenth century. He appeared at the Council of Constance as the ambassador of Charles IV., King of France, and the representative of the French Church and of the University of Paris. In that assembly he exercised an immense influence, particularly in the deposition of Pope John XXIII., who had succeeded Alexander V. In all his speeches and in all his writings he maintained that the Church had the right to make reforms, not only with relation to her members, but even to her chief; that it had the right of convoking a council without the consent of the Pope, whenever he refused to give it. He also maintained that it was necessary to convoke councils, general as well as particular, to abolish the *annates*, (i. e., firstfruits of all livings,) and to extirpate simony, which was then very common, &c. By his influence he established, as a basis of all the decrees of councils, the doctrine of the supremacy of the Church over the Pope in matters of faith and discipline.

² The Imperial Diet (a kind of parliament of the states of the German Empire) made a catalogue of the burdens and exactions of the Romish Church under which Germany groaned, and published it under the title of "*Centum Gravamina Nationis Germanicæ*;" i. e., "A Hundred Grievances of the German Nation." As this State paper was drawn up by the princes and nobles of Germany before the Reformation, it is an authentic document of great importance, as setting forth in the clearest manner what unchecked, unbridled Popery is.

³ In his "Praise of Folly," seven editions of which were sold in a few months, Erasmus lashes with the most cutting satire the priests and monks, and even does not spare the Pope himself. "Are there," he asks, "more formidable enemies of the Church than those impious Pontiffs who, by their silence, allow Jesus Christ to be disannulled; who bind him by their mercenary laws, falsify him by their erroneous interpretations, and strangle him by their pestilential life?"

In the same work he thus satirizes the prevailing saint-worship of the time. "Do we not see each country laying claim to its particular saint? Each misery has its saint and candle. This one relieves you in toothache, that one gives assistance in childbirth; a third restores your stolen goods, a fourth saves you in shipwreck, and a fifth keeps watch over your flocks. Some of these are all-powerful in many things at once. This is particularly the case with the Virgin, the mother of God, to whom the vulgar attribute almost more than to her Son." His "Colloquies" are dialogues, written in the most elegant style, and full of wit and humour, exposing the crimes, follies, and vices of the

monks; and had a most extensive sale. To use the words of D'Aubigné, from whom we have borrowed the above: "The works of Erasmus rapidly succeeded each other. He laboured incessantly, and his writings were read just as they came from his pen. That spirit, that native life, that rich, refined, sparkling, and bold intellect which, without restraint, poured out its treasures before his contemporaries, carried away and entranced vast numbers of readers, who eagerly devoured the works of the philosopher of Rotterdam."

4 D'Aubigné, in the first book of his "History of the Reformation," has given an admirable sketch of the state of matters before the Reformation.

5 The Reformation, as a history, cannot be understood without a knowledge of the experience of Luther. The Reformation in Germany, was in fact, a drawing out of Luther's heart. As he felt, he wrote; as light broke in, he threw the sparks forth all over Germany with vigorous hand. Thus, in the admirable providence of God, the truth came hot out of his soul, in thoughts that breathe and words that burn. From this circumstance, that the Reformation was as it were moulded in the heart of Luther, and gradually evolved, sprang three remarkable effects on which, humanly speaking, the success of the Reformation depended:

1. The truth came forth, not as a dry, dogmatic system, but impregnated with life and power. 2. Thus it was gradually received into the hearts of men. The full blaze of truth would have, as it were, dazzled them, and their eyes might have been almost blinded with the excess of light. But in grace as in nature, light dawning gradually upon their minds, fitted their eyes for the rising sun. It thus resembled the Lord's own ministry, who taught his disciples as they were able to bear it. 3. The Reformation being thus gradual, Rome was unprepared to meet it. The reigning Pope, (Leo X.,) buried in luxury, was too indolent to trouble himself with what he considered a mere monkish squabble in an obscure corner of Germany. When Prierias showed him some of Luther's writings against indulgences, all that he said was, "Brother Martin is a man of very fine genius, and these squabbles are merely the effervescence of monastic envy." Rome was in fact, in the wise providence of God, asleep in self-confident security. Her language was that of the haughty king of old: "My hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people: and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped." (Isaiah x. 14.) And thus was "the candle lighted," as old Latimer said at the stake, which we trust God will never permit to be put out.

6 This is but a selection of epithets from forty-four of a similar character, taken from the "*Litany of our Lady of Loretto*," in "the Garden of the Soul," thus sanctioned by Dr. Walsh, Roman Catholic Bishop of the Midland district: "The present edition of the '*Garden of the Soul*' receives my cordial approbation, and is recommended by me to the general use of the clergy and laity.

"+ THOMAS WALSH."

7 Witness the proceedings of France at Tahiti, the whole object of which was to destroy the Protestant missionary establishments and set up Popery. When the Queen of the Island resisted this attempt, the French frigate opened her guns on the defenceless inhabitants.

8 When Magdeburg, a wealthy and important Protestant city in Germany, was taken by storm by the Roman Catholic army, under Tilly, May 10th, 1631, it was given to pillage for three days, 30,000 inhabitants put to the sword, and the whole city reduced to ashes, except the cathedral, one of the churches, and about one hundred and thirty houses.

9 "All the maxims of the Papal government were steady and invariable. Every new pontiff adopted the plan of his predecessor. By education and habit, ecclesiastics were so formed, that the character of the individual was sunk in that of the profession, and the passions of the man were sacrificed to the interest and honour of the order.

"The hands which held the reins of administration might change, but the spirit which conducted them was always the same. While the measures of other governments fluctuated, and the objects at which they aimed varied, the Church

of Rome kept one end in view; and to this unrelaxing constancy of pursuit it was indebted for its success in the boldest attempts ever made by human ambition."—*Dr. Robertson.*

10 "What, then, was the face of the holy Roman Church! How foul, when at Rome most powerful as well as most vile harlots reigned, at whose will episcopal sees were changed, bishops appointed, and, what is horrible and dreadful to hear, their paramours (false popes) were intruded into the seat of Peter." "What sort of cardinal priests and deacons can one think were chosen by these monsters, since there is no principle so firmly rooted in nature as that like begets like?"—*Baronius*, Vol. x. p. 679.

11 Dante, the famed Italian poet, and himself a strict Catholic, in his "*Inferno*," Canto XIX, places Pope Nicholas III. in hell, and represents him as anticipating there the speedy arrival of the then reigning Pope, Boniface VIII.

12 "In the same year, 1709, the privateers of Bristol took a galleon, in which they found five hundred bales of bulls for indulgences, and sixteen rams were in a bale. So they reckoned the whole came to 3,840,000. These bulls are imposed on the people and sold, the lowest at three rials, a little more than twenty pence; but to some at about eleven pounds of our money. All are obliged to buy them in Lent."—*Milner.*

13 The confessional, in which the priest sits to hear confession, is a kind of box or closet, perforated on one side with holes or slits, through which the professing penitent whispers into the priest's ear, and he in turn through the same aperture whispers absolution.

14 "The corruptions by which the Christian religion was universally depraved, before the Reformation, had grown to a greater height in Scotland than in any other nation within the pale of the Western Church.

"The full half of the wealth of the nation belonged to the clergy; and the greater part of this was in the hands of a few of their number, who had the command of the whole body."—*M'Crie's "Life of John Knox."*

15 A case is now before one of our courts of law, in which a Romish priest is represented to have forced himself into the sick room of a French emigrant, who he learnt was possessed of a large sum (£7,000) in the English funds; terrified him into a deed of gift of the greater part to a female school in connexion with the priest's chapel, and had the money transferred about an hour before the poor man died, whom he never visited after he had obtained the deed.

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

While the mariner uses the loadstone, the philosopher may attempt to investigate the cause; but, after all, in steering through the ocean, he can make no other use of it than the mariner.—*Newton.*

I have been to some other (O if I could to myself!) holding out to read and study God well, and make the serious thoughts of a God-head, and a Godhead in Christ, the work, and the only work, all the day. O we are little with God, and do all without God! We sleep and wake without him; we eat, we speak, we journey, we go about worldly business and our calling without God! And, considering what deadness there is upon the hearts of many, it were good that some did not pray without God, and preach and praise, and read and confer of God, without God. It is universally complained of that there is a strange deadness upon the land and on the hearts of his people. O if we could help it! But he that waters every moment his garden of red wine must help it. I believe he will burn the briars and the thorns that come against him.—*Rutherford.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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WILLIAM HARLEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CALL TO THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY, TOGETHER WITH THE OPPOSITION HE MET WITH, AND HIS PROCEED- INGS THEREON.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."—EPHESIANS iii. 8.

"And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee: for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."—JEREMIAH i. 19.

(Continued from page 114.)

I have already hinted that hitherto I could never think that the time was come for me to enter upon that work I had so many years desired, and secretly hoped, I should one day be employed in. At length, God was pleased providentially to bring me into it, and at a time when I thought but little of it, and by means that I never could have thought of.

About the beginning of the year 1754, I was providentially called to the city of Coventry, where was a small company of about sixteen souls, who were reputed Methodists, though they had never heard any of the preachers so called, save only Mr. Whitefield, who had preached once or twice in Coventry Park. These persons were professed members of the Established Church, but had for some years kept up a religious conference every week, at which they were used constantly to read some part of Mr. Burkitt's work on the New Testament, which means God had so blessed to them, that I found them really awakened to a serious concern of soul about their eternal state. They could now no longer be satisfied with the doctrine they heard at their own church, and would have been

glad to go to "the meeting," but that the minister upon seeing any of them was sure to make them the butt of his raillery, only because they were reputed Methodists; a fault the more inexcusable as he was otherwise a gospel preacher, or, in other words, one that did indeed preach Christ and him crucified, "the wisdom of God and the power of God to every one that believeth." (1 Cor. i. 23, 24.)

This put them upon writing to Mr. Whitefield, or Mr. Wesley, to desire them to send down a preacher. Now, though they had never heard Mr. Wesley, they had read some of his books, and so had they Mr. Whitefield's Sermons. But, as is natural for young converts, they wanted to be doing something; and Mr. Wesley's works being mostly of that stamp, they gave him the preference, and to him they wrote more than once; but no minister came, nor any answer to their letters.

About this time it was that I was called thither, charged with a letter to the principal of them, one Mr. C., a schoolmaster, though on no religious account, but respecting some business I went about. As soon as Mr. C. saw me, he imagined me to be a Methodist preacher; and without staying to open the letter, ran with seeming transport to tell his wife that a preacher was come. When he returned, he read the letter and found out his mistake. Nevertheless, he invited me to stop and take tea with him, as he was desirous of having some conversation with me. He informed me of their condition, as above related, and told me they were used to meet at his house every Lord's day morning and evening, and every Wednesday evening, to engage in prayer and singing of hymns; and sometimes, on a Lord's day, they were used to read a sermon.

Before we parted, he requested I would let them have my company at their meeting, which would take place that night. I accordingly promised to be there, and being met, they requested me to take up some time in prayer with them, which I did. And now they requested that I would undertake, if not then, at some future time, to preach to them. I told them that I had never done such a thing as preach; but the answer they made me was, They were sure I could, if I would. I told them that I durst not attempt till I was better satisfied from God about it.

The next Lord's day I met with them again, and some of them afterwards went with me to the meeting. The dissenters seeing me a stranger, and coming with the reputed Methodists, looked upon me in the same light as Mr. C. had done, taking me for a Methodist preacher; yet wondering, if I were such, that I came to the meeting, as the Methodists in general are professed Churchmen, and direct their hearers to attend there. This, as some of them afterwards informed me, excited their curiosity to inquire of Mr. C. when I was going to preach, as they had a desire to come and hear me. Mr. C. did not undeceive them by letting them know I was not a preacher; for as they wanted to get me to it, so he only told them he would let them know some time. I suppose my answer to their request had left them room enough to expect such a thing from me.

The next Wednesday evening, when I met with them, I was relating some of God's dealings with my soul in order to my conversion, when with greater unanimity and solicitation they renewed their request that I would preach. I told them that it might be that when we met the next Lord's day, God might give me a word to speak to them; on which Mr. C. immediately went and told the dissenters beforementioned that I was to preach the next Lord's day at night. I had no thought of any such thing, I only meant to speak a few words by way of private exhortation, as I had often heard done among Mr. Whitefield's people. Nor did he inform me of it until the time of our meeting was come, when seeing so many of the dissenters there and coming in, I said to Mr. C., that if I had known there would have been any beside themselves, as usual, I did not know that I should have come. He told me they were come to hear me preach, and that I must not disappoint them; for he had told them I was to preach. So saying, he turned away from me, leaving me in a small closet which he used for his own private devotion.

I had now no longer opportunity of putting the work from me, yet I was afraid of making the attempt, lest I should not be carried through, and thereby open the mouths of the enemies of religion. In this difficulty I was obliged to make God my refuge, and apply to him by earnest prayer, either to be pleased to help me through it, or by some means prevent my making the attempt. Methought to go away and say nothing would be very near akin to that which I feared, and I therefore rather prayed for help, as it was a work that my soul also desired.

After some short time in prayer, I was a little encouraged by these words, "Fear not," but was almost as instantly discouraged by this thought which followed them: Ay, but he does not say "I am with you." (Isaiah xli. 10.) Surely I may say Satan stood at my right hand ready to resist. (Zech. iii. 1.)

Necessity, however, obliged me to continue incessant in prayer, when the apostle's words dropped upon my mind, "Brethren, pray for us." (1 Thess. v. 25.)

As these words so suited my case, they abode upon my mind, and I presently saw in them the privilege of prayer; Secondly, the nature of prayer; Thirdly, the Object of prayer, which is God; Fourthly, the subject of prayer. The ministers of Christ and their need of prayer were evinced to me from my own present experience; and I therefore prayed that I might be helped to make them the words of my discourse; so after a few minutes more spent in mental prayer, I went into the school-room to the people, and began to sing a hymn; and I must own that all the time of singing I was somewhat straitened. But when I began prayer, even before I had offered one petition, while I was making my address to God, I had that liberty which is desirable, and it was to me as though there had been none else present with me. When prayer was ended, I read the text; and I think I may say, to the praise and goodness of God, that I was helped and enabled to speak from the words. After the exercise was over, many expressed their satisfaction, and some chid me for not preaching before. And from this time I continued to preach

amongst them three times a week, that was on a Lord's day morning and evening, and on a Wednesday night.

Thus I have given you some account of that which I reckon to be both my external and internal call to the ministerial work. I shall now proceed to give some account of the opposition I have met with therein, together with the manner of my proceeding thereupon unto this day. Commencing which, give me leave to make this one reflection to my own comfort, that as it was long before I could prevail upon myself, or be prevailed with, to enter upon the public work of preaching the word, having entered thereupon, not all the opposition I have met with has ever brought me to resolve upon laying it aside.

The first opposition that I met with was on account of my *doctrine*. I had not preached many months to these people, before some of the young men were disgusted with the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints; for in preaching from these words: "And besides me there is no Saviour," (Isaiah xliii. 11,) I observed that the office of a saviour implied three things: 1. A deliverer; 2. a defender; 3. a preserver.

I observed that all these three were exemplified in Christ, who by his death delivered his people from the hands of justice, "being made a sacrifice for us," "suffering the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." (1 Pet. iii. 18.) He hath delivered us from death, according to promise: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death." (Hosea xiii. 14.) "He hath destroyed him that hath the power of death, that he might deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Christ defends his people by his *power* from the destructive designs of their enemies. He is "their shield," as well as "their exceeding great reward;" (Gen. xvii. 1;) their high tower and their rock of defence, (Psalm xviii. 2;) who has promised to help them and to uphold them, to contend with all that contend with them. And Christ also preserves his people from destroying themselves; for I observed that it would be to no purpose for any man to deliver anything from thralldom, and after that to defend it from the assaults of others, if at the same time he could not preserve it from putrification or destroying itself. And here I endeavoured under this head to prove the final perseverance of such as Christ has said "shall never perish;" for it would render all Christ's work abortive, if after he has delivered and defended his people, he could not prevent them from destroying themselves. But he has said, "My grace (not shall be, but) is sufficient for thee," who art "kept by his mighty power through faith unto salvation." (1 Peter i. 5.)

This so offended some, that, without taking the least notice of their dislike to me, they wrote to Mr. Wesley, to let him know that there was one amongst them who preached such and such doctrine, and wished he would send down one of his preachers to refute it. Now, though they had written to him more than once to request a minister,

while they had none, he sent none. But now there was one that preached what he called heresy, he could send one the next Lord's day, but how able a one to refute errors I think will appear from the sequel. It was on a Lord's day, in the forenoon, when he came into the city, which I think was not altogether according to that preciseness he would afterwards seem to affect, (unless there was some warrantable cause.)

When I came from meeting at noon, they came to let me know there was a preacher come to town, and hoped I would be willing to let him preach in the evening. I answered, If they desired it, I had no objection to it. But some of those who knew no more of the others writing than I did, said Mr. Wesley would not send them a preacher when they had none, and now they had one they did not want another. But the others urging that it might be, it was agreed, and he preached in the evening, when some of the dissenters came, expecting to have heard me, and chid me for letting a man take up the time who had neither method nor matter according to truth or Christian experience, but took up the time in repeating some broken Scriptures, now and then using something of similitudes, but without any connection.

When he had done, as we were walking to a friend's house, he said, in a very affected manner, "I think there are a great number of precious souls in the city of Coventry." "Sir," said I, "if you speak with regard to the worth of an immortal soul, there are a great many; but if you speak with regard to the gracious disposition of souls, I think there are but very few in comparison with the rest." "O yes," said he, "there is a great number of serious people, (though, by the by, he was not likely to know much of the people in Coventry, for he had not been many hours in the city,) but I think it is a great pity that tares should be sown among the wheat." I, apprehending he spoke respecting my doctrine, therefore said, "Sir, if you can make it appear that I have sown tares, I will promise to ask pardon both of God and them, and I will also promise to do it no more. For if I cannot sow pure wheat, I will desist from sowing, rather than I will sow tares." "Why," said he, "they tell me that you have preached the doctrine of the saints' final perseverance amongst them." "Yes, Sir," said I, "so I have, and the doctrine of election too, and if you call those tares, I do not know what you will call pure wheat. I do not dare to preach any other, at the peril of my soul; and I am willing, God helping me, to preach them at the hazard of my life." When he thus found me ready to defend them, he had nothing to offer against them. But need I wonder at that? Great words will not do. The man heard me talking of asserting them at the hazard of my life. But he knew better than to hazard his life in opposing them, and therefore gave up the weapons, only adding, "Well, I cannot say much to these things. It may be that Mr. Wesley will be down here in about six weeks time, and he will talk with you about them." But Mr. Wesley never came, as was expected.

(To be continued.)

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF HITCHIN, HERTS.

(Continued from page 119.)

When Job was under the chastening hand of God, and felt divine wrath revealed against him in the law, in the midst of his deep distress Satan tempted him grievously. The devil tempted him by his wife to curse God; but Job was prevented by God from doing so. The Apostle Peter fell under the temptation of Satan; and Christ his dear Master gave him a caution, that he might not think it strange when it came to pass. And the Lord said, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift thee as wheat." The apostle, therefore, when he was delivered from the temptations of the enemy, endeavoured to comfort his brethren, and told them not to think it strange when it falls to their lot. "Beloved," says he, "think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." It is the common lot of God's children; "for the same afflictions," says he, "are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world;" and he tells us all to "resist the devil, *steadfast in the faith*."

I was now brought into a very poor state of health; my stomach was greatly weakened and my mind much dejected, insomuch that in the night I wished for the morning; but when it came I could not enjoy it, for my poor spirit was still bowed down with the daily temptations of the devil. "Remembering my affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall, my soul has them still in remembrance and is humbled within me." (Lam. iii. 19, 20.)

✠ this sad situation I may compare myself to poor afflicted Job: "When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." The good man Asaph was much in the same case, as we read in Ps. lxxvii. 2—4: "In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord; my sore ran in the night, and ceased not; my soul refused to be comforted," &c.

It has been some comfort to me, since the Lord has brought me out of this distress, to see by my experience in a little degree what soul-trouble the saints of God have gone through in former times; and, indeed, without the experience of the sufferings of God's children, a great part of what is recorded in Scripture would be hid from our eyes. We may read the letter, but the spiritual meaning will be hid. But having felt in some degree the same afflictions which our brethren in the faith have passed through, we then "see eye to eye" (Isa. lii. 8) into the meaning of their dark sayings. What, for instance, can be made of such an expression as this, without an experience of it? "He hath made me drunken with wormwood." (Lam.) And again: "Thou hast made me to drink of the wine of astonishment." (Ps. lx. 3.) And the Lord, by the prophet Isaiah, compares his children in the furnace of affliction to people that are drunk. "Therefore, hear now this, thou afflicted and drunken, but *not* with wine: thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of his people, Behold, I have taken out of thy hand the cup

of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my fury; thou shalt no more drink it again." (Isa. li. 21, 22.) These words appear strange to our natural reason, but they are big with meaning to those persons who have laboured under the wrath of God revealed against them in his holy law.

The distressed state I was now in was noticed by the family, and now, to be sure, the doctor (poor fellow) must try his skill and see what he can do to deliver my soul from the "horrible pit, out of the miry clay." (Ps. xl. 2.) When the gentleman waited on me, the first word he said to me was, "Well, my honest fellow, what's the matter with you?" I told him some of the bodily weaknesses I felt, but mentioned not a word of the malady in my soul. However, this ingenious gentleman gave a guess at the cause of my complaint. He called my disorder melancholy on the nerves: and he informed the gentleman of the house they did not know of what excellent principle I was. Hoy he acquired this knowledge I am at a loss to say, as it seemed quite out of his province as a medical man. One of the gentlemen replied, "We know not what his principles are, but wish you would put a little more of the devil into him." This was a hard speech to make of one who was bowed down with Satan's temptations, as I then was. But, however, this adversary will find us out somewhere; if we are not delivered to him in this world for the trial of our faith, the sinner will be delivered to this cruel tormentor after the spirit departs the body, and spend eternity with him in the fire that shall never be quenched. (Mat. xxv. 41.) Blessed be my God for evermore for having delivered me from the wrath to come, through faith in Jesus Christ, and for having bruised Satan, the accuser of the brethren, under my feet; and given me a promise that he shall not by any means hurt me, because Christ my Covenant-Head has gained a complete victory over the devil and all his infernal associates; and every believer in Christ he makes a partaker with him in his victory; as it is written, "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you." (Luke x. 19.)

I would here stop, and look back and reflect awhile on the state I was then in; for I look upon the path I came through at that time to be the most critical, the most hazardous, and dangerous I ever passed through; and I believe I shall never forget it in this world. Six and twenty years have passed over my head since I passed through these deep waters, (Isa. xliii. 2,) and it seems as fresh to my mind as if it were only so many weeks past. "My soul has them still in remembrance." (Lam. iii.) O the distress I then laboured under! All other afflictions, compared with the agony the poor soul goes through when God reflects wrath upon a sinner in a broken law, are tolerable. The spirit of a man will sustain natural calamities with a degree of fortitude; but "a wounded spirit who can bear?" (Prov. xviii. 14.) When the Lord, says the Psalmist, "with rebukes doth correct man for iniquity, he maketh his beauty to consume away like the moth. Surely every man is vanity." (Ps. xxxix. 11.) And surely in my own experience I felt the truth of this scripture. My

bodily health daily declined, my spirits withered to all natural delights, and I would gladly have shunned all society; for I was become, as the poor Psalmist says, "like an owl of the desert, and as a sparrow alone on the housetop." (Ps. cii.) For the anger of God was revealed against me in his law, which I tried all I could to pacify by doing what I thought good works. But the law is spiritual, and will accept of nothing less than a spiritual, a perfect, and perpetual obedience in thought, word, and deed; but I vainly imagined to bring my obedience to the holy law. In this I erred, and for it I smarted. Add to this the temptations of Satan I laboured under, and from which I was not free by day nor night, except when I was asleep; and in this my distress I was destitute of any consolation I might have received from a spiritual companion—no one to point out my case and show me in what it would terminate. "Lover and friend were put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." (Ps. lxxxviii. 18.) I was unsupported by any human prop! "Have pity upon me, O ye my friends," said the afflicted Job, "for the hand of God hath touched me." But there was no pity for the poor man from that quarter, but contrariwise. "All my inward friends," said he, "abhor me, and they whom I loved are turned against me; and my familiar friends have forgotten me. They that dwell in my house, and my maids, count me for a stranger. I am an alien in their sight; yea, young children despise me. I arose, and they spake against me." Surely the case of a man of whom the Lord bore so bright a testimony, and who was now brought into so afflicted a condition, demanded at least some pity from those he looked upon as his friends; but he met with none. "My friends," says the good man, "scorn me, but my eye poureth out tears unto God." (Job xix.)

I bless the Lord that these passages are left on record; for, in the experience of Job and Heman, (Ps. lxxxviii.) I have traced my own for some years back. It is through "patience and comfort of the Scriptures" we get our hope encouraged.

Surely I shall not forget the distress and misery I went through in this early part of my life, being only seventeen years of age! My soul bowed down under the wrath of God revealed in the law, oppressed with Satan's temptations, without a spiritual friend to console me, and every one in the house setting me at nought. Add to this, I had not the privilege of waiting upon God in the means of grace. Surely I was upheld by my covenant God, or I must have sunk in despair and have never risen again. But, blessed be his revered name, "The Lord is a very present help in time of trouble." (Ps. xli. 1.) "The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low and he helped me." (Ps. cxvi. 6.)

And as this blessed, unchangeable Friend stood by me when all others stood aloof; as it was he alone that succoured me when oppressed with temptation; as the Lord was my "refuge from the storm" and a "shadow from the heat," when all human refuge failed, and no man cared for my soul; as he gave me strength and power to persevere in prayer in the midst of all my troubles, and at length broke my bonds and brought me into liberty, and gave me "the

spirit of adoption;" I desire with all humility of heart to acknowledge the Lord as my Friend, even that Friend who loveth at *all* times, and "sticketh closer than a brother." (Prov. xviii. 24.) And to say with David, "Except the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence." (Ps. xciv. 17.) And may I be enabled through his grace to show forth his praise, in heart, lip, and life; to serve him in "newness of spirit," and no more in the "oldness of the letter," till at last he shall bring me as "a vessel of mercy" to "sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob" in his heavenly kingdom, where I shall admire his matchless mercy and free grace for evermore.

I shall now show my reader some of the benefits I have received from my afflictions, which were hard to bear; yet when they had accomplished the end for which they were sent, afterwards yielded "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." "Take away the dross from the silver," says the wise man, "and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer." (Prov. xxv. 4.) Being much attached to my own righteousness, (such as it was,) it pleased God to give me to see that by nature I had no righteousness; (Ps. xiv. 3;) and that in myself I was only a sinner. The Lord made me, therefore, to feel the spirituality of his holy law, which beat me off, yea, utterly destroyed my false notion of gaining the favour of God by my own obedience. "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." (Rom. vii. 9.) I have seen an end of all perfection in the flesh from this quarter; for the law is spiritual, and condemns the sinner for a sinful thought, yea, for original depravity. "Behold, I was shapen in sin, and in iniquity did my mother conceive me." All that the law has done for me is to show that I am a sinner. "By the law is the knowledge of sin," and then the sentence is pronounced: "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse;" (Gal. iii. 10;) and "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified" in God's sight. This I found to be true in my experience; for the more I strove to gain acceptance with God in this way the more miserable I felt. This I could not make out at that time; but when the Lord turned "my captivity," I gradually discovered it. "The law worketh wrath," says the apostle, (Rom. iv. 15,) and the longer the sinner recommends himself to God by the deeds of the law, the more of this wrath will he feel, till at length all hopes of salvation, in whole or in part, by the works of the law cease.

But this internal teaching is of God. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." (Ps. xciv. 12; John vi. 45.) And I humbly bless God for the teachings I have received; for I am made sensible by the law that I am a sinner, and as such have no righteousness of my own in which to stand before God. This is the case of all of us by nature, though but few know it by experience.

A second benefit I have received from the afflictions I have felt in my soul is, to have my spirit broken. Now, as God's dwelling is only with the broken in heart, (Ps. xxxiv. 18,) and as, by nature, we are all "stouthearted, that are far from righteousness," (Is. xlvi. 12,) there is a necessity for the Lord to smite the stony heart; therefore

he reveals his wrath against the sinner in the law; and makes our own consciences rebuke and condemn us. "Is not my word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." (Jer. xliii. 29.) And the apostle says, that "the word of God is sharper than any two-edged sword." It cuts the sinner off from all the vain hopes and "refuges of lies" he once held, and thus he dies to all expectation, in whole or in part, of being saved by his own righteousness.

Again: God having broken my spirit, I became a fit object for the Lord Jesus Christ to show mercy upon. As it is written: "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." (Isa. lxi.) But until the spirit be broken through a feeling sense of its lost estate through sin, we cannot know the *worth* of Christ as a Physician. While we vainly think we can pay our own debts, we shall not seek of Christ the Surety to discharge them; and until we feel the curse of God in the law we shall not prize the Lord Jesus, who hath magnified the law and made it honourable; but having felt our wretched estate by nature, and believing there is help to be had in Christ, but in no other, we shall set a high value upon the dear Redeemer, and diligently seek after an interest in his finished salvation. He will then become all in all in us. The whole need not the physician, but the sick do, and are thankful to Christ for their cure.

Further: Having felt a little of God's wrath in a broken law, and having had my broken spirit bound up with a humbling sense of God's pardoning love, I do at times feel some degree of sympathy for the sufferings of Christ. If I felt such deep distress, as an individual person, when wounded in spirit through the wrath of God revealed against me in the law, then how great must be the sufferings of our dear Lord Jesus, who was wounded for the transgressions and bruised for the sins of the *whole number* of his elect, a number which no man can number! Surely the sufferings of our dear Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ, must be beyond the power of men and angels to comprehend. When he began to be sore amazed and very heavy, and said unto his disciples, "My soul is sorrowful unto death;" when his bitter anguish became so great, that he fell upon the ground, and prayed that if it were possible the hour might pass from him; when he sweat as it were great drops of blood, and said, "Abba, Father, take away this cup from me;" (Mark xiv.; Luke xxii.); when his distress on the cross forced from him that grievous and bitter exclamation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" (Matt. xxvii. 46.)—had I a hand in all these sufferings? Yea, myself and the rest of his elect were the cause of his sufferings. The Jews were the instruments of Christ's misery, but the wounds he received were from his friends. (See Zech. xiii. 6.) It was for their sakes he became "a man of sorrows," and for our transgressions he was wounded, (Isa. liii.) and that we may have fellowship with him in his sufferings, he says we shall drink indeed of the cup he drank of. (Matt. xx. 28.) We, his elect, and members of Christ our Covenant-head, must in measure be planted with him in the likeness of his death, (Rom. vi. 5,) and have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. (Phil. iii. 10.) But we cannot have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings till we feel in

a degree the wrath of God revealed against us as sinners in the law. Then we feel a little what our Surety suffered; and when we are blessed with the faith of God's elect, and are enabled through grace to believe that by his stripes we are healed, then a spirit of sympathy for our dying Friend, the Lord Jesus, is given us. It is then we are ashamed and confounded for our own ways, and loathe ourselves in our own sight for our iniquities and abominations. (Ezek. xvi. 63; Job xlii. 6.)

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIANS ARE CHRIST-LIKE.

BY PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

"Tell ye the daughter of Sion, behold thy king cometh unto thee, meek and sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass."—MATT. xxi. 5.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. xi. 29.

But to say something particularly concerning this Christian spirit I have been speaking of, as exercised in these three things: forgiveness, love, and mercy, I would observe that the Scripture is very clear and express concerning the absolute necessity of each of these, as belonging to the temper and character of every Christian.

So Christ himself speaks of them. The same appears by the name by which Christ is so often called in Scripture, viz., the Lamb. And as these are especially the character of Christ, so they are especially the character of Christians. Christians are Christ-like. None deserve the name of Christians that are not so in their prevailing character. "The new man is renewed in knowledge, after the image of him that created him." (Col. iii. 10.) All true Christians, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. iii. 18.) The elect are all "predestinated to be conformed to the image of the Son of God, that he might be the first-born among many brethren." (Rom. viii. 29.) "As we have borne the image of the first man, that is earthy, so we must also bear the image of the heavenly: for as is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." (1 Cor. xv. 47—49.) Christ is full of grace; and Christians all "receive of his fulness, and grace for grace;" i. e., there is grace in Christians answering to grace in Christ, such an answerableness as there is between the wax and the seal. There is character for character, such kind of graces, such a spirit and temper, the same things that belong to Christ's character belong to theirs. That disposition in which Christ's character does in a special manner consist, therein does his image in a special manner consist. Christians, by reflecting the light of the Sun of Righteousness, do shine with the same sort of brightness, the same mild, sweet, and pleasant beams. These lamps of the spiritual temple, that are enkindled by fire from heaven, burn with the same sort of flame. The branch is of the same nature with the stock and root, has the same sap,

and bears the same sort of fruit; the members have the same kind of life with the Head. It would be strange if Christians should not be of the same temper and spirit that Christ is of, when they are his flesh and his bone, yea, are one in spirit, (1 Cor. vi. 17.) and live so that it is not they that live, but Christ that lives in them. A Christian spirit is Christ's mark that he sets upon the soul of his people; his seal in their foreheads, bearing his image and superscription. Christians are the followers of Christ; and they are so as they are obedient to that call of Christ, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." (Matt. xi. 28, 29.) They follow him as the Lamb: "These are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." (Rev. xiv. 4.) True Christians are as it were clothed with the meek, quiet, and loving temper of Christ; for as many as are in Christ have put on Christ. And in this respect the church is clothed with the sun; not only by being clothed with his righteousness, but also by being clothed with his graces. (Rom. xii. 1.) Christ, the great Shepherd, is himself a lamb, and believers are also lambs; all the flocks are lambs. "Feed my lambs." (John xxi. 15.) "I send you forth as lambs in the midst of wolves." (Luke x. 3.) The redemption of the church of Christ from the power of the devil was typified of old by David's delivering the lamb out of the mouth of the lion and the bear. That such manner of virtue has been spoken of is the very nature of the Christian spirit, or the spirit that worketh in Christ and in his members; and the distinguishing nature of it is evident by this, that the dove is the very symbol or emblem chosen of God to represent it. Those things are fittest emblems of other things that do best represent that which is most distinguishing in their nature. The spirit that descended on Christ, when he was anointed of the Father, descended on him like a dove. The dove is a noted emblem of meekness, harmlessness, peace, and love. But the same Spirit that descended on the Head of the church descends on the members. "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into their hearts." (Gal. iv. 6.) "And if any man has not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." (Rom. viii. 9.) There is but one spirit to the whole mystical body, Head and members. (1 Cor. vi. 17.) Christ breathes his own Spirit into his disciples. (Eph. iv.) As Christ was anointed with the Holy Ghost descending on him like a dove, so Christians also have an anointing from the Holy One. (John xx. 22.) And they are anointed with the same oil; it is the same precious ointment on the head that ran down to the skirts of the garment, and on both it is a spirit of peace and love. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments." (Psalm cxxxiii. 1, 2.) The oil on Aaron's garment had the same sweet and inimitable odour with that on his head; the smell of the same sweet spices. Christian affections and Christian behaviour are but the flowing out of the savour of Christ's sweet ointments.

Because the church has a dove-like temper and disposition, therefore it is said of her that she has doves' eyes: "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes;" (Song i. 15;) and "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks." (Song iv. 1.) The same is said of Christ: "His eyes are as the eyes of doves;" (Song v. 12;) and the church is frequently compared to a dove in Scripture: "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock;" (Song ii. 14;) "Open to me, my love, my dove;" (Song v. 2;) and "My dove, my undefiled, is but one." (Song vi. 9.) "Yet shall she be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold;" (Ps. lxxviii. 18;) and "O deliver not the soul of thy turtle-dove unto the multitude of the wicked." (Ps. lxxiv. 19.) The dove that Noah sent out of the ark, that could find no rest for the sole of her foot till she returned, was the type of a true saint.

Meekness is so much the character of the saints, that the words "the meek" and "the godly" are used as synonymous terms in Scripture. So Ps. xxxvii. 10, 11. "The wicked" and "the meek" are set in opposition one to another, as wicked and godly: "Yet a little while and the wicked shall not be; but the meek shall inherit the earth." So Ps. cxlvii. 6: "The Lord lifteth up the meek; he casteth the wicked down to the ground." It is doubtless very much on this account that Christ represents all his disciples, all the heirs of heaven, as little children: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xix. 14.) "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matt. x. 42.) "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones," (Matt. xviii. 6,) and "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." (Ver. 16.) "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." (Ver. 10.) "Little children, yet a little while am I with you." (John xiii. 33.)

Little children are innocent and harmless; they do not do a great deal of mischief in the world. Men need not be afraid of them; they are no dangerous sort of persons. Their anger does not last long; they do not lay up injuries in high resentments, entertaining deep and rooted malice. So Christians in malice are children. (1 Cor. xiv. 20.) Little children are not guileful nor deceitful, but plain and simple; they are not versed in the arts of fiction and deceit, and are strangers to artful disguises. They are yielding and flexible, and not wilful and obstinate; do not trust to their own understanding, but rely on the instruction of parents, and others of superior knowledge. Here is, therefore, a fit and lively emblem of the followers of the Lamb. To be thus like little children, is not only a thing highly commendable, and what Christians approve of and aim at, and what some of extraordinary proficiency do attain to; but it is their universal character, and absolutely necessary in order to their entering into the kingdom of heaven, unless Christ was mistaken: "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and

become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;" (Matt. xviii. 3;) "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." (Mark x. 15.)

But some may be ready to say, Is there no such thing as Christian fortitude and boldness for Christ; being good soldiers in the Christian warfare, and coming out boldly against the enemies of Christ and his people? To which I answer, There doubtless is such a thing. The whole Christian life is compared to a warfare, and fitly so; and the most eminent Christians are the best soldiers, endowed with the greatest degree of Christian fortitude; and it is the duty of God's people to be steadfast and vigorous in their opposition to the designs and ways of such as are endeavouring to overthrow the kingdom of Christ and the interests of religion. But yet many persons seem to be quite mistaken concerning the nature of Christian fortitude. It is an exceedingly different thing from a brutal fierceness, or the boldness of a beast of prey.

True Christian fortitude consists in strength of mind, through grace, exerted in two things: in ruling and suppressing the evil and unruly passions and affections of the mind, and in steadfastly and freely exerting and following good affections and dispositions without being hindered by sinful fear or the opposition of enemies. But the passions that are restrained and kept under in the exercise of this Christian strength, are those very passions that are vigorously and violently exerted in a false boldness for Christ. And those affections that are vigorously exerted in true fortitude, are those Christian, holy affections that are directly contrary to them. Though Christian fortitude appears in withstanding and counteracting the enemies that are without us, yet it much more appears in resisting and suppressing the enemies that are within us, because they are our worst and strongest enemies, and have the greatest advantage against us. The strength of the good soldier of Jesus Christ appears in nothing more than in steadfastly maintaining the holy calm, meekness, sweetness, and benevolence of his mind, amidst all the storms, injuries, strange behaviour, and surprising events of this evil and unreasonable world. The Scripture seems to intimate that true fortitude consists chiefly in this: "He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." (Prov. xvi. 32.) The directest and surest way in the world to make a right judgment of what a right fortitude is in fighting with God's enemies, is to look to the Captain of all God's hosts, and our Leader and Example; and see wherein his fortitude and valour appeared—in his chief conflict, and in the time of the greatest battle that ever was or will be fought with these enemies, when he fought with them all alone, and of the people there was none with him, and exercised his fortitude in the highest degree that ever he did, and got that glorious victory that will be celebrated in the praises and triumphs of all the host of heaven throughout all eternity, even to Jesus Christ in the time of his last sufferings, when his enemies in earth and hell made their most violent attack upon him, compassing him round on every side

like rending and roaring lions. Doubtless here we shall see the fortitude of a holy warrior and champion in the cause of God in its highest perfection and lustre, and an example fit for the soldiers to follow that fight under this Captain. But how did he show his holy boldness and valour at that time? Not in the exercise of any fiery passions, not in fierce and violent speeches, and vehemently declaiming against and crying out of the intolerable wickedness of oppressors, giving them their own in plain terms. But in not opening his mouth when afflicted and oppressed; in going as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, not opening his mouth; praying that the Father would forgive his cruel enemies, because they knew not what they did; not shedding others' blood, but with all-conquering patience and love shedding his own. Indeed, one of his disciples, that made a forward pretence to boldness for Christ, and confidently declared he would sooner die with Christ than deny him, began to lay about him with a sword: but Christ meekly rebukes him, and heals the wound he gives. And never were the patience, meekness, love, and forgiveness of Christ in so glorious a manifestation as at that time. Never did he appear so much a lamb, and never did he show so much of the dove-like spirit as at that time. If, therefore, we see any of the followers of Christ in the midst of the most violent, wicked, and unreasonable opposition of God's and his own enemies, maintaining under all this temptation the humility, quietness, and gentleness of a lamb, and the harmlessness, and love, and sweetness of a dove, we may judge that here is a good soldier of Jesus Christ. When persons are fierce and violent, and exert their sharp and bitter passions, it shows weakness instead of strength and fortitude. (1 Cor. iii. at the beginning.) "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. For ye are yet carnal. Now, whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and derision, are ye not carnal and walk as men?"

There is a pretended boldness for Christ, that arises from no better principle than pride. A man may be forward to expose himself to the dislike of the world, and even to provoke their displeasure, out of pride. For it is the nature of spiritual pride to cause men to seek distinction and singularity; and so oftentimes to set themselves at war with them they call carnal, that they may be more highly exalted among their party. True boldness for Christ is universal and overcomes all, and carries men above the displeasure of friends or foes, so that they will forsake all rather than Christ; and will offend all parties, and be thought meanly of by all, rather than offend Christ. And that duty that tries whether a man is willing to be despised by them that are of his own party, and thought the least worthy to be regarded by them, is a more proper trial of his boldness for Christ than his being forward to expose himself to the reproach of his opposers. The apostle sought not glory, not only of the heathens and Jews, but of Christians, as he declares. (1 Thess. ii. 6.) He is bold for Christ that has Christian fortitude enough to confess his fault openly,

when he has committed one that requires it, and, as it were, to come down upon his knees before opposers. Such things as these are a vastly greater evidence of holy boldness than resolutely and fiercely confronting opposers.

.As some are much mistaken concerning the nature of true boldness for Christ, so they are concerning Christian zeal. It is, indeed, a flame, but a sweet one; or rather, it is the heat and fervour of a sweet flame: for the flame of which it is the heat, is no other than that of divine love or Christian charity, which is the sweetest and most benevolent thing that is in the heart of man or angel. Zeal is the fervour of this flame, as it ardently and vigorously goes out towards the good that is its object, in desires of it and pursuit after it; and so consequently in opposition to the evil that is contrary to it and impedes it. There is, indeed, opposition, and vigorous opposition, that is a part of it, or rather is an attendant of it. But it is against things, not persons. Bitterness against the persons of men is no part of it, but is very contrary to it; insomuch that so much the warmer true zeal is, and the higher it is raised, so much the further are men from such bitterness, and so much fuller of love, both to the evil and to the good, as appears from what has been just now observed, that it is no other in its very nature and essence than the fervour of spirit of Christian love; and as to what opposition there is in it to things, it is firstly and chiefly against the evil things in the person himself who has this zeal: against the enemies of God and holiness, which are in his own heart; (as these are most in his view, and what he has most to do with; and but secondly against the sins of others. And therefore there is nothing in a true Christian zeal that is contrary to that spirit of meekness, gentleness, and love; that spirit of a little child, a lamb, and dove that has been spoken of; but is entirely agreeable to it, and tries to promote it. It is so as to a forgiving spirit, or a disposition to overlook and forgive injuries. Christ gives us both as a negative and positive evidence, and has expressed in teaching us, that if we are of such a spirit, it is a sign that we are in a state of forgiveness and favour ourselves; and that if we are not of such a spirit, we are not forgiven of God; and seems to take special care that we should take notice of it, and always bear it in our minds. (Matt. vi. 12—15.) "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Christ expresses the same thing again at another time, (Mark xi. 25,) and again in Matt. xviii. 22 to the end, in the parable of the servant that owed his Lord ten thousand talents, that would not forgive his fellow servant a hundred pence; and therefore was delivered to the tormentors. In the application of the parable Christ says, (verse 35,) "So likewise shall my heavenly Father do, if ye from your heart forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."—*Extract from Jonathan Edwards's "Religious Affections."*

ISRAEL'S HAPPINESS.

In my last* I gave a brief outline of that portion of the history of Jacob in connection with his name being changed from that of Jacob to Israel. A few words now upon Israel, and may the Lord help me thereon, according to the word of truth.

It has a mystical meaning. 1. It refers to Christ himself; and, 2. To the church in him.

1. *It refers to Christ himself.* At the commencement of the xliith chapter of Isaiah, the prophet introduces the Saviour as speaking to the Gentile nations in such language as this: "Listen, O isles, unto me; and hearken, ye people from afar." Having called their attention, he proceeds, "The Lord hath called me from the womb; from the bowels of my mother hath he made mention of my name. And he hath made my mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of his hand he hid me, and made me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me, and said unto me, Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified." This is somewhat of the truth that Christ reveals of himself to the isles, which may signify the Gentile church upon whom he calls to "listen." In his mission he declares expressly to the church, that the eternal Father, whom he here calls "the Lord," said unto him, "Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified." He then complains of having laboured in vain and spent his strength for nought amongst the Jews; yet adds, "Surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." He afterwards further declares the mission with which he himself, as the Servant of the Father to the church, was entrusted. For the dear Redeemer adds, "And now, saith the Lord, that formed me from the womb to be his servant, to bring Jacob again to him, Though Israel (that is, the Jews as a nation) be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength." The Saviour then declares that the Father spoke to him in such language as this, and said, "It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel; (that is, the elect of God among the Jews;) I will also give thee a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the ends of the earth." Thus Christ is called Israel, the Father's Servant to the church, in whom he would be glorified.

Before we proceed, pause, O believer in Christ, if such you are who read this, and think a little of the language you have read. What an epitome or short account of the gospel we have here! How condescendingly the Saviour speaks! how humbly, affectionately, and familiarly he calls our attention, and declares the love and affection of the Father unto us in him! How willingly, notwithstanding all discouragements, and with what filial submission and delight, he enters into and performs the work the Father gave him to do, for he knew God was his strength! He came from God to do the work,

* Last vol., page 401.

and returned to God when he had done it. We cannot tell a thousandth part of the love God bears to the church, which he has loved in his Son. The Son loves them as he loves himself. And the Father loves them as he loves his Son; the Saviour says so himself. We read such precious truths at times in the Bible, it is true; but, alas! how? Often as though we read them not. But, blessed be his name, it is not always so. Sometimes the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost, under afflictive dispensations of one sort or another, for he knows our frame, prepares our hearts. We feel how utterly unable is all created good put together to reach our case, or give us the comfort we want. We are enabled to retire from all things of an earthly nature; the Spirit of truth, in his still small voice, testifies of Christ, affects our hearts with the treasure we have in him, carries us back to days that are past, whilst we remember here and there in our pilgrimage how sweet has been our song on many a hill Mizar. Then we wonder at our foolishness, but wonder a great deal more how constant, abiding, and unchangeable the love, and care, and bowels of our heavenly Father is still unto us in his beloved Son. We cry, How and why is it that it is so? Still always new, always the same; as holy, as pure, and as uncontaminated by sin now as thirty or forty years ago, when we first felt the love of our espousals. How is it! we exclaim again. What a mystery it is! Why is it that it is so, except that Christ and his church are one? Not all that Satan, with the craft he is master of, and which, as I may so say, he has been improving in for near six thousand years, can mar it; the world, and all our labour, toil, and confusion in it, with all its glitter and glare, cannot mar it; and the old man of sin within us, at our elbow at every turn, cannot mar it; nor can any of the host of hell in the least iota contaminate it.

But let us inquire, In what respect the blessed Redeemer was more eminently the Servant of the Father to his church? To which I answer, In the first place, by his being an atonement for the sin of his people, or, in other words, being made sin for them; and, in the next place, by his being the Lord their righteousness. In this the Scripture clearly bears us out.

He was made their *atonement*. He came to seek, and not only so, but to "save them that were lost." Though our situation by nature is dreadful in the extreme, such is the sleep of spiritual death into which we are cast through original sin, that Christ has actually, by his Spirit, to seek out as well as to save his sheep. It matters not where our lot is cast in this wilderness of a world, nor to what sect we belong in a profession of religion. If we are favoured with a faithful ministry, until the Spirit quickens, we neither know our lost condition nor are seriously concerned to flee from the wrath to come; but like a door on its hinges, come and go, and nothing more. And if our lot be under any other class of professors among men, where it may be truly said, "Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people," the one thing needful we know nothing about, nor are we concerned to know it until the Spirit quickens.

But Christ came in very deed to seek and to save them that were

lost. And these were his church, all whom the Father had given him, and no more. He virtually represented them when he was upon earth. As in the Mosaic dispensation the high priest had twelve precious stones on his breastplate, and on them were engraved the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, whom he represented when he appeared before God, so in very deed did the Lord Jesus bear the names of all his redeemed before his Father when he took upon him our flesh. But in the holy garments of Aaron there were two other precious stones; on the one stone six names of the children of Israel were to be engraved, and on the other stone the other six; and each of these stones, with the six names on each, was to be on Aaron's two shoulders; this signifying that he bore their names before the Lord on his two shoulders for a memorial. Thus, then, as Aaron figuratively bore upon his heart in love, and upon his shoulders in power, the twelve tribes of Israel through the wilderness to Canaan, even so in reality does the dear Redeemer, in love and power, bear every mystic member of his body, notwithstanding all our sins, and doubts, and fears, through the wilderness of this world safely to the heavenly Canaan above. But there shall be no Canaanite there.

But if we be in very deed the Lord's, has the Lord Jesus Christ been made sin for us? He has. How expressive is Scripture language! "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." (2 Cor. v. 21.) In its consideration, two or three figures from the Old Testament may, through the good Spirit of God, help our poor dull hearts and minds a little.

The first is the paschal lamb, called the passover. To effect the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage God sent upon proud Pharaoh ten plagues, the heralds of his power. Before the tenth was poured upon the Egyptians, God gave commandment to Israel, by Moses, to provide a lamb without blemish, to be called the passover. Its blood was to be sprinkled upon the lintel and the two sideposts of each house in which the Israelites dwelt; and the destroying angel, who was to pass through the whole land of Egypt that night, wherever he saw the blood was to leave the house untouched. What a solemn event for meditation here! All were safe from the destroying angel when sheltered under this blood; over the rest he had an awful power to destroy. And with what unerring certainty he fulfilled his mission through all the grades of society, notwithstanding the darkness of the night and the scattered state of the population of Egypt, through the length and breadth of the land! for the Lord said, "I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment; I am the Lord." (Exodus xii. 12.) This was fulfilled to the letter, even the beasts were not excepted; for it is written, "There was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead."

But we may further notice, in reference to the lamb which God had provided, that they were to eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs. They were

not to eat of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire; his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof, that is, the whole inwards* were to remain in the lamb when roasted, and not to be torn away. Nothing was to remain of it until the morning; and should any portion of it remain uneaten, it was to be burnt with fire; and it was expressly commanded that not a bone of it should be broken.

All this was figurative of the Great High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus. Did God provide a lamb for the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt literally? So he has spiritually, by the gift of his only begotten Son, who, on account of his innocence and purity, is called a Lamb without blemish and without spot; slain from the foundation of the world. And as the lamb of the pass-over was to be the food of the Israelites, with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, after it was roast with fire, not raw nor sodden, but the head with the legs, and the purtenance thereof—a whole lamb, without a bone broken—even so was the Great Redeemer dealt with for the spiritual Israel of God, whom he loved in his Son with an everlasting love, and thus became their spiritual food, their eternal life, their happiness, and their all. Are not the Israel of God cleansed from all sin through the blood of Jesus Christ? Did not the Great High Priest of our profession, himself alone, tread the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God? Such is Scripture testimony. And from the agony and torture he underwent when he finished transgression and made an end of sin, did he not sweat great drops of blood in this wine-press? Of the people none could stand with him here, neither angels nor men. And had he not been the Eternal God as well as the suffering Man Christ Jesus, the wrath of God which was poured upon him in Gethsemane would have sunk him to eternal perdition. Does not the prophetic language of Scripture read, that his visage was marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men? Did he not give his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair? Did he withhold his face from shame and spitting, when in his humiliation his judgment was taken away? Read Psalms xxii. and lxix. in particular, where in the language of prophecy, we have his anguish, more fully set before us. Thus are the sufferings of Christ compared to his being roasted in a fire, as a whole burnt offering and sacrifice, before he could put away sin. And so indeed

* This we believe to be incorrect. The bowels were removed, but not the fat round and together with the kidneys, which is meant by "the purtenance thereof," i.e., the part which belongs to the loin and legs. This fat (not as some suppose, fat generally) was expressly prohibited in all other cases to be eaten. "And the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, which is by the flanks, and the caul above the liver, with the kidneys, it shall he take away. And the priest shall burn them upon the altar; it is the food of the offering made by fire for a sweet savour; all the fat is the Lord's. It shall be a perpetual statute for your generations throughout all your dwellings, that ye eat neither fat nor blood." (Levit. iii. 15—17.)

he was; for he was truly made the very guilt and sin of the whole church, redeemed by his precious blood; as it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." (Gal. iii. 13.) But when the Lord quickens his people by convincing them of sin, they then soon find what bitter herbs mean; and in after life, through their pilgrimage here below in the path of tribulation and the inability of all created good to satisfy their desires, they are necessitated to look unto Jesus, the finisher as well as the author of faith; and by bitter herbs, figurative of afflictive dispensations, temporal and spiritual, they are taught lesson upon lesson from the fulness of Christ to receive grace for grace, or favour upon favour. It is a painful thing to learn the path of Jesus Christ. I know it is. And so do all who know him aright. He is only suited (let men fancy, write, or say what they will of him) to sin-afflicted souls, who cannot help themselves, and feel that no created arm is long enough or strong enough to reach and help them.

But again: The serpent in the wilderness is another strong figure to lead us to Christ. In the xxist chapter of the Book of Numbers we read, that the soul of the people was much discouraged because of their dreary way through the wilderness to Canaan; and they murmured against God for want of bread and water, for they loathed the manna; that is, they were tired of it, and turned from it with disgust. Upon this, the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people; and much people of Israel died. They then confessed their sin, and besought Moses to pray unto the Lord to take away the serpents. Moses did so; and to heal the people, the Lord commanded Moses to make a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; "and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live." This was done. For "Moses made a serpent of brass and set it upon a pole, and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived."

Jesus, in the New Testament, applies this directly to himself, and says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii. 14, 15.) What stronger figure can be made use of to establish this solemn truth, that the only begotten Son of God was made the very sin, by imputation, of all that shall be saved from its curse; that he bare their sins in his own body on the tree; that he suffered the penalty due to sin in such a way as though he had actually and personally committed all the abominations of all the millions that shall ever partake of his salvation? A believing, feeling sense of this broke poor Mary's heart, and brought her to her Lord's feet, to wash them with her tears and to wipe them with the hairs of her head. All who are saved in the Lord partake of Mary's spirit. But before we can know this salvation, or prize the Saviour, we must be in that state spiritually in which Israel was in the wilderness naturally, that is, bitten. When the Holy Ghost savingly convinces of sin, and of the wrath of God under the law, we are bitten; and as sure as we are in this condition, nothing but Christ crucified, seen and enjoyed by faith, as the remedy God

bath provided, will ever heal the dreadful malady of the soul, or reach our desperate condition. Isaiah in his liiird chapter is very expressive: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" or, as the margin reads, "The Lord hath made the iniquities of us all to meet on him." Peter could not bear the thought of this once; for when the Saviour had been telling his disciples of the awful scene of his humiliation, that had to be accomplished, Peter said, "That be far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." But he turned, and said to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." A sharp and cutting rebuke indeed for Peter's apparent goodwill and fleshly pity for his Lord! And if Peter's Lord had not kept him in love, by his Almighty power, he would not have borne such a cutting reproof; but have gone away, as many disciples did on another occasion, and walked no more with him. But God in Christ does not love a poor sinner to cast him away; no, no, he loves to the end. The Saviour knows how to rebuke and chastise a child of his, and make him feel it too; and when he has humbled him, he knows how to melt, and break, and heal his poor heart again with a look of love, as he did Peter's in after times.

We might pursue this solemn subject further, as to the Lord Jesus Christ being the Servant of the Father, in atoning for the church's criminality before him; but, as my sheet is nearly exhausted, I can but briefly notice one or two more similitudes: clearly indicating, as they do, that no mercy was shown our Surety, when he finished transgression and made an end of sin.

In the burnt offering of the children of Israel, the man who brought it was to put his hand upon the head of the beast, the bullock was to be killed, the blood sprinkled, and the atonement accepted. If the burnt sacrifice was of fowls, the priest was to bring it to the altar, wring off the head, or pinch off the head with the nail, as the margin of the Bible reads it, and burn it on the altar. The peace offering was very similar. In every instance, he who brought the atonement laid his hand upon the head of the victim substituted, plainly intimating the transfer of his guilt; and that what was laid upon the substitute, was in very deed what ought to have fallen upon the head of him who brought the offering.

To cleanse also a leper, and a house infected with leprosy, was the same. Two birds were to be taken, alive and clean. One was to be killed in an earthen vessel over running water; the living bird was to be dipped in the blood of his fellow, and let go out of the city into the open fields. How clear it is that no mercy was shown to the Surety, while the actual transgressor was set at large!

O the wonders God has wrought in saving guilty men! Lower than the lowest in degradation and sufferings has the Great Redeemer been made. And it is a sight of this, and our own desert, and the love God had for us in his Son, purely emanating or proceeding from himself, that could not withhold his Son, his only Son from us; I say, it is these things made known to us in a measure

in this world, by the good Spirit of God, that bring us to nothing in ourselves, and to everything in Christ; as being heirs of God, and joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Manchester, Dec., 1850.

DELTA.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MR. HUNTINGTON.

I.

Dear Friend,—Yours came safe. We do not make bread of chaff, or husks, but of wheat; no more can a quickened soul feed on the letter; for “the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.” Christ is the starving soul’s bread, and “the Holy Spirit takes of the things that are his, and shows them to us;” and enlightens us to see them, and works faith in the heart to embrace them and to feed upon them. Christ and his Spirit must be our meat and drink; all besides is only “a name to live by.” My hand shakes, being old and feeble. God prosper thee! So prays

W. HUNTINGTON.

John-street, Herne’s-hill, Pentonville.

II.

I almost long to know how my dear friend comes on; whether he gained anything by trading the last visit, and if there be any breaking out, a breaking forth from the prison, from the chains of sin, and from the yoke of bondage, among the people. The ring-streaked, spotted, and spangled sheep are to be the Shepherd’s hire; so shall the righteousness of the Shepherd answer for them in time to come.

We got home safe and in good time, and I am very much attended in my ministry; nor have I had one barren time in the pulpit since my return, which is not common to me and is most wonderful. Bless God, I am still longing for an increase in the Lord’s harvest. I have good tidings from Otford, in Kent. Three persons came to hear me last Lord’s day, and I am fully persuaded that they came not in vain. I am going to preach next Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, if God permit. Mr. Towers, in town, and a secret enemy to me, is dead; and Mr. Bradford, another of the same cast, is so down in body and soul as to look dreadful; so as to attract the notice of any one that can read physiognomy or depicture countenances.

O my dearly beloved companion, what debtors are we to free grace! How many comply with a few legal convictions, which are attended with no life, no appetite, no relish for the Passover, no “hunger” after righteousness, nor any “thirst” for the love and favour of God; and therefore get ease and security at the foot of Sinai, and fetch all their hope and comfort from the law which condemns them; but never, never arrive at that evangelical influence that makes the sabbath of God holy and honourable, Christ precious, and God the delight of the soul. And the only way to obtain this is by tracing the footsteps of his providence, observing the work of his hands, and

yielding to the dictates and impulses of his most holy and most blessed Spirit: and sure I am, that often when I am admiring his works without, my soul is sensibly touched within. If he lays on the rod of affliction, he says to the afflicted, Pray; if he gives joy and gladness, he expects thanksgiving and the voice of melody; in a cross frame he expects blessing, but in a meek and quiet frame of soul he requires familiarity and a holy boldness. For never can a poor believer make so free as when his soul is truly poor and needy. "The poor," saith the wise man, "heareth not rebuke." There is nothing in God's book against him: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." True yoke-fellow, adieu!

Ever yours in faith and affection,

The Cabin; Monday morning.

W. H., S.S.

[No date. Postmark, 1804.]

[The two letters above have been given to us as *unpublished*. • We have not the means at hand to verify this by a search through Mr. Huntington's published writings; but the friend who gave them into our hand assured us that they had never appeared before in print.] •

A LETTER BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear Brother,—I am now at Everton and free from London visitors, yet not alone as I wish, for a troublesome guest has followed me down from London, and abides in my house and teazes me daily. It is an impertinent acquaintance of yours, whom I long to shake off, but cannot tell how he has got footing in my house, and neither soft words nor hard ones will drive him away. When awake, he is continually complaining or yawning, and if crossed or put out of his way will hector and bully, and swears he will murder me. Dear sir, what must I do with him? He vows he will be used like a gentleman, because one of his ancestors it seems was a nobleman; yet I find the name of his father was Sin, and his godfather's name is Satan, and the man's name is Esau, as sorry a rascal as ever was born. With the look and temper of Cain he minds neither law nor justice; and threatens, if he can, to stab me in the wilderness or drown me in Jordan. He tells me also that he has many brethren, and one of his name is acquainted with you, and heartily hates your preaching; so much for Esau. Now for your preaching and mine—do we not wish to excel, and wish to have the preaching effectual? That blessed effect does neither depend upon genius nor learning, but on the unction from above, which may be had for asking, and had in abundance for asking abundantly; so that in every dry preaching we may say, have I not provided this for myself? There was water enough in the fountain to moisten my subject, but I did not draw it enough by supplication. Much thought on a sermon beforehand may make it palatable to a hearer, but will not make it profitable, except it smells of much prayer as well as tastes of meditation. Our sermons will savour of our walk; if our walk is close, the sermon will be close; if the head be well anointed with oil, it will drop from the lip, and the tongue will tell what communion we keep.

Everton, April 14, 1774.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

POPERY.

IV.

1. THE CHARACTER OF POPERY, AS POINTED OUT IN THE PROPHETICAL SCRIPTURES.

(Continuation of the Prophecy of the Man of Sin, 2 Thess. ii.)

In our limited space it is scarcely possible to do adequate justice to a subject so wide and extensive as Popery. Spreading, like a deep and rapid river, through successive centuries, and exercising an almost unbounded influence upon the minds and actions of millions, what limits can be assigned to a subject co-extensive with human nature under its innumerable phases? What hand can unravel the tangled web of its intricate policy, what pen chronicle the dark deeds of its lust and cruelty?

A limit, therefore, being indispensable, we desire to adopt as ours the *boundary of revelation*. "Search the Scriptures" was the Lord's own injunction. This we hope to do in dependance on the Blessed Spirit, who alone can guide into all truth; and as in our last number we were unable to complete our exposition of that remarkable prophecy, 2 Thess. ii, in which the features of "the Man of Sin" are drawn as with a ray of light, we purpose now, with God's blessing, to resume the subject.

"The MAN OF SIN," the head and front of that great and signal Apostasy which, in the mysterious providence of God, was to deface the visible church of Christ, bears stamped upon his brow this fearful title: "*The Son of Perdition*." We have partly unfolded our views of the meaning of this appellation, yet so comprehensive a title demands a further and fuller investigation. By "the Son of Perdition," we may understand, then, chiefly two things: 1. His *destiny*; 2. His *character*.

I. His *destiny* is the bottomless pit. To that was he eternally predestined. "For Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the king it is prepared; he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it." (Isa. xxx. 33.) "The beast," we read, "was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone." (Rev. xix. 20.) The "son of perdition" is the heir of perdition, as the apostle argues in the parallel case of the family of God: (Rom. viii. 17:) "If children, then heirs." And what an estate to be heir to! How ample, vast, eternal! Well has our noble poet drawn its features:

"Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever-burning sulphur, unconsumed."

And is this the destined abode of the successor of Peter and Vicar of Christ? "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God," was his ambitious cry; "I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like

the Most High!" But this is God's word against him: "Yet shalt thou be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit." (Isa. xiv. 14, 15.)

But he is not alone in his ruin. Multitudes, multitudes he drags down with him. The word "perdition" means loss, destruction, ruin, and that of body and soul to all eternity. "The son of perdition" not only ruins himself, but all who are one with him in heart, adherents to his cause, followers of his doctrine, penetrated with his spirit, and imbued with his principles.

II. This, therefore, constitutes his *character*.

Rome is in Scripture compared to a harlot. Ruined herself, she ruins others. Read now her meek and mild manifestos; she is full of gentleness, purity, and love: "Her lips drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smother than oil." But let her once ensnare her victims, and "her end is as bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword; her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell." (Prov. v. 3—5.) O the depths of the craft and cruelty of Satan! To turn the religion of Jesus into a trap of hell! To seduce the bride of Christ to become first his paramour, and then his procuress!

The name of Satan is "Apollyon," *i. e.*, The Destroyer; (Rev. ix. 11;) and well has his paramour learnt his principles and practice. At these we may now cast a glance.

The *doctrines* of Popery are soul-destructive. It is true that certain great truths, such as the Trinity, are embodied in its creeds; but they are neutralized and poisoned by the deadly intermixture of the grossest error. A glass of wine may be bright and sparkling, the pure blood of the grape, but a few grains of arsenic will make it a deadly draught. To the Nicene creed, for the most part a form of sound words, Rome has appended the Creed of Pope Pius IV.¹ She gives the Scriptures—the wine, but only when accompanied with her own interpretations—the arsenic. Nor will she allow any of her children to analyze the mixture and reject the poison. She allows them no choice in this matter. Implicit faith in her doctrines, unwavering assent to her teaching, is Rome's fundamental position. Her newly appointed Cardinal has in his lectures thus laid down her authoritative demands to unhesitating credence:

"The Catholic Church is thus as a city to which avenues lead on every side; towards which men may travel from any quarter by the most diversified roads, by the thorny and rugged ways of strict investigation, by the more flowery paths of sentiment and feeling; but arrived at its precincts, all find that there is but one door to the sheepfold, narrow and low perhaps, and causing flesh and blood to stoop as it passes in. They may wander about its outskirts, they may admire the goodness of its edifices and its bulwarks, but they cannot be its denizens and children, if they enter not by that one gate of absolute, unconditional submission to the teaching of the church.

"For the moment any Catholic doubts, not alone the principle of his faith, but any of those doctrines which are thereon based, the moment he allows himself to call in question any of the dogmas which the Catholic Church teaches as having been handed down within her, that moment the church conceives him to have virtually abandoned all connexion with her; for she exacts such implicit obedience that if any member, however valuable, however he may have devoted his early talents to the illustration of her doctrines, fall away from his belief in any one point, he is cut off without reserve; and we have in our own times seen striking and awful instances of this fact."—*Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures*.

Her followers are thus bound hand and foot. No searching of the Scriptures, no prayer for divine teaching are permitted. "The Church has spoken!" Doubt her voice, at once they are cast out of her pale.

The two main distinctive features of Popery and Protestantism can never be sufficiently borne in mind. Popery allows of no open Bible—no spiritual interpretation—no right of private judgment. Thus it

substitutes for faith in Christ, faith in the Pope; for searching the Scriptures, adherence to traditions, councils, decrees, and fathers; for divine illumination and the work of the Spirit upon the soul, blind submission to the injunctions of a priest. But our Reformers, as with one voice, cried aloud, "Search the Scriptures, they are the only rule of faith and practice." And they added, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given unto him." (James i. 5.)

Out of the mass of destructive *doctrines* thus rigidly taught and inculcated, we will select for the present only two: 1. *The doctrine of human merit*; 2. *The worship of the Virgin Mary*.

1. The Council of Trent passed the two following Canons upon Justification:

"24. If any shall say that righteousness already received^s is not preserved and even increased before God by good works, but that good works themselves are only fruits and signs of justification already obtained, but not the cause of its being increased, let him be accursed."

"32. If any shall say that the good works of a justified man are so the gifts of God that they are not also the good merits of the person justified, or that he who is justified by good works which are done by him through the grace of God and the merit of Jesus Christ, of whom he is a living member, do not, therefore deserve increase of grace, eternal life, and the obtaining of eternal life itself, if he depart in a state of grace, and also an increase of glory, let him be accursed."

Good works are here declared to deserve eternal life, in direct opposition to the Scriptures, which declare that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in God's sight," and that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

To substitute the righteousness of the creature for the righteousness of Christ, is to poison the gospel at the fountain-head. It was this doctrine that racked and tore the soul of Luther before God applied to his soul with light and power Rom. iii. 21—26. "What!" he cried, "am I not only cursed by the law, but condemned by the gospel?" And condemned by the gospel must all be, if one grain of human merit or of creature-righteousness be required by it.

2. *The worship of the Virgin Mary* is a soul-destructive error.

That this is inculcated in the Romish church is unquestionable. The doctrine, if not expressed in words, at least breathed in her formularies, is this: Christ is an angry judge, who must be propitiated by his Mother, the Queen of Heaven. In the Breviary, which is a collection of prayers, &c., something like the liturgy of the Church of England, and in daily use, occur the following passages:

"There is need of a mediator to the Mediator Christ, nor is there any more useful to us than Mary. Why should human frailty tremble at approaching Mary? There is nothing austere or terrible in her."

"But, perhaps, you fear also in Christ the divine majesty, because, though he was made man, he is still God. Do you desire to have an advocate with him? Have recourse to Mary. I do not hesitate to say that she also will be heard for her own sake."

The prayers correspond to the doctrine. It is especially at the hour of death that Mary is to be invoked, as though Satan would make security doubly secure by sending them out of life with idolatry on their lips.

"Holy Virgin, defend me! Protected by you, I am sure of victory; but grant that I may never forget to invoke you, especially during my last combat, the most terrible of all. Place then your holy name, with that of your divine Son, on my lips and in my heart, and grant that, expiring while invoking Jesus and Mary, I may find myself at thy feet in heaven. Amen."

"Mary is all my confidence; Mary is the foundation of my hope."

"May I then invoke thee during life, and die when calling on Mary, my mother, my blessed, amiable mother."

"O Mary, my mother, when my last hour shall come, when my soul shall be at the eve of its departure from the world, grant, I beseech you, that my last words may be, Jesus, Mary, I love you! Jesus, Mary, I give you my heart and my soul! Amen."

Well, then, is the Romish Antichrist called the "Son of Perdition," because, with the Inquisition at his back, he forces upon the minds of men doctrines destructive to their souls. To pause, to think, to inquire, to ask wisdom of God, is to cease to be a Catholic. The Tipperary assassin, the Italian bandit, the Spanish smuggler, the Portuguese robber, the Mexican bull-fighter, may be and are all good Catholics, if they go to mass, tell their beads, say "*Ave Maria*" at the vesper bell,³ and when they die are anointed with extreme unction. Purgatory, to be sure, may be needful for a thousand years or so, to burn away their various crimes; but Paradise is theirs at last. Let them only hold by mother church, their salvation is sure. Peter, who sits at the gate of heaven with the keys in his hand, instinctively knows a good Catholic, and will certainly let him in.⁴ Such is the firm persuasion of myriads. But to disbelieve one hair's-breadth of the doctrine of transubstantiation, is in Romish eyes certain damnation. Thus falling with all her weight upon the minds of men, she compresses some into the most abject superstition, and forces off others into direct infidelity. The poor ragged Irishman crouches down at the feet of a priest as almost God,⁵ and the educated Italian secretly discards Christianity altogether, confounding that of the Scriptures with that of apostate Rome.⁶

Nor are his *practices* less destructive than his principles. A polluted fountain cannot but cast forth filthy streams.

One practice, in itself embodying a million, will be sufficient here to mention, *the utter disregard of truth* where the interests of the church are supposed to be concerned. Deceit and falsehood are from this circumstance deeply engrained in the mind of a Catholic. If he may lie a good deal for the church, why not a little for himself? Among the lower order of Irish there is no feature so marked or so universal as the utter want of veracity. We have lived in Ireland, and know that to expect truth from an Irish peasant, a genuine Celt, is almost the same thing as to expect honesty from a thief, or modesty from a prostitute. Popery, as carried out in Ireland, is a deep, dark, and deceitful system, and breeds lies in the hearts and lips of its followers as a hedgerow grows nettles, or as filth breeds vermin. But "all liars," according to God's word, are to have their part "in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi. 8.)

And no less destructive is his *spirit*. Lust of cruelty is its distinctive feature. The hatred that smoulders in the heart of the Papist towards the heretic, as he terms the Protestant, surpasses belief. The atrocities of the fearful massacre of 1641, even as detailed in the cold, philosophical pages of Hume, make the blood run cold. They were equalled if not surpassed in the rebellion of 1798: and had the late threatened rise been successful, many a Popish blade would have drunk deep draughts of Protestant blood. The extermination of heretics is Rome's avowed principle; and many an Irish heart would have leaped with joy had the signal been given from the altar to sanctify a massacre, and add the blessing of the priest to the lust of gore.⁷ But "no murderer hath eternal life." A murderous spirit can no more enter the gates of the heavenly city than a lying one: "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." (Rev. xxi. 27.)

A true son of perdition, then, he is, root and branch, in creed, principles, spirit, and practice.

He is said "to oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." Let us lay open this vivid description, and show its applicability to the Romish Antichrist.

1. Consider, first, *his seat*. This is accurately defined. "He sitteth in the temple of God." This is not the temple at Jerusalem, which, as Bochart observes, is never called by the apostles "the temple of God," but the Church of Christ, termed his temple, because in it he dwells, as the apostle speaks: "Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." (2 Cor. vi. 16.)

In this temple of God, his visible church on earth, the Man of Sin has his seat. Who does not know that "the Church," "Holy Mother Church," is the especial boast and claim of Romanism? Rome calls herself "the Mother and Mistress of all the churches;" and pronounces all not in her pale heretics and schismatics, their assemblies conventicles, their ordinances null, their persons excommunicate, and their souls lost. Adopting, then, her own language, as is frequently the case in prophecy, the apostle speaks of Antichrist as thus sitting in the temple of God. The posture is most descriptive. The Pope sits as one that has supreme authority. He does not "*stand* ministering," as a priest, (Heb. x. 11,) but *sits* as a prince, wearing a triple crown. And he sits in the visible Church as her head and ruler, enshrined in her midst as the representative of Christ, and thus presenting upon earth an image of the Lamb in the midst of the throne. He is thus in the midst of the Apostate Church as the heart is in the midst of the human body; its animating principle, sending out his decrees as its vivifying blood, and receiving back the homage of every limb. Like ancient Tyre, his language is, "I am a God; I sit in the heart of the seas." He therefore "sets his heart as the heart of God," (Ezek. xxviii. 2,) claiming to be the heart of the Church visible, as Christ is the heart of the Church invisible.

2. Having seen his "seat," which "the dragon has given him," (Rev. xiii. 2,) we may examine his pretensions. Well does the Revelation say, "Upon his head was the name of blasphemy." (Rev. xiii. 1.)

He "as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing (or displaying) himself as God." Nothing short of this will satisfy his boundless ambition.

It seems incredible, but this assumption is literally true. The following is the language of the Decretals—the foundation of the Canon law now sought to be introduced into England: "Our Lord God the Pope;" "Another God upon earth;" "King of kings and Lord of lords;" "The dominion of God and the Pope is the same."⁸

He is said also "to show himself as God." This is literally true. When the Pope is elected, he shows himself to the people, and is afterwards borne in state to St. Peter's, where he is actually placed on the High Altar and there worshipped.⁹ The Romanists, it is true, make many subtle distinctions between "*douleia*" and "*latreia*," meaning by the former an inferior adoration to the angels and saints, and by the latter the peculiar worship due only to God. Thus when they are charged with worshipping saints or angels, or the Virgin Mary, they instantly deny that they worship them in the same way that they worship God. "We give them," say they, "*douleia*, but not *latreia*." Such subtle distinctions may suit their consciences, but will not keep out the fearful thunderbolt of that holy law, as quoted by Jesus, which says,

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." (Matt. iv. 10.) But there cannot be a more significant act of worship than placing the Pope on the high altar. That, according to their own view, is the consecrated spot of Deity. There the victim (*hostia*) lies; there the sacrifice is offered; there, according to their own doctrine, the actual flesh and blood of the Son of God is placed; before that altar every Catholic at his entrance bows. Therefore, according to their own showing, the Pope when seated on the high altar occupies the place of the Son of God offered up in the sacrifice of the mass; and as the host is worshipped as a present God, so must the Pope be worshipped as Christ himself. Is not this a literal fulfilment of the prophecy? What can more closely correspond to the prediction? When the Pope, in the Cathedral of St. Peter's, surrounded with Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests, amidst the fumes of incense, sits upon the high altar, and is worshipped by them and the assembled multitude, does not he "as God, sit in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

But he is said to "*oppose* and exalt himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped."

He is God's opponent. And this he is by opposing God's revealed will and word.

The Scriptures are a perfect revelation of the mind and will of God. All, therefore, that deny, disparage, or diminish the authority of the Scriptures, are opponents of God.

The authority of an earthly sovereign is made manifest in the laws and edicts that he issues. He who opposes the edicts, opposes the sovereign. So Nebuchadnezzar decided. Thus Rome systematically opposes the Scriptures. Their circulation she forbids except under such restrictions as makes the permission nearly a dead letter; their translation she adulterates and defiles by substituting words that favour her own corrupt doctrines;¹⁰ and their authority she has lessened, first by exalting the Apocrypha into the same rank with the canonical books, and secondly, by putting tradition upon a level with inspiration. Till compelled by Protestant translations, she kept the Scriptures from the people altogether, by making the Latin Vulgate the only authentic version. Her rule of faith is not the Scripture and the Scripture only, but the Scripture as interpreted by the combined declarations of Fathers, Councils, and Popes. From the pure word of God she shrinks. It must be understood only by her own interpretation. What a loophole for rebellion! If all the thieves and murderers of this country were allowed to fix their own interpretation upon the law of the land, every assize would be a maiden one, and every prison cell empty.

But "the man of sin" is said also "to *exalt* himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped." By this we understand the double claim that the Pope makes to supreme spiritual and temporal power. The single word translated "that is worshipped," means not only religious worship, but the respect and reverence due to a sovereign. It is a word of the same root as is rendered "Augustus," (Acts xxv. 25,) and means the veneration paid to a crowned head. The Pope exalts himself above God by claiming supreme *spiritual* authority over the consciences of men, and often in direct opposition to God's inspired word. The pardon of sin he has taken out of God's hands by his dispensations and indulgences; "the cup of the Lord" (1 Cor. xi. 27) he has snatched from the laity; marriage, which God declares "honourable in *all*," he has forbidden to the clergy; meats and drinks, which God has pronounced matters of indifference, (1 Cor. viii. 8,) he has made matters of life and death, declaring it a mortal sin to eat meat in Lent;

and "days and times," the observance of which God asserts to be "a turning again to weak and beggarly elements," (Gal. iv. 9, 10,) he prescribes as binding on the conscience. The worship of angels God expressly forbids; (Rev. xix. 10. xxiii. 8, 9;) the Pope prescribes it. Adoration of images is denounced all through the Old Testament as most provoking to the Lord; the Pope pronounces that the worship of them is to be retained, and due honour and veneration paid to them.¹¹ God declares the curse of his holy law against all who seek to be justified by their own works; (Gal. iii. 10;) the Council of Trent fulminates its anathema against all who declare that good works do not deserve eternal life. God hath magnified his word above all his name. Whoever, then, magnifies his own word above the word of God, by that very assumption opposes and exalts himself above God.

But the same Man of Sin opposes and exalts himself also above all that is worshipped, that is, above all such constituted authority as demands and deserves veneration and respect. Kings, rulers, magistrates, are of God's appointment, mercifully ordained by Him to restrain the waves of lawlessness that would else flood and drown all human society. The Scripture is express here: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii. 1, 2.) Twice the apostle calls temporal rulers "ministers of God," (Rom. xiii. 4, 6,) that is, his servants to preserve law upon earth. They, therefore, demand our respect, and according to the meaning of the word at the time of our translation, our "worship."¹² But the Pope "opposes and exalts himself above all that is called God," as earthly rulers sometimes were, ("Thou shalt not revile the gods," margin, judges, "nor curse the ruler of thy people," Exod. xxii. 28,) "and all that is worshipped" and revered. This he does by claiming, and, where he can, exercising supreme temporal power. Our King John was actually deposed by the Pope, and his crown given to the King of France. Circumstances may render it expedient for a time to waive or veil the claim to set up and pull down crowned heads; but to believe that this right is vested in the Roman Pontiff is an essential part of that creed, to doubt which is to incur the penalty of damnation.

So full and so accurate is this prophecy, that we have not exhausted its contents. It is the prerogative of the word of God to draw in a few words what to open up requires pages. And if this be true of every part of the inspired record, how much more so of those prophetic portions which embody in a few lines the details of centuries!

We beg therefore the indulgence of our readers if we defer to our next number the continuation, and we trust the conclusion of this important prophecy.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

¹ The Creed of Pope Pius IV. is an epitome of Romish doctrine which, to use the words of Dr. Doyle, "is acknowledged by every Catholic." As an instance of this, when the wretched perverts who join her are publicly received into the bosom of Rome, they repeat after the Nicene creed the following twelve articles, which are called the Creed of Pope Pius IV.

ART. 13. "I most firmly admit and embrace the apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, and the other observances and constitutions of the said Church."

ART. 14. "I admit also the Holy Scriptures, according to that sense which that Holy Mother Church has held and does hold, whose province it is to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; nor will I ever

receive them and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers."

ART. 15. "I do profess and believe that there are seven sacraments, truly and properly so called, instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, and necessary for the salvation of mankind, though not all of them to every one, viz.: baptism, confirmation, eucharist, penance, extreme unction, orders, and matrimony; and that they do confer grace; and that of these things baptism, confirmation, and orders, cannot be repeated without sacrilege. I also receive and admit the received and approved rites of the Catholic Church in her solemn administration of all the aforesaid sacraments."

ART. 16. "I embrace and receive every thing that hath been defined and declared by the holy Council of Trent, concerning original sin and justification."

ART. 17. "I do also profess, that in the mass there is offered unto God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and the dead; and that in the most holy sacrament of the eucharist there is truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and the divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that there is a conversion made of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood; which conversion the whole Catholic Church call TRANSUBSTANTIATION."

ART. 18. "And I believe that under one kind only, whole and entire, Christ is taken and received."

ART. 19. "I do firmly believe that there is a purgatory, and that the souls kept prisoners there do receive help by the suffrage of the faithful."

ART. 20. "I do believe that the saints reigning together with Christ are to be worshipped and prayed unto; and that they do offer prayers unto God for us; and that their relics are to be had in veneration."

ART. 21. "I do believe that the images of Christ, of the blessed Virgin the mother of God, and of other saints, ought to be had and retained, and that due honour and veneration ought to be paid unto them."

ART. 22. "I do affirm that the power of indulgences was left by Christ in the Church, and that the use of them is very beneficial to Christian people."

ART. 23. "I do acknowledge the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church to be the mother and mistress of all churches; and I do promise and swear true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, the successor of Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

ART. 24. "I do undoubtedly receive and profess all other things that are delivered, defined by the sacred canons and oecumenical councils, and especially by the holy Synod of Trent; and all other things contrary hereunto, and all heresies condemned, rejected, and anathematized by the church, I do likewise condemn, reject, and anathematize."

² The doctrine of the Romish church is, that righteousness is received at baptism, that a child is then fully justified from all sin. Justification afterwards, she teaches, can only be obtained by faith and works.

³ In Catholic countries the bell for vespers tolls at sunset. Instantly every Catholic, rich or poor, however engaged, repeats *Ave Maria*, (Hail, Mary,) or sometimes the whole sentence, "Hail, Mary, mother of God, the Lord is with thee; pray for us poor sinners, now and at the hour of death." Persons engaged in the most foolish conversation, playing at cards, or even dancing, all suspend their amusements, to repeat, *Ave Maria*, and then dash into them again as before.

⁴ In a "confession of faith" found in the box of a priest of Gorey, Ireland, after the rebellion of 1798, are the following articles:

"3. We all acknowledge the supremacy of the holy father, the Lord God the Pope, and that he is Peter's lawful successor in the chair.

"4. We acknowledge that holy Peter has the keys of heaven, and will receive those that acknowledge his supremacy.

"5. We are bound to believe no salvation out of our holy church."

"10. We are not to keep our oaths with heretics, if they can be broken."

*12. We are bound to drive heretics out of the land with fire, sword, not, and persecution.

*13. We are bound to absolve with money or price those that imbrue their hands in the blood of heretics."—*Musgrave*.

This is the doctrine of the Council of Trent: "Since bishops and priests are it were, certain interpreters and messengers of God, and represent the God of God himself upon earth, it is plain that their function is the greatest that can be conceived; wherefore they are deservedly called, not only angels, but Gods, because they hold the power and authority of the immortal God."—*Decree of the Council of Trent*.

Blanco White, a Spanish priest, whose works made some noise about fifty-five years ago, once told us in conversation, that when he mentioned Vescolo, an Italian writer who then lived in London, his renunciation of Italy, the answer of the Italian was, with a significant look, "*Povero uo! (Poor Blanco!)*" A volume was in those words.

Sir Richard Musgrave, who published a history of the Irish Rebellion of 1641, has clearly proved, from authentic documents, that the main object of the rebellion was to extirpate the Protestants. The following oath, printed in a book of which were found on numbers of the slain at the battle of New Ross, was taken by all the rebels: "I, A. B., do solemnly swear, by our Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered for us on the cross, and by the blessed Virgin Mary, that I will burn, destroy, and murder all heretics up to my knees in blood. So help me God!"

* The following are authentic documents to prove this.

* Our Lord and Master has so retained to himself the power of transferring the papal dignity, that he granted it to blessed Peter alone, and by him to his successors, by special privilege, as antiquity testifies. For not man, but God, creates those that are separated by the Bishop of Rome, who does not fulfil the office of a mere man, but of a true God upon earth."—*Letter of Pope Innocent III.*

* Thou art the shepherd, thou the physician, thou the governor, thou, in a word, another God upon earth."—*Speech of Marcellus to Julius II., in the fourth Lateran Council, A.D. 1512.*

* We are not ignorant that all power was given by the Lord to thee alone in heaven and on earth, since in thee the alone, true, and lawful vicar of Christ and of God, that prophecy will be again fulfilled: "All kings of the earth shall worship him, all people shall serve him."

* Take, therefore, the two-edged sword of divine power given to thee, and command, order, and prescribe that universal peace should take place, and bind our kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron; because all power is given unto thee in heaven and in earth."—*Speech of Antony Puccio to Leo X., A.D. 1514.*

* It is sufficiently evident that the Pope can neither be bound nor loosed by the secular power, since it is plain he was called God by the pious Prince Constantine; and it is evident that God cannot be judged by man."—*Pope Nicholas to the Emperor Michael.*

* The Pope (Julius II.) was conducted into the church of St. Peter, and after being mounted upon the high altar, at the foot of which are the tombs of the holy apostles, he seated himself upon the throne which they had prepared, and was there adored by the cardinals, and next by the bishops, and lastly by all the people that came in a crowd to kiss his feet."—*Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. XV., Book 3.*

"It is not my intention to specify all the forms of etiquette observed, or the ceremonies practised during the process, or at the conclusion of the election. Two or three, however, I must notice, for reasons sufficiently obvious. The next ceremony to which I have alluded, is that called, "The adoration of the Pope." It takes place almost immediately after his election, when he is placed in a chair on the altar of the Sistine chapel, and there receives the homage of the cardinals: this ceremony is again repeated on the high altar of St. Peter's."

"But why should the altar be made his footstool? The altar, the beauty of holiness, the throne of the victim Lamb, the mercy seat of the temple of

Christianity; why should the altar be converted into the footstool of a mortal?" —*"Eustace's Travels," a Roman Catholic priest.*

10 "Repent" (Acts ii. 38) is translated in the Douay version (the Roman Catholic translation,) "Do penance;" "Mystery" (Eph. v. 32) is rendered "sacrament;" "Worship before his footstool," (Ps. xcix. 5,) "worship his footstool;" "It shall bruise thy head," (Gen. iii. 15,) "*She* (i. e. the Virgin Mary) shall crush thy head;" "Worshipped *leaning* upon the top of his staff," (Heb. xi. 21,) "adored the top of his rod," to sanction the worship of images.

11 "The images, moreover, of Christ, of the Virgin Mother of God, and other saints, are to be had and kept in places of public worship, (literally, "temples,") and due honour and veneration paid to them, not because we believe there is in them any divinity or virtue on account of which they are to be worshipped, but because the honour which is paid to them is referred to the prototypes which they represent."—*Decrees of the Council of Trent.*

12 When the Bible was translated into English, (A.D. 1611,) the word "worship" often meant reverence and respect. "Thou shalt have *worship* (i. e. respect) in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee." (Luke xiv. 10.) Thus in the Marriage service the man says, "With my body I thee *worship*, i. e. pay honour and respect. Magistrates are still called, "Your *Worship*," as persons deserving honour.

Extract from "Prophetical Landmarks," by Horatius Bonar, (Keble), published 1848.

"It is needful that the true character of Popery should be thoroughly laid bare, that her history should be searched and her character proclaimed as the "*Mother of harlots and abominations.*" It is needful that she should be pointed to as the great persecutor of the saints, in whose skirts is found the blood of saints and prophets and of all who have been slain upon the earth. It is needful that we should be reminded of the crimson stains upon the harlot's skirts; of the Inquisition dungeons; of the dark tribunals of Austria; of the massacre of France, when the sewers of Paris flowed red with Huguenot blood; of the "*bloody Piedmontese who rolled mother with infant down the rocks*;" of the fires in Smithfield; of the fields of Ireland reddened with the blood of two hundred thousand Protestants. It is needful thus to read and re-read the history of Popery, that we may learn how thoroughly Antichristian it is in all its parts, how nearly it resembles, in feature and in principle, the great Antichrist of the last days. And it is the more needful thus to sound the alarm, because some writers on prophecy have spoken in such a manner of Popery as to soothe the Protestants asleep and animate our great Popish enemy.

"Nor is it a false alarm that we would thus sound. Never since the Reformation has Popery made so deadly and determined a struggle for the recovery of throne and altar. Hundreds of missionary priests are roaming the island, thrusting themselves into every corner, winding themselves into the confidence of the influential, and insinuating themselves with serpent-stealth and subtlety into all seats of power. They mark off their districts and rear their churches every where, carrying on their work of proselytism at any expense, and by every method. They build with costly splendour; they adorn with most attractive grace; they cast the net with consummate art, that beneath its ample stretch they may entangle the thousands of every age, and class, and temper, who love a theatrical religion that will gratify the carnal senses and furnish men with a license for the commission of any amount of iniquity. They talk proudly too, and boast openly of their success, casting off the mask of meekness and modesty, which they had in some measure assumed; proclaiming loudly that as no heresy was ever allowed a duration of more than three centuries, the British apostasy has now reached its close. Thus they prophesy of their own speedy triumph and of our hastening doom.

"It is not my part either to confirm or to confute the prophecy. A few years will unfold it all. There may be darker days in reserve for Britain than many will believe. Her day has been long bright, her sky long cloudless. What

nation has ever enjoyed a century of such profound tranquillity as we have experienced, unbroken save by a few political commotions or a few murmurs of fretful discontent. The cup of trembling which was put into the hands and pressed to the lips of every nation in Europe passed us by. The earthquake-shocks that have for the last half century successively laid waste every kingdom around us, convulsing nations and overturning thrones, tearing up a thousand hearths and agitating ten thousand fearful bosoms with alternate despair and hope, reached us not, nor stirred even one ripple on our sea-bound shore. When God raised up Napoleon as the scourge of the Papal empires, when he called him to his foot, gave the nations before him, and made him ruler over kings, giving them as dust to his sword and as driven stubble to his bow, he appointed him his bounds that he could not pass over, and we were preserved unmolested and secure. When every capital in Europe was in flames, from Moscow to Madrid, we were sitting each man under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to make us afraid. The enemy, with the vanquished might of Europe in his train, prepared to overwhelm us. He threatened, boasted, numbered his armies, talked of a second Armada; but in vain! We were secure. We needed "no bulwarks, no towers along the steep." We were Protestant, and therefore invincible. Our *protest* was our palladium. From our far-off, lonely island there went forth upon the earth the solitary voice that testified for Christ against Antichrist, in the midst of a world of idolatry and darkness. God heard the testimony and he blessed the witness!

But since that time, what has taken place? We have laid aside our protest as too bigoted for an enlightened age like ours. We have struck our Protestant colours, and hung out the flag of neutrality; or rather, we should say, of religious indifference. With our own hands we have taken down the old ancestral standard which had braved three centuries of storm; allowing the spoiler to tear in pieces and trample under foot the inheritance of our fathers, the birth-right of our sons; proclaiming to the world that our past protest was a stain upon our history, and that it matters nothing to a nation's well-being whether the Bible or the Koran be the basis of our statute-book, or whether the national ensign be surmounted by the cross, the crescent, or the triple crown. We may well be troubled for our land. We have little reason to hope that we shall ride out another storm as we have done the last. The anchor that held us fast is gone."

POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Being in possession of an old book, which for a long time has been quite laid aside, I one day took it up, and found it to be one written by that man of God Mr. John Cennick, styled Sacred Hymns; and finding the following one to be very sweet and savoury to my own soul, corresponding exactly with my own experience, I thought perhaps if inserted in the Standard, some of your readers, as face answers to face in a glass, may there see their own portrait drawn in the experience of that dear man of God upwards of a hundred years ago.

Yours sincerely and affectionately, for truth's sake,

A SMOKING FLAX.

Sutton Benjer, March 27, 1851.

TO THE GLORY OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY JOHN CENNICK.

Hear me, my Father, and my tongue
Shall be employ'd in praise;
Incline thy ear, and all my song
Shall magnify thy grace.

Against its power I long rebell'd,
 And foolishly I strove;
 But now, by thee to yield compell'd,
 I praise Electing Love.
 I chose not thee, for in my blood
 Since Adam's fall I lay;
 I knew not I had need of God,
 Nor how I went astray.
 My nature, from my mother's womb,
 Was bent from thee to rove;
 Lo, now 'tis changed, and is thy home;
 Bless'd be Electing Love.
 Sin daily did I once pursue,
 Thou call'dst me oft in vain;
 Thy voice I would not, could not know,
 Till thou didst me constrain.
 Thine eye beheld me in my shame,
 And pitied from above;
 I cannot but adore thy name,
 And bless Electing Love.
 From all eternity thy will
 Was fix'd, and thy decree,
 To pluck me as a brand from hell,
 And save and ransom me.
 Thy purpose was in time fulfill'd,
 No power the same can move;
 I, while to me it is reveal'd,
 Will praise Electing Love.
 Long did I put my trust in man,
 For Heaven I work'd and cried,
 Not knowing He on Calvary slain
 The ungodly justified,
 Till he in tender pity show'd
 That I in error strove;
 All my salvation is in God,
 And through Electing Love.
 To thy decrees I could not bow,
 Thee just I could not call,
 If thou on some shouldst mercy show,
 And not thus deal with all.
 But now against thy wise decrees
 My tongue I dare not move;
 Thy free, thy sovereign grace I praise,
 And thy Electing Love.

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

What some call providential openings are often powerful temptations; the heart, in wandering, cries, Here is a way opened before me: but perhaps not to be trodden, but rejected.—*Newton*.

Man is naturally born to trouble, as the sparks naturally fly upwards; and new-born to trouble also, and commonly to new and more troubles.—*Bunyan*.

*** The friend who sent us the particulars of the death of the late Mr. Pegg, has written to us to say that he was the *brother* of the late Mr. Creasy's correspondent.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF HITCHIN, HERTS.

(Continued from page 155.)

Again: By the experience I have had of the anger of God in the law, I am taught to look well to my way. "The simple believeth every word; but the prudent man looketh well to his going." (Prov. xiv. 15.) It is not every one that cries, Lo! here, and lo! there, that will do for me now. No; many have supposed that they are united to Christ in a marriage covenant, but cannot relate, agreeably to Scripture, how they have been divorced from their first husband, Moses, in a covenant of works. They will tell us that they have closed in with Christ by faith, and expect salvation through him; but if you ask them to give an account of the wrath of God revealed against them in a broken law previous to their marriage with the Lord Jesus, they are at a loss. Ask them to describe the bondage they felt when under the law, (Rom. viii. 15,) the veil of ignorance that was on their hearts, (2 Cor. iii. 14, 15,) and the death the law communicated to their souls, (Rom. vii. 9; 2 Cor. iii. 6,) and they will give you as good account of these things as of what is now doing in the invisible world of spirits. This mystery is hid from their eyes, and the matter is not perceived by them. They never felt the killing sentence of the law, and yet they tell us they are at a point touching their interest in Christ. But what saith the Scripture? Why, the apostle informs us in Romans vii., that if a woman be married to a man before the death of her first husband, she shall be called an adulteress; and then he refers it in a spiritual sense to the marriage between Christ and the soul; and tells us that the believer is "dead to the law by the body of Christ, that he should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that he should bring forth fruit unto God;" but before this

the soul must be taught of God the Father out of the law. (Ps. xciv. 12.) No man cometh unto Christ, except the Father draw him, (John vi. 44,) and "every one that hath heard and learned of the Father John vi. 45) cometh unto me," saith the Lord Jesus; and I do humbly thank my heavenly Father for the divine teaching that I have received of him.

I could mention a few more of the benefits I have received through this blessed instruction which the Lord hath sealed upon my soul, but it may be my reader will think me too prolix already. However, courteous reader, if thy patience is worn out in the perusal, I can assure thee mine is not in writing; therefore, if thou art not disposed to accompany me any farther, I shall be content to go on by myself. It is peculiar to men in business to examine what they gain by trading; and having myself done some business in the deep waters of affliction, I feel myself disposed to calculate the profits of the voyage, that by looking back upon the dangers I have surmounted, and recording some of the benefits I have received, a little gratitude may redound to the honour of my noble Captain and worthy Commander, whose praise I ever wish to celebrate, for guiding me with the skilfulness of his hands when "I was compassed about with the billows and waves of wrath." (Psalm xlii.) But he attended to the prayer of his unworthy servant; he commanded, and the storm became a calm; for he has said that no vessel of mercy shall be drowned in perdition. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

The chastisements of God have been further useful to me, in enabling me to discern in my own experience the path the Lord leads his children in to the promised rest. "They shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion." (Isaiah lii. 8.) But until we experience the sad effects of legal bondage, the deep distress of the saints of God will be hid from us. We may hear them relate their soul-distress, and may be sorry for their trouble, but cannot speak to their experience till we have drunk of the wormwood and gall ourselves. This made Job's three friends so greatly to misunderstand his case. They essayed to commune with him, it is true, but, alas! they made a poor hand of it; they added to his trouble instead of affording him relief. "How long," said Job, "will ye break me in pieces with words? These ten times have ye reproached me. O that ye would altogether hold your peace, it should be your wisdom." (Job xix.) But when it pleases the Lord to make us feel his wrath in the law, and afterwards binds up the broken spirit with a sense of pardoning love, then we are made as instruments in the Lord's hand of conveying some comfort to our afflicted brethren. "If we be afflicted," says the apostle Paul, "it is for your consolation and salvation." "But," further, "knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." (2 Cor. v. 11.) Having experienced, in a measure, the wrath, bondage, and terror, the law communicates to the soul, (Rom. iv. 15; Rom. viii. 15; Ps. lxxxviii. 15, 16,) we testify that every man who

dies under the law, without an interest in Christ, must remain for ever under the curse of the law that is broken. (Gal. iii. 10.) But if we get into conversation with a poor sinner who feels the bondage of the law, we tell him how we felt when in the same case; the remedy that God employed and the effects that followed; and if the Lord gives testimony to the word, he is encouraged to hope that in due time he may experience the same. Thus we become all things to all men; to the weak we become as weak, by discoursing to them of the low estate we were in, and that the Lord supported us, and at last appeared for our deliverance. To them that are under the law we declare that the law is spiritual, and explain to them the bondage we felt when under it. "I am become all things to all men," says our beloved brother Paul, "that I might by all means save some." (1 Cor. ix. 22.)

Thus, by going on in this plain simple way, declaring from the experience we have had the severity and justice of God in his holy law, and his goodness towards us in Christ the great Law-fulfiller, and confirming the same by the Scriptures of truth, we become manifest in the experience of others. (2 Cor. v. 11.)

I shall mention something further of the benefits I have received from the long and severe affliction I felt when under the bondage of the law. Having called upon the Lord in my distress, and he having regarded the prayers I put up out of the depths of my soul-troubles, when there was no eye to pity and no human power that could afford any relief; (Ps. cxxx. 1; Ps. cxlv. 4, 5, 6;) I say, he did at that time loose my bonds, (Ps. cxvi.,) heal my wounds, (Ps. cxlvii. 3,) and anoint me with the oil of joy. (Isa. lxi.) And because he has done thus unto me for Christ's sake, in answer to me, I hope therefore to take encouragement, to come boldly to the throne of grace, and to call upon God as long as I live. (Ps. cxvi. 2.)

And I must say, and desire to leave it behind me after death, when these my poor writings will speak, though I am not in the world, that my God has enabled me to continue calling upon him in every trouble I have passed through since that period, which is now twenty-six years ago last December, (the year I now write in is 1808,) and during these many years I have never been totally destitute of his grace, mercy, or truth, never been so shut up in any distress but that I have let my request be made known unto God; and never been so cast down but the Lord has, in due time, lifted me up and appeared again and again both in grace and in providence.

Surely I am a witness for God that he is faithful; (Isa. xliii. 10; Isa. xlv. 8; Job xiii. 15;) and the least I can do is to say so. To declare his doings among the people, and to make mention that his name is exalted, (Isa. xii.,) is the sweetest employment a poor dependant upon his free grace and matchless mercy can be engaged in. It is the repeated proofs I have had of this that causes me thus to write.

God is faithful shall be my motto in life, in death, in eternity.

"Faithful is he that calleth you," saith the apostle, "who also will do it." I believe it, Paul, with all my heart. Every day's experience assures me of the truth of it. It was owing to the faithfulness of God to the covenant engagement he made with his dear Son that I was first called by grace. (1 Cor. i. 9.) It was owing to the same faithfulness that I was preserved when under Satan's temptations and the bondage of the law. (1 Cor. x. 13.) It is the endearing attribute of the Most High that holds the believer and Christ in the bond of eternal wedlock. (Hosea ii. 20.) It is, further, owing to God's faithfulness we receive the full, free, and entire forgiveness of all trespasses, past, present, and to come, for Christ's sake. (1 John i. 9.) Again: it is owing to the same faithfulness that our interest in God's covenant of peace stands fast for evermore. (Ps. lxxxix. 25—28.) "My covenant shall stand fast with him."

His faithfulness will still further appear in not suffering any of his family finally to fall through sin. Fall they may; they do, and who can tell how often? But utterly cast down they never shall be. Not one shall perish, but have everlasting life; this is the will of our heavenly Father. For sin the rod is sure; but it is the chastisement of our merciful Father, not the fury and rebukes of an angry Judge and a consuming fire. The same faithfulness that secures us from finally falling, also secures paternal correction, as we read in Psalm lxxxix., and the poor Psalmist felt the sad effects thereof. "In faithfulness," saith he, "thou hast afflicted me." (Ps. cxix. 75.)

Furthermore: the faithfulness of God will shine forth to the comfort of every pardoned sinner, and that for evermore. "Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens." (Ps. lxxxix. 2.) "The Lord is faithful, who shall establish and keep you from evil." (2 Thess. iii. 3; Deut. ix. 7.) "If we believe not, God abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself." (2 Tim. ii. 13.)

I shall mention one more benefit I have received since the Lord has delivered me from my distress, and that is, to believe experimentally in the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. When God applied his law with a divine power to my heart, I found that sin by the law was become exceedingly sinful; my wickedness I felt to be great, and my iniquities of an infinite evil, because they were committed against the infinite Majesty of Heaven. (Job xxii. 5.) But myself, being a finite creature, could never discharge an infinite debt; but Jesus Christ, the Surety for his elect, has paid my debts, and those of all he hath undertaken, even for a number that no man can number, as saith the prophet, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 6.)

Now, had the Redeemer been only a man, he must have sunk under the weight of the sins of so many millions of sinners; for no mere man "can redeem his brother by any means, nor give to God a ransom for him;" (Ps. xlix. 7;) for "the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever." But Christ, taking the human nature (Heb. x. 5) into union with his divine Person, (John i. 1; Heb. i. 8,) became God and Man (John i. 14; 1 Tim. iii. 16)

in the one person of Christ, Jesus, (Isa. vii. 14; Matt. i. 23,) and is called by the prophet, "Immanuel, God with us." As man, he obeyed the law, and made it for ever honourable; and by suffering the penalty due to us for the breach of it, he has for ever redeemed his elect from the curse of the law. As God, he merited, and stamped an infinite dignity upon all that he did and suffered. As the God head cannot die, so the manhood cannot merit; but Christ, being God and man in one person, by the *union* of the two natures became the author of eternal salvation to all that rightly believe in him. This is the mystery in which my poor sinful soul believes, and often derives comfort from.

But into this glorious mystery I never wish to pry with no better light than the light of nature or carnal reason, but desire daily to be taught of God, to sit at the feet of our divine Teacher, (Deut. xxxiii. 3,) to receive of his words, and never to aim at being wiser than that which is written in the Scriptures. (Rom. xv. 4.) "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." (1 Tim. iii. 16.) Thus have I related some of the benefits I have received since it pleased God to deliver me from the spirit of bondage, (Rom. viii. 15,) and I can truly say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for before that I went astray, but now I have kept thy word." (Ps. cxix. 67, 71.)

I shall now return to the subject of my narrative.

I was relating the interview I had with the doctor who was sent to try his skill on a wounded spirit, (Prov. xviii. 14,) but with this he could do nothing. But, blessed be God! the good Physician, the Lord Jesus Christ, who well understands all disorders of this sort, paid me a visit. He poured some of his oil and wine into my wounds, and sent me on my way rejoicing. It was in the month of December, 1781, that this memorable circumstance took place. It was when I was in private prayer before the Lord, (very low indeed,) that suddenly I felt in my soul such a powerful sense of God's love as I cannot fully describe, "But I rejoiced," as the apostle says, "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." (1 Peter i. 8.) In its first operations I felt an immediate calm from all that sorrow, distress, and perturbation of mind I had for two years laboured under. I immediately rose from prayer, for I could neither attend to that nor anything else. I was as much swallowed up with the love of God then as I was before with misery, and, indeed, more so. My joy in the Lord seemed every minute to increase. Nothing, I thought, could add to my happiness in this world—and surely, if I ever knew what real pleasure was, it was at that ever-to-be-remembered period.

I often look back at the happy time and place, when every faculty of my soul was brought into sweet subjection to Christ. Every thought was in heaven, where my treasure is; and all my delight was there in the Lord, who had preserved me as a shield in

the dangers I had come through, and was now become the lifter-up of my head. (Ps. iii. 3.)

"My meditation of him," says David, "shall be sweet; (Ps. civ. 34;) and truly I found it to be so in myself. Instead of being bowed down with the temptations of Satan and the fear of God's anger from morning to night, now nothing but peace, love, comfort, and happiness. When I lay down I was as happy as my heart could hold; when I awoke in the morning it was the same; my glory was fresh in me. Through all the day long the comforts of God delighted my soul; and so fixed was my mind in this new and unexpected goodness of the Lord, that I could scarce attend to anything else. I was truly in love, but it was with that God who had loved me with an everlasting love; (Jer. xxxi. 3;) and had now given me a proof of it by drawing me with the precious cord of loving-kindness and tender mercy. (Hos. xi. 4.) My soul cleaved close to the Lord in sincere love and affection, for he made me to drink of the new wine of the kingdom, to forget my poverty, and to remember my misery no more. "A man's wisdom," saith Solomon, "maketh his face to shine," (Eccles. viii. 1,) and indeed this was verified in me. Every one in the house might observe the alteration in my countenance. The doctor himself, who used to dine there, said I was ten pounds better; but had he said a thousand pounds better he would have been right. My heart was, when he first visited me, smitten and withered like grass. (Ps. cii. 4.) But when Christ, the good Physician, poured in his oil and wine, my soul was a watered garden; every grace of God's Spirit had taken root in me, so that joy and gladness was found in my heart, thanksgiving and the voice of melody; and sorrow and sighing had at that time vanished away.

Wisdom now both dwelt in me, and talked with me; and those texts which formerly alarmed me were succeeded by texts that contained peace, love, joy, and tranquillity, which both nourished and comforted me from morning till night, and were to my poor distressed soul as milk to a young child. "As new-born babes," saith the apostle, "desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." (1 Peter ii. 2.) I did indeed greatly desire it, for when one blessed portion of the word had furnished me with comfort for a while, another text would present itself and come with fresh comfort to my heart; so that the word of God, which used to distress me, was now the sweetest book I ever read, and, as the Psalmist says, "my meditation all the day long." (Ps. cxix. 97.) "Do not my words do good," saith the Lord, "to him that walketh uprightly?" Yea, Lord, they do; they cause thy poor servant to be fat and flourishing, and to praise thy holy name with joyful lips. The grace of God which ruled in my heart, and the undeserved goodness of my covenant God made me afraid to offend him. With his favour did the Lord compass me about as with a shield, and he made his goodness and his loving-kindness to pass before me, agreeably to his own word, "No good thing will be withhold from them that walk uprightly." "And it shall come to pass, saith the Lord, that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet

speaking I will hear." (Isa. lxx. 24.) The Lord my God did, at that happy time, commune with my spirit as a man doth with his friend; but to describe it in the manner I then felt it I cannot do at present, as so many years have past since. Every corruption of my nature was at that time so subdued, that it seemed to me as if I had no evil in me; all was hushed, all was still, and my soul was in a most profound calm. Satan, with all his temptations, was commanded to be gone; the Lord had rebuked him. (Zech. iii. 2.) Nothing now was going forward but love and goodwill from that God who had an eternal affection for me in his beloved Son Jesus Christ. "That ye may suck, and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolations; that ye may milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory."

Surely I shall never quite forget these happy days so long as I live in this world, nor to all eternity will they be forgotten. Old things were passed away with me now, and behold all things were become new. Instead of anger from God, nothing but peace and love through Jesus Christ. Instead of striving in my own strength to merit God's favour, now the Lord worked in my heart the good pleasure of his will and the work of faith with power. Instead of approaching God in prayer with fear and reluctance, I now used a holy and humble freedom, blessing and thanking him for his unmerited love to my soul. Instead of terrifying and alarming texts fixing on my mind and bowing me down, now the Bible seemed like a new book, and became my meditation in the morning and my delight every night, because the blessed contents of that sacred word spoke peace to me, a poor sinner, through Jesus Christ.

"Thus old things passed away, and all things became new." (2 Cor. v. 17.) God's service was now my delight. "A new spirit will I put within you," saith the Lord; and with a new song he enabled me to sing of judgment past, and mercy now sweetly revealed to my soul. (Ps. ci. 1.) "A merry heart," saith Solomon, "doeth good like a medicine;" (Prov. xvii. 22;) and, indeed, I found these words to be verified in my happy experience, for when the Lord poured into my heart a feeling sense of his loving-kindness, I found that my spirits, which were much depressed with the grief I went through, (Job vi. 4; Ps. cii. 4,) now began to recover their wanted vigour. I was all in motion after God, and earnestly wished to show forth the praises of him who had remembered me even in my low estate; as it is written, "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth;" (Job xxxiii. 25;) and David says, "When the Lord satisfied him with good things, his youth was renewed like the eagle." (Ps. ciii. 5; Isa. xl. 31.) Oh! blessed be God for choosing me in Christ Jesus before the world began, and foreordaining me to eternal life in and through the Lord Jesus Christ, before the foundation of the world. But

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room?
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come."

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM HARVEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CALL TO THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY, TOGETHER WITH THE OPPOSITION HE MET WITH, AND HIS PROCEEDINGS THEREON.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."—**EPHESIANS** iii. 8.

"And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee: for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."—**JEREMIAH** i. 19.

(Continued from page 149.)

The next Lord's day I preached from these words: "And he said unto them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." (Luke ix. 23.) Was it real, or did I only imagine, that those young men who had before disliked my doctrine seemed pleased when I read this text, as though they expected something agreeable to their own minds of *doing*, as there was in it the work of self-denial; not considering that the greatest part of that work is to renounce our own works and deny righteous self? Was not their pleasure yet more heightened, while I paraphrased the first part of the words, "And he said unto them all," observing that the external ministry was indefinitely to all, leaving the special and particular application thereof to the Spirit of God? But O how short-lived was their pleasure, when I observed, secondly, That this general declaration respected one point in particular, to wit, the will of man, concerning which there had been much said for and against; some pleading the freedom of the will, others the power of man's will: some allowing it freedom and power, but limiting the extent of the will. But waiving all these disputes, I think the words are very plain that all will not, for it is said, "If any man will." This was as gall and wormwood to such of them as are for all men going to heaven, and for being more charitable than the word of God will warrant; when I added, as a second wound, That it is plain all never will; worse and worse still; and thirdly, That by nature there are none that will, and there are but few that ever will; nor they till "made willing in the day of God's power." (Psalm cx. 3.)

This was a finishing stroke to them; and the next day they wrote to inform Mr. Wesley of it, who the next week sent another of his preachers, one who indeed had a little more of the wisdom of the serpent, but seemed to want the dove's innocency; for he never came to dispute the matter in difference, nor could I ever get a sight of him.

I must here notice that we now, and had for some time, preached in a large apartment in the White Friary, now let into tenements, and which was then rented by one of our friends.

The man's first aim was to represent the doctrine I had preached as horrible, and me (behind my back) as a teacher of heresy; and then to request the people who owned the place to forbid my preach-

ing there any more. This they refused to do, stating that as I was the first that had ever preached there, I should be welcome there as long as I pleased.

Soon after, two of Mr. Wesley's preachers came together, on their way from Ireland to London. These were admitted to preach, and afterwards found out a scheme that answered their end; they sent two or three of the young gentlemen before mentioned to the people who owned the place, with this deceivable pretence: "We think it very unreasonable that you should have all this trouble and the cleaning of the place for nothing, while we have the use of it. We have considered the matter, and have agreed to give you thirty shillings for the use of the room for twelve months." The people, not aware of the design, and the money being acceptable, took it; after which they, the young men, could forbid me the place. Accordingly, they came to inform me that I must not preach there any more, for they had hired the place for Mr. Wesley's preachers, and that Mr. Wesley would send them a preacher every fortnight. I told them, If my ministry was not acceptable, I did not want to force my labour upon them. I must here remark, that I had had nothing of them, "but my own hands ministered to my necessities;" so that they needed not to act so under-handedly. Had they told me their minds I would have acquiesced; but as it was, I only requested the liberty of preaching once more, to take leave of my friends in a farewell discourse. But this was not agreeable to them. I suppose they thought they had heard enough of my preaching already, and they therefore told me they expected one of Mr. Wesley's preachers the next Lord's day. I was willing to have deferred it till after that time, but I found it was not to be at all. I therefore told them, after some little pause, that I was determined, God willing, to preach there again once more, and that on the next Lord's day. But they said I could not, for they expected one of Mr. Wesley's preachers. "Well," said I, "I have stood and heard one and another of them several times; and if it were but in good manners, surely they might stand to hear me once more." But this was not to be. I suppose they thought that would be a loss of time indeed, to let such a one as I preach, while Mr. Wesley's preachers should stand by. "Well," said I, "if I may not preach in the room, there is a large walled-in court-yard, belonging to the Friary. I can preach there, without asking leave." "Why, surely," said they, "you will not; that will be enough to let all the city know that there is a difference amongst us." "Well," said I, "as you have not been ashamed to make the difference by such underhand dealings, I am not ashamed of its being known." So finding me inflexible, they sent me word afterwards that I might preach once more in the place. And accordingly I did, from these words: "Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?" wherein I had an opportunity of laying before them what are the essential truths of the gospel, and that for preaching these, and these only, I was considered to have become their enemy.

Thus ended my infant ministry in Coventry; from whence I

made several journeys, on invitation, to preach in Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire, till I was called by a people to Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire.

Here, also, I met with opposition to my doctrine from the very opposite side; for here I had to do with some who were Antinomians in judgment and practice.

The first I perceived of it was in the greatest man among them, a gentleman having an income of about six hundred pounds a year. He owned the meeting-house and the dwelling-house adjoining it, which latter served as a vestry as well as for the minister to live in. There I saw him and a tailor measuring a son of his; about twelve years of age, on a Lord's day morning, as I was going into the meeting.

I was grieved at seeing them pay so little regard to the sabbath, which I understood was common among them; and therefore I thought it my duty to preach upon the due observance of the Lord's day, which I did in the afternoon, from these words: "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride on the high places of the earth; and I will feed thee with the heritage of Jacob, thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." While I was preaching, the gentleman before mentioned took up his hat and walked out, and he was soon followed by another, and they began to talk as loudly in the yard as I did in the pulpit. When I had finished, a third, who was the second greatest man among them, came to me, and said, "He could not think what I had been doing." I told him that I had been endeavouring, according to my ability, to establish the obligation of the sabbath. "Why," said he, "that the saints under the gospel have ever observed the first day of the week as a sabbath must be allowed; but that they are under any obligation so to do, I know of none." "No!" said I, "why, then, their keeping a sabbath is will-worship, and as such condemnable. If the obligation is not binding upon the first, it is upon the seventh day; and if you are not satisfied with the change from the seventh day to the first, you are at liberty to keep to the seventh; but a seventh part of our time it is our indispensable duty to devote to God as a sabbath, or his day." "Why," said he, "every day is a sabbath to the Christian." "Yes," said I, "every day ought to be as a sabbath to the Christian in a cessation from sin, but not from labour; whereas, on the Sabbath day we are to do no manner of works, the works of necessity and mercy excepted." "Why," said he, "the prohibition of works on the sabbath-day, was only typical of the gospel day of rest, wherein we cease from our own works; and as we are entered into the true rest, which is the substance, we have nothing to do with the shadow; for that command was only typical." "Strange indeed," said I, "that the fourth commandment should be only typical. Was it not one of the commandments that was given

to Moses upon Mount Sinai, and written in the first table of the law?" He owned it was. "Why, then," said I, "if the fourth commandment be not binding, there are but nine commandments in the law; and if this be one of the commandments of the law, and yet not binding, consider how you will destroy the authority of all the rest. For you may as well say the seventh commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' only respects the departure of the heart from God, and that to have women in common is no adultery; for if this commandment is not binding, it can have no reference to us; or that the eighth commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' only respects sacrilege, or robbing God. That it is not stealing to take from Cæsar 'the things which are Cæsar's;' (Matt. xxii. 21;) or that you are not bound by the first commandment to have no more Gods than one, as to say we are not bound by the fourth commandment, to 'keep holy the sabbath day.' (Exod. xx. '8.) And if this be allowed, what a wide door to all manner of licentiousness this would open!" He now seemed satisfied; but the next week I wrote to him and explained the subject more at large; and when he came to town again, he told me he believed in the obligation of the sabbath, and that he was convinced we were bound to keep it.

Next day I went to visit the other gentleman, to learn the reason for his behaviour; but I could get nothing from him, only that he did not like to hear such doctrine, and that he could go to the church and hear as well to his liking, if he must be set a doing. I told him that I abhorred the thought of doing for acceptance with God, but that I thought we were bound to glorify God. That I hoped I had said nothing contrary to the word of God. If I had, that I was willing to relinquish it; but if not, I should be obliged to defend it, though he and all the rest should be offended. He made me no other answer than, that he did not like it, nor would he hear it. But I had subsequently the satisfaction of seeing in him a fulfilment of that scripture, where the son said, "I will not," but afterwards repented and went; (Matt. xxi. 29;) and I have reason to hope the word was not in vain, as his conduct was greatly altered with respect to the sabbath afterwards.

But there were others who gave me much trouble in their opposition to my doctrine. These I found to have drunk deeply into a libertine spirit; and therefore I thought it my duty to dwell upon such subjects as might tend to expel the poison they had imbibed; and that the potions of wholesome truths might go the better down, I sought such subjects as might evidence that I did not mean that salvation was to be obtained by works, but fully and absolutely to hold salvation to be by grace, according to the glad tidings of the gospel. I preached from these words: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." (Rom. viii. 1.)

In my first two sermons from these words, I endeavoured to consider and prove, What it is to be in Christ, and, That to such there is "now no condemnation." This was very agreeable; and some of

them told me it was savoury meat, such as they liked. But when, in the third place, the next Lord's day, I came to consider the inseparable description of them that are in Christ Jesus, that they are such as "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," this was not relished by them; and one of them told me that he thought, by "walking after the flesh," the apostle only meant walking in and after the works of the law.

I told him I had already shown in my sermon, that the apostle counts the works of the law the works of the flesh: "If any other man thinketh he hath whereof to trust in an arm of flesh, I more." (Phil. iii. 3.) "Are ye so foolish? having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?" (Gal. iii. 3.) Yet the same apostle positively asserts, that the corruptions of nature are the works of the flesh: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, sedition, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in times past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." (Gal. v. 19—21.) This being expressed in the Scriptures, he seemed forced to own its truth.

Again: I preached from these words: "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." (2 Cor. vii. 1.) Here, also, while I considered the many great and precious, free and absolute promises of grace God has made to his church, it was excellent; but when I came to consider the use the apostle would make thereof, namely, "to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness both of flesh and spirit," that did not suit; and one of them told me he had nothing to do with "the filthiness of the flesh," adding, "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." (Rom. vii. 17.) I told him I would say so too, with respect to his acceptance with God, provided I could certainly know, as God knows, the secrets of the heart, whether he would not do, but truly hated the evil that he did; but that I feared many could thus separate sin from their souls, to whom God would eventually say, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezek. xviii. 4.)

He seemed silenced; and the more the parties opposed practical truths, the more I considered it my duty to dwell upon them. I accordingly chose for a subject: "And ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.) Here, while I observed the saints are not their own saviour, (Isa. xliii. 11,) any more than they are their own makers and preservers, they are not their own choosers. They have not chosen the Lord, but he has chosen them. They are not their own directors: "Tis not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" (John xv. 16;) "but a good man's steps are ordered by the Lord." (Psalm xxxvii. 23.) They are not their own defenders; but with favour God encompasses them "as with a shield." (Psalm v. 12.)

The individuals wonderfully approved all this; but when I came to consider the obligations thence arising, that Christians should "therefore glorify God in their bodies and spirits, which are his," that did not suit; and some of them told me they loved the pure and unmixed gospel. I told them, what they counted pure I feared was impure; and their liberty, what the apostle counts being "servants of corruption." (2 Peter ii. 19.) I therefore preached from the words, "For the grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." (Titus ii. 11, 12.)

Here also, while I endeavoured to explain the nature of this salvation, and then to prove that it came by grace, was wholly by grace, "brought to light by the gospel," and brought home by the Spirit's application, for "the grace of God bringeth salvation," it was good news; but when I came to consider the inevitable effects of that grace in the soul to whom salvation is brought, as it teaches us to deny "ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," this was rejected as legality; and the next day one of them came to me, and said he wanted to ask me a question. I asked him what it was? He replied, "Did I believe that Christ died for all the sins of his people?" I was obliged to answer in the affirmative, that he did, or otherwise they could not be pardoned. "Why, then," said he, "they cannot commit one more sin than what he died for; if they could, then Christ would not have died for all their sins. Nor can they commit one less; if they could, then would Christ have shed his blood superfluously, if he died for sins that never were nor ever would be committed by them." I thought his logic better than his divinity, and therefore told him that it seemed to me, he only wanted to know how many sins and how much sin he might commit, and yet imagine himself safe, rather than to know how he might be delivered from "the body of this death," (Rom. vii. 24,) or be saved from his sins.

But I must not enumerate more particulars. Let me only observe, as the people of Coventry opposed the doctrine of grace by the works of the law, I thought it my duty to dwell the more upon the doctrines of grace; but here the people abused the doctrine of grace by the works of the flesh, and therefore I thought it my duty to dwell the more upon practical religion, founded upon gospel truths, and I hope I endeavoured to consider them according to their known influence in the saint's experience. When I say the people here, I mean some of them; for the rest were glad to hear these libertine principles opposed; and blessed be God, it was not without success, for the townspeople took notice of a difference in the manners of most of them. One or two of them remained irreclaimable, who were yet brought to condemn themselves in the things that they did.

Thus have I mentioned some of the opposition that I met with in regard to the doctrine which I preached.

(To be continued.)

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THE LATE MR. HARDY, OF LEICESTER.

Dear Brother,—I would willingly write for private satisfaction and for general edification, to yourself and my congregation; but my infirmity, increased by too much exertion, almost denies me the use of the pen.

I have received your packet by V. Do not think of doing much in this quarter. We have hearts without money, and money without hearts; and we are smothered with hearers, for whom a larger place must be provided. Two or three have been applied for. I am pressed to stay in London a sabbath, for the purpose of collecting money; but I do not think I shall comply, as one invitation to beg is not the promise of any to give. Nevertheless, if it should seem advisable to stay after further considerations, I shall do so and will give you timely notice.

I have been very dejected and low in my feelings since I have been out, but am better this week than last. I hope to meet you again on the first sabbath of December.

To my hearers or friends in general I would express a real affection for Christ's sake. I would say to them, as Boaz to his reapers, "The Lord bless you." Though distant from you, my heart would be with you to impart to you the whole gospel of Christ in all its fulness and all its bearings. Selfishness, coldness, and sleepiness are the lamentable order of this present evil day; but in these circumstances Christ is little known. When the heart lays hold on him, it finds him an all-sufficient good. It is sweeter than the glory of kings or the bliss of angels, to have him revealed in us "the hope of glory." He is a treasure that can neither be taken from us nor be diminished; that can neither weary nor cloy us. No repetition of his favours can make them grow old or unsavoury. The "new man" is always renewed by his visits; and his word, which cannot be broken, declares, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." He promises his presence always, even to the end of the world, to his disciples; and his word is a tried and sure word. None who have given it the least credit in a desperate case have been disappointed. And O remember, he is Jesus, whether he come in a way of sensible manifestation, or whether he seems to shut out our prayers and to stand aloof from our sore. It is the highest proof of our faith in him to trust him in the darkest and most distressing seasons, and when we feel ourselves most unworthy, miserable, and helpless. His work is to quicken the dead, to be a light to them that "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," to take off the heaviest burden of guilt and fear, and to fill our mourning, embittered souls with all joy and peace. I charge you to wait upon him in all his ordinances and appointments, and judge of nothing after mere natural sense and feeling; but plead in faithful, fervent prayer, without fainting, (for you will be often ready to faint,) the word of his grace, that cannot be broken. Nothing is too little to take to him, and nothing is too hard for him to manage.

None have more bitterness than his people in waiting for him, on this side hell; and none have such sweetness as the joy of his presence affords on this side heaven. I wish you deadness to the world; a contempt of its best things; much faith, prayer, thankfulness, and love. I ever remember you, pray for you, and desire to be made profitable to your souls; and beg especially that the Lord may bless this poor mite to your lasting profit.

Your very unworthy servant,

Deal, Nov. 19, 1824.

T. HARDY.

LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO A SON.

No. IV.

My dear Son,—May grace and peace be multiplied through Jesus Christ! We received your "song of the night" on Friday afternoon, with much pleasure and delight. I assure you we had been looking for it with the greatest anxiety for some time past, and by its delay, I thought it would be, as it is, "a song of the night."

Solomon begins the sweetest "song of the night" the church ever read or sung, which he styles, "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's." And this "song of the night" he begins with some remembrances of the loving-kindnesses of the Lord, and the sweet discoveries of a precious Jesus in his anointings upon the soul, melting it into tears of repentance and joy, "changing it into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." He longs for some more of these love-visits, and therefore breathes out, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine;" and adds, "Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee."

And now look at the impotence of this good man, with his inability to get any of these blessings by might or by power: "Draw me, we will run after thee." Ah! John, it is "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." But he adds, "We will remember thy love more than wine; the upright love thee." And now the good man, all at once, seems to get such a sight and sense of his past sins and present depravity, that I should think he saw himself as black as possible; and if he did not wish himself a hermit, as you have done, or some being that was free from sin, it is a wonder to me. However, he cries out, "I am black." Sin was a bitter plague to him, and he found, as you and I find, sin is and will be sin, in spite of all our efforts to subdue it, do all we can. It is woven in our very nature:

"Leprous quite throughout with sin,
Leathed incurables we stand;
Crying out, 'Unclean, unclean!'
Help there's none for such as we,
But in dear Gethsemane."

Yes, my dear child; and had the good man shut his eyes and put his fingers in his ears, and thought it might have been good for him

to have been born blind, and at other times deaf, as I have done many times; yet he would have found that Eye and Ear-gate being both shut, would not have shut sin or the devil out of the town of Mansoul. O poor Mansoul! thou art the very seat of permanent wars and bloodshed. O how at times do I wish that the last enemy in thee were destroyed! No, he would have found, if the devil could not succeed in tempting the eyes of the body with objects of sin, he would soon have made an attack upon the eyes of the mind, and there have made his pleasing baits of sin appear as plain and as desirable to the flesh as any where else.

Such is the wily, subtle, imperceptible way and manner of this serpent's feeding; as though nothing were meat to him like sin, and tempting men to it; and what is worse than all, making sport in this great deep of corrupt nature in God's saints, working upon concupiscence, to set it lusting after evil things, which will sometimes bring sore chastisement and bitter crosses upon us. Then he will endeavour to make the deep to boil like a pot of ointment, in rebellion and hard thoughts of God. And sometimes here his fiery darts will be dreadful, past any description, and all against God. Here poor Mansoul will tremble like an aspen leaf, and fear, though he might have felt the favour of God in times past, lest God for this wickedness should change his mind and make him "a vessel of wrath" after all, although he never might have changed before. "Yes," says the devil, "I was in heaven once, and how can you tell but that you may be cast out from the favour of God, as I was out of heaven." O how have I trembled and feared in this place!

Well, John, is it any wonder that Solomon, or we, feeling ourselves such sinners, should say, We are "black; look not upon me, because I am black." O John, it is a great thing to know we are black, to be sin-sick, to know that none but Jesus can save us from "the wrath to come;" to "fear and quake," like poor Moses, under a sight of the "law of sin and death;" or like Noah, who, "being moved by fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house."

You complain of being "dry, dark, and dead," and of prayer being a task. This will teach you to believe what the Lord says is true, "From me is thy fruit found;" that "he shutteth, and no man openeth; and openeth, and no man shutteth;" and that "without me ye can do nothing."

Well, John, "hear, and your soul shall live." "Come now, and let us reason together," says the Lord; "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." And the Spirit saith, Come; and the bride saith, Come; and "whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Amen.

J. B.

Bath, Nov. 7th, 1841.

AN EXTRACT FROM OWEN'S "COMMUNION WITH GOD."

[Though Dr. Owen, in common with most writers of the same period, held some views, and occasionally dropped expressions which to our ears bear a legal sound, yet there are few who have had a deeper acquaintance with the mysteries of the kingdom, or have opened them up with greater clearness and savour. The last work which he penned, "*Meditations and Discourses on the Glory of Christ*," was once, in a serious illness, much blessed to us; nor can we ever forget what heavenly and spiritual feelings were kindled in the soul, nor what life and peace were experienced within, one Lord's day evening in our sick room, 'as, when just able to sit up, we read some chapters of that little work. John Newton, writing to a friend, says, "I agree with you in assigning one of the first places as a teacher to Dr. Owen."

Having lately read with some sweetness the following extract from his work on "*Communion with God*," we have felt desirous to lay it before our readers. Their edification, as we mentioned in our January Address, is our desire and object; we may, we hope, add increasingly so since the commencement of the year, and we desire that it may grow in us more; and this has induced us to cast this bread upon the waters, hoping it may be found after many days. But we desire to add, that it will need careful and prayerful reading. There is a closeness, depth, and fulness in it which will not bear to be hurried over, and skimmed through, like most modern productions. Well nigh every sentence is weighty, and pregnant with scriptural and saving truth; and if read under the unction of the Blessed Spirit, eminently calculated to feed and edify the believing soul.—ED.]

To strengthen our hearts in the resignation mentioned of ourselves unto the Lord Christ as our Husband, as also to make way for the stirring of us up to those consequential conjugal affections, of which mention shall afterwards be made, I shall turn aside to a more full description of some of the personal excellencies of the Lord Christ, whereby the hearts of his saints are indeed endeared unto him.

In the Lord our righteousness, then, may these ensuing things be considered, which are exceedingly suitable to prevail upon our hearts to give up themselves to be wholly his.

I. He is exceeding and excellent and desirable *in his Deity, and the glory thereof*. He is Jehovah our righteousness. (Jer. xxiii. 6.) In the rejoicing of Zion at his coming to her, this is the bottom: "Behold thy God." (Isa. xl. 9.) We have seen his glory, saith the apostle; what glory is that? "The glory of the only begotten Son of God." (John i. 14.) The choicest saints have been afraid and amazed at the beauty of an angel; and the stoutest sinners have trembled at the glory of one of those creatures in a low appearance, representing but the back parts of their glory, who yet themselves in their highest advancement do cover their faces at the presence of our Beloved, as conscious to themselves of their utter disability to bear the rays of his glory. (Isa. vi. 2; John xii. 39, 40.) He is the Fellow of the Lord of Hosts. (Zech. xiii. 7.) And though he once appeared in the form of a servant, yet then he thought it no robbery to be equal unto God. (Phil. ii. 6.) In the glory of this majesty he dwells in light inaccessible. "We cannot by searching find out the Almighty to

perfection. It is as high as heaven, what can we do? it is deeper than hell, what can we know? the measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea." (Job xi. 7—9.) We may also say one to another of this, "Surely we are more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man; we neither learned wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the holy. Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? Who hath gathered the wind in his fist? Who hath bound the waters in a garment? Who hath established the ends of the earth? What is his name, and what is his son's name, if ye can tell?" (Prov. xxx. 2—4.)

If any one should ask now with them in the Canticles, What is in the Lord Jesus our Beloved more than in any other beloveds, that should make him so desirable, and amiable, and worthy of acceptance—what is he more than others? I ask, What is a king more than a beggar? Much every way. Alas! this is nothing; they were born alike, must die alike, and after that is the judgment. What is an angel more than a worm? A worm is a creature, and an angel is no more; he that made the one to creep on the earth, made also the other to dwell in heaven. There is still a proportion between these, they agree in something. But what are all the nothings of the world, to the God infinitely blessed for evermore? Shall the dust of the balance or the drop of the bucket be laid in the scale against him? This is he of whom the sinners in Zion are afraid and cry, "Who amongst us shall dwell with that devouring fire? who amongst us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" I might now give you a glimpse of his excellency in many of those properties and attributes by which he discovers himself to the faith of poor sinners. But as he that goes into a garden where there are innumerable flowers in great variety, gathers not all he sees, but crops here and there one and another; so I shall endeavour to open a door, and give an inlet into the infinite excellency of the graces of the Lord Jesus, as he is God blessed for evermore, presenting the reader with one or two instances, leaving him to gather for his own use what farther he pleaseth. Hence then observe,

1. The endless, bottomless, boundless *grace and compassion* that is in him, who is thus our Husband as he is the God of Zion. It is not the grace of a creature, nor all the grace that can possibly at once dwell in a created nature, that will serve our turn. We are too indigent to be suited with such a supply. There was a fulness of grace in the human nature of Christ: "He received not the Spirit by measure;" (John iii. 34;) a fulness like that of light in the sun, or of water in the sea. I speak not in respect of communication, but sufficiency; a fulness incomparably above the measure of angels; yet it was not properly an infinite fulness, it was a created, and therefore a limited fulness. If it could be conceived as separated from the Deity, surely so many thirsty guilty souls as every day drink deep and large draughts of grace and mercy from him, would (if I may so speak) sink him to the very bottom; nay, it could afford no supply at all, but only in a moral way. But when the conduit of his *humanity* is inseparably united to the infinite, inexhaustible fountain of the Deity, who can look into the depths thereof? If now there be grace

enough for sinners in an all-sufficient God, it is in Christ. And indeed in any other there cannot be enough. The Lord gives this reason for the peace and confidence of sinners; (Isa. liv. 4, 5:) "Thou shalt not be afraid nor confounded; thou shalt not be put to shame." But how shall this be? So much sin, and not ashamed? so much guilt, and not confounded? "Thy Maker (saith he) is thine husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth shall be called." This is the bottom of all peace, confidence, and consolation, the grace and mercy of our Maker, of the God of the whole earth. So are kindness and power tempered in him! he makes us and mars us! he is our God and our Goel, our Redeemer. "Look unto me," saith he, "and be ye saved; I am God, and none else." "Surely, one shall say, in Jehovah have I righteousness and strength." (Isaiah xlv. 22, 24.)

And on this ground it is, that if all the world should (if I may so say) set themselves to drink free grace, mercy, and pardon, drawing water continually from the wells of salvation; if they should set themselves to draw from one single promise, an angel standing by, and crying, "'Drink, O my friends, yea, drink abundantly!' Take so much grace and pardon as shall be abundantly sufficient for the world of sin which is in every one of you," they would not be able to sink the grace of the promise one hair's breadth. There is enough for millions of worlds if they were, because it flows into it from an infinite bottomless fountain. "Fear not, O woman Jacob, I am God and not man," is the bottom of sinners' consolation. This is that head of gold mentioned in Cant. v. 11, that most precious fountain of grace and mercy. This infiniteness of grace, in respect of its spring and fountain, will answer all objections that might hinder our souls from drawing nigh to communion with him, and a free embracing of him. Will not this suit us in all our distresses? What is our finite guilt before it? Show me the sinner that can spread his iniquities to the dimensions (if I may so say) of this grace. Here is mercy enough for the greatest, the oldest, the stubbornest transgressor: "Why will ye die, O ye house of Israel?" Take heed of those who would rob you of the Deity of Christ. If there were no more grace for me than what can be treasured up in a mere man, I should rejoice that my portion might be under rocks and mountains.

Consider hence his eternal, free, and unchangeable love. Were the love of Christ unto us but the love of a mere man, though never so excellent, innocent, and glorious, it must have a beginning, it must have an ending, and perhaps be fruitless. The love of Christ in his human nature towards his, is exceedingly intense, tender, precious, compassionate, abundantly heightened by a sense of our miseries, a feeling of our wants, experience of our temptations, all flowing from that rich stock of grace, pity, and compassion, which, on purpose for our good and supply, was bestowed on him. But yet this love, as such, cannot be infinite, nor eternal, nor from itself absolutely unchangeable. Were it no more, though not to be paralleled nor fathomed, yet our Saviour could not say of it as he doth, "As my Father loveth me, so I have loved you." (John xv. 9.) His love, as

the mere love of his human nature, could not be compared with, and equalled unto the divine love of the Father in those properties of eternity, fruitfulness, and unchangeableness, which are the chief anchors of the soul that rolls itself on the bosom of Christ. But now,

(1.) It is *eternal*. "Come ye near unto me, hear you this; I have not, saith he, spoken from the beginning in secret; from the time that it was, there am I; and now the Lord God and his Spirit hath sent me." (Isaiah xlviii. 16.) He himself is yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and so is his love, being his who is Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the ending, "which is, which was, and which is to come." (Rev. i. 8.)

(2.) *Unchangeable*. Our love is like ourselves; as we are, so are all our affections. So is the love of Christ like himself. We love a man one day, and hate him the next; he changeth, and we change also; this day he is our right hand, our right eye, the next day we cut him off, pluck him out. Jesus Christ is still the same, and so is his love: "In the beginning he laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of his hands; they shall perish, but he remaineth; they shall all wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shall he fold them up, and they shall be changed; but he is the same, and his years shall not fail." (Heb i. 10—12.) He is the Lord; he changeth not, and therefore we are not consumed. Whom he loves he loves unto the end. (Mal. iii. 6; John xiii. 1.) His love is such as never had beginning, and never shall have ending.

(3.) It is also *fruitful*, fruitful in all gracious issues and effects. A man may love another as his own soul, yet perhaps that love of his cannot help him. He may pity him in prison, but not relieve him: bemoan him in misery, but not help him: suffer with him in trouble, but not ease him. We cannot love grace into a child, nor mercy into a friend; we cannot love them into heaven, though it may be the great desire of our soul. It was love that made Abraham cry, "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" but it might not be. But now, the love of Christ, being the love of God, is effectual and fruitful in producing all the good things which he willeth unto his beloved. He loves life, grace, and holiness into us; he loved us into covenant, loves us into heaven. Love in him is properly to will good to any one; whatever good Christ by his love wills to any, that willing is operative of that good.

These three qualifications of the love of Christ, make it exceedingly eminent, and him exceedingly desirable. How many millions of sins, in every one of the elect, (every one whereof were enough to condemn them all,) hath this love overcome! What mountains of unbelief doth it remove! Look upon the conversation of any one saint: consider the frame of his heart; see the many stains and spots, the defilements and infirmities, wherewith his life is contaminated, and tell me whether the love that bears with all this be not to be admired. And is it not the same towards thousands every day? what streams of grace, purging, pardoning, quickening, assisting, do flow from it every day? "This is our Beloved, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

SHORT DISCOURSES BY MR. HUNTINGTON.—IV.

“He that is despised and hath a servant, is better than he that honoureth himself, and lacketh bread.”—Prov. xii. 9.

It is not a form of godliness without the power, nor an empty profession void of possession; nor is it a dry barren ministry, whether heterodox or orthodox; that will incur the displeasure of these despisers.

A profession made under the influence of the spirit of this world, and a system of gospel truths preached by the children of the flesh, will make but little stir among these enemies. Hypocrites and impostors are the best friends the devil has; for by these he counterfeits the kingdom of God to support his own empire. Men may preach about creation and providence, about election and redemption, about justification and sanctification: Satan cares nought about that; for all these may be in the head while the strong man reigns in the palace. Satan knows that the kingdom of God stands not in word, but in power; and nothing but divine power can dethrone and dispossess him. The above things have been and still are enforced by many who are enemies to God, in alliance with Satan, and in union with those whose “guests are in the depths of hell.” (Prov. ix. 12.) By such instruments he communicates hardness of heart, impenitency, daring boldness, arrogance, blind zeal, false faith, and perilous presumption: all which are profitable to the devil. And this may be called spiritual wickedness; for it is the influence of Satan counterfeiting the full assurance of faith in the unsanctified souls of hypocrites. That which makes a man, despised, and which, by Satan’s help, fills the despiser with all his rage, is the faith of God’s elect; which faith is both God’s gift and God’s work. It flows from God’s eternal love, through Christ the Mediator, and is wrought in the soul by the powerful arm of God revealed. This faith deals with the Lord’s atonement, and purifies the heart by it; it puts on an imputed righteousness, and gives Christ a dwelling-place in the sinner’s heart. This faith overcomes the world, and explodes the spirit of it, and purifies the heart from the root of all evil, and lays hold of the love of God, and works by it, which is the root of all real godliness. It applies the promises, it attends our petitions, mixes itself with the word preached, assures us of our sonship, and is always attended with the witness of the Holy Spirit. Take faith in a twofold point of light: first, as a grace from Christ acting, and take Christ as the Object of faith acted upon, and “faith is the substance of things hoped for;” for what can a sensible sinner hope for but the enjoyment of Christ? Faith is “the evidence of things not seen,” which things are the glories of heaven; and the firstfruits of the Spirit are the earnest of that glorious harvest; and faith is one of those firstfruits, and is our assurance of it, and is wrought in our souls to persuade us that the promised inheritance is sure to all the seed. Now, all this being God’s own work in us, it must be despised. “Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work

which ye shall in no wise believe; though a man declare it unto you." (Acts xiii. 41.) And this may be seen in Paul at Jerusalem. While Paul declared his extraction, his education, manner of life, and his persecution of the Christians, they heard him with all attention; but when he delivered his conversion, and call to preach to the Gentiles, then they lifted up their voices and said, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live." "Make haste," said the Lord, "and get thee out of Jerusalem, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me." That which these men despise is not us, but God's work, God's dear Son, and God himself for revealing him in us; and so says the Lord himself: "He that despiseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me." (Luke x. 16.)

But each of these despised ones hath got a servant; therefore he is better than he that honoureth himself, and lacketh bread.

I must now describe *the servant*. Our Jacob, the Everlasting Father of Israel, served for a wife, and for a wife he kept sheep. Nor is he ashamed to be called our Husband; for he made himself of no reputation, but took on him the form of a servant, and in that form he served for his wife, and obtained her as the reward of his work. Hence she is called "the travail of his soul." To purchase her, discharge her debts, and to rescue her from the hands of thieves, robbers, and usurpers, was all his labour and travail. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" (Matt. xx. 28.) He washes her from all her sins in his own blood; and, if he wash us not, we have no part in him: yea, he disdained not to wash his disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. (John xiii. 5.) And this is repeated again and again, for he makes us feel the need of it often; and we are all sensible of it when it is done. And after his resurrection, his disciples found a fire on the sea-coast, and fish laid thereon, and bread; himself made the fire, and dressed the dinner, and he called his disciples to it, saying unto them, "Come and dine." (John xvi. 12.) "Whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am among you as he that serveth." (Luke xxii. 27.) This is the Angel that redeemed Jacob, and the God that fed him all his life long. And surely washing us, washing our feet, making a fire, dressing our meat, and calling us to the entertainment, is the menial work of a servant. But what is that which divine and invariable love will not do? Nor does he stop here, but he puts on our clothes, and all our trinkets; for we have neither eyes to see them, nor hands to apply them ourselves. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom dresseth himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." (Isaiah lxi. 10.) The crown upon her head, the chain upon her neck, the bobs in her ears, the bracelets on her hands, and the shoes on her feet, are of his preparing and putting on." (Ezek. xvi. 9—12.) All her inward glory and eternal ornaments, the provision of Zion's table and the furniture

of her toilette, the powder of her hair and the perfumes of her robe, are all prepared and provided for her. Wisdom prepares her bread, kills her beasts, mingles her wine, furnishes her table, and bids her guests, saying, "Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine that I have mingled." This is the provision of her table. And as for her apparel, he says, "Thou art comely through my comeliness that I have put upon thee." He is her watchman by night, and her guardian by day, and never slumbers nor sleeps; he watches over her every moment, and keeps her by his power; she is indebted to him for both her food and her physic; and he makes all her bed in her sickness; (Psalm xli. 3;) he supports her on the bed of languishing, and he attends her both in the furnace and in the bath, to keep the flame from kindling and the waters from overflowing; nor will he relinquish his endearing attention till the solemnization of the eternal nuptials takes place. "Let your loins be girded, and be like to men waiting for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding." (Luke xii. 36.) "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching; verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them." (Luke xii. 27.) O unparalleled condescension! He will gird himself with all the power, glory, and majesty of infinite Deity, raise his church from the dead, form it and fashion it like unto his own glorious body, present her to himself without spot, wipe all tears from her eyes, lead her to living fountains, feed her with his own fulness, and set her down amidst all the realities and dainties of Paradise. A despised one, that hath such a servant, is better than "he that honoureth himself, and lacketh bread."

"Are we blind also?" say the Pharisees. O no; burning and shining lights! They shine in the counterfeited rays of Satan, and burn in rage against Christ as he did. They do the work of their father.

"Stand by thyself, come not near unto me, for I am holier than thou," said another. "These many years do I serve thee," said the elder son in the parable, "and never at any time transgressed I thy commandments." "All these have I kept from my youth up," said the young man; "what lack I yet?" All these honoured themselves, and received honour one from another; and we have plenty of such in our days. The Papist, whose obedience exceeds the demands of the law; the perfectionist, who is complete in the flesh; the self-righteous, with all his stock of natural power and inherent grace; and those who boast of all their light within, but have none without; these all honour themselves, and are therefore in unbelief. For, "How can ye believe, who receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God only?" (John v. 44.) These must want bread, because they cannot believe. "I am the bread of life," says Christ; "and he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." But "how can you believe?" and if they have no faith, they have no bread.

Their pride will attend them out of the world, for they will honour themselves at the great day. "When saw we thee an hungered or athirst, and did not minister unto thee?" And again,

"Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?"

The grand contest between God and all graceless professors is, who shall have the glory of a sinner's salvation. This glory God claims, and will never give to another; nor will the self-righteous ever give it to him. Hence the Saviour, who stood in the gap and made up the breach, is rejected, and anything substituted in his place. Free agency is opposed to his sovereignty; the workings of a natural conscience are called inherent grace, and are set up in opposition to the Lord's fulness; dead works stand as a rival to his spotless obedience; and sinless perfection in competition with his sanctification: while, on the other hand, the Lord seeks the lost, shines upon the blind, quickens the dead, gives power to the faint, serves the vilest, heals the sick, and justifies the ungodly. And this is the glory of God's elect, while all others labour in vain. It is going about to establish their own righteousness, being too blind to see, and too proud to submit to the righteousness of God. Such "shall stumble and fall, and be snared, and be broken, and be taken." They stumble and take offence at the Son of God; they are broken off from both covenants, and taken in their own craftiness; for what can men hang upon who reject Christ? And this is now the case with the Jews; they are driven to such shifts as to pray on their death-bed that their own death may atone for their sins. These are the men who honour themselves, and yet they lack the Bread of Life, and will perish to all eternity in their wants. It is intolerable to them to have their honour laid in the dust, and therefore it must lie in the flames; for "he that exalteth himself shall be ashamed." At the great day it will be seen, and shall be acknowledged by all, that "he that is despised and hath a servant, is better than he that honoureth himself and lacketh bread."

"He that is despised is better than he that honoureth himself," &c. Blessed are they that are reviled and persecuted, for great is their reward in heaven. But the Lord pronounces his woe upon professors when all men speak well of them.

But a member of the Laodicean church, who is rich, increased with goods, and in need of nothing, thinks it strange to be invited to "buy wine and milk without money and without price; and even if conscience pinch him, he turns a deaf ear to the voice of divine bounty. "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread; and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." (Isaiah lv. 2.) All such kind invitations are lost upon a freewiller. "The full soul loatheth the honeycomb;" and, therefore, woe unto them that are full, for they shall hunger. All that come to the feast must be brought; a bare invitation brings no guest. "Not one that was bidden shall taste of my supper; therefore, bring in the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, that my house may be filled with guests." These, these shall eat bread in the kingdom of God; when many shall beg in harvest, and have nothing. "Better is he that is despised and hath a servant, than he that honoureth himself and lacketh bread."

POPERY.

V.

I. THE CHARACTER OF POPERY, AS POINTED OUT IN THE PROPHETICAL SCRIPTURES.

(Continuation of the Prophecy of the Man of Sin, 2 Thess. ii.)

Satan is the prince and god of this world. (John xiv. 30; 2 Cor. iv. 4.) As a prince, he must have subjects; as a god, he must have worshippers. His sceptre is no weak and barren wand, but waves over countless multitudes; his altar is no forsaken, ruined, moss-o'ergrown shrine, but is daily thronged by myriads of feet and worshipped by millions of knees.

But his kingdom is a kingdom of darkness, and his altar an altar of blood. Destruction is his end, and deception his means. As "the prince of the power of the air," he scans, like an eagle from its aerie, his outspread domain; and as "the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience," (Eph. ii. 2,) he infuses into the minds of men his own deep-laid schemes, himself the while unnoticed and unknown.

Popery we believe to be Satan's grand masterpiece—the ablest invention of that mind which, for depth of subtlety, exceeds all human conception. There is an ancient proverb, "*Corruptio optimi est pessima*," which may be freely translated, "The best thing when corrupted becomes the worst." If the gospel, then, be the best gift of God to man, the system that perverts and corrupts it must be of all systems the worst. Upon this point then of our subject let us now fix our eye.

In the prophecy of the MAN OF SIN there is one most noticeable feature, that his "*Coming is after the working of Satan*." This is the grand key to Popery, the only real clue to its intricate recesses and crooked labyrinths. That Popery should be what it is, a system beyond conception firm and compact, shows that a master mind contrived it; that it should prevail so widely, that a universal influence accompanies it; that it should endure so long, that an undying spirit upholds it. Popes and cardinals neither built the walls of Papal Rome, nor now uphold them. As well might scaffolding poles and trowels have reared up the Vatican without the architect's eye or the mason's hand, as that Gregorys or Hildebrands raised up the Papacy without the eye and hand of a master spirit, who drew the plan and wielded the instruments.

This part of the prophecy will therefore demand a fuller consideration.

Be it borne in mind, that as a reward of his incarnation, sufferings, and death, the Father has given the Son a kingdom. "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (Luke xxii. 28—30.) The language of the Father is, "I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." (Ps. ii. 6.) "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre." (Ps. xlv. 6.) This kingdom Daniel saw in vision. "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." (Dan. vii. 13, 14.) This kingdom, in its present form, is a kingdom of grace,

set up in the hearts of Christ's willing people. (Ps. cx. 3; Rom. xiv. 17; Col. i. 27.)

To see his dominions cut short, and his subjects torn from his grasp, must needs provoke the wrath of Satan. But what has especially moved the choler of that proud prince is, that this kingdom is set up in the person of the God-man. That human nature should be exalted above angelic nature, by its intimate union with the person of the Son of God—*this* moves the spleen of the fallen angel. And that this should be a kingdom of light, of grace, of holiness, of happiness, of glory; and that whilst he and his band of fallen spirits are to be thrust into hell, a countless multitude of the sons of men, children of dust, should be saved into the heaven whence he fell—*this* stings his mind into fury.

But he has arts as well as arms. His is no blind, insensate rage that defeats its own object; but is beyond all human conception far-seeing in its end, and politic in its means. The rage and strength of the lion are united to the craft of the serpent. He can creep through the bush, as well as leap from the covert. Before Christ appeared on earth, Paganism and idolatry were Satan's grand instruments. By their seductive wiles, he for ages maintained his kingdom upon earth. But the Lord Jesus, "by the suffering of death, destroyed (or disannulled) him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." (Heb. ii. 14.) When the blessed Lord rose triumphant from the dead, ascended up on high, led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, it was the downfall of Satan's kingdom. The Holy Spirit was poured forth; the apostles went abroad everywhere preaching Jesus; numbers were delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. At the preaching of the gospel Satan "fell like lightning from heaven," *i.e.*, the "high" or heavenly "places" (Eph. vi. 12) in which he sat. As the gospel spread, Paganism rocked to its base. An effort was necessary on the part of Satan to prop up his falling kingdom. Persecution was the instrument selected. Ten bloody persecutions—and the last, that of Dioclesian, the worst,—did Christianity endure. But seas of blood did not extinguish the Christian name. The more they were afflicted, as in Egypt of old, the more they multiplied and grew. A change of policy was therefore requisite, and one well suited to the growing state of things in that era of the church. Satan's language seems to have been, "Paganism, I see, is everywhere falling; Christianity everywhere prevailing. Let me then leave the old worn-out, dying carcase of Paganism, and transmigrate into the fresh warm body of young Christianity." Here is a transmigration indeed—the subtlest stroke of policy that ever came from the gates of hell. "I cannot kill Christianity, but I can stifle it. I cannot overthrow it, but I can wed myself to it. I cannot defeat Christ, but I can set up an Anti-christ. The religion of the Spirit is beyond my reach; but I can organize and carry out a religion of the flesh, which shall be the best of all instruments to deceive and destroy." Such, we may conceive, would be the language of Satan in devising and executing this dark plot.

Popery, then, is an imitation of the kingdom of Jesus. Its leading, animating idea is, that it has a head upon earth who is the Vicar of Christ. Here is imitation, an imitation of the leading truth of the gospel, that Christ is the church's spiritual Head. But imitation in the things of God is rebellion. An idol is an imitation of God as an object of worship; therefore an act of rebellion. Herod upon his throne imitated the voice of God. He was struck down as a rebel. Nadab and Abihu imitated the sacred fire from heaven, and perished for their presumption. Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, imitated the Aaronic priesthood, and the earth swallowed them up.

The Pope imitates Christ. What is this, then, but rebellion? He imitates him as King, for he calls himself his Vicar upon earth, and wears a triple crown. He imitates him as Prophet, for he declares that his judgments in matters of faith are infallible. And he imitates him as Priest, for he assumes, by his indulgences, to forgive sin. In fact, he imitates Christ in almost every attribute. Christ holds the keys of death and hell; the Pope claims the power of the keys as his special prerogative. Christ is the stem in which all the branches of the vine meet and unite; the Pope is the uniting head of all the churches. Not to be in union and communion with Christ is death; not to be in union and communion with the Pope is, according to the Romish creed, destruction. The claim and boast of Rome is this: that she is Christ's visible church on earth; that she has a hierarchy derived by Apostolic succession; that she has sacraments which are only valid because administered in her communion; that she alone has a consecrated altar and a sacrificing priesthood; that she alone is the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church to which Christ has promised his presence, Spirit, and blessing to the end of the world.

From these premises she argues, that there is neither Christianity nor salvation out of her pale. Protestants, whatever be their name and creed, are schismatics, apostates, heretics, rotten members, children of perdition, without God, or Christ, or hope. Is not all this "the working" of Satan? That a system which really is no religion at all, but a mere mundane, earthly instrument of Satanic policy and craft—a compound of lies and deception—a mass of idolatry and error—an ambitious grasping at wealth and power—a refined code of Italian subtlety, administered by priests and monks—that this grovelling mimicry of the kingdom of the blessed Jesus should call itself Christ's bride and church, what a prostitution of every thing sacred and holy!

And that men of the highest intellect and education should deliberately live and die in the firm persuasion that this is the religion of Jesus Christ,—how can it be accounted for but by this scripture, that "it is after the working of Satan?"

The nature of this working is opened up thus by the inspired apostle: "With all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish." Let us examine these separately.

1. "*Power*," i.e., influence and efficacy on the minds of men. As a supernatural and divine influence attends the teaching and work of the Holy Spirit, so a supernatural and infernal influence attends the working of Satan. "Ananias," said Peter, "why hath Satan *filled thine heart*?" If Satan "fill the heart," it is by his suggestive influences, breathing and infusing into it his own spirit, filling it as the wind fills the sails of a ship, speeding and urging it on to a certain point and by a certain course. "Satan," we read, "*entered into Judas*," took possession of him, and hurried him along to betray Christ and destroy himself. Satan does not merely tempt indirectly to sin, by presenting baits to the carnal mind and letting *that* act; but, where permitted, accompanies his temptations and suggestions with a direct influence, so as to sway and bend the will with a positive impulsive force. This is "*power*,"—mysterious, indeed, and inscrutable, but most formidable and fearful in origin, means, and end, and a thousand times the more so as being so hidden and unobserved.

2. "*Signs and lying wonders*." These we class together, as they are often classed in God's word. "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great *signs and wonders*; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." (Matt. xxiv. 24.) But we may, perhaps, thus distinguish them. "*Signs*" would seem to

point to certain marked direct testimonies from God. Thus the Jews so often required Christ "to show them a sign," i.e., as distinguished from a miracle, some sight or voice, or supernatural appearance from heaven. So Paul speaks of the gift of tongues being "a sign to them that believe not," (1 Cor. xiv. 22,) i.e., a proof to their senses that it was a work of God. By "*wonders*" we may understand miracles, prodigies, portents, supernatural appearances, things contrary to the general course of nature. The word "lying" we connect with both, for alike upon each is falsehood stamped.

Rome has her lying signs and her lying wonders; and of both Satan is the author. Her lying *signs* are well nigh innumerable. Almost every doctrine of the Romish church is propped up by them. Sometimes, for instance, it is the doctrine of *transubstantiation*. Her books of devotion abound with legends to persuade her dupes that the consecrated wafer is the real flesh and blood of Christ. Sometimes the name of a saint is mentioned, who is said to have seen with his bodily eyes the consecrated wafer as actual flesh and blood.¹ Sometimes accounts are given of heretics or Jews who have carried it off, to ridicule or maltreat it, and when they have broken it, blood has, according to the legend, dropped from it. Sometimes it is to prop up the doctrine of *image worship*. There are several so-called miraculous images of the Virgin Mary, to which peculiar sanctity is attached.² Some are said to have fallen from heaven; others to have been dug up from the earth under miraculous appearances; one to have been made by the Prophet Jeremiah, and left in Egypt, whence it was brought by St. Louis.³ Sometimes it is to prop up the doctrine of *Saint worship*. There is a work called *Acta Sanctorum*, (*Actions of the Saints*), in many folio volumes, filled with the most ridiculous legends of the saints of the Romish church. The miracles wrought by the saints, their austerities and self-tortures, their bodily conflicts with Satan, their stupendous holiness on earth, and their merits and power in heaven, form the chief staple of the contents of this work.⁴ Accounts of a similar nature make up the main bulk of the sermons of monks and friars in Popish countries, as was the case in England before the Reformation.⁵ Sometimes these lying signs are adduced to substantiate the doctrine of *purgatory*. Dolorous cries issue from the churchyard of souls in purgatory; or some saint has had a vision of its torments; or some great sinner has been taken there after death, and then allowed to come back to life to work out his salvation by acts of penitence.⁶ Masses must be said to release these poor tormented souls. Money must tinkle in life, or be left at death to build monasteries, churches, chantries, and for other "pious uses," to deliver themselves or their relatives, who are represented as enduring worse tortures than those in hell. These lying signs, devised and used by Satan, influence the bewildered minds of Papists to a degree perfectly incredible to a Protestant, and drench them with the most grovelling and abject superstition.

Besides these signs Satan works by "lying wonders," i.e., counterfeit miracles. It is the especial boast of the Romish church that, in her communion miracles have not ceased. Lying miracles certainly have not. Two have of late attracted much notice, one called the winking image of the Virgin Mary at Rimini in Italy; the other a picture of Jesus Christ in the South of France, which is said to sweat blood. Miracles are sometimes ascribed to the relics of martyrs; sometimes to a piece of the wood of the true cross; sometimes to the prayers of the saints; sometimes to the intercession of the Virgin Mary.⁷ At the time of the rebellion in Ireland in 1798, it was generally believed by the rebels that the priests could catch the bullets in their hands, destroy by their curses

the king's soldiers, and make the Catholics invulnerable.⁸ Miraculous cures are ascribed to holy water, to certain sacred wells and fountains and places of pilgrimage, to the blessing of the priest, to the repetition of certain words and formulas, to the sign of the cross, and a thousand superstitious observances. In fact, lying wonders are the grand instruments of Satan; and what more potent and efficacious engine to work upon the mind of man? Miracles instinctively command assent. They are the grand evidences of both Old and New Testament. By miracles Moses substantiated his mission both to the children of Israel and in the court of Pharaoh. By miracles the Lord Jesus Christ manifested that he was the Son of God. How, then, can Satan work more effectually than by counterfeit miracles? And that he can do so when permitted is plain from the Egyptian magicians who wrought miracles in the presence of Pharaoh.

We have dwelt upon this part of the subject at some length, chiefly for two reasons.

1. That it is the especial mark of Antichrist. In tender mercy to his church the Lord has pointed out this special feature. Forewarned, forearmed. Rome's boast is Rome's condemnation. She holds up her miracles as a beacon light—it is her funeral pile. Her mock jewels betray the harlot's forehead. The wires that move the puppet are held by a hand on which the name of LIAR is deeply branded; and its movements have often been so clumsy, that the broad mark stamped there has flashed upon the discerning eye.

2. Our second reason for dwelling upon this feature of Antichrist, is the possibility, nay, the strong probability of the prevalence of Popery again in this country. With the revival of Popery will come the revival of lying miracles. Popery is unchanged and unchangeable. Miracles would reappear with Popery, as swallows reappear with spring. And received would they be as readily, and believed as implicitly by a generation as were the prophecies of Brothers, the revelations of Joanna Southcott, the unknown tongues of Irving, or the golden tablets of Joe Smith the Mormonite.

3. "*With all deceivableness of unrighteousness.*" What two traits of Satan allied to and mutually strengthening each other! Unrighteous is he as a fallen spirit; deceiving, as "a murderer from the beginning." Destruction his end; deceit his course; sin his instrument. And how suited to poor, blind fallen man, who carries in his bosom a heart deceitful above all things," and therefore gulled by the first juggle: and "desperately wicked," therefore drinking down sin like water! But O to deceive by sin, not in its native garb, but as decked out by religion! Here is the master-stroke. To unfold this would require a volume, for it lays open the very bowels of Popery. Her doctrines, her practices, her ceremonies, all her movements are to work out *unrighteousness*.

Take her cardinal doctrine, *the sacrifice of the mass*. What is its practical effect? For by this, and not by swelling words of pretended holiness, must we measure a doctrine. If the fruit be evil, so must be the tree; if the stream is bitter, wormwood must be in the fountain. (James iii. 11; Rev. viii. 10, 11.) Look at the Irish in our large manufacturing towns. On Lord's day morning these in large numbers attend mass. They see, they adore—what? *a wafer*. But they believe that they see and adore Christ. Here is a sacrifice for their sins offered by the priest; therefore an *opus operatum*, requiring no repentance, no faith, no work of grace on the soul, no new heart, no new life, no union with Christ. What have all these to do with the efficacy of the mass? See those Irishmen in the morning, kneeling half across the street because there is

not room in the chapel. How devout they are! How they kneel, and cross themselves, and bow! Look at them in the afternoon and evening. Rolling in the gutter, fighting and quarrelling, broken heads, and the police! Well, what of that? Sure, have they not been to mass and seen their god, and are not they good Catholics all one for the drink? Is not this "the deceivableness of unrighteousness!"

Take the *confessional*. Read the questions that priests are directed by Dens and other recognized writers to put to young females. This gulf of iniquity we must pass by. It is not for our pen to touch; but as the practice of confession is rapidly spreading in this country, it should be laid bare. It is indeed a "mystery of iniquity"—the very "deceivableness of unrighteousness."⁹

Take the doctrine of *purgatory*, or of *absolution*, or of *indulgences*, and examine their practical tendency and effect. All encourage unrighteousness and minister to sin and ungodliness. Purgatory removes the fear of hell, absolution stands in the place of the pardoning love of God, and indulgences of the atoning blood of Christ. Now, as nothing can subdue the power and love of sin but the grace of God flowing through the blood of the Lamb, all these substitutes foster unrighteousness. And as the whole system is a mask and show of religion, it becomes emphatically "the deceivableness of unrighteousness." It is a part of the very constitution of the human mind to be awed and prostrated by claims of peculiar sanctity. Rome has been too well tutored to neglect this potent instrument of dominion. She has, therefore, well whited her sepulchre, and arrayed herself in garments which, in the eyes of her votaries, shine resplendent with the very beauties of holiness. The Pope calls himself the Vicar of Christ. "His holiness" is his title, though he be a Borgia, polluted with every crime. His bulls are issued in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A cross is prefixed to the signature of every bishop. "The Holy Catholic Apostolic Church" is her designation. A long list of saints, martyrs, hermits, fathers, confessors, proclaim her sacred genealogy. All her bishops and priests boast of having descended in uninterrupted succession from the apostles. Holy water, holy vestments, holy buildings, holy images, holy relics, all claim a pretended sanctity. Kneelings, crossings, bowings, prostrations, processions, soft music, incense, priestly blessings from the altar, all work upon the senses and kindle a flame of intense devotion. The whole system, in a word, is contrived to impress the mind with a false show of religion, in which there is nothing really spiritual or divine; but a mere working up of natural feelings, like the women who wept for Tammuz, (Ezek. viii. 14,) or adored the Queen of heaven. (Jer. xlv. 17.)

But lest we should still marvel that a system so ungodly and unscriptural should have such prevalence in the minds of thousands, the Blessed Spirit by the apostle has assigned a reason which may well fill our minds with awe: "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thess. ii. 11, 12.) If God himself send strong delusions, blinded indeed must be their minds. But have they not procured this to themselves? "They received not the love of the truth;" and were, therefore, judicially given up "to believe a lie." What a dense veil rests over the masses that glory in being Catholics! They will read no books, hear no ministers, enter into no places of worship not sanctioned by their priest. A stolid, stubborn resistance to all truth, a blind obstinate grasp of error, a furious hatred or a sullen suspicion of the faintest attempt to plunder them, as they conceive, of their dearest jewel their holy religion, a dense, incon-

ceivable ignorance of the first principles of godliness, a mind filled with darkness that may be felt, are striking characteristics of the great mass of Roman Catholics. The experiment is easily made. Take the first Irishman that you meet, and converse with him, if you can, upon his religion. His whole bearing will be changed. He will gather himself up as if an adder touched his hand. If he possibly can help it, he will not converse on the subject at all; but if he do, you will descry, as through a dim haze, that he is given up to believe a lie, that he has not and will not receive the love of the truth, and will not even listen to it. His pleasure is in unrighteousness. He loves the ungodly doctrines, practices, and superstitions in which he has been nurtured, and the spirit of delusion which has so thoroughly bewitched and drugged his mind.

And is this the system which is to be thrust at any rate and at any cost upon this country? Shall the Man of Sin, the Wicked One, bestride our land as in days of yore? Is the prevalence of Popery symbolized by its being one of the three frogs that came out of the mouth of the dragon, working miracles, and going forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of the great day of the Almighty? (Rev. xvi. 13, 14.) And is this frog-like spawn scattered here and there by disguised Jesuits on every side? If so ordained in the purposes of God, come it must and will. But one consolation remains. The same prophecy that so accurately shadows forth the features of Antichrist predicts his doom. The Wicked One may prevail for a time; but his days are numbered. His destruction is sure. Darkness may be fast coming on, and the shades of evening be stretching out. But it is the herald and harbinger of a glorious day. Strengthen thyself, then, thou Man of Sin. Grasp universal dominion. Seize our island and spread over it thy thickest pall. Thou art doomed; thou art doomed. The hand upon the wall has already written thy destiny. Thy triumph will be short, and terrible thine end. Ye souls that are under the altar, be patient. (Rev. vi. 9.) The sands of time are running out. The judgment will soon be set, and the books be opened: "And then, because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake, the beast will be slain, his body destroyed, and given to the burning flame." (Daniel vii. 10, 11.)

With this will we close the prophecy before us. "The Lord will consume the Wicked One with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy him with the brightness of his coming." Antichrist will prevail till Jesus comes to consume and destroy him. And judging from the general dealings of God, we may judge that the moment of his greatest height will be the moment of his deepest fall. When, like Sennacherib, he has gathered the whole earth, the sentence will go forth. When Rome has attained her utmost hopes; "when she saith in her heart, I sit a queen and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow; in one day," the day of her chief exultation, will "her plagues come, death and mourning and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord who judgeth her." (Rev. xviii. 8.) Here then may we rest in hope. Rome may prevail, and it seems God's purpose that she should. A spirit of delusion is abroad, and it may be of the judicial sending of God, because the truth in this land is so little believed and loved. But in this let the saints rest their hope, that the triumphing of the wicked is but for a moment, and that God will, in his own appointed time, avenge his own elect, his own cause, and his own Son.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

¹ Ignatius Loyola, the celebrated founder of the order of Jesuits, is said to have seen with his bodily eyes the transubstantiation of the consecrated wafer into the actual flesh and blood of the Lord Jesus.

2 MIRACULOUS IMAGES OF THE VIRGIN MARY.—*Our Lady of Tongres.*—“The origin of this celebrated image is as follows: In the middle of the night of the 2nd of February, a family of the Tungri, whilst keeping vigils, observed an unusual brightness in the garden. After a short time, this splendour received a great increase, until at length it rivalled the sun itself. A fragrance far above that at Sabæa, because it was of celestial origin, succeeded, and the most enchanting harmony was heard, from afar. On proceeding to the scene, early in the morning, an image of the mother of God was found. The man who first saw it was instantly cured of a disease, under which he had suffered for three years. The statue was at once removed to the church of St. Martin, to be worshipped for the public good. But lo! the next morning the same light, the same fragrance, the same melody, were perceived, and back the image conveyed itself to the original situation in the garden. It was taken back again and again, and as many times did the same result follow. It was accordingly settled, that the Virgin had made choice of the garden as the situation of her shrine; and the house belonging to it was converted into a temple, and dedicated to her honour!”—*Atlas Marianus*; the *Marian Atlas*, or the *Miraculous Images of the Mother of God throughout the Christian World*, by William Gumpenberg, Munich, 1657.

3 Our Lady of Anicæ.—“Jeremiah the prophet, having gone down into Egypt, with the rest of Judah, and finding his efforts to reclaim the people from idolatry altogether fruitless, predicted the universal overthrow of idols, throughout Egypt, together with the shrines and temples, when a Virgin should bring forth a Son.

“In order that the remembrance of so portentous a prophecy might remain, he left behind him a wooden image, which represented a Virgin and her Son. This image, after being some time in the museum of the Ptolemies, was transferred to the Christian churches, where it received, during some centuries, the worship due to it. When Christianity, as well as the churches of Christ, were overthrown, this image was either thrown down, or hidden amongst the heathen, for centuries; until St. Louis, King of France, for whom it was destined, entered that region with an army, who took possession of it as a spoil and a safeguard, during the perilous journey. This king returning from the East, in the year 1253, entered Anicium with the image, and returned thanks to that deity for his safe return, and deposited, with great veneration, the image in the church.”—*Atlas Marianus*.

4 AUSTERITIES OF SANTA ROSA, CANONIZED A.D. 1673.—“Every night she was wont to scourge herself with iron chains till rivulets of blood flowed, offering herself as a bloody victim to God to expiate the sins of the souls of the departed, or to procure divine aid for those in their last agony, &c. When this was interdicted her, she secretly fastened a chain thrice round her waist so tightly, that she could not move without the greatest torture. When this was loosened by a special miracle after the virgin's death, the links breathed forth a wondrous sweetness. But that no part of her innocent body might be free from punishment, she twisted all down her arms chains such as felons wear, and fastened bundles of nettles and small thorns to her bosom, armpits, and side. As the sackcloth was not rough enough, which she wore from her neck to below her knees, she sewed needles into it. She used it for several years, till she was compelled to lay it aside from frequent vomitings of blood; but wore instead another garment, so contrived as to cause pain at every movement. Her feet only were free from these pains, which, however, she used to torture by striking them against rocks, or burning them at the fire. She wore a crown on her head made of very sharp tin nails, which for some years she did not put on without inflicting wounds; but afterwards she wore another armed with ninety and nine thorns. Her bed was so hard that it drove away sleep instead of inviting it. Her pillow was either a rough block of wood or stones; and her bed was filled with sharp fragments of tiles and triangular points of broken earthenware, with the sharp edges turned to her body; and she never composed herself to sleep without first embittering her mouth with a draught of ox-gall.”

5 James Voragine lived in the thirteenth century, and was the author of a volume of sermons considered so excellent that they were called “Golden Sermons.”

The following is one of his discourses, the text being Rev. xxii. 18: "He that is holy let him be holy still." "Holy men, how holy soever they are in soul, desire also to be holy in their body. These two things St. Francis had, viz., a holy body and soul; that it might be truly said of him, 'He that is holy,' viz., in soul, 'let him be more holy,' viz., in body. First, He had a holy body, for all things that were in him were holy. 1. His hair was holy; for when a man's house was falling, he took a little of his hair and put it into the cracks and the house stood firm, being established by the brittle hair of the holy man. 2. His eyes were holy. 3. His ears were holy. 4. His mouth was holy, for such powerful words came from it, and those whom he blessed were blessed, and those whom he cursed were cursed. Witness the sow that died for eating a lamb when he cursed her, and the girl whose sight was restored by his spittle. 5. His hands were holy; for they were so consecrated with the wounds, that the things he touched were holy, &c. 6. His nails were holy; for a tempted brother, by paring his nails and keeping them as relics, was delivered and much comforted. 7. His writing was holy. This being preserved, had the same effect. 8. His girdle was holy. Being dipped in water, it cured all distempers. 9. His body was holy; for whipping himself against corrupt motions, he said, 'Go to, brother ass, thus you must be served.' 10. His feet were holy, being consecrated with Christ's wounds. Hence, by sprinkling the water in which they were washed, cattle were cured of the murrain," &c. These were probably only the heads of his discourse, but are sufficient to give an idea of the sermons before the Reformation.

6 "Since many persons," says Bellarmine, "will not believe what they have never seen, it has pleased God sometimes to raise his servants from the dead, and to send them to announce to the living what they have really beheld.

"The following are the words of Christina herself, spoken in the presence of many witnesses upon her return to life: 'Immediately as I departed from the body, my soul was received by ministers of light and angels of God, and conducted to a dark and horrid place, filled with the souls of men. The torments which I there witnessed are so dreadful, that to attempt to describe them would be utterly in vain; and there I beheld not a few who had been known to me while they were alive. Greatly concerned for their hapless state, I asked what place it was, thinking it was Hell, but I was told it was Purgatory, where are kept those who in their life had repented indeed of their sins, but had not paid the punishment due for them. I was next taken to see the torments of Hell; where also I recognized some of my former acquaintances upon earth. Afterwards I was translated to Paradise, even to the throne of the Divine Majesty; and when I saw the Lord congratulating me, I was beyond measure rejoiced, supposing that I should henceforth dwell with Him for evermore. But he presently said to me, 'In very deed, my sweetest daughter, you shall be with me; but for the present I offer you your choice. Will you stay for ever with me now? or will you return to the earth, and there in your mortal body,—but without any detriment to it,—endure punishment by which you may deliver out of Purgatory all those souls whom you so much pitied?' I accepted, without hesitation, the return to life on the condition proposed, and the Lord ordered my body to be restored to me.'

"These were her own words. The author of her life adds, that she walked into burning ovens, and though she was so tortured by the flames, that her anguish extorted from her the most horrible cries, yet, when she came out there was not a trace of any burning to be detected on her body. Again: during a hard frost she would go and place herself under the frozen surface of a river for six days and more at a time. Sometimes she would be carried round by the wheel of a water mill; and after having been whirled about in a horrible manner, she was as whole in body as if nothing had happened to her—not a limb was hurt. At other times she would make all the dogs in the town fall upon her, and would run before them like a hunted beast, and yet in spite of being torn by thorns and brambles, and worried and lacerated by the dogs to such a degree that no part of her body escaped without wounds, there was not a weal nor a scar to be seen."—*Bellarmino on Purgatory.*

7 "While St. Gertrude was one day fervently saying the words, 'Turn thy eyes of mercy towards us,' she saw the Holy Virgin pointing to the eyes of the Son

whom she held in her arms. The Virgin then said, 'These are my most merciful eyes, which I can incline in favour of all who invoke me.' 'These are the most compassionate eyes, which I can incline to save all who ask my prayers.'

"A certain sinner who wept before an image of Mary, beseeching her to obtain from God the pardon of his sins, was given to understand that the blessed Virgin turned to the infant, whom she held in her arms, and said to him, 'Son, shall these tears be lost?' Jesus Christ answered, that he pardoned the sinner.

"Blessed John Errold, who, through humility, called himself the disciple, relates, that there was a married man who lived in enmity with God. His wife, a virtuous woman, being unable to induce him to renounce sin, entreated him at least to practise, in honour of the mother of God, the devotion of saluting her with a Hail, Mary, every time he passed by an image of the Virgin. He began to practise this devotion. One night on his way to commit sin, he saw a light, he looked, and perceived that it was a lamp that burned before an image of Mary holding in her arms the infant Jesus. He said the 'Hail Mary,' as usual; but what did he see? HE SAW AN INFANT COVERED WITH WOUNDS, STREAMING BLOOD. Filled at once with terror and compunction at the thought of having, by his sins, inflicted these wounds on his Redeemer, he began to weep; but he saw the infant turning away from him. Hence, full of confusion, he had recourse to the most holy Virgin, saying, 'Mother of Mercy, thy Son rejects me; I can find no advocate more merciful and more powerful than thee, who art his mother. My Queen, assist me, pray to him for me.' The Divine Mother answered, 'You sinners call me Mother of Mercy, but you do not cease to make me a mother of misery, by renewing the passion of my Son, and my dolours.' But because Mary knows not how to send away disconsolate a soul that has recourse to her, she turned to her Son to ask pardon for that miserable sinner. Jesus still appeared unwilling to forgive him; but the Holy Virgin, PLACING THE INFANT IN THE NICHE, PROSTRATED HERSELF BEFORE HIM, saying, 'Son, I will not depart from thy feet, until thou dost pardon this sinner.' Jesus then said, 'Mother, I can refuse thee nothing; thou dost wish me to pardon him, make him come and kiss my wounds.' The sinner came weeping bitterly, and as he kissed the wounds of the infant, they were healed. In the end, JESUS EMBRACED HIM in token of his pardon; the sinner changed his conduct, and afterwards led a holy life, enamoured of the most holy Virgin, who had obtained for him so great a grace."—*Glories of Mary, by Liguori*. Dublin. 1845.

8 AFFIDAVIT OF RICHARD GRANDY.—"Deponent further saith, that he attended mass celebrated by Edward Murphy aforesaid, parish priest of Bannow; and after mass he heard him preach a sermon, in which he said, 'Brethren, you see you're victorious every where—that the balls of the heretics fly about you without hurting you—that few of you have fallen, whilst thousands of the heretics are dead, and that the few of you that have fallen was from deviating from our cause, and want of faith—that this visibly is the work of God, who now is determined that the heretics who have reigned upwards of a hundred years should be extirpated, and the true Catholic religion be established.' And deponent saith this sermon was preached after the battle of Ross, and that he heard several sermons preached by the priests to the same effect; that he likewise heard many rebels who had been at the battle of Enniscorthy and elsewhere, declare that Father Roche, a rebel general, did constantly catch the bullets that came from his majesty's arms, and gave them to his men to load their pieces with. June 23, 1798."

Bulger then said, "You are liable to be shot if you appear in the street. There will be but one religion on the face of the earth. This is all the handiwork of God;" and as a proof of the divine interposition in favour of the rebellion, he said, "Father Murphy catches red-hot bullets in his hands."—*Notes of a Conversation between Bulger, a Catholic servant, and his mistress, Mrs. Heydon, in 1798.—Musgrave*.

9 "It is a shame for a woman to approach these confessionals. If they were never wise in the science of iniquity before, the priest will be sure to instruct them, by asking such filthy and indecent questions, that a modest woman would blush to think of. I declare to you I was confined three days to my bed, from my first confession; and thought then I could never have gone to confession a second time, being so abashed and confounded by the abominations that he had put into my head. I was truly terrified at a sinful thought, more from the idea of telling it to the priest, than a fear of offending the Almighty God. O what a penance this was! At the same time, when it was over, my cursed pride was nursed, and I was congratulated as being an angel, without a sin on my conscience."—*Letter of Miss Elizabeth Morton to Mr. Huntington.*

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

I should have thought mowers very idle people; but they work while they whet their scythes. Now, devotedness to God, whether it mows or whets the scythe, still goes on with the work.—*Newton.*

It is the great design of God in all the troubles he sends upon his people, effectually to teach them the exceeding vanity of the creature, to embitter the things of this world to them, to wean their hearts from them, to bring earthly things out of request with them, to make them see that there is no true contentment nor solid satisfaction for the soul to be found in them, and to make them see where true happiness and contentment is to be had, even in God and in Christ alone, for whom their souls were created, redeemed, and sanctified.—*Bunyan.*

Suppose you have inward graces and good qualifications, the best of these will not give conscience peace when God awakens it. I shall suppose you have faith; well, but have you not unbelief also, and more unbelief than faith? And may not conscience condemn you for that, as Christ did his disciples, "How is it that ye have no faith?" while you carry in many cases as if you had none at all? Suppose you have repentance; yet have you not impenitency also? May not conscience condemn you many times for a hard, impenitent heart; so hardened from God's fear, that neither the word nor rod of God does make impression on you; yea, neither mercies nor judgments do you lay to heart as you ought? Suppose you have humility; yet is there not pride also in your heart? and may not your conscience accuse you of much self-elevation and self-confidence? Suppose you have love to God; yet have you not much enmity also? and may not your conscience condemn you, "that you love not God with all your heart, with all your soul, mind, and strength;" and that your heart goes more out after the creature than the Creator, at least sometimes and in many instances? Suppose you have sincerity; yet may not conscience witness against you, that your sincerity is mixed with hypocrisy? Suppose you have zeal; yet will not conscience witness that you have too much lukewarmness? Suppose you have a fixed heart upon God, and Christ, and heavenly things at some times; yet will not conscience accuse you of innumerable wanderings of heart? Why, then, it seems your best righteousness even of inward graces will not pacify conscience.—*Ralph Erskine.*

God will, sooner or later, cut off his children from looking to the creature for help. Young disciples are very apt to draw comparisons, and make others the rule of their faith and experience; hence they in general are raised by another's good opinion, and proportionably distressed if they are thought little of, or if they only surmise that they are thought little of. A slip, or a supposed one, in the path of one they have thought so highly of, will make them stagger in their confidence. But if they have placed unlimited confidence in some old rotten hypocrite, and they have been bitten by him, they will be ready to conclude there is no sincerity in any body. "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his."—*H. Fowler.*

Faith is an active and a fruitful thing; its fruit is pleasant both to God and man; and the man who does possess it is a noble man indeed, an heir of God through Christ. But it behoves us to be wary, for counterfeit faith, like counterfeit gold, is very current. Paul says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.) We have peace, or possess it; for what we have we must possess. Now, this peace is given to assure the conscience that God is at peace with us, that he has accepted us, and has forgiven all our trespasses. And whoever feels this peace, must be assured of the pardon of his sins, for it is the witness of his pardon. This blessed peace does not grow in nature's garden, nor can it be digged out of mines of human merit. It was lost in Paradise, and is only found at Calvary. It is called the peace of God, because it is of God's bestowing, and bestowed through Jesus Christ alone. When this peace is bestowed, it is found to be as Paul describes it, "A peace passing all understanding." (Phil. iv. 7.) A peace so exquisitely rich, that none can understand what it is, until he feels it; and when he feels it, never can express it. Men may mistake this peace before they taste it, as ten thousands do, and take up with a human calm instead of it; but he who feels it never can mistake it; for nothing else is like it; it passeth all understanding. The Holy Spirit seals this peace upon the conscience, and thereby proclaims the pardon of sin, and "sheds abroad the love of God in the heart," (Rom. v. 1—5,) and "beareth witness to our adoption." (Rom. viii. 15, 16.) This sealing of the Holy Spirit is given as "an earnest of our future inheritance." (Eph. i. 13, 14.) It is a heavenly pledge dropped into the bosom, to assure us of our interest in Christ. Thus conscience is delivered from the fear of wrath and fear of death, which bringeth bondage. (Heb. ii. 15.) The heart rejoices now in God as a sin-pardoning God; calls him Father, by the Spirit of adoption, (Gal. iv. 5, 6;) delights in his blessed service, and feels the meaning of St. Peter's words, "Believing in Christ, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." (1 Peter i. 8.) These are weighty words, directed unto all believing churches, and experienced by them, but never were and never will be felt by a mere human faith, springing from human intellect. The faith producing heavenly peace, and the peace produced, are both the gift of God.—*Berridge.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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WILLIAM HARLEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CALL TO THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY, TOGETHER WITH THE OPPOSITION HE MET WITH, AND HIS PROCEED- INGS THEREON.

(Concluded from Page 193.)

But the greatest opposition that I met with was respecting my *call to the work of the ministry.*

You have already heard the manner of my being brought into the public work, which, because it was not according to the order as now set up among men, is objected to by some and counted invalid.

The first opposition that I met with on this account was while I was a minister to the people at Ramsey, from an independent people at O—r, in the county of Cambridge, who, having lost their minister by death, were obliged to seek supplies from neighbouring places. It was proposed by some of them, who had heard me at my own place, to request my service for one Lord's day. But this was opposed by others, who said, that though I preached to a Dissenting people at present, I was but a Methodist originally, and was never properly called to the work of the ministry. As this objection was not satisfactory to those who were desirous of my preaching among them, those that opposed it strove to spread the malevolence of their objections further than their own number, and endeavoured to sow the seeds of discord among my own people, by talking to some of them about it, wondering how they could satisfy themselves to sit under one who had thrust himself into the ministry, and was never properly called to the work; that they could never expect I should ever be in any way blest amongst them, &c. But to the confusion of their false insinuations, the Lord both had blessed and afterwards did bless my labours. These proceedings against me did at first give me some uneasiness; but, as "all things work together for good," so, blessed

be God, I found this trial particularly good for me. For the Lord caused me to examine whether the objection was not true. It may be, thought I, that though God might design me for the work of the ministry, he would not have had me enter upon it in the manner that I did. Have I entered "by the door into the sheepfold," or have I climbed up "some other way?" (John x. 1.) Blessed be God, that I was ever put upon this examination, because I therein found confirmation and thence consolation from God in my soul. I began to examine what is reckoned a proper call to the ministry, or, in other words, what the men of our day count an orderly entrance upon the great work of preaching the gospel, and I found it to be of two kinds. First, when a person designs his son to be a minister, he sends him to the schools of learning, to acquire a competent knowledge of the languages, the theory of divinity, and the duties of religion. When he has been as long at school as is thought sufficient, he is then put to preach; and as most masters of mechanical trades are ashamed to have an apprentice serve his time and yet not be a complete workman, so those gentlemen must have a letter testimonial that they are, not to say good workmen at their trade, but regularly educated ministers, brought up under such a one who keeps such an academy in such a place. I only speak with respect to that body of people called Protestant Dissenters, who profess to disapprove of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge; nor do I intend to detract from the usefulness of learning. Where God is pleased to call learned men by his Spirit and grace to the ministerial work, it will certainly make them more able ministers of Christ; but to make a person a minister because he is learned, to me seems much the same as to go to Spain to seek a person to teach me the French language; for as he is a Spaniard he may understand French, or he may not. However, I will choose him to teach me French because he is a Spaniard. So here is a man of learning. He may possibly understand the teachings of the Spirit, the language of the heavenly Canaan, and spiritual things, or he may not. However, because he is a man of letters, he shall teach me the things of the Spirit. "Such a one," it may be said, "is an approved minister." Should I ask, By whom? "Why, by men in general, and by them who designed him thereto, and that educated him for the work." "He is a fine scholar," says one. "In him you are likely to meet with all you can expect," says another. "He is a promising young man," says a third. "He is a godly young man," says a fourth; but whether godly because made gracious, or because he is learned, might be another question. "He is fit to preach in any place, and is well approved of," says a fifth. But does God approve of him? Does it appear that God designs him for and has called him to be an ambassador of Christ? How does it appear? Why, because he can read what is written before him. Wonderful attainment, after so many years' study and learning to be able to read writing!

Let me examine how far divine sanction is given to this order. The prophet Moses was doubtless brought up in all the learning of the Egyptians, yet not with the design of being a prophet, but a

courtier. His being a prophet was wholly of God, who anointed him by his Spirit and grace, and called him thereunto, and sent him as his ambassador to Pharaoh, king of Egypt. (Exod. iii. 10.)

Samuel, indeed, was brought up under the prophet Eli; but Samuel was begged on a vow of being lent to the Lord. (1 Sam. i. 11.) But what languages he learnt, we have no account of, nor does it appear he was any other than as a servant to the prophet, till he was called of God; for we read that in a morning he opened the doors of the house. However, we have an account of his manifest call of God to be a prophet, so that not only the prophet Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child, but "all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord." (1 Sam. iii. 8—20.)

David was an eminent prophet and a royal priest; that ministered in the sanctuary, doing the service of his God; yet, alas, we find him taken from following the ewes big with young; and neither before nor after he was anointed to his great work and office by the prophet was he sent to school, but continued to keep his father's sheep; so that his greatest qualifications for his great work were given him by that God who had assigned and prepared him for and anointed him to it, and had promised to be with him therein; nor would he take his Holy Spirit from him, as he had done from Saul before him.

The great prophet Elisha was, as we vulgarly say, brought up at the plough-tail; for Elijah who was commanded of God to anoint Elisha to be prophet in his stead, found him ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen before him: "And Elijah passed by him and cast his mantle upon him; and Elisha left the oxen and ran after Elijah and ministered unto him." (1 Kings xix. 16—21.) But we read nothing of his being put to school to learn languages, that he might be able to prophesy. No; but that which fitted him for his work was, a double portion of the Spirit which rested upon him. (2 Kings ii. 9—14.)

The prophet Isaiah is, indeed, reckoned of noble birth, being the son of Amoz, brother to Azariah, king of Judah, and was father-in-law to Manasseh, king of Judah, by whom also, as writers agree, he was put to death. Probably, therefore, as Isaiah was of noble extraction, he might be a man of great learning, which was never thought by me to be any impediment to the service of the sanctuary, but rather serviceable where a person has it, and who is evidently called of God, as was the prophet Isaiah, who heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then Isaiah said, here am I, send me." (Isaiah vi. 8.)

The prophet Jeremiah was the son of a priest. Ezekiel was a priest before he was a prophet, and Zechariah was the grandson of a prophet; yet their designation of and call to be prophets were evidently of God, of divine and not of human appointment; and though as priests and priests' sons they might be learned men, yet have we no account thereof. The Lord expressly told Ezekiel, "Thou art not sent to a people of a strange speech, and of a hard language, whose words thou canst not understand." From whence I think it more than probable that Ezekiel knew only his own mother tongue.

The prophet Amos tells us he was no prophet, neither the son of a prophet; but "I was," says he, "a herdman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit, and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go prophesy unto my people Israel." (Amos vii. 14, 15.)

The apostles were most of them illiterate and unlearned persons. Paul, it is true, was learned in languages, and spake more tongues than they all, yet we find his greatest ambition was to speak so as to be understood; and therefore he says, "In the church, I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." (1 Cor. xiv. 19.) Yea he says, "Now, brethren, if I come unto you speaking with tongues, what shall I profit you?" He well knew that a person might have a knowledge of the tongues and the use of divers languages, and yet be ignorant of God; for he tells us that "the world by wisdom knew not God." (1 Cor. i. 21.) Though men should pursue those studies to the end of their days, they may yet die without a saving and spiritual knowledge of God. Consequently, such a one cannot be a proper person to teach or to preach spiritual things, seeing he knows them not.

The inefficiency of school learning to make a divine teacher is evident from the testimony of one that cannot lie; for our Lord himself says, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." (Matt. xi. 27.) Whence it is evident, that a divine knowledge of God is to be had only by revelation. Let not any one startle at this assertion; for however God may be pleased to bless the use of any means to convey the knowledge of himself to any soul, yet does it not appertain to the use of means, but to the good pleasure of God who blesses those means. It is not in the power of man.

When Moses pleaded his want of eloquence, the Lord's answer to him was, "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I, the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." (Exodus iv. 10—12.)

When Jeremiah complained, "Ah, Lord God, I am a child, and cannot speak," the Lord's answer was, "Say not I am a child and cannot speak, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee that shalt thou speak. Then the Lord put forth his hand and touched the prophet's mouth, and said, Behold, I have put my words into thy mouth." (Jer. i. 6—9.) And thus were all the prophets fitted; for we read that "the word of the Lord came unto them." And thus were all the apostles fitted; for "I will," says Christ, "give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist." (Luke xxi. 15.) And the apostle Paul says, "For I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me was not after man, for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." (Gal. i. 11, 12.)

A gentleman of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, made me an offer that if I would go to one Mr. Scott's academy, in Yorkshire, he would be at the whole expense thereof. I thanked him in the best manner I was capable of for so generous an offer, which I could never expect to meet with again. Yet, generous as it was, I did not dare to accept of it; first, because I believed God was able to fit me for the work he had called me to, if not to satisfy the curious critic; and I hoped he would make me sufficiently able to preach his gospel, so that, under his divine blessing, sinners might be converted, saints edified, and God glorified. Secondly, because I feared to lay aside the Lord's work to go and seek those human acquirements. Had I had a knowledge of the tongues before I was brought to the public work, it might have been of considerable use; but as God had called me to his work without it, should I now lay aside the Lord's work to go and seek it, the Lord might justly leave me to it, and then I should make but a sorry minister of Jesus Christ. Then I should be "a minister, not of the Spirit, but of the letter," (2 Cor. iii. 6,) of which there was then a very recent instance in one Mr. F—, a minister at Nottingham, who, as several of his own people informed me, had for about two years been a very useful minister among them; but taking it into his head that he must learn the languages, he bought himself books and got some instruction, applying himself to the study thereof, till they also assured me, he neither preached law nor gospel, but took up the time in explaining words, and the meaning of words. This being uppermost in his mind, he was all the while pleasing himself, and feeding his own fancy, not to say his pride.

Some years after this, I seemed to be confirmed in the inefficiency of human learning to make or constitute a gospel minister, (as I found I was not alone in my opinion concerning academical qualification,) by a letter, said to have been written many years ago to the late Mr. S. W., then President of the Board of Ministers, meeting at Blackwell's Coffee-house, London, to whom a church in Warwickshire had written for a minister, and who answered that they could not be supplied under a twelvemonth, there being never a one in the academy who would be fit to come out under that time, which is said to have occasioned the sending of the following satirical lines, in a letter directed to that gentleman:

"To you, great Sir, the praise is due,
Whose answer seems both just and true;
You're right in saying they must stay,
Who can make parsons every day.
Your hotbeds* may be good and strong,
To bring them forth when they are young,
As mushrooms rise from asses' dung.
You force them up, we plainly know,
As cucumbers and pumpkins grow.
Yet what of that? We often find
The end is miss'd, as first design'd.
Your stock is often small or bad,
And where they're not, they can't be had.
It sometimes falls out worse by half;
For people's pence, out comes a calf.†

* Academies. † Exod. xxxii. 24.

Good Sir, 'tis well to take a year;
 Let thoughtless mortals scoff and jeer,
 The next time pray take half a score;
 They'll doubtless prize your goods the more.
 It takes up half a year to tell
 What *ergo* means, to know it well.
 Besides, to teach them how to stand,
 How scratch the wig, how form the band;
 Then how the fingers must proceed,
 The while they look about and read.
 Then where to place their accents right,
 And how to feign the poet's flight.
 How serious when their theme is hell,
 And pleasant when of grace they tell.
 But be they in earnest or in jest
 It matters not, if well express'd.
 One thing I have omitted, true,
 That's what to pirate and from who,
 Though that's the least they have to do.
 The truth of sermons none will doubt,
 If bred at school, that bears them out;
 Hence tinker John,* and cobbler Howe,†
 And all such as attend the plough,‡
 What need of such to be sent us now?
 You pray indeed for such to come,
 Then fall to work and make us some.
 Uzzah is blamed; pray where's his sin?
 If the ark had fallen, where had we been?"

On the whole, I could find no exception to my being called of God to the work of the ministry through my want of school learning, or academical credentials, as I can see but little if any of divine sanction given to either.

Mr. Harley, after this, met with considerable opposition from various quarters, because he had commenced preaching without being regularly sent out by some church. About fifty pages of his book are taken up with a recital of the circumstances; but it is far too prolix to interest the general reader. He subsequently settled at Winsham, in Somersetshire, where all kinds of reports were circulated against him, some saying he was a transport, returned before his time was up; others that he was a Jesuit, driven out of France; others that he was a renegade, having run away from his wife and children, &c.; "but," says he, "for me to say that these things were false, would be saying but little. To God have I opened my cause, (Jer. xx. 12,) who has promised to execute judgment for me. Let the roaring of the enemy encourage me to hope that the Lord is doing some good by me. He cannot say more or worse of me than I deserve, however unjust the charges are. Satan has no regard to justice in his charges, or he never could have charged Christ with being mad, (John x. 20,) with having a devil, and with blasphemy. (Matt. xxvi. 65.) He cannot say more or worse of me than he has said of many who have gone before me, with whom I am not worthy to be named. Blessed be God that he cannot be heard, at least will

* John Bunyan.

+ Cobbler Howe, of London.

‡ The Prophets.

not be regarded in heaven. What though he has impiety enough to accuse the brethren before God, day and night, (Rev. xii. 10,) yet is he cast out, and his place shall be found there no more. O that he were as perfectly and as fully cast out of my soul! I mean as to his sinful brood in my nature. Then should I not need to fear what he can do against me. Well, yet a little while, and I hope this will be my mercy. Till then will I wait for the Lord from heaven, who has said, "Behold I come quickly, to give to every man according as his work shall be. Amen."

THEY THAT BE WHOLE NEED NOT A PHYSICIAN, BUT THEY THAT ARE SICK.

My very dear Friend,—I have felt a desire in my heart to write you a line, though I feel most unworthy; but I have thought many times upon you since the first time you came to our house, and of the travail of soul I felt on the road as I came to meet you. As I never had any conversation with you, the enemy set upon me the more fiercely that now was the time when I should be made manifest to such a deeply-taught servant of the Lord to be what I really was—a deceiver. Ah, the temptation I had to turn the horse back; but, my dear friend, when I met you, what a change I felt in a moment. The enemy with all his fiery darts fled from me; my chains and fetters fell off in a moment; so that my soul came out of the prison-house, and began to burn with love towards you; and those blessed words sounded through my very heart, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." My heart was broken down into gratitude, praise, and thanksgiving, so that my poor soul was lost in wonder and amazement. Nearly every thing that I saw on the road filled my soul with praise, for I could see the blessed hand of the Lord in every thing; and as we sat at tea, my heart seemed melted within me, so that I could not help speaking a word for the Lord's honour and glory. At chapel it was a good time with my soul, and I was enabled to "lay aside those weights and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us." O, my dear friend, these are reviving times.

Times of heaviness may mark Ebenezer stones of help, but in this vale of tears we have no settled rest. I soon found, to the grief of my soul, that there was another weight to press me down, another fiery affliction to pierce my heart through with sorrow, another furnace heated and that seven times hotter; for a few days after your visit, the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon my dear partner, whom I believe he gave me in answer to prayer. O, my dear friend, this was a trial indeed. Now came the enemy with fiery force indeed: "Your wife will die!" and, "Death is hastening on the road, to cut asunder that sweet communion you have felt to each other, and you will never live through it yourself, but will certainly die in despair." My dear friend, how keenly these things came to my poor soul, so that I was ready to rue the day that

you visited us! "Fear and trembling took hold upon me." "I went mourning without the sun, and groping for the wall of salvation, like the blind," and returned and wept with tears of heart-felt sorrow. But the Lord was pleased to send some part of your text into my heart with power: "Run with patience the race that is set before us." Those blessed words filled my poor soul with such power and sweetness, that at times all my fears and temptations were driven away, and I was led to see that no strange thing had happened, no affliction, temptation, trial, or distress, but what was common to all the ransomed flock; that this affliction was everlastingly appointed by an all-wise, sovereign God; and that there was a needs be for it, to be made the instrument of "cleansing us from all our filthiness and idols," that no human flesh should glory in his righteous sight. I clearly saw and felt that Christ and Christ alone must reign supreme in the heart of every living soul, and that every thing that stands in the way is an idol, and, sooner or later, must be crossed; so that these fiery trials, afflictions, and troubles, are all wise and needful to keep us in our proper place. And when I saw the restoring hand of the Lord put forth, and the lies of the infernal lion of the bottomless pit contradicted, what love and communion, what sweet nearness I felt with the blessed Lord for his abounding goodness and mercy to the vilest of mortals! My very soul exclaimed, "Why me, Lord? Why such a wretch as I, who deserve nothing at thy righteous hand but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, who deserve nothing but the wrathful anger of a righteous God to burn against me as a sinner and transgressor against thy righteous law, for having broken it in every jot and tittle, in thought, word, and deed, and sold and forfeited every right and claim to eternal life!" O, my dear friend, to look back for a moment and see the wonderful preserving hand of the Lord, when judgment was laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet against all my ungodliness, and to see the gracious hand of the Lord put forth to strip off the false covering and tear asunder and burn to ashes every thing but that of his own divine implanting. I have many times been enabled to look back years ago, when it was thus with my soul, when I could have given a thousand worlds to weep tears of blood, if in my power, for one moment's experience that Christ was mine. Bless his precious name, he appeared in his own time and delivered my soul from all my fears, "set my foot upon a rock and established my goings."

But to return. I still find the way to heaven to be a tribulation-path, "a waste, howling wilderness" and desert land, as all the heirs of glory must find it. We are led about and instructed in every trial and trouble. All our vexations, griefs, and sorrows are as needful to our souls as the ballast to the ship; for without these trials and exercises we should get light and trifling, and at times be carried away with the vanities of this sinful world and with every wind of doctrine. But a daily feeling of our base original, outward and inward pains, griefs, mortifications, and crosses, the running and festering sores of sin painfully felt within us, all make us at times

sick and tired of this mud-wall cottage, this house of clay, the creature of a day. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." The blessed Lord Jesus "came into this world to seek and to save that which was lost." "He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." Blessings for ever be unto his precious name, that salvation, from first to last, is all of the sovereign mercy and free favour and free grace of God. "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." This divine stone, this immortal stone, this exceedingly precious and tried stone, is all my hope and all my salvation, a crucified Jesus. My soul loves his blood and righteousness. His sufferings, cross, and death are infinitely dear and precious to my soul, and at times kill me to every thing here below; so that at times I am led to mourn over him all the day long: "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and mourn for him as one in bitterness for his only son." "And one shall say, What are these wounds in thy hands? and he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." O, precious wounds! precious blood! Without shedding of blood there could have been no remission. My dear friend, my soul would like to be always in this blessed spot. It is then I am made willing to bear reproach, to take up my cross, and follow my blessed Lord through evil report and through good report; though persecuted, not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; bearing about in our bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus. For if we reign with him we must suffer with him. If the blessed Shepherd was hated and persecuted, can his followers escape the cross and tribulation path? No, my friend, the cross is the way to the crown; the day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity. We must "go in and out" to find pasture. But there are times when all landmarks seem taken away, so that we look backward and forward, on the left hand and right, and cannot trace one evidence that we are on the way to glory. At least it is so with me. Darkness, doubts, fears, jealousies, evil thoughts, and unbelief prevail over my soul, so that one dark night of grief and sorrow falls upon my path, and all the beasts of the forest creep forth from their dens to haunt and destroy me. Yet, though I have been ready to give up all for lost, and lay down these arms of warfare, and never more go forth to battle, immortal praises be unto the name of the Lord, he has come again with his strong power, broken the snare of the infernal fowler, and let my oppressed soul go free.

But my paper is nearly full. May the Lord bless your soul with many smiles from his precious face, to enable you for many years to blow the gospel trumpet upon the walls of Zion, and sound an alarm in God's holy mountain; to build up the walls of the spiritual Jerusalem, cast up the highway in which the redeemed walk, take forth the precious from the vile in this awful day of departure from the truth, and put the crown upon the head of the blessed Immanuel, and crown him Lord of all!

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

M—L—, Wilts.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

My dear Friend,—Your kind and invaluable epistle, of the 18th of August, came safe to hand. Its contents to me were more precious than Ophir's golden wedge. Solomon declares, that "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" and truly your unfolding of Micah's mysterious prophecy (v. 1—7) was beautiful in my eyes, and conveyed a sacred glow to my heart. Well may the sacred records be compared to "swaddling bands," in which the Lord Jesus Christ, "the desire of all nations," is concealed, wrapped up, and hid from the eyes of all men in their first-born state. Without the anointing and inward teachings of the Holy Spirit you, my beloved friend, could not have opened in so lucid and conspicuous a manner this portion of Micah; for although some parts of it have appeared plain to my dark understanding, yet your elucidation opened such a rich mine of instruction to me, that my spirit was refreshed and my heart made glad. The inspired records declare that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart;" and the Lord Jesus himself testifies as follows: "All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward or perverse in them. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge." (Prov. viii. 8, 9.) Again: "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." But there is no entrance unless the Holy Spirit is pleased to take of the things of Christ and reveal them with power to the soul. Therefore, it is evident and plain to me that this blessed Teacher, who has engaged to guide his people into all truth, graciously opened to you the true import of Micah's prophetic language, and caused you to understand the things concerning Christ in his goings forth, his birth, and the operations of his hands; together with the instruments he was pleased to make use of, as the Roman armies, for the destruction of his inveterate enemies, and the apostles, especially Paul, in the promulgation and astonishing success of the everlasting gospel.

Now, these great things contained in this dark prophecy, when opened and explained, are all exceedingly precious to the "sought out" and redeemed family of God. But that he should so prompt and incline your heart to convey these good tidings and this rich treasure to such an one as I, a poor, insignificant, crawling worm of the dust, this is a marvellous thing indeed! For at the time your letter came to hand, I was in a very low condition, much as Mr. Hart describes:

"Weak in body, sick in soul,
Depress'd at heart, and faint with fears;"

burdened with unbelief, with much darkness, with many misgivings of heart, and buffeted by the adversary of my soul. In this state your cheering letter found me; but while reading and pondering it over, my spirit was sweetly revived, and I said in my heart, "Surely the writer of this shining epistle must be an 'evening star' in this dark night of Sardis." In the time of Samuel, we read "that the word of the

Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision;" and I consider it is much the same now. Swarms of preachers, but few, very few, with beautiful feet are to be found, that are capable of preaching good tidings or of holding forth the word of life. However clearly the letter of truth may be held forth, it cannot be called the gospel of Christ unless attended with divine power, and the Lord gives testimony to the word of his grace. The moon, it is true, when walking in borrowed brightness, may shed a faint lustre upon creation; but the sun is the fountain both of light and of heat, and without its genial, vivifying beams, the earth must remain altogether barren. The light of the moon, whatever influences it may possess, could never be productive of ripe fruit; so likewise these moonshine preachers, with all their accomplishments, cannot, I believe, make the souls of men in any degree fruitful unto God.

O what a blessed privilege it is to sit under the pure, unadulterated gospel, and experimentally to know the joyful sound! This, my dear friend, has heretofore, for a long season, been my delightful privilege, and the remembrance of the blessedness then enjoyed is far more precious and better than wine.* But now it is a rare thing, in this time of drought, to find a cloud richly fraught with the water of life; for as it was in Jeremiah's days, so it appears to be now: "Their nobles may send their little ones to the waters, and to their pits; but in general they return with their vessels empty; ashamed and discouraged, and their heads covered." (Jer. xiv. 3.) The cause of this dearth is described in the same chapter, intermingled with many mournful complaints. The church of God seems now to be going fast into a similar captivity to that which the Jewish church went into in Jeremiah's time. But when she is brought to the lowest ebb, and when the allwise purposes of the Most High are accomplished, then he will arise, and have mercy upon his afflicted Zion; then his wisdom, power, truth, and righteousness will be displayed in the destruction of Antichrist; and the stone that will smite and demolish the image shall become a great mountain, and fill the whole earth. And when this shall come to pass, then "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." These eventful days are drawing near, for "the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure."

These, my dear friend, are some of the cogitations of my mind; how far they are in accordance with truth I submit to your judgment. In the meantime, while I am to sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in these tents of Kedar, my chief concern is to "remember how I have received and heard, and hold fast, and repent," and to gather up all the grape gleanings of the vintage that come within the reach of Little Faith's hand: for with me the time of

* John Keyt was for many years a hearer of Huntington. His experience will be found in our Volume for 1846, pp. 38 and 65.

reaping and gathering is drawing to a close. Nevertheless, I anticipate with some degree of confidence, that on your approaching visit there will be some good things under the priest's hand for me—some cluster with a blessing in it—some sweet measure of living water, of honey, and of oil, out of the smitten Rock. Thus may you come unto us in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Amen.

My health during the past month has been in a low languid state, and for near a week it appeared as if the number of my days was fulfilled, and that I was about to take my leave of this dreary, weary wilderness; but I am so far restored that now I fully expect to meet my beloved friend once more in the Lowland Palace of the King of kings; for I can from my heart join with Dr. Watts in his song of praise:

"My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts."

I must entreat you to pass over all the blunders in this poor detached sheet, for I really am nothing but a mass of imperfections. This you will soon discern, but as you are in close alliance with our Great High Priest, I know you can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; being yourself also compassed with various infirmities.

Please to tender my sincere regards to all the sons and daughters in your hill of Zion.

I remain, in the brotherly covenant,
Most cordially and affectionately yours,

London, Sept. 2nd, 1834.

JOHN KEYT.

P. S. Mr. and Mrs. B— request me to present their sincere love. They highly prize your ministry; and though they do not rank among the high cedars, yet, I believe, they are myrtle-trees in the valley; and such are evergreens.

OBITUARY.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON MY MOTHER'S LAST DAYS.

She was convinced five years ago that she must be born again, and she long felt deeply concerned that she was not manifestly a child of God; but did not wish to be flattered nor bolstered up with a false hope. She read her Bible and other valuable books; but she wanted something more than the written word. She longed for the Holy Spirit to teach her to profit.

Sometimes she felt a little encouraged to hope; and her prayer often was, "that she might be found one of God's jewels." One time the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," came with sweetness to her mind, and made her feel comfortable for some days. But Satan sorely tried her afterwards. He was indeed her enemy, perpetually destroying her peace. The natural infirmity too of her temper

tried both her and me. O the wretched misery of sin; what bitter griefs has it made us both feel!

A few weeks before her death, she awoke in great alarm about her soul. She called me to her and cried out, "O, Hannah, plead with me; let us plead together." O how she cried to the Lord. I knelt down and we prayed together for the Lord to look in mercy upon her soul. She wept bitterly. I now look upon this bitter weeping and anxious cry as a call from God to her soul, to prepare her for the last troubles which were coming fast upon her. O surely it was in mercy to her poor soul, for God will hear "the cry of the humble."

She had long prayed for a manifestation of the Spirit; and though it did not come in that way we were looking for it, yet surely I think this was of God. She did not feel the blessing then come, yet still kept pursuing the way, praying and begging for God's help and teaching. One day she said the words "Fear not" had come to her mind many times. She was at this time in deep waters and sore conflict; and when she felt her bodily weakness would often say,

"O, if I had now a God to seek!"

She had been confined to her room eleven months. Her mind was as active as ever, but being shut out from society was a great trial. I have said sometimes, "You are like a prisoner, chained fast in his cell." She would reply, "Indeed I am!" She often longed for a little Christian company, and was so nervous at times that she could not bear me to leave her alone.

And here I must say a word about the "Gospel Standard" and its usefulness. Of necessity she was much alone. How eagerly she looked for the fresh "Standard," to see if there was a word of comfort for her. The October Number, 1850, had something that well expressed her feelings, in the obituary of E. C. The account of that dear youth just met her case. You little know what a blessing that little book may be to poor souls seeking the kingdom, who are shut out from all outward means of grace, very seldom seeing a gospel minister and only surrounded by feeble friends, who cannot do as much as they could wish to help a poor dying sinner.

Now when I think of what she had to endure of sorrow in body and mind I am overwhelmed in grief. O it was a furnace! I could not bear it with that patience and fortitude that became me, and this adds to my sorrow. My body began to suffer from the strain of lifting her up and down in bed; so helpless was she, and so often did we require assistance, that we found it needful to get a small bed and remove her down stairs. This change was a mercy to us all; her weakness increased so much as to render her unable to assist us in raising her up. Her affliction of body now became heavy indeed, such as we who witnessed it can never forget.

I asked her how her mind was. She said the 23rd Psalm had come with sweetness to her. She felt that the Lord was her Shepherd, and would never leave her nor forsake her. It came to my mind that there was a hymn that just expressed her feelings, 329, Gadsby:

"The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Upon reading it to her, she felt so much comfort that it became like a staff to lean upon till death. Nine days before her death she had a dreadful night of bodily suffering, often piercing my heart with her groans. I had rendered her all the assistance I could, and was obliged to send for a friend about six in the morning. Our friend observed, "You are getting near your journey's end;" when she broke out, "O why tarry his chariot wheels? I long to begin the everlasting song. O that we may meet around the throne. My dear Hannah, we must part!" It melted us all into tears. •

After this she complained of darkness. The old enemy set upon her and robbed her of all her comfort. O, he is a cruel foe!

On the last Lord's day she spent on earth, in the evening she said, "Why may we not have a little service, while I can have sweet thoughts?" I said, "You shall, if you can bear it." I called our friends into the room, and our dear friend, J. T., whose conversation she said always profited her, read Isaiah xl. This chapter she many times spoke of as very precious to her. We sang her favourite hymn, and concluded with prayer, which she enjoyed.

On Monday I asked how her mind was. She was now sunk very low and found it difficult to speak much. She said, "That psalm has come, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks,' and that hymn," but she could not put it together, which says, "Bring large petitions," which I repeated, beginning,

"Come, my soul, thy suit prepare."

I said, "You used to complain that you could not remember scripture. Now when you much need it, it comes to you." She answered, "I cannot collect my thoughts to tell all that I feel; but I am still pursuing. I feel what lies before me, and I wish to go through it as becomes me." I said, "Is Jesus precious to you?" She said, "He is." She wished the young girl who attended to read for her a hymn that had been her prayer three years. I believe if ever poor sinner prayed sincerely, she did use that verse as a prayer; indeed with many tears:

"And is my name enroll'd?
Do thou my soul assure.
Am I within that fold
Which Jesus keeps secure?
Then hold my feet on Zion's way,
Till thee I meet in endless day."

About midnight a change took place. She felt a great weight on her breast, and requested us to take it off. I think it was death, and I believe she soon understood what it was; for shortly afterwards she said, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ that he will save me." Again she said, "Why tarry his chariot wheels?"

Through the last day she was in great pain and weakness. She said she felt as if she were waiting for some person. Often she said,

"I long to be gone." Prayer was continually on her lips. My husband and I went together to her and kissed her. I could feel by her kiss that her heart was full of tenderness; she lifted up her hands and blessed us. She said, with great solemnity, "O that I may land safe in glory!" We kneeled down and prayed for her while she was in great suffering. We read many hymns on death, and she answered us, being perfectly sensible; but pain prevented her saying much. I said to her, "If you cannot speak and feel comforted, lift up your hand as a sign." She did lift up her hand till strength failed.

About four o'clock, p.m., perceiving her end drawing near, we sent for J. T. to see her once more. When he came near so that she could see him, she said, "It is James." "Now, Mrs. A.," he said, "nothing will do for you but the realities of religion." I begged him to pray for her, and we all kneeled down and he solemnly commended her to God, in which she joined by lifting her hand many times. Then he repeated the verse so often precious to her,

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose."

I afterwards spoke a few words to her of Jesus and his precious blood, and she appeared to go into a quiet doze, as if her pain was eased. I had occasion to leave the room for awhile. I returned to look at her, and she lay just as I left her. Again I went out of the room, and on my return in a few minutes, it was only in time to kiss her last breath. Not more than an hour after she had joined us in prayer on earth her soul took its flight to God who gave it. When I perceived she was dead, O! the worth and value of her immortal soul made me fall on my knees and cry out to God. O, if I could have shouted to heaven for Jesus to save her precious soul, I would: But, blessed be God, we are in better hands than our own. The redemption of the soul is precious, and it is in God's own hands. He saves us freely by his own most precious blood and righteousness.

I feel a sweet testimony that she is saved. She longed to know whether her name was written in the book of life. She looked to the Lord as her Shepherd, who has promised to give unto his sheep eternal life, and that "they shall never perish;" which accords with her feeling, that the Lord would never leave her nor forsake her. Surely her eyes were turned to heaven. There she longed to be.

When we laid her out once more upon her little bed, I was surprised to see her body so crooked from lying so long on one side. O how I did sympathise with her. Such love sprang up in my heart, and such pity for her sufferings, that I felt her remains most precious to me. She was not my own mother; but she is now dearer to me than any earthly parent, because I feel a soul-union that I hope will never be dissolved to all eternity.

While we were performing the last sad offices for her poor worn-out body, I trust she had entered that blessed abode, where are those "who have come out of great tribulation," and enjoying the presence of that dear Lord who "bought them with his own most precious blood, and hath made them kings and priests unto God; and they shall reign with him for ever and ever."

Thus died Matilda A., 7th January, 1851, aged 70 years. Her memory is embalmed in my heart, and I feel a longing desire to be with her, and sing the everlasting song with those around the throne, who have been plucked as brands from the burning.

Five years since she heard a sermon from Psalm cxlvi: "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind;" which was first made profitable to her soul. Her own words to me were, "Then I first felt I was blind." The hymns marked down in her book all show she had a supplicating spirit for God's blessing. She had much to suffer from the opposition of the flesh; but I trust she has conquered through the blood of the Lamb. I look over the promises again and again, and I feel assured she is a gospel character; and I hope to meet her again in that blest abode, where sin and sorrow shall never mar our happiness for ever, but where we shall spend a blissful eternity in praising and blessing God for his goodness to us.

She wished us to sing at her funeral Hart's hymn,

"Sons of God, by blest adoption."

We invited our Christian friends to meet on Lord's-day morning, and in the room where her corpse lay we had a solemn service. We sang her favourite hymns and read Psalm xxiii. and Isaiah xl. Two friends engaged in prayer. It was a time much to be remembered by those who assisted at it.

I remain, with every feeling of Christian regard,

Your constant reader,

HANNAH H. H.

Prescot, Lancashire, March 29, 1851.

My principal method of defeating heresy is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.—*Newton*.

The final perseverance of the saints is a doctrine so clearly made known in the Scriptures, and so largely insisted upon, that I find it difficult to compress. It is established by the joint will and unerring counsel of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and asserted by prophets and apostles, who spake, being "moved by the Holy Ghost." It is a doctrine rejoiced in by all those poor sinners who feel that in them (that is, in their flesh) dwells no good thing; and who know by experience, sufficient to convince them, that their holding out to the end, and dying in the faith, depends not on themselves, but upon the promise, oath, decree, faithfulness, love, grace, and mercy of him who has said, though the mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, yet his counsel and covenant of peace shall never be removed. Many of the saints have laboured under fears touching the certainty of their safe arrival in their Father's house; but their fears never defeated God's design in the endless felicity of their souls. He who denies the doctrine of the saints' final perseverance makes God a liar, and reproaches every attribute and perfection of his nature. Such a character as is referred to above is as injurious to the church of God, and ought to be held in the same light by them, as a robber is held in by society.—*H. Fowler*.

AN EXTRACT FROM OWEN'S "COMMUNION WITH GOD."

(Continued from page 200.)

II. Our Beloved is desirable and worthy our acceptance, as considered in his *humanity*; even therein also, in reference to us, he is exceedingly desirable. I shall only in this note unto you two things:

1. Its freedom from sin.

2. Its fulness of grace. In both which regards the Scripture sets him out as exceedingly lovely and amiable.

1. He was *free from sin*; the Lamb of God, without spot and without blemish; the male of the flock to be offered unto God, the curse falling on all other oblations, and those that offer them. (Mal. i. 14.) The purity of the snow is not to be compared with the whiteness of this Lily, of this Rose of Sharon, even from the womb. "For such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." (Heb. vii. 26.) "Thou art all fair, (saith he,) my love, thou hast no spot in thee." How fair then is he who never had the least spot or stain!

It is true, Adam at his creation had this spotless purity; so had the angels. But they came immediately from the hand of God, without concurrence of any secondary cause. Jesus Christ is a plant and root of a dry ground, a blossom from the stem of Jesse, a bud from the womb of woman, born of a sinner, after there had been no innocent flesh in the world for 4000 years, every one upon the roll of his genealogy being infected therewithal. To have a flower of wonderful rarity to grow in Paradise, a garden of God's own planting, not sullied in the least, is not so strange; but as the Psalmist speaks, (in another kind,) to hear of it in a wood, to find it in a forest, to have a spotless bud brought forth in the wilderness of corrupted nature, is a thing which angels may desire to look into. Nay more, this whole nature was not only defiled, but also accursed; not only unclean, but also guilty; guilty of Adam's transgression, in whom we have all sinned. That the human nature of Christ should be derived from hence free from guilt, free from pollution, this is to be adored.

But you will say, How can this be? who can bring a clean thing from an unclean? how could Christ take our nature, and not the defilements of it and the guilt of it? If Levi paid tithes in the loins of Abraham, how is it that Christ did not sin in the loins of Adam?

Ans. There are two things in original sin:

First. Guilt of the first sin, which is imputed to us; we all sinned in him, (Rom. v. 12,) whether we render it relatively, "in whom," or illatively, "since" all have sinned, is all one; that one sin is the sin of us all; *omnes eramus unus ille homo*;* we were all in covenant with him; he was not only a natural head, but also a federal head unto us; as Christ is to believers, (Rom. v. 17; 1 Cor. xv. 22,) so was he to us all, and his transgression of that covenant is reckoned to us.

Secondly, There is the derivation of a polluted, corrupted nature

* We all were that one man.

from him. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and nothing else; whose wisdom and mind is corrupted also. A polluted fountain will have polluted streams. The first person corrupted nature, and that nature corrupts all persons following. Now, from both these was Christ most free.

(1.) Christ was never federally in Adam, and so not liable to the imputation of his sin on that account. It is true that sin was imputed to him when he was made sin; thereby he took "away the sins of the world;" (John i. 29;) but it was imputed to him in the covenant of the Mediator, through his voluntary susception; and not in the covenant of Adam, by a legal imputation. Had it been reckoned to him as a descendant from Adam, he had not been a fit High Priest to have offered sacrifices for us, as not being "separate from sinners." (Heb. vii. 26.) Had Adam stood in his innocence, Christ had not been incarnate, to have been a Mediator for sinners; and therefore the counsel of his incarnation morally took not place until after the fall; though he was in Adam, in a natural sense, from his first creation in respect of the purpose of God, (Luke iii. 23, 38,) yet he was not in him, in a law sense, until after the fall; so that as to his own person, he had no more to do with the first sin of Adam than with any personal sin of one whose punishment he voluntarily took upon him; as we are not liable to the guilt of those progenitors who followed Adam, though naturally we were no less in them than him. Therefore did he, all the days of his flesh, serve God in a covenant of works; and was therein accepted with him, having done nothing that should disannul the virtue of that covenant as to him. This doth not, then, in the least take off from his perfection.

(2.) For the pollution of our nature, it was prevented in him from the instant of conception. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee. and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore that holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Luke i. 35.) He was made of a woman, (Gal. iv. 6,) but that portion whereof he was made was sanctified by the Holy Ghost, that what was born thereof should be a holy thing.

Not only the conjunction and union of soul and body, whereby a man becomes partaker of his whole nature, and therein of the pollution of sin, being a son of Adam, was prevented by the sanctification of the Holy Ghost, but it also accompanied the very separation of his bodily substance in the womb unto that sacred purpose whereunto it was set apart: so that upon all accounts he is holy, harmless, undefiled.

Add now hereunto, that he "did no sin, neither was there any guile found in him;" (1 Peter ii. 22;) that he fulfilled all righteousness, (Matt. iii. 15,) his Father being always well pleased with him. (ver. 17,) on the account of his perfect obedience, yea, even in that sense wherein he chargeth his angels with folly, and those inhabitants of heaven are not clear in his sight; and his excellency and desirableness in this regard will lie before us. Such was he, such he is, and yet for our sakes was he contented, not only to be esteemed by the

vilest of men to be a transgressor, but to undergo from God the punishment due to the vilest sinners. Of which afterwards.

2. The *fulness of grace* in Christ's human nature sets forth the *amiableness and desirableness thereof*. Should I make it my business to consider his perfections, as to this part of his excellency, what he had from the womb, (Luke i. 35,) what received growth and improvement as to exercise in the days of his flesh, (Luke ii. 52,) with the complement of them all in glory, the whole would tend to the purpose in hand. I am but taking a view of these things *in transitu*. These two things lie in open sight to all at the first consideration: all *grace* was in him, for the kinds thereof; and all *degrees* of grace for its perfections; and both of them make up that fulness that was in him. It is created grace that I intend, and therefore I speak of the kinds of it: it is grace inherent in a created nature, not infinite, and therefore I speak of the degrees of it.

For the fountain of grace, the Holy Ghost, "he received not him by measure;" (John iii. 34;) and for the communications of the Spirit, it pleased the Father that in him "should all fulness dwell," (Col. i. 19,) "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence."

This is the Beloved of our souls! holy, harmless, undefiled; full of grace and truth; full to a sufficiency for every end of grace; full for practice, to be an example to men and angels as to obedience; full to a certainty of uninterrupted communion with God; full to a readiness of giving supply to others; full to suit him to all the occasions and necessities of the souls of men; full to a glory not unbecoming a subsistence in the person of the Son of God; full to a perfect victory in trials, over all temptations; full to an exact correspondency to the whole law, every righteous and holy law of God; full to the utmost capacity of a limited, created, finite nature; full to the greatest beauty and glory of a living temple of God; full to the full pleasure and delight of the soul of his Father; full to an everlasting monument of the glory of God, in giving such inconceivable excellencies to the Son of Man.

And this is the second thing considerable for the endearing of our souls to our Beloved.

III. Consider that *he is all this in one person*. We have not been treating of two, a God and a man; but one who is God and Man. That Word that was with God in the beginning, and was God, (John i. 1,) is also made flesh," (14,) not by a conversion of itself, into flesh, not by appearing in the outward shape and likeness of flesh, but by assuming that "holy thing" that was born of the virgin (Luke i. 35) into personal union with himself. So "the mighty God" (Isaiah ix. 6) is a "child given to us;" that holy thing that was born of the virgin, is called "the Son of God." (Luke i. 35.) That which made the Man Jesus to be a man, was the union of soul and body; that which made him that man, and without which he was not that man, was the subsistence of both united in the person of the Son of God. As to the proof hereof, I have spoken of it elsewhere at large; I now propose it only in general, to show the amiableness of

Christ on this account. Here lie, hence arise, the grace, peace, life, and security of the church of all believers: as by some few considerations may be clearly evinced.

1. Hence was he *fit to suffer, and able to bear*, whatever was due unto us; in that very action wherein the "Son of Man gave himself a ransom for many." (Matt. xx. 28.) God redeemed his church with his own blood; (Acts xx. 28;) "and therein was the love of God seen, that he gave his life for us;" (1 John iii. 16;) on this account was there room enough in his breast to receive the points of all the swords that were sharpened by the law against us, and strength enough in his shoulders to bear the burden of that curse that was due to us. Thence was he so willing to undertake the work of our redemption; (Heb. x. 7, 8:) "Lo, I come, to do thy will, O God;" because he knew his ability to go through with it. Had he not been Man, he could not have suffered; had he not been God, his suffering could not have availed either himself or us; he had not satisfied; the suffering of a mere man could not bear any proportion to that which in any respect was infinite. Had the great and righteous God gathered together all the sins that had been committed by his elect from the foundation of the world, and searched the bosoms of all that were to come to the end of the world, and taken them all, from the sin of their nature to the least deviation from the rectitude of his most holy law, and the highest provocation of their regenerate and unregenerate condition, and laid them on a mere holy innocent creature, O how would they have overwhelmed him, and buried him for ever out of the presence of God's love! Therefore doth the apostle premise that glorious description of him to the purging of our sin: "He hath spoken to us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world; who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, upholding all things by the word of his power, hath purged our sins." (Heb. i. 2, 3.) It was he that purged our sins who was the Son and Heir of all things, by whom the world was made, the brightness of his Father's glory, the express image of his person; he did it, he alone was able to do it. "God was manifested in the flesh" (Tim. iii. 16) for this work: the sword awaked against Him that was the Fellow of the Lord of Hosts, (Zech. xiii. 7,) and by the wounds of that great Shepherd are the sheep healed. (1 Peter ii. 24, 25.)

2. Hence doth he become an endless, bottomless *fountain of grace* to all them that believe. The fulness that it pleased the Father to commit to Christ, to be the great treasury and storehouse to the church, did not, doth not lie in the human nature considered in itself; but in the person of the Mediator, God and Man. Consider wherein his communication of grace doth consist, and this will be evident. The foundation of all is laid in his satisfaction, merit, and obedience. Hence all grace becomes to be his; all the things of the new covenant, the promises of God, all the mercy, love, grace, glory promised, became, I say, to be his. Not as though they were all actually invested, or did reside and were in the human nature, and were from thence really communicated to us by a par-

ticipation of a portion of what did so inhere; but they are his by a compact, to be bestowed by him as he thinks good, as he is Mediator, God and Man, that is, the only begotten Son made flesh, "out of whose fulness we receive, and grace for grace." (John i. 14.) The real communication of grace is by Christ sending the Holy Ghost to regenerate us, and to create all the habitual grace, with the daily supplies thereof, in our hearts, that we are made partakers of. Now, that the Holy Ghost is thus sent by Christ as Mediator, God and Man, is at large declared in John xiv. 15, 16, of which more afterwards. This, then, is that which I intend by this fulness of grace that is in Christ; from whence we have both our beginning and all our supplies, which makes him the Alpha and Omega of his church, the beginner and finisher of our faith, excellent and desirable to our souls, upon the payment of the great price of his blood, and full acquitment on the satisfaction he made, all grace whatever (of which at large afterwards) becomes in a moral sense his, at his disposal; and he bestows it on, or works it in the hearts of his, by the Holy Ghost; according as in his infinite wisdom he sees it needful. How glorious is he to the soul on this consideration! That is most excellent to us which suits us in a wanting condition; that which gives bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, mercy to the perishing. All our reliefs are thus in our Beloved. Here is the life of our souls, the joy of our hearts, our relief against sin, and deliverance from the wrath to come.

(3.) Thus is he fitted for a *Mediator, a Day's-man, an Umpire between God and us*; being one with him, and one with us, and one in himself; and this oneness in the unity of one person. His ability and universal fitness for his office of Mediator are hence usually demonstrated. And herein is he "Christ, the wisdom of God and the power of God." (1 Cor. i. 24.) Herein shines out the infinitely glorious wisdom of God, which we may better admire than express. What soul that hath any acquaintance with these things falls not down with reverence and astonishment! How glorious is he that is the Beloved of our souls! What can be wanting that should encourage us to take up our rest and peace in his bosom! Unless all ways of relief and refreshment be so obstructed by unbelief that no consideration can reach the heart to yield it the least assistance, it is impossible but that from hence the soul may gather that which will endear it unto him with whom we have to do. Let us dwell on the thoughts of it. This is the hidden mystery, great without controversy, admirable to eternity. What poor, low, perishing things do we spend our contemplations on! Were we to have no advantage by this astonishing dispensation, yet its excellency, glory, beauty, depths deserve the flower of our inquiries, the vigour of our spirits, the substance of our time; but when withal our life, our peace, our joy, our inheritance, our eternity, our all lies herein, shall not the thoughts of it always dwell in our hearts, always refresh and delight our souls?

(To be continued.)

REVIEW.

Popery; its Character and its Crimes. By WILLIAM ELFE TAYLER.
Second Edition. London: Partridge and Oakey, 1851.

Popery possesses one peculiar and most distinctive feature—it is *unchangeable*. This is at once its strength and its weakness. Its *strength*, because its advocates can point to their church and say, “*Ours* is no ephemeral production, no mere birth of yesterday, no flickering meteor light, no fluctuating, ever-varying system that lives its little hour, and then dies away for ever. *Our church* we can trace upward through revolving centuries, and can prove that her doctrines, principles, rites, ceremonies, and observances, during the whole of that lengthened period, have never varied. The hymns which, sung in the cathedral of Milan in the days of Ambrose, (A.D. 380) so touched the youthful heart of Augustine, sound through the same aisles still; the litany of Gregory the Great (A.D. 596) is chanted in our service still; and the sacrifice of the mass, once offered by the hands of martyrs, is celebrated by the same rites at our altars still. Search the writings of the fathers, and you will find in them every doctrine that is professed by the Catholic Church now.”

Were these assertions thoroughly investigated, they would not indeed be found wholly true; for it is certain that most of the distinctive doctrines, as well as the peculiar rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church, were of gradual and some even of late introduction.

The doctrine of *transubstantiation*, for instance, was not current in the church till the ninth century, and was not made an imperative article of faith till the fourth Lateran Council, A.D. 1215. The doctrine of *justification* was not finally determined till the Council of Trent, A.D. 1545—1560; and the *immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary* has only been authoritatively settled as an article of faith by the present Pope. But with some such deductions, it is true that the main features of the present creed and ceremonial ritual of Rome existed as early as the fifth or sixth century.

This, then, is Rome's *strength*—that antiquity and prescription have invested her with a certain venerable authority. None can read the writings or speeches of Romish controversialists without perceiving what stress they all lay upon the antiquity of their church, and the utter scorn and contempt which they pour upon Protestantism as a modern innovation. “Where,” they ask, in a tone of triumphant mockery, “was your church before Luther?” This argument we may indeed well meet by showing that no antiquity can sanctify corruption, that the rust of ages does not transmute iron into gold, that truth is truth and error is error, not according to dates of chronology, but according to the inspired word of God, that the tendency of the lapse of time is to corrupt revelation by tradition, and that after all the Scriptures are the only infallible authority from whose decision there is no appeal.

But independently of these arguments, the very position that Rome has taken up of unchangeableness is in truth her greatest *weakness*.

Infallibility has strangled herself in her own coil. All the corrupt practices of the dark ages having once been adopted by an infallible church remain petrified. As the lime-impregnated waters of Matlock give permanence to sticks and straws by incrusting them with stone, or as the very excrements of the ancient monsters of the deep have become solidified into marble, so have the very errors and corruptions of the Romish Church become, by prescription and antiquity, hardened into permanence. When Papal Rome was at its utmost height and power, the Scriptures were an unknown book, and education scarcely in existence. The greatest nobles could not sign their own names, and the little learning that existed was confined almost wholly to the cell of the monastery. Rome could then presume upon universal ignorance, and, secure from detection, could palm off her corrupt doctrines upon the rude crowds who looked up to her as the unerring spouse of Christ. But Satan often overshoots himself with his own bow. He miscalculated when he suggested to the Popes the doctrine of infallibility. A day was to come of which he was unaware, when these pretensions would be sifted and exposed; when the Scriptures would no more be locked up, and the mind of man laid prostrate under the wheels of priestcraft. A Luther was to arise, the Scriptures were to be translated into modern tongues, the Spirit of God was to be poured out, and the blessed Reformation was to dawn. When God gave the word, and great was the company of preachers, men like Knox thundered forth against Rome's corrupt doctrine and more corrupt practices.

But Rome was infallible. She could not retrace her steps nor retract her doctrines. She could not say, "I have been deceived; I have made a mistake here; I have committed an error there." Infallibility cut her off from recantation or reformation. Upon this platform, then, of her own rearing did our reformers plant their batteries. They launched the word of God against her corrupt doctrines, which she could not by her very position surrender, and against her ungodly practices, which she could only partially modify; and thus her proud walls in great measure fell. If the battle has to be fought again, it must be by the same weapons. Rome still presents the same mark. She is as infallible in the nineteenth century as in the ninth, and infallibility will be her ruin.

"The kings of the earth" who are "to burn her with fire" will find an infallible church in their way, and will settle her infallibility very decisively by putting it and her into the same bonfire. But before her infallibility has drawn down the vengeance of God and man, she will probably rise to somewhat of her former height. Of this most thoughtful persons now seem conscious. The signs of the times are so clear, that few cannot read in them the advance of Popery. Come when it will, it will be a day of suffering to the Church of God.

The very crisis, then, in which we now live, when Popery is thus refurbishing up her arms to resume her ancient warfare, has called forth numerous works on the Papal question. But we have seen

none, with the exception of the celebrated Hammersmith discussion, that we like so well as William Elfe Tayler's "Popery, its Character and its Crimes." The arrangement of the subject is excellent. It is divided into two leading heads. I. **POPERY A SPIRITUAL FAMINE.** II. **POPERY A MORAL PESTILENCE.** Under these two leading divisions the author has concisely but clearly sketched out the leading characteristics of Popery, *negatively* in prohibiting the Scriptures, and the preaching of the word, and supplanting spiritual prayer by mere formal lip service, and *positively* by showing the pestilential effect of Popish doctrines and practices. The author has brought forward an amazing number of original documents, from both ancient and modern sources, the greater part of which are of the most interesting character. He thus shows that Rome is unchanging and unchangeable. The same superstitious practices which were in existence before the Reformation, the same lying fables, ridiculous legends, and absurd doctrines she unblushingly promulgates now. The only real, as it is the only fair way of knowing what the creed and practices of Rome are, is, to study her own acknowledged documents. By these alone can she stand self-convicted. Show her her own signature; place before her her own instruments; and ask her this simple question, "Is this your own act and deed?" If she answer, as she must do, "Yes," she stands condemned by her own testimony. It is for this reason that we attach a peculiar value to Mr. Tayler's work. There is in it such an abundance of documentary evidence, and the whole so clearly arranged, that few we believe can study its pages without feeling that Popery is indeed not only "a spiritual famine," but also "a moral pestilence." And as we read extract after extract from Popish writers of acknowledged authority, the conviction still forces itself on the mind: "What! is this Popery? It is so then still. Popery is unchanged and unchangeable. Let it be re-established in this country, it will be what it ever has been. It will destroy all our civil and religious liberties. It will crush all creeds but its own. It will debase and degrade England as it has debased and degraded Spain, Italy, and Ireland."

Such works, therefore, as the one before us are very seasonable. If anything will open people's eyes, it must be dragging to light Rome's corrupt doctrines and practices. These cannot bear the full light of day. There is scarcely an uninteresting page in the whole work; but we will confine ourselves to one extract. It is taken from a long and most interesting chapter on the worship of the Virgin Mary, and is full of the clearest documentary evidence of the idolatrous character of that worship.

Having concisely but clearly traced the commencement of the adoration of the Virgin Mary to the General Council of Ephesus, (A.D. 431,) in which it was unanimously decided that she was truly the **MOTHER OF GOD**, Mr. Tayler thus proceeds:

"Several centuries, however, elapsed before the worship of the Virgin attained the height which it at present exhibits in the church of Rome. In the tenth century, the custom of abstaining from flesh every Saturday, in honor of the Virgin, was introduced in the west. In the next century, this superstition acquired fresh vigour. St. Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres, in France, composed

many writings in praise of the Virgin; erected the cathedral of Chartres to her honor, and introduced the celebration of 'The Nativity of our Lady' in France. In the same age lived Peter Damian, Bishop of Ostia and Cardinal of Rome. He composed the 'Office of the Virgin,' and exceeded all who had gone before him in devotion to Mary. He taught that 'all power was given to her, in heaven and in earth, and that nothing was impossible to her.' (Sermones, Opera, tom. iii.) In another place he says, 'She comes before the golden altar of human reconciliation, not entreating but commanding, as a mistress, not as a maid.' It was in this age that those blasphemous anthems, the '*Alma Redemptoris*' and '*Salve Regina*,' which are still so often repeated in the Romish Missal and Breviary, were composed by Hermannus Contractus, a monk, of Germany.* Our countryman, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, lived in this century, and zealously defended the new doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and introduced the festival of that event into the English Church. The writings of Anselm abound with the grossest blasphemies, in reference to Mary. He calls her 'The Empress of Heaven and Earth, and of all that is therein!' He tells us, that one reason why our Lord left her behind, when he ascended to heaven, was, 'lest, perhaps, the court of heaven might have been doubtful which they should rather go out to meet, their Lord or their Lady.' (De Excel. B. Virg., c. vii.) As a matter of experience he assures us, that 'more present help is sometimes found, by commemorating the name of Mary, than by calling upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.' (Ibid. cap. vi.) He also teaches, that 'the Blessed Virgin has saved even the angels, many of whose seats would have been vacated, like Lucifer's, had it not been for her protection.'—*Andrade*, p. 493.

"Such being the doctrines inculcated by the highest authorities of the eleventh century, we need not wonder that in the next age, to use the language of Hallam, 'the worship of the Virgin rose to an almost exclusive idolatry!' The greatest doctor of this period was St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairval, who possessed more influence, probably, than ever fell to the lot of any private individual. What then must have been the effect of such divinity as the following? 'You fear,' says he, 'to approach the Father—terrified merely by his voice—you hide yourself among the leaves, (referring to Gen. iii. 7—10.) He has given to you Jesus as a mediator. But perhaps, even in him, you dread the Divine Majesty; for although he became man, yet he remains God. Do you seek an advocate with him? Flee to Mary,—since the humanity in Mary is not only pure, by its freedom from all contamination, but also pure by the oneness of its nature. Nor would I speak doubtfully. She will be heard on account of the veneration in which she is held. The Son will hear the Mother—the Father will hear the Son, &c. (Serm. in Nativ. B. M. de Aqueductu. Ed. Mab. tom. ii., p. 160.) In another place he extols the Virgin as 'the subject of all scripture, and the end for which it was given;' and even 'the end for which the world was made.'—(*Super Salve Regina*.)

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"The most inexhaustible, however, in the praises of the Virgin was St. Bonaventure, a Cardinal of Rome, in the thirteenth century, whose works are, notwithstanding, characterized with the same fervour and unction which distinguished St. Bernard's. He wrote 'The Mirror of the blessed Virgin Mary'—'The Crown of the blessed Virgin Mary'—'Verses upon the Anthem, *Salve Regina*'—'The praise of the blessed Virgin'—'The lesser Psalter,' and 'The larger Psalter.' We shall pass by all the other works of this celebrated writer, to make the reader acquainted with the last-mentioned one, 'The Psalterium Majus.'

"This impious production is nothing less than a parody upon the book of Psalms; the same appellations, prayers, and praises, being addressed to the Virgin Mary which David addressed to the everlasting God. 'Blessed is the

* The following is a literal translation of the first of these hymns: "Indulgent Mother of the Saviour, who art still the gate of Heaven, of easy access, and Star of the Sea, help the falling people who wish to rise. Thou who didst beget, while nature wondered, thine own Author. A Virgin before and after.

man,' says Bonaventure, 'that loves thy name, O Virgin Mary; thy grace shall comfort his soul.' (Psa. i.) 'O Lady, how are they multiplied that trouble me? With thy tempest thou wilt persecute and scatter them.' (Psa. iii.) 'Lady, suffer me not to be judged in the fury of God: neither to be judged in his wrath.' (Psa. vi.) 'Lady, in thee have I put my trust; deliver thou me from mine enemies, O Lady.' (Psa. vii.) 'In our Lady I put my trust, for the sweetness of the mercy of her name.' (Psa. x.) 'How long wilt thou forget me, O Lady, and not deliver me in the day of tribulation?' (Psa. xii.) 'Preserve me, O Lady, for I have trusted in thee, and impart unto me the droppings of thy grace.' (Psa. xv.) 'I will love thee, O Lady of heaven and of earth, and will call upon thy name among the nations.' (Psa. xvii.) 'In thee, O Lady, I have put my trust, let me never be confounded; in thy favour do thou receive me.' (Psa. xxx.) 'Blessed are they whose hearts love thee, O Virgin Mary; their sins shall be mercifully washed away by thee.' (Psa. xxxi.) 'O my Lady, judge those that hurt me, and rise up against them, and plead my cause.' (Psa. xxxiv.) 'Incline the countenance of God upon us; compel him to have mercy upon sinners.' (Psa. xxxv.) 'Have mercy upon me, O Lady, who art called the mother of mercy, and according to the bowels of thy mercies cleanse me from all mine iniquities.' (Psa. l.) 'Shall not my mind be subject to thee, O Lady, who didst beget the Saviour of the world? Pour forth grace out of thy treasures; cleanse all our sins and heal all our infirmities.' (Psa. lxi.) 'The song becometh thee, our Lady, in Zion; praise and thanksgiving in Jerusalem,' &c. &c. (Psa. lxiv.) 'Let Mary arise, and let her enemies be scattered, let all of them be trodden down beneath her feet.' (Psa. lxvii.) 'O come, let us sing unto our Lady; let us make a joyful noise to Mary our queen, that bringeth salvation.' (Psa. xciv.) 'Oh, come let us sing unto our Lady a new song; for she hath done wondrous things.' (Psa. xcvi.) 'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; give thanks unto his Mother, for her mercy endureth for ever.' (Psa. cvi. and cxvii.) 'The Lord said unto our Lady, Sit thou, my Mother, at my right hand.' (Psa. cix.) 'Blessed are all they that fear our Lady, and blessed are they that know to do thy will and thy good pleasure.' (Psa. cxxvii.) 'Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for by his most sweet Mother, the Virgin Mary, his mercy is given.' (Psa. cxxv.) 'Blessed be thou, O Lady, who teachest thy servants to war, and dost strengthen them against the enemy.' This mass of blasphemy thus concludes: 'Praise our Lady in her saints; praise her in her virtues and miracles, &c. Let every thing that hath breath praise our Lady.' (Psa. cl.)

"Such is the 'Larger Psalter of the Blessed Virgin Mary,'* and the reader will doubtless agree with us, that to evade the charge of direct and most impious idolatry, which this production fastens upon the Romish Church, is wholly impossible. No nice distinctions of Latria and Dulia, or Hyperdulia, will avail them here; since the identical language, the identical feelings, hopes, fears, affections, desires, &c., which constitute the religion of man, are here addressed to a creature. Nor will the plea, that it is an ancient and absolute production avail Papists in this case; since it has gone through fourteen editions since the year 1830. A copy of one of these, now in the possession of Dr. Cumming, of the Scotch Church, London, has the imprimatur and re-

Taking up the Ave from Gabriel's lips. Have pity upon sinners." The *Salve Regina* is, "Hail! Oh Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope, hail! We exiles, the sons of Eve, cry unto thee. To thee we sigh, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Lo, then, our advocate, turn unto us those merciful eyes of thine, and manifest unto us, after this exile, the blessed Jesus, the fruit of thy womb! Oh merciful! Oh pious! O sweet Virgin Mary!" Such are two of the most favourite, and constantly repeated hymns of the Romish Church, in which, for eight hundred years, she has given utterance to her blasphemies, and fulfilled the prediction, "And a strange god, whom his fathers knew not, shall he honour," &c. (Dan. xi. 38.)

* All the songs of praise addressed to God in the Old Testament are similarly paraphrased by this Saint at the end of the Psalter. For instance, "Miriam's Song at the Red Sea," "Deborah's Song," "Hezekiah's Song at his recovery."—*S. Bonaventure, Opp. vol. vii., p. 517.*

imprimatur of the present ecclesiastical authorities in the Vatican ; it is published in the Italian, or vulgar tongue, and sold for three scudi,—about 12s. 6d.

“Such were the doctrines respecting the Virgin inculcated previous to the Reformation ; and it will not now be questioned by any impartial reader, that the Church of Rome, during this period, exalted the Virgin to the very throne of the Godhead. Still it may be thought that these idolatrous doctrines of the Dark Ages have long since been abandoned, and that modern Papists reject such blasphemies as firmly as Protestants themselves. In opposition to such an idea, it may be stated, not only that many of the extracts in the preceding pages are constantly quoted in almost every modern Popish book of devotion, but what is worse, that many of the devotional works of the Romish Church, printed since the Reformation, contain, if possible, more blasphemous and idolatrous statements than any of the preceding.

“The first work which we shall adduce in evidence of the truth of this charge is, the modern Romish Breviary :

“O thou, whosoever understandeth, that thou art rather floating on the ocean of this world, amongst storms and tempests, than walking on the earth, turn away thine eyes from the brightness of this star (alluding to the Virgin) if thou wishest not to be overwhelmed by this star. If the winds of temptation arise, if thou run upon the rocks of temptation, call on Mary. If thou art tossed upon the waves of pride, if of ambition, if of destruction, if of envy, look to the star, call upon Mary. If anger or avarice, or the temptation of the flesh shall toss the bark of thy mind, look to Mary. If disturbed with the greatness of thy sins, troubled with the defilement of thy conscience, affrighted by the horror of judgment, thou beginnest to be swallowed up in the gulf of sadness, think on Mary. In dangers, in straits, in perplexities, think on Mary. Let her not depart from thy mouth, let her not depart from thy heart ; and that thou mayest obtain the suffrage of her prayers, desert not the example of her conversation. Following her, thou dost not go astray ; asking of her, thou dost not despair ; thinking of her, thou dost not err ; while she holds thee up, thou dost not fall ; while she protects thee, thou dost not fear ; she being thy guide, thou dost not grow weary ; she being propitious, thou reachest thy destination.”—*Brev. Rom., Winter part, p. 359.*

We have already been much indebted to Mr. Tayler's book for documentary evidence contained in our “Notes and Illustrations” to our articles on Popery ; and shall probably avail ourselves of his valuable aid again.

We can, therefore, recommend it fully to all who desire to see what Popery is, as exhibited in her own writings and as self-convicted by her own testimony.

POPERY.

VI.

1. THE CHARACTER OF POPERY, AS POINTED OUT IN THE PROPHETICAL SCRIPTURES.

Papal Rome the Babylon of the Apocalypse.

Two opposite and apparently inconsistent features characterise the Prophetical Scriptures. One is *precision*, the other is *indefiniteness*. Without the former, prophecy would bear no mark of a divine original ; without the latter, it could be hardly secure of a fulfilment. As a little examination will disclose these two features in well nigh every prophecy in the sacred volume, we need not here dwell upon them. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to point them out in the remarkable prophecy contained in Revelation xvii., where the beloved disciple had a view in vision of the mystical Babylon.

The prophecy opens thus: "And there came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, Come hither; I will show unto thee the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters: with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication. So he carried me away in the Spirit into the wilderness; and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication. And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth." (Rev. xvii. 1—5.)

In this striking prophecy, which we believe is meant to shadow forth Popery as the harlot church that was in due time to arise, we may observe the two features above pointed out. There is in it sufficient *precision* to identify the apostate church beyond the possibility of mistake, and yet sufficient *indistinctness* to baffle Rome and prevent her from finding out her own portrait, and so, like Tamar of old, (Gen. xxxviii. 15,) veiling her face.

Following up our prescribed course of tracking out Rome in the inspired page of prophecy, we shall now attempt to point out the features of Rome Papal in the Babylon of the Apocalypse.

It is very evident that the mystical personage shown to John (Rev. xvii.) represents no obscure individual. Prophecy generally does not deal with individual persons or isolated events. It embraces a broader scope, and shadows forth wide-spread influences, especially such as act favourably or unfavourably upon the church of Christ. The Revelation in particular may be considered a prophetic chart, embracing the whole history of the Church down to the end of time.

In this chart of New Testament prophecy, "BABYLON" occupies the most conspicuous place. Besides incidental notices, two whole chapters are dedicated to the description of her character and of her destruction. "Heaven" itself, with "the holy apostles and prophets," is called upon to rejoice over her downfall. (Rev. xviii. 20.) "Her merchants are the great men of the earth, and by her sorceries are all nations deceived." (v. 23.) No microscopic object, no petty personage, no dim historical event lost in the mist of ages, can be foreshadowed by the vision given to John of the Apocalyptic Babylon. To fill up such a breadth of canvass requires a world-wide history; colours so deep, so vivid would be uselessly lavished on any but a subject of gigantic dimensions. Look well at the size and colouring of the picture, and see whether any but ROME, proud Papal Rome, could have sat for such a portrait.

L. The prophecy opens with peculiar solemnity. The angel bids John "come," and he would "show him the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters." The prophets in the Old Testament, especially Ezekiel, (xvi., xxiii.,) had already symbolised by the figure of a harlot a church which had departed from the true worship of God. An apostate church is therefore evidently intended by the woman whom John saw. Nor was she an obscure adulteress. She was "the great whore," conspicuous in her infamy, distinguished in crime. And her *seat* was as conspicuous as her *character*; for she watched not "in the valley," like her sister Judah; (Jer. ii. 23;) nor "sat upon a stately bed," like her sister of Samaria; (Ezekiel xxiii. 41;) but seated herself "upon many waters," the haven of ships, the very mart of nations, to which every flowing tide might bring her lovers and their gifts, and every

ebbing wave bear away upon its bosom to the most distant shore her bewitching influences. "The waters," we are told, (v. 15,) "represent peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues." She that sitteth upon these waters, ruling them, and possessing a dominant influence over multitudes and nations and tongues, can be no passing apparition, nor of circumscribed, local influence in the church of God. Some power possessing almost universal influence, spread through many lands, and pervading nations speaking different languages, must be symbolised by the woman "*seated upon many waters.*"

2. Consider next her *date*. This wide-spread influence or power must reach down to the period of the seventh vial, which, we know, occupies a late era in the prophetic chronology; for it is under "the seventh vial" that "great Babylon comes in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath." (Rev. xvi. 19.) We are now under the sixth vial, the distinctive mark of which is "the drying up of the great river Euphrates," or the gradual wasting of the Turkish Empire, an event most evidently accomplishing; if, indeed, we have not already entered upon "the seventh vial," which Dr. Cumming considers was poured out in February, 1848, at the late and last French Revolution. This bars out Rome Papal from fathering Babylon, as is her wont, on Rome Pagan.¹ The power, whatever it be, *subsists now*.

But how closely does all this harmonise with Popery! Passing by the "*multitudes*," and Rome counts her millions, look at "*the tongues*" which call her mother. In Italy Italian, in France French, in Austria and Bavaria German, in Spain Spanish, in Portugal Portuguese—in all these varied languages, at this present moment, Rome is hailed as "the Mother and Mistress of all the churches."

3. With her too "the kings of the earth" are said "to have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth to have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication." By "the kings of the earth," we are to understand the kings of the Roman earth, that is, the Roman-European empire. Union and communion with an apostate church is in prophetic language mystical adultery. But till the Reformation there was not a crowned head in Europe which was not in communion with Rome. Until the Pope anointed them their very crowns were not safe on their heads. Even in this present century, in infidel France, which had stabbed, shot down, guillotined, and strung up to the lamps priests by scores, which had written upon its Pantheon, "Death is an eternal sleep," and worshipped a strumpet as the Goddess of Reason—in France, which had poured out Catholic blood like water, Napoleon, the child and champion of the Revolution, brought the Pope over the Alps to consecrate his coronation.

However widely infidelity may prevail, the great mass of mankind requires some religion. True religion, the religion which saves and sanctifies, which honours God, debases man, glorifies Jesus, and by faith in his blood and righteousness delivers from the love, power, and practice of sin—this pure, holy, and spiritual religion the carnal mind abhors. But a religion born of and suitable to the flesh, which offers indulgence to every passion and appetite, which lies level with the understanding, is attractive to the senses, and, allowing every gratification here, promises on easy terms a heaven hereafter—such a religion as this, when rendered venerable by antiquity, and sanctioned by a wide-spread prevalence, possesses the deepest, strongest hold on the minds of men. By this mighty engine have the masses in all ages been governed. Rome, therefore, with consummate policy, advanced herself to power by unscrupulously employing this instrument.

She had two parties to deal with—"the kings of the earth," and "the inhabitants of the earth"—the governors and the governed, the reigning power and the subject people. And she discovered how to manage both. Her first business was with "the kings of the earth"—the reigning powers. She first subjugated them by claiming and establishing her supremacy. This supremacy, by a succession of master-strokes of policy, became at last so complete that for a long period Popes set up or deposed kings at their pleasure. But as, in process of time, the power of the Popes declined, and that of the princes increased, a mutual agreement took place which subsists still, and indeed increases in strength every day. Between the parties a compact is made. Rome prostitutes her religious influence, which is immense, to support the reigning power; and the reigning power in return upholds the authority and guarantees the revenues of Rome.² This is the harlot's hire, and thence she derives, as she deserves her name. But lest "the inhabitants of the earth," the commonalty as distinguished from the reigning power, should detect this adulterous intercourse, she "makes them drunk with the wine of her fornication." She fascinates the governors and drags the governed, and thus secures both. On kings and princes she bestows substantial power, but the masses she bewitches and infatuates. Look at the gorgeous ceremonies of the Romish worship. How attractive to the senses! And how a secret intoxicating influence steals over the mind, charming and lulling it into that repose to which nothing is more analogous than the fumes of wine! The beautiful architecture, the painted windows with their dim religious light, the crucifix imageing the bodily agonies of the Redeemer, the lofty altar on which the huge wax candles burn, the gorgeous dresses of the priests, the soft strains of music, the fragrant odour of the incense, the devotion of the worshippers, all combine to lap the senses in a dreamy elysium.

Contrast with this cold Protestantism. Who that knows the human mind can wonder that it turns from the dreary parish church to the warm Catholic chapel? Here then is intoxication. Rome holds in her hand the wine cup; and as the nations drink they fall at her feet overpowered with the magic draught.

Thus far have we identified Papal Rome with the Babylon of the Apocalypse, by tracing out three of her most prominent features—1. Her *wide prevalence*, symbolised by "*the many waters*," upon which she has her seat; 2. Her *date* in the chart of prophetic chronology; and 3. Her *drunken harlotry*—prostituting herself to the kings of the earth, and intoxicating their subjects. But we pass on to identify her more closely still.

4. Let us examine *her name*. Babylon is the same as Babel³ and signifies *confusion*. A more appropriate name could not well be found. The pure language of Zion which sounded from the mouths of the apostles, Rome has confounded with her Babel speech. The clear sparkling stream of gospel truth she has muddled and defiled. The worship of God she has confused by paying adoration to saints and images; the mediation of the Lord Jesus she has confused by making Mary a joint mediatrix; the cardinal doctrine of justification by Christ's righteousness she has confused by mingling with it human merit; the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross she has confused by the sacrifice of the mass. Examine one by one her peculiar doctrines and tenets, and they will be all found a mixture of truth and error, in other words, a confusion. The very ordinances she has confused by making seven instead of two. The rule of faith she confuses by adding tradition to the inspired word. Right and wrong she confuses by allowing the Pope to dispense with the laws of God. Into the sacramental wine she pours water, into the baptismal font she infuses salt, confusing and confounding all she touches.

But Rome Papal bears the name of Babylon for another reason. Ancient Babylon was the especial persecutor of God's ancient people. By Babylon was Jerusalem destroyed, the temple burnt, and the people of God carried into captivity. So the mystical Babylon has always been the persecutor of the saints; and under her has the church been held for many ages captive. As too the fall of ancient Babylon was the signal of Judah's deliverance, so will the fall of the mystical Babylon be the herald of Zion's restoration. The downfall of Rome will be the era of the church's deliverance.

5. But to fix more accurately still the mystical Babylon, other marks are added. Of these one of the most striking is *her seat*. Geography and chronology have been called the two eyes of history. In this prophecy of John, so descriptive of Rome Papal as to wear almost the character of history, both of these eyes glare fiercely on the mystical Babylon. Chronology has determined her *date*, and geography has fixed her *place*. Her *date* is the seventh vial; her *place* is the seven-hilled city that for more than 2600 years has stood on the banks of the Tiber. The harlot seen by John in vision sat upon a beast *which had seven heads*, (Rev. xvii. 3,) which the angel interprets as *seven mountains*: "And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." (Rev. xvii. 9.) That Rome is seated on seven hills is as well known a fact as that London stands by the Thames. Authors, ancient and modern, poets and historians in every age, have so celebrated the seven hills on which Rome has fixed her proud seat, have so named and described them, that it were a waste of words to attempt to prove it. But it is an instance of the *precision* of prophecy to which we have called attention, that Rome is thus clearly pointed out.

Were we, however, at a loss still to fix the seat of Antichrist, another striking mark is added: "And the woman which thou sawest is *that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth*." (Rev. xvii. 18.)

When John wrote, what great city but Rome, imperial Rome, reigned over the kings of the earth? Rome, under the emperors at the time of the Revelation, (A.D. 96,) was complete mistress of the known world, and to her all kings and princes were tributary.

Look for one moment at the wonderful *precision* and distinctness of this prophecy. Had John written *Rome*, it could scarcely have been more distinctly marked than the description of her, so vivid, so unmistakeable as the great city seated on seven hills that reigneth over the kings of the earth. Whatever obscurity there be in other parts of the prophecy, there is no obscurity here. He that runs may read.

But the beast which carried the woman had *ten horns*. These are explained by the angel as "*ten kings, or kingdoms*." Here we have at once an identification of Rome with the fourth beast seen by Daniel. (vii. 7.) These ten horns are the ten kingdoms into which the Roman empire was broken by the irruption of the northern nations. It is an historical fact that Europe, or at least the Roman part of it, was divided into ten kingdoms, and that these ten kingdoms eventually became adherents of Papal Rome.

A distinction is thus drawn between the woman and the beast on which she sits. The woman represents the false church, a harlot being the scriptural symbol of a church depraved in doctrine and practice. The beast that carries her is the city on which she leans for support, her seat and metropolis. The church of Rome is distinct from the city of Rome. The Pope is a temporal prince, as well as the spiritual head of the Catholic church. When in the fourteenth century the Popes were for seventy years at Avignon in France, when Pope Pius VII., in the days

of Napoleon, was a close prisoner at Fontainebleau, when the present Pope was lately in exile at Gaeta, they were not less heads of the Romish Church. The Blessed Spirit has, therefore, beautifully distinguished between the harlot church of Rome and the city which is her metropolis and seat. This last is pointed out by a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. These seven heads represent, as the angel explains them, besides the seven mountains, "*seven kings*," or forms of government, (v. 10.) by which Rome has been ruled from her first existence. "*Five are fallen*," i.e., five of these forms of government are already past. These five were, 'kings,' 'consuls,' 'dictators,' 'decemvirs,' and 'military tribunes with consular authority.' "*And one is*," i.e., the form of government under the emperors, which subsisted in John's time. "*The other is not yet come*," i.e., did not subsist at that period; and "*when he cometh, he must continue a short space*." This form of government was probably the Exarchate of Ravenna, when Rome was subject to the Eastern Emperors; which, however, did not last 160 years, and was succeeded by "*the eighth*," the last form of government—that of the beast, or Rome Papal. The beast is *scarlet coloured*, to denote his cruelty, and in allusion also to the colour of the robes of state in which the Roman dignities, whether Pagan or Papal, were apparelled. And he was "*full of names of blasphemy*," for whether Pagan or Papal, Rome has ever been the seat of blasphemy and rebellion against God.

6. Having thus fixed her *character, date, name, and seat*, we pass on to consider another of her marks—an essential female characteristic—her *dress*. This is indeed a most unmistakeable mark of identity. Gaudy apparel is a very distinctive badge of her infamous profession. The woman, therefore, we read, "was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls." This may indeed be considered as a general description of the outward finery and show of an apostate church. But doubtless there is truth even in the details.

The splendour of the Catholic worship is well known. Purple and scarlet are colours particularly predominant in the Romish hierarchy. "*Purple*" was the peculiar mark of imperial dignity. It was a colour so restricted to the Roman emperors, that in classical language, "to assume the purple" is synonymous with being advanced to the empire. No colour, therefore, could so aptly symbolise the assumption by Rome of imperial dignity; and we believe it is the actual colour worn by the Pope on state occasions, as it is of the *gloves* which clothe the hands of England's newly created Romish Diocesan Bishops.⁴

The "*scarlet*" hat and stockings of the Cardinals are well known; and England has lately witnessed their re-appearance for the first time since the Reformation in the person of Cardinal Wiseman.

"Gold, precious stones, and pearls" have long formed Rome's chief ornaments. Of this we need not multiply proofs. But in our notes will be found a description by an eye witness of the dress of the image of the Virgin Mary at Loretto,⁵ in Italy, in which special mention is made of these three ornaments: "*gold, precious stones, and pearls*."

The chaste spouse of Jesus wears not, wants not the jewels of the harlot. Her adorning is not "that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold or putting on of apparel;" but is "the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Peter iii. 4.) Content with the love and smiles of Jesus, she seeks not by gaudy apparel to attract an adulterous admiration. But the harlot church, ignorant of spiritual worship and love, draws strangers to her bosom by her outward attractions. Thousands has Rome seduced by her splendid ceremonies.

7. This, therefore, forms a further mark of her identity with the Babylon of the Apocalypse, "*In whose hand was a golden cup full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication.*"

By this is represented the intoxicating effect of Romish doctrines and ceremonies. The cup is "*golden.*" No meaner metal suffices. Gainful to her have been her doctrines. Millions have flowed into Rome's exchequer from her masses, her indulgences, her tithes and first-fruits, her annates and Peter's pence, as well as from broad lands and princely revenues. And she has given gold in return. Some of the highest princes in Germany previous to the overthrow of the German empire, (A.D. 1806,) were ecclesiastics.⁶ In Spain, till the last half century, the wealth of the Romish church was enormous. The archbishop of Toledo was the wealthiest grandee in the Peninsula.⁷ It was indeed a "golden cup," and well and brightly did the wine sparkle therein.

But it was "*full of abominations.*" No word could be so expressive. The crimes of Rome are of all crimes the most hideous, because practised under the name of religion. A man who kills his enemy in hot haste is a murderer, a simple murderer. But Rome murders in cold blood, not from passion but from principle, and calls it religion. Her Inquisition has burnt thousands as an act of faith (*auto da fé*). Her priests seduce in the very confessional;⁸ her nunneries have in many cases been proved to be brothels;⁹ her pretended vicars of Christ have been guilty of every crime. The most unheard of, rampant wickedness has been perpetrated under the name of God.¹⁰ This is the "*abomination,*"—the hypocrisy of crime—the sanctification of sin—the double devilism of Satan the angel of darkness combined with Satan the angel of light.

Her golden cup is "*full of abominations.*" What are the doctrines of Rome but abominations in the sight of God? Look at *transubstantiation*! That a wafer, a piece of bread, should be, when consecrated, "the body and blood together with the soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ."¹¹ That what a mouse may eat, or the wind blow away, should be God's co-equal, co-eternal Son, the glorified Immanuel! What an *abomination*! A little flour and water the God of heaven and earth! What are all the idols of heathenism to this? The only parallel is the "fetish" of the negro, a piece of red rag, a bird's feather, or a cocked hat, which he worships as his god.

Is not the confessional an *abomination*, stirring up sin that otherwise might lie quiet, and doing away with female modesty, by compelling a woman to confess to a man, under the penalty of damnation, what she durst hardly confess to herself?

And are not indulgences an *abomination*, giving license to sin under the pretext of pardoning it, and thus destroying all distinction between good and evil?

And are not absolution and extreme unction *abominations*? The one continually during life stupefying the conscience with priestly chloroform, and the other, in the very article of death, laying down a carpet into hell!

To forbid marriage to her priests, and by thus cutting off and isolating them from the rest of mankind, to concentrate all their energies into one channel, the advancement of their church, is not this an *abomination*? To condemn men in the prime of life to celibacy,¹² to make love a crime and marriage an impossibility, is to do violence to human nature, to rack and torture the tenderest feelings of the heart, and make the priest either a libertine from whom no woman is safe, or a misanthrope, hating the happiness that he cannot enjoy in the dearest relationships that have survived the fall. Well does the apostle call the doctrine of forbidding marriage a "*doctrine of devils*;" (1 Tim. iv. 1—3;) for none but the devil himself could have persuaded poor frail mortals to

tie themselves up with vows which human nature must break in thought or desire, if not in actual violation.

The wickedness of Rome is not common human wickedness. Human crimes are generally isolated, single acts. But Rome's wickedness is systematic, planned, deliberate, inveterate. Her crimes are not crimes of a moment, but of centuries; not single, solitary acts, but the results of a deep-planned scheme. Rome's *acts* are the lightest parts of her wickedness. Her wickedness lies in her *system*, of which her acts are merely symptoms and fruits. The fang of the serpent is worse than the bite of the serpent. The poisonous tree is worse than the fruit which drops from the bough. The bite may be healed; but the reptile lives to bite again; the fruit may rot, but the tree survives to bear its yearly crop. Rome's crimes are the worst of all crimes, for the same reason that Irish murders are the worst of all murders, because they are murders arising out of a deliberate system, a secret but fixed line of policy, sudden flashes from a dark cloud overspreading the land, and only seen as the stroke falls on the victim.

Our limits warn us here to pause. We have from the first felt apprehensive lest our papers on Popery should trench too much upon more valuable and edifying matter. But at the present crisis it is desirable that the attention of the church of God should be directed to the testimony of the Holy Spirit against Antichrist; and we hope, therefore, if the Lord will, in our next number to resume the subject of the mystical Babylon.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Rome is so evidently pointed out by Babylon, that two of the greatest authorities in the Romish Church, Baronius and Bellarmine, have admitted it. The former says, "It is most certain that Rome is signified by the name of Babylon."—(*Baronius, Annales ad Ann. 45.*) And the latter declares that "John, in the Apocalypse, in several places calls Rome, Babylon. This is clearly gathered from chap. xvii. of that book."—(*Bellarmino de Rom. Pontif. iii. 13.*) Bossuet, the celebrated bishop of Meaux, is obliged to admit that Babylon means Rome, but refers it to Rome Pagan. Other Catholic expositors refer it to some power to arise at Rome in future ages. To allow that the prophecy had any reference to Rome Papal, the Catholic and Apostolic Church, would be in such writers an act of suicide. But Bellarmine, in his anxiety to prove from 1 Peter v. 13, that Peter was at Rome, is compelled to admit that Babylon is Rome. Thus Popery's greatest champion has identified Rome with the Babylon of the Apocalypse.

2. When Napoleon was First Consul, he made a concordat with the Pope, (Pius VII.) A.D. 1801, re-establishing the Catholic religion in France. Speaking of this act of his afterwards at St. Helena, he said, "that he had never repented having signed the concordat; that it was a great political measure; that it gave him influence over the Pope, and through him over a great part of the world, and especially over Italy." "*Had there been no Pope,*" he added, "*one ought to have been made for the occasion.*" What a striking commentary upon the mystical adultery between the kings of the earth and the Romish church!

3. Babylon is the Greek and Babel the Hebrew name of the great city which once stood upon the banks of the river Euphrates.

4. The "Dalmatic," a kind of surplice worn by the Romish priests and deacons on high solemnities, has a *purple* border.

5. "They dress her in a green suit of apparel, extremely rich, being a flower-work upon a ground of gold. The veil they put upon her head is much more costly; for besides that it was of the same cloth of gold, it was all powdered with great fine pearls. After this they put upon her head a crown of gold, thick beset with precious stones of inestimable price. Next they put on her neck-jewel, her pendants, and her bracelets of diamonds, and many great

chains of gold about her neck, to which were fastened abundance of hearts and medals of gold, which are the presents that queens and Catholic princesses have bestowed on the image out of devotion, in testimony that they have resolved to be its slaves. The whole adorning and furniture of the altar was equally sumptuous and magnificent. Nothing could be seen but great pots or vessels, basins, lamps, and candlesticks, all of gold and silver, and beset with precious stones. All which, by the light of a vast quantity of wax candles, that burn there night and day, afford a lustre whose beauty ravished the soul through the eyes.

"Those that are rich and wealthy bestow great presents upon the wooden statue of the Virgin that is in the chapel, which, without any addition or modification, they call 'The Holy Virgin of Loretto.' They present her with necklaces and bracelets of pearls and diamonds, hearts of gold, medals, candlesticks, lamps, embossed pictures of gold and silver, of prodigious weight and bigness. Many present her with rings and most precious jewels, as a token of their espousing of her. She has above fifty gowns, all of them of irestimable price, inasmuch as she is, this day, the richest puppet that is in the universe; and the piece of wood the most sumptuously drest that is to be found in the whole world."

6. The greatest princes of the German empire were the seven, afterwards nine, Electors, so called because they elected the Emperor. The three first of these Electors, constituting what was called the Electoral College, were the Archbishops of Mainz, Treves, and Cologne.

7. The annual revenue of the Archbishop of Toledo, in the last century, was said to amount to twelve million reals, about £125,000 sterling; which, considering the poverty of Spain, might be equal to £250,000 a-year in this country.

8. "The unmeasured immorality of the Spanish clergy, appears in the history of sacerdotal and monkish solicitation in that kingdom. These solicitants were Spanish monks and priests, who, abusing the privacy of sacramental confession, tempted women, married and unmarried, to a violation of chastity, and in the language of Pope Gregory, administered poison instead of medicine (*pro medicina venenum porrigunt*). This kind of solicitation became so prevalent as to demand pontifical interposition. In Spain the bull of Pope Paul IV. against solicitants was promulgated in the sixteenth century, in which the following language is used to describe the evil which rendered such interference necessary: 'Whereas, certain Ecclesiastics in the kingdom of Spain, and in the cities and dioceses thereof, having the cure of souls, or exercising such cures for others, or otherwise deputed to hear the confession of penitents, have broken out into such heinous acts of iniquity as to abuse the sacrament of penance, in the very act of hearing the confessions; not fearing to injure the same sacrament, and Him who instituted it, our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ, by enticing and provoking, or trying to entice and provoke females to lewd actions at the very time when they were making their confessions.'

"When this bull was first introduced into Spain, the Inquisitors published a solemn edict in all the churches belonging to the Archbishopric of Seville, that any person knowing or having heard of any friar or clergyman having committed the crime of abusing the sacrament of confession, or in any manner having improperly conducted himself during the confession of a female penitent, should make a confession of what he knew within thirty days to the holy tribunal; and very heavy censures were attached to those who should neglect or despise this injunction. When this edict was first published, such a considerable number of females went to the palace of the Inquisition, only in the city of Seville, to reveal the conduct of their infamous confessors, that twenty notaries and as many inquisitors were appointed to minute down their several informations against them; but these being found insufficient to receive the depositions of so many witnesses, and the inquisitors being thus overwhelmed, as it were, with the pressure of such affairs, thirty days more were allowed for making the accusations; and this lapse of time also proving inadequate to the intended purpose, a similar period was granted, not only for a third, but a fourth time," &c.—(See "*Narrative of the Inquisition, by Joseph Hyppolyte de Mendonca*," vol. I, pp. 117—119.)

9. This was fully proved at the time of the Reformation in this country. The following is the testimony of Blanco White, who was a priest in Spain till the age of five and thirty:

"The picture of female convents requires a more delicate pencil; yet I cannot find tints sufficiently dark and gloomy to portray the miseries I have witnessed in their inmates. Crime indeed makes its way into those recesses, in spite of the spiked walls and prison-gates which protect the inhabitants. This I know with all the certainty which the self-accusation of the guilty can give. It is besides a notorious fact, that the nunneries in Estremadura and Portugal are frequently infected with vice of the grossest kind. But I will not dwell on this revolting part of the picture."

10. It was a saying of Luther, alluding to the commencement of Papal Bulls, "*In nomine Dei*," (in the name of God,) all wickedness begins."

11. These are the exact words of the Council of Trent.

12. In France, before the Revolution, there were 460,000, and in Spain nearly 148,000 ecclesiastical persons doomed to celibacy. Of these there were in France nearly 80,000, and in Spain more than 22,000 nuns shut up in convents; and in France 78,000, and in Spain near 50,000 monks.

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

Naturally, our hearts hang loose from God, and cleave to the creature; and when the creature fails, our hearts are troubled; but faith takes off the heart from the creature, and settles it upon God in Christ, where it finds rest; and this is the great service it doth us.—*Bunyan*.

A spirit of adoption is the spirit of a child; he may disoblige his father, but he will not be turned out of doors. The union is not dissolved, though the communion is. He is not well with his father, therefore must be unhappy, as their interests are inseparable.—*Newton*.

Full and free justification is a river of pure and spiritual delight, which the Holy Ghost alone can lead the weary sinner into, and cause him to receive: "God shall persuade Japheth." And this promise continues to be fulfilled, in the times appointed, in every chosen vessel. No sensible sinner can believe the pardon of his sin, till God in love makes it plain to him; giving him faith to rest upon the testimony of God, and a spiritual perception of the beauties of Jesus; as made unto him Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption. He that is brought here is "come to Mount Zion" indeed! But poor sinners are sure to try what Horeb's terrible mount will produce before they think to any purpose of the covenant of promise; so legal is the heart, and so blind to that which alone can heal its woes! Is my reader under a cloud? And does he say I must be brought lower yet, and feel more of sin, and more of the keen application of God's righteous law? Stop! Has not God given thee such a sight of thyself and of thy sin, times without number, as to constrain thee to cry, "God be merciful unto me a sinner?" As such thou art now welcome, without any ceremony, to the bosom of thy merciful and faithful High Priest: "He will not quench the smoking flax." — *H. Fowler*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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ANTINOMIANISM DEMOLISHED, AND THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST DELIVERED FROM ITS FALSE CHARGES.

By JOHN RUSK.

"Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck." (1 Tim. i. 19.)

The precious Gospel of Christ, and the happy recipients of it, have ever been slandered by the ungodly world, whether the openly profane or the self-righteous pharisee. They tell us that the Gospel leads to licentiousness; that if people believe in God's eternal election, and that salvation is all free, they then may live as they list; for if people are elected they are sure to be saved, and if not (as no good works are meritorious) they will be damned, do what they may. And this is the way the carnal heart argues. But the real truth is, they hold up to contempt what they cannot understand, for "God has hid their hearts from understanding." It is not possible for any natural man living, let him have what gifts or abilities he may, natural or acquired, let him learn Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and be well acquainted with the original text, let him have been brought up at Cambridge, Oxford, or what college or academy he may, to comprehend what the Gospel really leads to; for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) And again, on the contrary, a man shall be a mere fool, little better than an idiot; he shall not know one letter from another, and yet well understand what the pure Gospel of Christ leads to. Such a one, having a rich experience of the power of it by the Holy Ghost, knows well that the Gospel of Christ leads to a holy life, walk, and conversation; and in this our dear Lord once rejoiced, saying, "I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and

prudent, and revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Hence it is that "the way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err" in this path. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to nought things that are," that he that glorieth may glory in the Lord. (Cor. i. 27—31.)

In the chapter from whence our text is taken, the Apostle Paul is putting his son Timothy in mind of the charge which he gave him at his going to Macedonia, and also the right use of the law and the end of it. "Now, the end of the commandment (or moral law) is charity out of a pure heart and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned." He then tells him of his own call to be an apostle, and speaks honestly what he was by nature, and what also by grace: "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy. And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant, with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." "This charge I commit unto thee, son Timothy, according to the prophecies which went before on thee, that thou by them mightest war a good warfare. Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck."

Having come to our text, I will treat,

- I. Very briefly about *faith*.
- II. Of a *good conscience*, which concerns this faith.
- III. The *dreadful consequence of putting away conscience*.
- IV. *What all such faith will terminate in*, namely, *shipwreck*.

Now, in order to make clear work of it, I observe that there is a faith that hypocrites have as well as saints. Hypocrites pride themselves greatly on it, but God's family do not, and yet they are never without this faith. I do not know whether my reader will understand me, but it is as follows: God's people believe that all are sinners, and so do many who are hypocrites, for the Scriptures declare it. God's people believe that no works performed by man will save sinners, and so do many hypocrites. God's people believe that Christ is the only Saviour, and so do hypocrites. God's people believe in a Trinity of persons in God, and so do hypocrites. God's people believe that Christ is God, the Father is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, and so do hypocrites. God's people believe that Christ assumed human nature, and destroyed the Devil and all his works—that there must be a new nature, or a change of heart, as a meetness for heaven, and so do hypocrites. God's people believe in the resurrection of the just and unjust, and so do hypocrites. Lastly, God's people believe in eternal happiness to the one, and eternal misery to the other, and so do hypocrites. Now I have only hinted at a few of the many things that hypocrites believe to be truths as well as saints,

and it is this that often puzzles you and me, for we can see no difference, whereas there is a great difference. Take it as follows. Suppose a man to have great knowledge, which he has acquired by reading historical accounts of different parts of the world, and another who had been in all those parts and yet never read any such accounts; have they not both faith? Truly they have; yet it must be allowed on all hands that his faith is the best that does not tell you of those parts of the earth from mere history, but from experimental knowledge. And just so it is with saints and hypocrites. The saint believes that all are sinners, with the same faith as a false professor does, in his judgment; for were you to ask him the question at all times, he would never deny it; but when he feels that, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, he is full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, here the saint exceeds the hypocrite, for the latter never can come here. The saint believes that no works of men are sufficient to save, and this same faith a hypocrite has—yea, and some will contend for free grace as well as real saints; but the saint's confidence goes farther, for he feels that he is to every good work (in his old nature) reprobate.

Now it would be superfluous for me to go over all those things again respecting the people of God and hypocrites. Suffice it to say, that there are many things that God's people believe that hypocrites believe also, and yet theirs is not the faith of God's elect. A hypocrite may have his head full of these things, so as to be able to carry the point in a masterly way, or he may not be so capable; and these same things there may be in real saints. A real saint may have much understanding of this kind, and have his head full of these things, yet, although this is faith, it is not saving faith to either party; and therefore the child of God goes much farther, for his faith stands in the power of God; but the hypocrite has it only in the head, and therefore his faith at best stands only in the wisdom of men. Of this sort were the foolish virgins, the man without the wedding-garment, and those also that believed for a while; and we have no call to wonder at this, for it is obvious enough. I have known and do know such characters, who well understand the truth, neither will they hear any but those that have much light of knowledge in the Scriptures and large experience; and yet they are destitute of real saving faith. Yea, farther; there are preachers now, and ever have been, who preach the truth so clearly that you cannot find them out, and yet they have not real saving faith; and the cause is this. The Spirit of God may, and does, enlighten many men in their understanding, and endow them with gifts and abilities, from which arises a confidence in the truth they assert. They believe it to be truth, and such by their preaching have many converts, who believe as they do; and were you to talk to them, they would agree with all you say, because both they and you agree in this faith which is only lodged in the understanding. Hence we are told that the prince gives a gift to his servant; and Paul tells the Corinthians, for it is implied in what he says, that some receive the Gospel in vain: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached

unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain." (1 Cor. xv. 1, 2.) You see, there is a believing of such truths which to some characters is altogether in vain, while to others it is effectual to their souls' salvation. Now the elect of God differ, for they not only have this persuasion in the head, but the Holy Ghost works faith in their hearts also; so that they feel all these glorious truths: and where there is such a faith in the heart, there will be also a good conscience; but where it goes no farther than the understanding, there will not; so that such will put conscience away and make a separation.

II. Now this brings me to the next general head, which is this, a *good conscience*, which concerns this faith. I will abide close by the Scriptures, and prove that faith and conscience go hand-in-hand together; and "what God has joined together let no man put asunder." I know we live in an awful day; and although there is much talk about faith, yet conscience is put away: and if you enforce these things, it is called legality, and they will say you are in bondage; but I know that such are Antinomians in reality. Their faith goes no farther than their heads—

In vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death.

But now, what is a good conscience? Adam, when he came out of his Maker's hands, was pronounced good, consequently he had a good conscience; but when he fell every faculty of his soul was evil, and, therefore he had a bad conscience; and from him, our federal head, we all come into this world, both elect and reprobate, with a bad conscience. Hence we are told that "God has concluded all men in unbelief;" and, if so, there is a bad conscience, for to the unbelieving there is nothing clean! Mind and conscience are both defiled.

Now, let me treat a little about this evil conscience, before I show what a good one is. In order to illustrate the subject, and that we may see a little of the depth of man's fall, and the real necessity of the good work which God the eternal Spirit does in all the chosen family, I shall not confine myself to the word *conscience*, but shall take *heart* as well, for in Scripture the word heart very often means conscience; as, for instance, the Apostle John says, "If our hearts condemn us," that is, if our consciences condemn us. Before I begin I may say that, black as what I shall relate may appear, it will be only a faint resemblance of every individual man, woman, or child, that ever came or comes into this world from Adam to the end of time, and those that deny it are blinded by the Devil himself. I say only a faint resemblance, for to draw thy portrait, reader, and mine, and that of all others, as it really is, is out of my power. Hence it is called "the mystery of iniquity." I will not assert that this corrupt fountain, the human heart, sends forth its evil streams alike in all. No; God restrains these corruptions in some, and not in others, for wise ends; and it is wholly owing to his restraints that men go on so outwardly circumspectly as they do. Were we to take these restraints off where there is no grace, then

out would pour forth, like an overflowing stream, all those vile abominations which now lie hidden and out of sight, at least many of them; but, as it is needful for me to keep within some bounds, I will confine myself to these ten things, in which you will see something of a bad conscience or heart.

1. The deceit of the heart of all men by the fall: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" by which I understand, that all the hypocrisy and deceit that goes on in the world, whether in a profession of religion or not, flows out of the corrupt heart. The heart, or evil conscience, is a fountain of deceit that supplies the ungodly from day to day, and yet it is ever full. The heart is deceitful above all things, because all things are supplied from it—evil desires, thoughts, and actions. We all know that deceit is carrying two faces, speaking things that appear very fair, when it is only flattery. Hence you read, "With their tongues they have used deceit," "deceiving and being deceived;" that is, the heart is such a complete mass of deception that it deceives the man that has it, and he deceives others.

2. The pride of the heart. See Pharaoh: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey him? I know not the Lord; neither will I let Israel go." Here was pride, ignorance, and selfwill altogether. See Nebuchadnezzar also. We read that he was driven from men, and his dwelling was with the beasts of the field, and he ate grass like an ox; his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hair was grown like eagle's feathers, and his nails like bird's claws. Now, all this was for the pride of his heart, as Daniel told his son: "But when thy father's heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne." (Dan. v. 20.)

3. Covetousness. The very nature of man is to grasp at all he can. He does not care who sinks, so he swims; and, although to our view some men are very different to others upon this head, yet this is only owing to God's restraining power, as before observed. Selfishness and covetousness are rooted in all. There is not a man upon the face of the whole earth that, in his fallen state, is not a covetous man. Say you, I never coveted after money in my life? True, you might not, and yet the love of money is in you as it respects the root; and, were the Devil let loose upon you, he would soon drive you on to the greatest pitch of coveting after money. But covetousness is very extensive. Some covet idol gods; some their neighbour's wife, ox, ass, &c. None are exempt.

4. Christ gives us a full description of what is in the heart of man. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, and blasphemies; and these are the things that defile the man" (Matt. xv. 18); from all which you see what a deplorable state man is in. But I shall not enlarge.

5. Rebellion. If you read Jeremiah's prophecy carefully you will find plenty of this rebellion, and God's judgments that overtook the people of Israel for it; their perverseness, impiety, and contempt of God. "But this people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart; they are revolted and gone." (Jer. v. 23.) Again, in chapter xlii.

we read, that they sent Jeremiah to pray to the Lord for them, and that whatever the Lord said they would abide by, whether good or bad; but when he brought the answer, and they found it against their will and wish, then they told him that the Lord had not said so, and that they would go to Egypt, which was expressly against his command. Thus they dissembled in their hearts, "rebelling against the words of God, and contemning the council of the Most High." (Ps. cvii. 11.)

6. The heart is full of evil. Evil, you know, is opposed to good. God is good; the Devil is evil, and our hearts are filled with evil. Hence we read that "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." (Gen. vi. 5.) You see how expressive it is. The heart is not only full of evil, but there is no abatement; it is going on continually. Christ said the same when upon the earth. A corrupt fountain can send forth nothing but evil streams, and therefore the wicked being only corrupt "are like the troubled sea, whose waters cast forth mire and dirt." Hence you read of evil desires and evil deeds, for their "feet run to evil." (Isa. lxix. 7.) Solomon says that "the heart is full of evil" (Eccles. ix. 3), and that "the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." (Eccles. viii. 11.) So you see that the corrupt fountain is the heart, or a bad conscience, which produces evil actions.

7. The impenitence of the heart. After all that man does, he still continues stubborn, hard, impenitent. Hence God says, "They have made their hearts harder than an adamant; they refuse to return." No, reader, there is nothing in you or me, by nature, that ever can or will turn to God. We are "stout-hearted and far from righteousness."

8. The idolatry of the heart. God requires the heart to be set upon him, but, instead of that, our hearts by nature are wholly set upon idols, in opposition to him; and whatever a man loves most, that is his god, and that he worships. Thus there are women-gods, men-gods, money-gods, pleasure-gods, self-gods, &c. Whatever we love most, that is our god. This is called by Ezekiel "the stumbling-block of our iniquity, set up in the heart;" and he says there is "a multitude" of these idols (Ezek. xiv. 4); and God declares that he will not hear any prophet in behalf of such, but will answer them himself: "That I may take the house of Israel in their own heart, because they are all estranged from me, through their idols."

9. The malice and wrath of the heart against the true God. "The carnal mind is enmity against God," and "we are hateful and hating one another." Now all this arises up in us, and is the sad effects of a bad conscience. Hence you read of the rage and fury of Nebuchadnezzar, on hearing that the three children, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego would not fall down and worship the golden image. (Dan. iii. 13.)

10. The unbelief of the heart. We read of "an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God;" and again, "They do alway err in their heart, and have not known my ways, and could

not enter in (that is, Israel of old), because of unbelief." This alway erring is a one continued unbelief, which, as John says, "is making God a liar." Moses calls them, "Children in whom is no faith." But you may be ready to say, "You have given a description of the hearts and consciences of very vile and wicked men in former days, but that does not prove that all are alike." To this I answer, "that as in water face answereth to face, so does the heart of man to man." "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." "God has concluded all men in unbelief;" and, if that be God's conclusion, it is a true and faithful account, which fully proves a bad conscience in all, for to the unbelieving there is nothing clean, mind and conscience both being defiled. Now, if we consider seriously the deceit of the heart, the pride of the heart, the covetousness, the description our Lord gives also, with the rebellion of it, that it is full of evil, impenitent, and full of idols, malice, wrath, rage, fury, and unbelief, with innumerable other things, may we not say that every man's conscience, from which all these evils flow, is completely bad? Truly we may; and yet none know these things from experience but God's elect; when the Holy Ghost enlightens them to see, and quickens them to feel it, and applies the law, bringing it home to the conscience, for, although natural conscience will censure and condemn a man for many things, yet it is not honest after all, for it will acquit him in things unspeakably vile, abominable, and blasphemous, just as Paul was acquitted by his conscience while unconverted, when he murdered the saints. He thought he did right, and thoughts and conscience go together, as Mr. Huntington used to say. But we read of some that are not plagued at all with conscience. Such are said to be past all feeling, and they, I believe, are intended in our text. But of this I shall treat hereafter.

(To be continued.)

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF HITCHIN, HERTS.

(Continued from page 187.)

Thus have I related to thee, reader, something of the goodness and unmerited mercy of God to me in the days of my first love, when the visitations of my covenant God preserved my spirit, when his "glory was fresh in me," and the "secret of God was upon my Tabernacle." (Job. xxix. 4.) I freely confess my inability to show forth the glorious subject as I then experienced it, because, as Peter says, such "joy" is "unspeakable;" but I have spoken according to the ability the Lord hath given me; and if I could have related it better I certainly would, for it is a pleasure to me to declare to those that love and fear God what he hath done for me, his poor servant. But when the best and most able of God's children attempt to show forth the marvellous lovingkindness of their reconciled God, they always fall short of the subject. All language is too poor to convey to others what has been enjoyed, and to express their gratitude to their bountiful benefactor "who is exalted far above all blessing and praise."

(Neh. ix. 5.) But we do hope that when we are made perfect in knowledge, when we get rid of corruption, and eternal life and immortality take place, our praise will be uninterrupted. But eternity alone will be sufficient for the exalted subject, for, as the sweet Psalmist saith, "His praise endureth for ever." (Psa. cxi. 10.)

But now came on "the day of adversity," in which I was obliged to "consider;" for such distress came upon my soul when the light of the Lord's countenance was withdrawn, that I was ready to cast away my confidence and to draw the worst of conclusions. A feeling sense of his lovingkindness and tender mercy gradually abated, and with that the warmth of my affection towards God began to decline; my "love waxed cold;" (Matt. xxiv. 12,) and I relapsed into legal bondage. The corruptions of my old nature began now to be felt in a more terrible manner than I had yet experienced; which greatly alarmed me, for it appeared as if some strange and awful thing had befallen me. How acceptable, at this time, would have been the company of some person who could have told me from his own experience what I at this time felt; but I was deprived of this privilege. And, as the Lord alone was my counsellor, guide, and director, in this and other soul troubles I have been in; as he supported me under them and brought me safely through, without the assistance of any man, I must needs say that I am warmly attached to my blessed Lord. "He hath known my soul in adversities;" (Ps. xxxi. 7,) and I have known my God as a friend, a tried and unchangeable friend to this day—"a friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" (Prov. xviii. 24,) who loveth at all times; and hath said, "He will never leave nor forsake" the objects of his everlasting and unmerited love. (Rom. viii. 35; Heb. xiii. 5.) Finding, by sad experience, that the enjoyment of my first love was lost by me through sin, and that the evil of my nature began to gather strength, I did the best I could to resist it; but, alas! vain was my attempt. Sin and Satan were too strong for me; for, as the hymn says,

"The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more."

Little did I think, when I enjoyed such a sweet sense of God's love, that I, who very lately felt such a love to the Lord, that, in my feelings, I could have gone to prison and to death for his sake, should now find Satan let loose upon me with such fury and wrath as had nearly overwhelmed me in horror and despondency. But, however, all this came upon me and many others in the days of old. The messenger of Satan buffeted the apostle Paul. (2 Cor. xii. 7.) Peter was sifted by Satan as wheat. (Luke xxii. 31.) The hidings of the Lord's countenance were sadly complained of by the Psalmist; and he put up a grievous complaint: "The enemy hath persecuted my soul." (Psa. cxliii.) And the "fiery trial" (1 Pet. iv. 12) from our adversary Satan will come upon the children of God that are in the world in due time, for "the same afflictions" are appointed by God. Into this furnace, therefore, I must go, that "the trial of my faith" might redound to the glory of a covenant God. But though Satan desired totally to destroy the good work that the Lord had wrought in me,

yet in this he was defeated; for the intent of all my afflictions was to take away the dross from me that the work of grace might thrive the better; and so it afterwards came to pass. "Every plant in me," saith the Lord Jesus, "that beareth fruit, my father purgeth it; that it may bring forth more fruit." (John xv.) It is only for our blessed Lord to hide his face from us, and leave us for a while to be tempted of Satan, and we are sure to discover that unless it please God to work in us both to will, and to do, and to water us every moment with the dew of his grace, I say we shall soon see that "without Christ we can do nothing." (John xv. 5.) We are too confident of our own strength, not rightly considering that it is only in God's strength we stand fast. It is only from the reflection of his love upon us that we feel any divine love to our God; and it is only in the Lord's light that we see light. Therefore, that we may learn this lesson more experimentally, God, our heavenly Father, suffers his poor children to be tempted of the Devil; and, when this fell to my lot, every grace that the Lord had planted in my soul Satan stirred up an opposite principle to oppose it. Instead of my heart glowing with love to God, I now felt a coolness and indifference; till, at last, enmity began to appear, and, not being acquainted as yet with much of the evil of my nature, I was greatly alarmed, not knowing what judgment to form of my case. Instead of blessing and praising the Lord for his lovingkindness to me, now most grievous and bitter curses were suggested to me, and I verily thought, before I knew better, that these abominable thoughts came wholly from myself; but "it is no more I that do it," says Paul, "but sin that dwelleth in me." (Rom. vii. 17.) And I can say so too; for "I hate vain thoughts, but God's law do I love." (Ps. cxix. 113.) But at that time, when I was assailed with Satan's temptations, I could not make this distinction; and it is a work of time before the children of God come to this knowledge. It will be impossible for me fully to relate the bitter curses, the obscene thoughts, the unbelieving thoughts, the perverse and rebellious thoughts that I laboured under when in this hour of temptation. I know that many of God's dear children have made sad complaints in a state of spiritual desertion, but I never heard or read of any one that dare relate the whole of the misery they underwent when they fell under Satan's temptations. Mr. Hart, in the preface to his Hymns, says that such thoughts were suggested to his mind so monstrously obscene and blasphemous that they cannot be spoken, nor so much as hinted. John Bunyan, in the account of his life, in his book entitled 'Grace Abounding,' says as follows: "These temptations, with many others which I dare not utter by word or pen, made such a strange seizure upon my spirit," &c.; and, for my own part, I must needs say that the horrible temptations I waded through at that time I could not relate to the most sincere friend on earth; but I bless the Lord from my heart that he did, in his faithfulness and in his mercy, help me through them, and though I was much cast down, I was not "utterly cast down." (Ps. xxxvii. 24.) And I do really believe through the tender mercy of the Most High, I

never shall be utterly forsaken or forgotten of the Lord. (Is. xlix. 15, 16.) For which I humbly desire to remain a willing debtor to God's eternal love alone.

Finding, to my no small mortification and sorrow, that the sweetest moments I ever enjoyed on earth were now departed from me, without any probability, to appearance, that I should ever experience the like again, and not having a person in the house where I was that could understand anything of the distress I felt, I was greatly cast down in much heaviness, through the manifold temptations (1 Peter i. 6) that fell to my lot. I shall not detain the reader with relating further what befell me at this time, for if he is a person who has been roughly handed in Satan's sieve (Luke xxii. 31), he may form a tolerable notion of the distress a poor sinner must feel when he bemoans the loss of an absent God, the cruel jealousies that arise in the soul for fear he should no more return, and the fruitless struggles the poor creature makes in his own strength to regain the blissful seat from whence he fell. Suffice it to say I was brought again very low; my bodily health was much injured by this severe trial, and the doctor told me I never should be well till I breathed the fresh air of old England. Preparations were shortly after made for my return to my native country. I set sail on the 12th day of August, 1782, in a Swedish vessel, and departed from Lisbon with a heavy heart. Not because I was leaving a good situation in a merchant's counting-house; no! I was so sensibly afflicted with my spiritual loss, that other losses were not regarded. When the Lord's comfortable presence is with the soul, all outward afflictions are very easy to bear; but when the light of God's blessed countenance is withdrawn, all the good things beneath the sun cannot countervail the damage. The soul refuses to be comforted with such things as these; neither, indeed, can he (Ps. lxxvii. 2) nor will he be comforted until the Lord turn again, and have compassion on the poor comfortless sinner. This alone sets us properly to rights, and, blessed be the Lord, this did me at the long run; as in the sequel you shall see. (Micah vii. 19, 20.)

After a voyage of nineteen days, in which nothing remarkable befell us, I arrived in safety on the British shore; but it was no comfort at all to me, for joy of all sorts seemed to be far from me. I took pleasure in no one thing. I had lost the enjoyment of my dearest friend, and the sight of all other friends and relations was a burden to me, and I could plainly see I also was a burden to them; and so said Job in his trouble: "He hath put my brethren far from me, and mine acquaintance are verily estranged from me." (Job xix. 13—19.) And so it was with the Psalmist: "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." (Ps. lxxxviii. 18.)

I must not forget to record a circumstance that befell me before I landed. When the ship anchored at Gravesend a press-gang came on board, and gave me to understand they wanted some hands to serve King George. I pleaded that I was a passenger, but to no purpose. I next told them I was lame, but this was not regarded—I

must go upon deck, to put the best foot forward; and when I had performed my part as well as I could, I was licensed to depart, with a sailor's compliment. Thus my lameness, which I had so often lamented, became my protection from the hands of these rough fellows; otherwise, had I served their turn, instead of landing on English ground, I should have entered on board a man-of-war, and gone to assist in fighting the enemy. I have had this brought to mind with some sense of gratitude to the God of all mercies, who hath done all things well, and who hath before appointed the bounds of our habitation. (Acts xvii. 26.)

For many months after my arrival in England, I was in a very low way, lamenting the loss of my comforts with which the Lord had indulged me; but I got some relief at times in reading my Bible, when I perused the soul-trouble of Job, David, Paul, and others recorded in Scripture. Finding some relief in searching the Word, I took delight in meditating upon their experience and comparing it with my own: Romans vii. throughout was particularly useful to me, wherein the apostle, in a masterly manner, makes a distinction between the grace of God in the soul and the corrupt nature we derive from the original sin of our first parents. I thought I could see into the most difficult verse of the whole chapter, but I could not explain what I saw, and found my want of ability to open passages of Scripture. Added to this, God caused some of the writings of good Mr. Bunyan to fall into my hands. His book entitled "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," was to me a very choice book, wherein he set forth, in his own experience, my present feelings; and I really got great benefit in comparing notes with him. For although he went deeper in soul-distress than myself, I saw enough in his relation to convince me that my case was not hopeless; and I do heartily recommend the above book to any poor sinner that feels the plague of the human heart, the violent assaults of the Devil, and bemoans the loss of God's comfortable presence. To such the Lord will surely turn again. "For a small moment," says God, "have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee," &c.

Finding I got a good lift in reading Mr. Bunyan's book, I was desirous to get fresh ones, hoping to get some farther help. I bless God who caused some to fall into my hands which enabled me to believe that, although I was much cast down, yet I should in time be delivered. This bookish disposition at length became so strong, that I seldom passed a bookseller's shop but I must stop to search for some new book that would suit me; and, if I had but money, I do think I should have bought all the good men's works I could have laid hands on; but for want of cash I was obliged to deny myself this pleasure. It pleased God at this time to bring me under the ministry of Mr. Huntington, in Little Titchfield-street, whose ministry was, in the hands of God, made a singular use to me; and I do sincerely bless my gracious God for directing me to that place, for it has proved a Bethel indeed to my soul. When I first heard Mr. H., I knew little of the different points of doctrine contained in

the Scripture, and as little of the opposition made against the truth by the enemies of it. I had lost the sweet breast of consolation (Isa. lxvi. 11), and was now become as a weaned child. (Psa. cxxxi. 2.) I longed to be indulged again with the sincere milk of God's Word (1 Pet. ii. 2); but, alas! it was not to be got now. But I was left to mourn after it, which I did to purpose, for all beneath the sun could not repair the loss; and as for doctrines, I could at this time make nothing of them. I was not so much for these as for some more milk; but, however, this delicious fare, though excellent for babes in grace, yet, if we come to the stature of young men and fathers, we must feed upon food that is more solid and substantial than milk, as saith St. Paul, "For every one that useth milk is *unskilful* in the word of righteousness, for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern between good and evil." (Heb. v. 13, 14.) And I being now deprived of my milk, and the Lord having made an absolute promise, "He will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish" (Prov. x. 3), he did most bountifully prepare food for me of a more durable kind than milk, and by faith he gave me an appetite to feed thereon (Ho. xi. 4), till by degrees the word of God took deep root, till wisdom and knowledge became the stability of my soul. (Isa. xxxiii. 6.)

And now the happy time came on in which the good work of grace in my soul got a sweet revival, as the Lord, by his servant Peter, tells us shall be the case in *due time*. "But the God of all grace," saith the apostle, "who hath called us to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." (1 Pet. v. 10.) It came to pass, one day, as I was reading the Bible, I came to the words of Isaiah, liv. 10.: "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness I will have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, *so have I sworn* that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." These words came into my soul with a divine and an irresistible power. Every word was to me big with meaning, and did most exactly suit the distressed state of mind I was in.

"In a little wrath." It was this I laboured under, and whence arose all my misery and distress.

"I hid my face from thee." I had enjoyed a glorious time with the light of the Sun of Righteousness sweetly shining upon my soul; but now this was withdrawn, and all within was cold, dark, and comfortless.

"But with everlasting kindness I will have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." This was the very thing I wanted—mercy *alone* and free salvation, independent of my poor works; for I found myself at this time to be nothing but a sinner. Mercy, therefore, was now become precious to me indeed! which was highly prized when I enjoyed the application of it to my soul. This mercy consists of the everlasting kindness of the Lord. Oh, what sweet

words were these to me, "everlasting kindness!" *Faith* was now become the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen; for I could look forward beyond the grave with the comfort of a *good hope* through grace, and call the joys of heaven *my own*, for I had got the earnest of it in my own heart.

"For this is as the waters of Noah unto me." Here my mind was led to look back to the 9th chapter of Genesis, wherein the Lord makes a covenant with his servant Noah, in which he makes a solemn promise that, while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, day and night, &c., shall not cease. Now I plainly saw that my salvation was eternally fixed by God himself; so that if the revolutions of the seasons can be altered by man, then, and not before, will the Lord cast away his spiritual Israel for all that they have done unto Him. But this cannot be done by man; therefore, saved they must and shall be—not one of them ever did or can perish. (Jer. xxxiii. 25, 26; John x. 28.)

"For as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." Oh, what comfort, what strength, and what stability did I feel in my poor distressed soul from these precious words of God! None know but those who have obtained like precious faith, and none can believe it but the adopted children of God; but as for the "stranger, he doth not meddle with this joy." (Prov. xiv. 10.) God, even my own covenant God in Christ, blessed me with that faith which is his own gift, by which I was enabled to believe that he had sworn not to be wroth with me nor rebuke me. (Isa. liv.; Heb. vi. 17.) Oh, what a powerful soul-establishing word was this, "I have sworn!" The oath of God! What could I ask for more? What could I wish for more? My salvation was as secure as I possibly could desire it, and I was as sure of heaven, to my feelings, as though I was already there.

"The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace."

"My cup," saith David, "runneth over" (Psa. xxiii. 5); and, indeed, so did mine with gratitude, love, and praise to that God who had dealt so bountifully with his unworthy servant. I was so overpowered with the bliss I felt in my soul, that it seemed as though I was on the point of fainting beneath the same; and if I had, it would not have been the first instance. I have read in history, and it has been confirmed by an eminent physician, that excess of joy has had such an effect upon some persons that they have died upon the spot; but such cases are rare. "Oh, how I love thy law!" said the Psalmist; "it is my meditation all the day long!" (Psa. cxix. 97.) And so it was with me, for the blessed word of God did now live in me (Is. lix. 21), abide in me (John xv. 7), talk with me (Prov. vi. 22), and comfort me. (Micah ii. 7.) And I found it to be the word of faith, as saith the apostle: "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach." (Rom. x. 8.) And I really found the truth of it by blessed experience. The word was nigh me, even in my heart and in my mouth. It followed me

closely, go where I would. When I lay down to rest, it was in peace; the Lord was about my path and my bed; and under the shadow of his blessed wings I found myself to be quiet from the fear of evil. If I awaked in the night, the word was with me and came first into my thoughts, and I found my mind sweetly led out to meditate thereon. "Mine eyes prevent the night-watches," saith the Psalmist, "that I might meditate in thy word." (Psa. cxix. 148.) When the daylight appeared, it found me and my reconciled God in sweet fellowship, the Lord comforting and establishing my soul in the certainty of my eternal salvation, and my heart rendering unto God humble tributes of praise for his unspeakable mercies to my soul. Surely this was a little heaven upon earth. "To be spiritually-minded is life and peace," saith the apostle.

Feeling the word of God to be of such a sweet comforting and establishing power to my soul, I gave my mind up to search the Scriptures: the further I read, the more I found for faith to pick up of the absolute and unconditional promises contained therein, some of which were these:—"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee by thy name; *thou art mine*." (Isa. xliii. 1.) "My kindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." (Isa. liv. 10.) "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" (Rom. viii. 35.) "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," &c. &c. (Jer. xxxi. 3.) In short, turn which way I would in the Bible, some prize turned up for me; and being a poor needy sinner, I fed sweetly upon them by *faith*, till I really found the truth of this Scripture by blessed experience. "Thy soul shall be as a watered garden, and as a well of water whose waters fail not." (Isa. lviii. 11.) (*To be continued.*)

I WAS BROUGHT LOW AND HE HELPED ME.

Nearly two and twenty years ago, that wonderful declaration of the Almighty was accomplished in my experience, "I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." (Jer. xxxii. 40.) The effect produced by it was life, light, and misery, and deeply-fetched sighings, followed by groanings and cryings of, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" "Lord, save, or I perish;" "Men and brethren, what must I do to be saved?"

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and by its power I was compelled to "depart from evil." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant;" "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." Thus I was made alive to a sense of my lost condition, alive to the apprehension of the wrath of God and to the expectation of eternal damnation. "The pains of hell gat hold upon me;" the enemy of souls suggested that I had better destroy myself; and the people said, I was going mad. Hoping at times I should appease the wrath of the Almighty by constant supplication for mercy, by forsaking my evil way, and by attending to what is called the means of grace, I continued to seek peace, but found bitterness. The Lord said, "Thou

thoughtest I was altogether such a one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes."

"I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came," O the unutterable bulk of sin which "the handwriting that was against me" brought to my view; the vastness of crime, the "exceeding high mountain" of offences, the accumulation of forty years' thoughts, words, and actions; and all based upon that dark and dread foundation, called original sin, shapen in it and born with it! "When then the commandment came," with its exceeding requirements, and the dreadful denunciation annexed to it, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;" and I was made to feel that the extent of the heart's rebellion was higher than the heavens, its wickedness deep as hell, wider than the sea, and broader than the earth; it abounded beyond all utterance of mortal tongue or mortal thought, exceeding every "thought and intent of the heart." It produced death in me, and brought me into the borders of despair; my mouth was stopped, and I became guilty before a heart-searching and retri-trying God.

Truly the law of commandment given by Moses, when applied to the heart and conscience by the Holy Spirit is to the soul a complete "law of sin and death;" and whenever it is held up to any people as a rule of life, the veil of ignorance has not been removed from the heart. The administration of the law by the almighty power of the Spirit of God is to the person ordained to eternal life as a school-master to bring him to Christ Jesus. All whom God has ordained to eternal life he loved with an everlasting love; all the objects of his love he gave to his Son, Jesus Christ: and all whom God's Son received he has kept, and not one is lost. He does and shall "see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied;" and there is not one of the family but shall "hear the voice of the Son of God," and "those that hear shall live."

God's word entered the dark abode of my soul, and said, "Let there be light, and there was light," and life, and misery. Like Hezekiah on his bed of sickness, "for peace I had great bitterness;" and for eight months I cried in the bitterness of my soul night and day. I gave the Almighty no rest, until the time of love came; as it is written: "I was cast out into the open field, to the loathing of my person." "But at last, in the appointed time, when my soul was seemingly lost; when "the law of commandments" was thundered from Mount Sinai into my heart; when my unwearied enemy said, "Drown thyself, hang thyself, cut thy throat," following me to the very gate of heaven, the throne of grace, and accusing me before God; when death was at my heels, crying, "Let me cut him down, why should he cumber the ground any longer?" and the pit of hell enlarged itself, ready to receive my soul; then all refuge failed, all strength was gone, the storm had driven me from every hiding-place, no hope apparently was left, and despair stared me in the face. I ran, destruction at my heels, with an intent to make, as I thought, an end of myself in a pool of water; but being ap-

pointed an heir of salvation, I was guided by divine counsel past the pit of destruction to a secret spot, where I fell prostrate upon my knees, self-condemned before God, lifting up my trembling hands and watery eyes, confessing my enormous crimes, acknowledging the strict justice of the Almighty, and declaring to him; that if he dealt with me according to my deserts, he would banish me to everlasting destruction from his presence and from the glory of his power.

But contrary to all my expectation, this was to be, experimentally, the time of love. Strength was imparted to me. I was made earnest in supplication at the mercy-seat. I cried unto the Lord in my distress; I made supplication to the Almighty in my deep affliction. I said, "Lord, if thou canst be just and yet have mercy, save me, a poor, lost sinner! Lord God Almighty, for Christ Jesus' sake have mercy on me, have mercy on me!"

At this overcoming instant, the Lord Jesus Christ, as if hanging, bleeding, and expiring upon the cross, shining more brightly than the sun in the firmament, was revealed to my soul and before the eyes of my mind, and floods of tears of sorrow mixed with joy ran down my face. Then was it fulfilled in my experience, as it is written: "They shall look on me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one that mourneth for his only son."

The sight of the Lord of life and glory wearing my nature and suffering for my sins, caused the fountain of my head to run over; prayer and supplication were changed into praise and thanksgiving, and sorrow was turned to joy before him. Pardon and peace were the effects of the precious blood of sprinkling upon my heart and in my conscience,

"Flowing warm from the fountain
Opened upon Calvary's mountain"

for sin and for uncleanness. The enemy of souls, not able, nor willing, to bear the light, fell like lightning. Death skulked into the background, who was just before saying, "Let me cut him down." Hell shut its gaping mouth; and the handwriting that was against me was removed out of the way. The law had done its work as a schoolmaster, in bringing me to Christ Jesus. The justice of God was satisfied; and afterwards I could tell poor sinners thus:

"Payment God cannot twice demand;
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

After this "joy and peace in believing," through faith in the blood of Jesus, I became experimentally justified in his righteousness, "which is unto all and upon all them that believe" in him. As it is written: "The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance for ever." I said, "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth." I said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." I prayed, "O Lord, employ me for thy glory and for the good of thy people. Let me testify of thee. O tell me where thou feedest thy flocks at noon; and let me know that I love thee, by enabling me to keep thy commandments."

S. B.

AN EXTRACT FROM OWEN'S "COMMUNION
WITH GOD."*(Continued from page 237.)*

4. Christ is excellent and glorious in that he is *exalted and invested with all authority*. When Jacob heard of the exaltation of his son Joseph in Egypt, and saw the chariots that he had sent for him, his spirit fainted and recovered again, through abundance of joy and other overflowing affections. Is our Beloved lost, who for our sakes was upon the earth poor and persecuted, reviled, killed? No; he was dead, but is alive, and lo! he lives for ever and ever, and hath "the keys of hell and death." (Rev. i. 18.) Our Beloved is made a Lord and Ruler. (Acts ii. 36.) He is made a King; God sets him his King on the holy hill of Zion, (Psalm ii. 6,) and he is crowned with honour and dignity, after he had been made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death. (Heb. ii. 7—9.) And what is he made king of? "All things are put in subjection under his feet." (Ver. 8.) And what power over them hath our Beloved? All power in heaven and earth. (Matt. xxviii. 18.) As for men, he hath power given him over all flesh. (John xvii. 2.) And in what glory doth he exercise this power? He gives eternal life to his elect, ruling them in the power of God, (Micah v. 2,) until he bring them to himself. And for his enemies, his arrows are sharp in their hearts; (Psalm xlv. 5;) he dips his vesture in their blood. (Isa. lxiii. 3.) O how glorious is he in his authority over his enemies! In this world he terrifies, frightens, awes, convinces, bruises their hearts and consciences, fills them with fear, terror, disquietment, until they yield him unfeigned obedience; and sometimes, with outward judgments, bruises, breaks, turns the wheel upon them, stains all his vesture with their blood, fills the earth with their carcases, and at last will gather them altogether, beast, false prophet, nations, &c., and cast them into that lake that burns with fire and brimstone. (Psalm cx. 6; Rev. xix. 20.)

He is gloriously exalted above angels, in this his authority, good and bad, (Eph. i. 20—22,) far above principalities, and powers, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but in that to come; they are all under his feet, at his command and absolute disposal. He is at the right hand of God, in the highest exaltation possible, and in full possession of a kingdom over the whole creation, "having received a name above every name," &c. (Phil. ii. 9.) Thus is he glorious in his throne, which is at the right hand of the Majesty on high; glorious in his commission, which is all power in heaven and earth; glorious in his name, a name above every name, the Lord of lords, the King of kings; glorious in his sceptre, a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of his kingdom; glorious in his attendants, "His chariots are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels:" among them he rideth on the heaven, and sendeth out the voice of his strength, attended with ten thousand times ten thousands of his holy ones; glorious in his subjects, all creatures in heaven and in earth; nothing is left that is not put in subjection to him; glorious in his way of rule and the administration

of his kingdom, full of sweetness, efficacy, power, serenity, holiness, righteousness, and grace, in, and towards his elect; of terror, vengeance, and certain destruction towards the rebellious angels and men; glorious in the issue of his kingdom, when every knee shall bow before him, and all shall stand before his judgment-seat. And what a little portion of his glory is it that we have pointed to! This is the Beloved of the church, its Head, its Husband; this is he with whom we have communion. But of the whole exaltation of Jesus Christ, I am elsewhere to treat at large.

Having insisted on these generals, for the farther carrying on of the motives to communion with Christ, in the relation mentioned, taken from his excellencies and perfections, I shall reflect on the description given of him by the spouse in the Canticles, to this very end and purpose: "My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold; his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. His cheeks are as a bed of spices; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh; his hands are as gold rings set with beryl; his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires; his legs are as pillars set upon sockets of fine gold; his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars; his mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." (Cant. v. 10—16.)

The general description given of him, ver. 10, hath been before considered; the ensuing particulars are instances to make good the assertion that "he is the chiefest of ten thousand."

I. The spouse begins with his *head and face*. (Ver. 11—13.) Of his head she speaks first in general, unto the substance of it, it is "as fine gold;" and then in particular, as to its ornaments, "His locks are bushy, and black as a raven."

1. "His *head* is as the most fine gold;" or, his head gold, solid gold, say some; made of pure gold, say others; *krusion kephaz*, say the LXX., retaining part by both the Hebrew words, *massa auri*.*

Two things are eminent in gold, splendour or glory, and duration; this is that which the spouse speaks of the head of Christ. His head is government, authority, and kingdom; hence it is said, a crown of pure gold was on his head; (Psalm xxi. 3;) and his head here is said to be gold, because of the crown of gold that adorns it, as the monarchy in Daniel that was most eminent for glory and duration is termed a head of gold. (Dan. ii. 38.) And these two things are eminent in the kingdom and authority of Christ.

(1.) It is a *glorious* kingdom; he is full of glory and majesty, and in his majesty he rides prosperously. (Psalm xlv. 3, 4.) "His glory is great in the salvation of God; honour and majesty are laid upon him, he is made blessed for ever and ever." (Psalm xxi. 5; 6.) I

* By comparing, in the original, 1 Kings x., 18, with 2 Chron. ix. 17, it is evident that "purified," or "refined gold," is the correct translation.

might insist upon particulars, and show that there is not anything that may render a kingdom or government glorious, but it is in this of Christ in all its excellencies. It is a heavenly, a spiritual, a universal, and an unshaken kingdom, all which render it glorious: but of this somewhat before.

(2.) It is *durable, yea, eternal*, solid gold; his throne is for ever and ever. (Psalm xlv. 6.) "Of the increase of his government there is no end; upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and establish it with judgment and justice, from henceforth, even for ever." (Isa. ix. 7.) His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, (Dan. vii. 27,) a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, (ii. 44,) for he must reign until all his enemies be subdued. This is the head of gold, the splendour and eternity of his government.

And if you take the head in a natural sense, either the glory of his Deity is here attended to, or the fulness and excellency of his wisdom, which the head is the seat of. The allegory is not to be straitened whilst we keep to the analogy of faith.

2. For the *ornaments* of his head, his locks, they are said to be bushy, or curled, black as a raven. His curled locks are black as a raven, is added by way of illustration of the blackness, not with any allusion to the nature of the raven. Take the head spoken of in a political sense; his locks or hair, said to be curled, as seeming to be entangled, but really falling in perfect order and beauty; as bushy locks; are his thoughts, and counsels, and ways, in the administration of his kingdom. They are black or dark, because of their depth and unsearchableness, as God is said to dwell in thick darkness; and curled or bushy, because of their exact interweavings from his infinite wisdom. His thoughts are many as the hairs of the head, seeming to be perplexed and entangled, but really set in all comely order, as curled bushy hair, deep and unsearchable, and dreadful to his enemies, and full of beauty and comeliness to his beloved. Such are, I say, the thoughts of his heart, the counsels of his wisdom, in reference to the administrations of his kingdom, dark, perplexed, involved to a carnal eye in themselves, and to his saints, deep, manifold, ordered in all things, comely, desirable.

In a natural sense, black and curled locks denote comeliness and vigour of youth. The strength and power of Christ, in the execution of his counsels, in all his ways, appears glorious and lovely.

II: The next thing described in him is *his eyes*: "His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the river of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set." (Ver. 12.) The reason of this allusion is obvious; doves are tender birds, not birds of prey; and of all others they have the most bright, shining, and piercing eye; their delight also in streams of water is known. Their being washed in milk, or clear white crystal water, adds to their beauty: and they are here said to be fitly set; that is, in due proportion for beauty and lustre, as a precious stone in the foil or fulness of a ring, as the word signifies.

Eyes being for sight, discerning, knowledge, and acquaintance with the things that are to be seen; the knowledge, the understanding, the discerning spirit of Christ Jesus, are here intended. In

the allusion used; four things are ascribed to them: 1, Tenderness; 2, Purity; 3, Discerning; and 4, Glory.

1. The *tenderness and compassion* of Christ towards his church is here intended: he looks on it with the eyes of gallass doves, with tenderness and careful compassion, without anger, wrath, fury, or thoughts of revenge. So is the eye interpreted. "The eyes of the Lord thy God are upon that land." "Why so? It is "a land that the Lord thy God careth for;" (Deut. xi. 12;) careth for it in mercy; so are the eyes of Christ on us, as the eyes of one that in tenderness careth for us; that lays out his wisdom, knowledge, and understanding, in all tender love in our behalf. He is the stone, that foundation stone of the church whereon are "seven eyes," (Zech. iii. 9,) wherein there is a perfection of wisdom, knowledge, care, and kindness for its guidance.

2. *Purity*, as washed doves' eyes for purity. This may be taken either subjectively, for the excellency, unmixed cleanness and purity of his sight and knowledge in himself; or objectively, for his delighting to behold purity in others. "He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." (Hab. i. 13.) "He hath no pleasure in wickedness, the foolish shall not stand in his sight." (Psalm v. 4, 5.) If the righteous soul of Lot was vexed with seeing the filthy deeds of wicked men, (2 Pet. ii. 8,) who yet had eyes of flesh, in which there was a mixture of impurity; how much more do the pure eyes of our dear Lord Jesus abominate all the filthiness of sinners? But herein lies the excellency of his love to us, that he takes care to take away our filth and stains, that he may delight in us; and seeing we are so defiled, that it could no otherwise be done, he will do it by his own blood. "Even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water, by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. v. 25—27.) The end of this undertaking is, that the church might be thus gloriously presented unto himself because he is of purer eyes than to behold it with joy and delight in any other condition. He leaves not his spouse until he says of her, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." (Cant. iv. 7.) Partly he takes away our spots and stains, by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, (Tit. iii. 5,) and wholly adorns us with his own righteousness; and that because of the purity of his own eyes, which cannot behold iniquity; that he might present us to himself holy.

3. *Discerning*. He sees as doves, quickly, clearly; thoroughly; to the bottom of that which he looks upon. Hence, in another place it is said that his "eyes are as a flame of fire," (Rev. i. 14;) and why so? That the churches might know that he is he which "searcheth the reins and heart." (Rev. ii. 23.) He hath discerning eyes, nothing is hid from him. "All things are open and naked before him with whom we have to do." It is said of him, whilst he was in this world, that "Jesus knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." (John ii. 24, 25.) His piercing

eyes look through all the thick coverings of hypocrites, and the show of pretences that is on them; he sees the inside of all; and what men are there, that they are to him. He sees not as we see, but ponders the hidden man of the heart. No humble, broken, contrite soul shall lose one sigh or groan after him and communion with him; no panting of love or desire is hid from him; he sees in secret; no glorious performance of the most glorious hypocrite will avail with him; his eyes look through all, and the filth of their hearts lies naked before him.

4. *Beauty and glory* are here intended also. Everything of Christ is beautiful, for he is altogether lovely, (ver. 18,) but most glorious in his sight and wisdom. He is the wisdom of God's eternal wisdom itself; his understanding is infinite. What spots and stains are in all our knowledge! when it is made perfect, yet it will still be finite and limited; his is without spot of darkness, without soil of limitedness.

Thus, then, is he beautiful and glorious; his head is of gold, his eyes are doves' eyes, washed in milk and fitly set.

THE HUMILITY OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

A SERMON BY MR. WARBURTON, PREACHED AT TROWBRIDGE, ON TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 24, 1850.

"Even so, it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."—MATT. xviii. 14.

Should it please the Lord, we will attempt, First, to notice these "little ones;" Secondly, to notice that they have many times great fears whether they shall perish at last or not; and, Thirdly, we shall notice that these fears are all groundless.

I. Our text says, "It is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish." It appears by the connexion of the words of the text, that these "little ones" are the dear children of God; the great God, even Jesus Christ, calls them his "little ones." They believe in his name. But it is very striking here to see their weakness; they are as weak as little children. The disciples came to Jesus, and asked him a question: Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? You see there is that in our nature which wants to discover things that are hid from our view; and that nature the children have, even the dear children of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it is sometimes manifested; but it shows their weakness and ignorance. What a mercy it is we have such a compassionate Jesus, Shepherd, and Friend, for such dust and ashes! "Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst"—what a humbling reproof to the question!—"and said, Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xviii. 1—3.) It does not mean here the conversion of their minds, merely to believe in God's word. A man may be converted a thousand times from one thing to another, and not have conversion of soul, and the new birth. It is plain here, that except

you are brought to see your littleness and your nothingness, as a child, there is no hope of your entering into heaven.

Now it seems that Christ was speaking something like this when he was referring to his death and sufferings. Peter seemed willing to die and to suffer with him. Peter professed great things for Christ; he said he was willing to follow him to prison and to death. When, however, the blessed Lord came nearer to his journey's end, he says to Peter, "Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." But Peter told him he would go with him even unto death: "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended." (Matt. xxvi. 33.) Jesus answered him and said, "This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." And when Peter came unto the judgment-seat with him he could make use of nothing but falsehood; for when one came and said, "Thou art one of his disciples," he replied, "I know not the man;" and when another testified that he certainly was the man that was with Jesus, he said, "I know not what thou sayest," and backed his lie with an oath! Ah, my friends, I believe in my very heart and soul that Peter, when he told Christ he would die with him, really meant what he said. But what are we, when left to the Devil? What was David? What was Noah? What was Lot? What was Solomon? O my friends, we do not know half of our weakness and the power of the Devil, but as God opens it up to us. Then Jesus says to Peter, "When thou art converted"—*when* thou art converted. Now Peter had had regeneration, and had been converted by the Spirit of God; for Jesus says, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xvi. 17.) But we find, when Peter was converted, he was changed in his mind, and restored by the precious love and power of God. He could then speak to the tempted with encouragement, and point them to a blessed Redeemer, that had "conquered death, and him that had the power of death, which is the Devil." And he could "rejoice by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time;" so that God will bring his people into a child-like view of their littleness in their own eyes, to be "little" in their own hearts. And how often does the apostle John write to the "little children!" Ah, but then, say you, there are "fathers" and "babes," and there are "young men and fathers." Blessed be God, there are; but I find that "fathers" are as bad when God leaves them, and as glad of a little succour from the breasts, as ever babes are. They are "fathers" in judgment, and "fathers" in the testimony of the faith that God gives them; but though they are "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," God will bring them to feel little, very "little ones," in their own eyes.

Now I think this is very strikingly set forth in the account we have of the Apostle Paul. It is very evident, from the word of God and from Paul's testimony, that he was engaged in a great work, and his labours were in a very great measure owned and blessed; and it appears evident that Peter and the rest of the apostles had not that superior knowledge that God had given him, nor

such deep, mysterious views into the truth; for they all and every one seemed to reverence him as being superior in attainments to them. Peter says, "There are many things" in brother Paul's declarations "hard to be understood"—that is, by the unlearned of God, unlearned of the Spirit, unlearned by the teachings of the Holy Ghost; he does not mean the literally unlearned, but the unlearned by the teachings of God's Spirit—they that never could understand the mysterious language. Now if we come to look at the apostle's view that he had of himself, there is never a child of God in the world that would exactly agree with him; but they will agree not to differ with him, nor to be angry with him, nor to contend with him in a jealous way. The apostle says, "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." (Eph. iii. 8.) Here, my friends, is the father and the child; here is a great one and a little one—great in the infinite grace of God, but in himself the least, the very least. Now I think in my heart and soul that this is the very top-stone of realities in religion. How strikingly the Apostle Peter sets it forth, when he speaks of the Church of God: "Feed the flock of God that is among you, taking the oversight among them, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind." (1 Peter v. 2.) Then he speaks to the young to submit themselves unto the elders. Yea, he says, "All of you be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble"—the humble, the lowly, the "little ones," the fainting ones; those poor feeble ones that cannot do without the Lord, that can have nothing but what is from the Lord. So little and so feeble are they in their own eyes, and so unworthy of the least of the mercies of God, that they do know what it is at times in their very hearts and souls to say, Amen, to what the apostle said respecting God's Church. He says, "He has chosen the foolish things of the world, the weak things of the world, yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." (1 Cor. i. 27—29.) But "he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (v. 31.)

Again: These "little ones" are the very people who are humble, and who think themselves so unworthy of God's notice that, if they attempt to pray, they think it is presumption to attempt to take his name into their polluted lips. No, no, poor soul, God loves these "little ones;" God admires these little things; they are his delight, his pleasure, and they shall live to his honour and glory for ever and ever! O my friends, what a sweet declaration is that where God says, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (Luke xiv. 11.) It does not mean that of his own nature, or of his own working, or of his own strength he can humble himself, nor can any one humble himself by his own judgment. Why, you might as well talk of a man that can go and build up a ladder to reach the very heavens, or take a telescope and count the stars and bring the number of them down, as talk of a man humbling himself, or humbling his fellow creatures in any way. The power can come from no one but from God. What a cutting question God puts to Job! He says, "Look on every-

one that is proud and bring him low, and tread down the wicked in their place. Hide them in the dust together, and bind their faces in secret. Then will I also confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee." (Job xl. 12—14.) But till thou canst do that, there is no strength in thee to humble thyself... That has never been, nor ever will be. You may talk to men, and by your continual talking you may seem to observe some signs of humility in them; yet, at the same time, there is pride in their hearts, as much as ever there was in any mortal man that ever existed. It is not a feigned humility that God requires; it is a felt one. There never was a poor soul that was brought "little" in his own eyes, "little" in his own strength, "little" in his own knowledge, "little" in everything respecting himself, but who was made to feel so by grace. Grace does it all. Nothing can humble but grace; nothing can soften but grace. Not all the terrors and wrath of God can soften the heart, in its nature, before the power of God reaches it. The law working upon the heart and the conscience does not do what grace does; and, my friends, if ever you are brought to experience his grace, you will be filled with humility and brought to lie humble at his feet. But to all eternity the ungodly, with the wrath of God poured in upon their never-dying souls, will continue in a state of hardness while they are in existence; and when this life shall end, they will look up and curse God and their King to a never-ending eternity. So that it is nothing but grace that can melt the soul and bring it to feel its own worthlessness and its own nothingness; and therefore God says that he giveth grace to the humble. Grace to humble him, grace to carry him through his time-state, grace to encourage him, and grace to bring him up again. So that these "little ones" are all dependant upon grace. Now, just look at the thing. God says, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" (Psa. viii. 2) he hath ordained praise. They are all babes and sucklings in their own feelings; for they cannot move, cannot proceed, but as they are favoured by the Father of all mercies. They are just like a babe. They cannot speak a word but what they have been taught—they must be taught to eat and instructed in everything; they are dependant for every thing all their life long. The Lord says, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth;" (here is the head, the true head of them. He says to Mary, "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." (John xx. 17.) You see here he addresses them as his brethren, as the bone of our bone, the flesh of our flesh; and he says,) "I thank thee that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes"—unto babes—"even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

II. Well, then, come, poor dear little souls. There is a Brother of ours in the presence of God who knows what it is to go like a little child to be taught, to be instructed, to be led, to be fed, to be protected, to be delivered; and all our help is entirely upon him; when, bless his precious name! these little ones hang upon him, they will

be safe for ever and ever. And how at times my soul goes out to the Lord when the Holy Ghost sweetly whispers into the ear that he carries the "lamb in his bosom," and gently leads those that are with young." He leads these poor little ones, his weak ones, and his feeble, stammering ones; he will safely lead them home to eternal glory. And I think that the centurion saw no one so unworthy as he was; but the Lord took him in hand. (Luke vii. 7—9.) O my friends, I tell you that, if you have a child, or a servant, or whatever it is, and come to see that there is that littleness, and a sight and sense of their own unworthiness, it leads you to have compassion for them more than you would for one that is not so. The Devil cannot bear the sight of a meek child of God. But it is a blessed mercy for to be led to see one's own littleness and unworthiness. It is evident that these little ones are favoured of God; for the Lord hath set his love upon them. Yet at times they are in such confusion, and have such sinkings, and have such things to pass through, that there are fears raised in their hearts whether it will be well in the end—whether they shall perish at last. And when this comes into the soul of one of these little ones, why, it is like a hell in the heart. "What!" says the soul, "to pass through this world, where all is misery, and be lost at last—to perish and never see Jesus, and be sunk where there is nothing but sorrow and gnashing of teeth!" Oh, how it shakes him from head to foot! it makes his very heart tremble to think of it! It sinks him into black feelings, that he is ready to give it all up for lost, and say with Zion of old, "The Lord hath forsaken me, God hath forgotten to be gracious." Aye, says David, "He hath shut up his tender mercies; will he be favourable no more?" Yea, my friends, poor Abraham was shaken here when God left him to a trial of himself and to the power of the Devil. But God came and lifted him up again; for he said, "Fear not, Abraham, for I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." (Gen. xv. 1.) My friends, when the Devil comes in the heart and raises up rebellion there, it shakes the strongest traveller and makes him sink; yea, and brings him to cry like a child for his Father to come to his help and his support. He begins to think how it will be in the end; and that crafty Devil of the bottomless pit terrifies him, and he is afraid there is nothing in his heart but the old Man of Sin. Oh, what a ransacking there is! The Devil will sometimes bring texts of Scripture. He will perhaps bring the parable of the ten virgins, and say that the poor soul may be like some of them, have merely an outward show. He never brings these when the poor soul has the oil of joy in the heart; he is quiet enough then about the five wise virgins, for his Master is there. But when he is gone, in comes carnal reasoning, and unbelief backs it by crediting what the Devil has said. "Well," says the Devil, "there were ten virgins, they were all met together, all walked together, and all ate at one table. They all went out together, and when they came to the bridegroom's house, five of them were wise and five were foolish." Now," says the Enemy and unbelief, "you see you are nothing but carnal, you have no

life, nothing at all but an empty name." And this brings the poor soul almost to a stand. But there is one thing that stirs him up, and that is, that the poor "little one" can go and cry to his Father. And there is one thing you see with little sucklings and babes, they will talk to their parents. The babe knows his parent, and therefore he can tell him what he feels, and make known that he has a want; it makes its wants known in "cries and tears." And the mother and the father, when the child begins to cry, says, "What is the matter with the child?" Oh, everything must be left for it, and there is watching and nursing of the child, and all possible care is taken of it; for it goes to the parents' hearts to hear the crying of the young child. It has taken this effect upon them, when they have heard their own child in distress. This is just how it is with our Infinite Father, when the Devil comes in, and they begin to think that they shall perish at last. Oh, how their souls go out to God, anxiously inquiring, "Where am I? What am I? Am I nothing but an empty professor? Am I nothing but a hypocrite? Oh, search me! Oh, try me! Oh, reveal thyself in my heart! Oh, 'lead me in the way everlasting!'" This is the cry of a child to a Father, my friends; for these are children at the right hand, and they all go to the Lord as unto a kind Father. But when they are under the righteous law of God they cannot call him Father; they dare not call him Father when they are in the midst of their distresses. They dare not do it, they are afraid it is presumption; they never can do that cheerfully and blessedly till he calls them children. And oh, how sweet when the soul can say, "Father," and he condescends to call them children! How they go to God with all their cares and troubles, just like little children, for him to decide everything for them! And, my friends, it is of no use going to the rest of the brethren to decide the matter. Some will run here and there with their trouble, to this minister and to that; and some of God's dear children are quite wearied out in this way, for they find there is nothing but a dry breast for them anywhere, let them go wherever they will. They go about where they think there is a godly man, and state their feelings, and ask him what he thinks about it. "Well," he says, "I really believe it is the work of God, and I think the Lord will appear for you; for there is evidently a hungering and thirsting, and they that 'hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled.'" (Matt. v. 6.) He tells the soul to wait and to watch. Why, the man can do no more! He cannot bring the witnessing Spirit home to the sinner's heart: "It is the Spirit that beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." (Rom. viii. 16.) And therefore the soul goes away a little encouraged, and, perhaps, gets a little hope. Then by and by something comes to his mind, and he says, "How can they tell whether I am one?" Here he comes to see his unworthiness, and he is obliged to go to God as a child. God is determined that he will have his children to find that they can derive no solid comfort but from him.

III. Then they perhaps think and fear how it will be with them

at the last; but the Lord says, "Even so, it is not your Father's will that one of these little ones should perish." Not *your* Father's will—*your* Father's will. Bless his precious and dear name, when he reveals it home to our hearts that he is our Father: "It is not his will that one of these little ones should perish." Well, then, if it is not his will that they should perish, it is his will that they should go to glory. Not one of them, not the feeblest, nor the weakest, the emptiest, nor the vilest of all his little flock shall perish. He says, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke xii. 32.) The kingdom of God is for none else. The proud, lofty professor of religion, who boasts of his talents and of his judgment, God despises, for all this boasting is only a bandaging up for hell. No one will ever enter heaven who has not a broken heart. The poor soul that is little in his own eyes is blessed: for "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Theirs is the kingdom. Heaven is for all God's Church; and his justice, his mercy, and his love, his promises, his oath, his faithfulness, and every part of his glory surround these "little ones." God will take away every tear and every distress; and he says, "I will be round about them as a wall of fire, and the glory in the midst of them." (Zech. ii. 5.) It is not the will of his Father that "one of these little ones should perish," but they shall be for ever "saved with an everlasting salvation," and shall no more be confounded, world without end.

A LETTER BY MR. HUNTINGTON TO MR. JENKINS, OF LEWES.

I am coming once more to inquire after my dear friend's welfare. He is so straitened and so narrow in soul, he is so delicate and nice in his choice of food, that nothing but honey and butter, as Isaiah speaks, or else milk, oil, or the new wine of the kingdom, will keep him from casting away his confidence. He limits the whole of the Spirit's operations and fruits to love, joy, and meekness. He takes no notice of the Spirit's power and might in the inner man; no notice is taken of the life of hope, salvation from guilt and filth, deliverance from shame and fear, from bondage and wrath, from terror and torment. All these are overlooked in his examinations. He does not labour under the burden of unpardoned sin, the black scroll is not set in battle array before his eyes, the sting of death does not rankle in his conscience, nor do "the arrows of wrath stick in his reins." You are not chained down to the meditations of terror, nor are you shut up in unbelief, nor confined, like a state prisoner, in the dismal regions of the shadow of death; nor given up to "a reprobate mind," nor to "a fearful looking for of judgment;" all of which you have as just a right to expect as the many that I know, who appear plainly to be in such perilous circumstances. Look back, and remember your long hypocritical profession; your assumption of the ministerial office, without any call to it, or qualifications for it; the high speculative notions of

divine things, in which you dealt; the pride, the arrogant claims you made upon God, without the least awe, reverence, or fear of him; and without the least knowledge of yourself, of God, or of his ways. Much hardness of heart, unhallowed boldness, and daring presumption, were by you communicated to the hardening of many insensible and unhumbled sinners, and to the establishment of numbers in their hypocrisy. In this hard way what swarms do you see, who sprang from the same nest that you did; hatched, not under the hen nor under the dove, but under the vulture! You read of such ungodly preachers and professors, called sensual, "having not the Spirit," and who were before ordained to this condemnation. But the Almighty has undeceived you; he has sent the storm beforehand, when it was not expected, and your sandy foundation has been carried away with the flood, and yet the house is not destroyed; it fell into trouble, into distress, into cutting convictions, into self-despair, into legal bondage, and into the horrible pit and miry clay, but not into hell. God gave you, from the first lesson of his divine and incomparable teaching, "an honest heart," or an honest conscience, for that is what is meant by an honest heart. And when the Holy Spirit entered the heart, the heart was made good by his entrance, and honest by his influence. Conscience, receiving authority, light, and information by the Spirit, magnified his office, and did his duty. He condemned your sinful life and sinful nature, your false profession and your superficial preaching; and you confessed all these both to God and man, and forsook all these things, and such shall find mercy. All this I discerned in you at the first interview, and our Lord's parable convinced and assured me, that "the ground was made good;" and in this confidence I have continued to this day. Nor did the Almighty leave you here; he gave you repentance for all the above things, and to the utmost of your power you made restitution, in labouring to undeceive others. And though your success in this did not succeed according to your wishes, yet you may rest upon this, that the elect of God will neither be finally deceived nor destroyed; and as for the contrary part, no means, either human or divine, will ever lessen their number or alter their state.

POPERY.

VII.

1. THE CHARACTER OF POPERY, AS POINTED OUT IN THE PROPHETICAL SCRIPTURES.

Papal Rome the Babylon of the Apocalypse.

The spirit of the age is one of *indifference*. To some all religions are equally good, to others all equally bad; but whether good or bad, none, in their esteem, is worth a moment's contention.

The spirit of the age will always to a certain extent affect the Church of Christ. As in a general and wide-spread epidemic, many are ill of the disease who do not die of the complaint, and most suffer from languor who neither burn with fever nor shiver with ague, so the atmosphere of the world in every age spreads an influenza through the Church. The

epidemic of the age is indifference; the influenza of the Church is *apathy*. To the world indifference is death; to the Church *apathy* is disease. Popery is coming in like a flood. What cares the world—the statesman—the politician—the philosopher—the artist—the manufacturer—the man of business—the active head or the working hand? Not a jot: not a jot. “Will it affect markets? No. Will it injure my profession, trade, business, interests? No. Let it come, then.” But it will destroy our civil and religious liberties! “What of that, if it do not destroy *my business*.” This is indifference, a disease of which *apathy* is a branch, differing from it as a remittent fever differs from typhus—prostrating the patient but not killing him, enfeebling the vital powers, but not destroying life. “It is all appointed. Nothing can come of chance. The elect are safe. If I am in Christ, all must be well. What harm can Popery do *me*? I am not going to turn Papist. How silly to be frightened at such a bugbear! Can anything hurt the Church of Christ? And as to the rest, what does it matter whether they are Papists or Protestants?” This is Mahometan *apathy* rather than Christian zeal. Carry the reasoning out, and see what it will lead to: general recklessness and carelessness whether truth or error, Christ or Belial, win the day.

But whatever indifference benumb the world, or whatever *apathy* infect the Church, one thing is certain, that the Church’s glorified Head manifests his displeasure against such a Laodicean, lukewarm spirit. To be “neither cold nor hot” is the last and worst state of the Gentile Church; and to be spewed out of Christ’s mouth is its threatened and well-merited punishment. What denunciations has the Lord thundered out against Babylon in the Scriptures of truth! Are these of no moment? words, mere words—passing, perishing accents of human breath? If the Scriptures cannot be broken, if “heaven and earth shall pass away” but Christ’s words shall not pass away, if the things predicted in the Revelation “must shortly come to pass” (Rev. i. 1), is it right, is it wise to pay no more heed to the predictions of, and against Babylon than if they were the mutterings of the ancient Delphic oracle, or the fabled prophecies of Merlin? The literal Babylon, “the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees’ excellency,” once towered in majesty upon the plains of Shinar, with her hundred gates of brass; but the Lord declared that “she should be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.” (Isa. xlii. 19.) That prediction was fully and literally accomplished; and for centuries the wild beasts of the forest have lain there, owls have dwelt, and satyrs danced there. The same voice that denounced the *literal* has denounced the *mystical* Babylon; and the same hand that overthrew the one will most surely overthrow the other.

Meanwhile, to be indifferent whether Babylon rise or fall, prevail over the saints or be made desolate and naked, shows little zeal for the glory of Christ or the good of the Church.

In the hope of stirring up some to look at these matters in the light of the Scripture, we resume our consideration of the mystical Babylon.

It will be borne in mind that our aim and object has been to identify Papal Rome with the Babylon of the Apocalypse. Seven marks of identity have been already adduced. These, for clearness sake, we may thus tabulate:

1. Her *character* is that of a harlot.
Rome is an apostate, idolatrous Church.
2. She sits “*upon many waters*,” symbolising “peoples, and multitudes and nations, and tongues.”

The prevalence of Popery over the larger part of Europe is an acknowledged fact.

3. She subsists down to the period of the *seventh vial*.

Popery subsists at the present period.

4. Babylon, which means *confusion*, is her name.

Confusion in doctrine, principles, and practice, is Rome's chief characteristic.

5. She sits on a beast *with seven heads*, symbolising seven mountains and seven forms of government.

The city of Rome is seated on seven hills, and has been subject to seven different modes of administration.

6. The woman was dressed in *purple and scarlet*, and decked with *gold and precious stones, and pearls*.

The gaudy ceremonial of the Papal Church is abundantly known.

7. In her hand was a golden cup, full of abominations.

Rome's *abominable* principles and practices are as clear as the light of day.

We now add two other marks, which identify the Apocalyptic Babylon still more closely with Papal Rome. 8, her *mysterious* character; 9, her *persecution* of the saints.

The first of these is symbolised by the inscription borne upon her brow. Upon the forehead of the woman seen by John sitting upon many waters was "a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH." (Rev. xvii. 5.)

There is perhaps some allusion here to a custom said to have been prevalent in ancient times for women of infamous life to wear their name upon a plate attached to their forehead. Or there may be some allusion to the inscription upon the mitre of the High Priest under the Levitical law. (Exod. xxxix, 28—30.) But whether such be the case or not, and it is not a matter of much consequence, one thing is clear, that the title upon her forehead is meant to describe her character.

1. Of this inscription, the first word is "MYSTERY." There is some evidence to induce a belief that the very word itself, MYSTERY, was formerly actually written upon the Pope's tiara, and that it was only removed when this striking coincidence with the prophecy was pointed out by the Protestants. This, if true, would undoubtedly add strength to, but if unfounded in fact would not weaken, the prophecy. The prediction finds its accomplishment not in the name but the nature, not in the inscription but the character, not in the letter but in the spirit of the mystical Babylon. As there is a "mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh," so there is "a mystery of ungodliness," what the apostle calls "the mystery of iniquity." (2 Thess. ii. 7.) This evidently refers to Popery, and thus "the Man of Sin" becomes identified with the harlot of Babylon.

Well has Papal Rome earned for herself this title. *Mystery* in every form surrounds her.

1. Her very *existence* is a mystery.

That God should permit such an anti-Christian power to arise—should suffer Satan for so long a period to triumph—should allow his pure truth to be defiled, his cause to sink into darkness and night, his saints to be relentlessly butchered, and Rome to drink herself drunk with the blood of the Church—is not all this an inscrutable mystery? And that this should not be a transient eclipse, but a deep, dense darkness of centuries; that the cloud, which in Paul's day

was but as a man's hand, should at length cover the whole face of heaven with blackness, and burst in showers of blood, is a part of that mysterious dispensation of God, in the contemplation of which the mind is lost in wonder.

2. Her nature and whole being is a mystery.

In Paganism there was little or no mystery. It was ungodliness without disguise. Infamous gods and infamous goddesses were worshipped by abandoned men and women, who too faithfully copied the crimes of their deities. When sin carried no shame, crime needed no mystery. But before the light of Christianity Paganism fled. Tertullian (writing about A.D. 198) says, in his famous "Apology to the Gentiles," "Are there not multitudes of us (i.e. Christians) in every part of the world? It is true we are but of yesterday; and yet we have filled all your towns, cities, islands, castles, boroughs, councils, camps, courts, palaces, senate, and forum. We leave you only your temples." In less than 150 years afterwards (A.D. 330) these very temples were closed by Constantine, or turned into churches. That Paganism should revive in a new form under the very hands that slew it; that its extinguished light should be re-illuminated by the same breath that had blown it out; that the Catholic Roman should kiss the toe of Peter with the same reverence that the Heathen Roman had kissed the toe of Jupiter; that the Virgin Mary should occupy the niche of the great goddess Diana; and that a whole forest of lesser saints should offer the same unlimited supply for a choice of worship which was afforded by the fabled deities who in Pagan times tenanted river, wood, lake, and ocean—in a word, that Pagan rites, Pagan altars, Pagan priests, Pagan robes, Pagan superstitions, and Pagan deities, should be reinstated under Christian names, is indeed a *mystery*.

3. Rome's whole state and position is a mystery.

How mysterious is her *influence*! She has but to speak, and she is at once obeyed. No place, no soil is free from her influence. She speaks in the cabinet of princes, and whispers in the Tipperary hovel. She can paralyse parliaments, break or elude laws, agitate kingdoms, sow discord among populations, stifle education, overawe her laity, rule with iron hand her clergy, prostrate at her feet every faculty of the human mind, and compel millions to bow their knee in abject subjection to a superannuated Italian Priest, whom the bulk of his own citizens and subjects detest, and would, if they dare, assassinate.

Mysterious are her *weapons*. Religion is her plea, power her aim. Rome well knows the texture of the human mind, and that no motives are so deep, powerful, and lasting as those founded upon man's relationship to his Creator. These are her weapons. Heaven she offers as the sure reward of all her obedient children, and threatens hell as the certain destiny of all who die out of her pale. When heaven and hell are thus believed to be at stake, what are property, family, friends, the world, life itself? This, then, is Rome's lever, the hopes and fears of the human mind as regards a future state. Her wickedness is, that she abuses these hopes and fears to her own worldly power and profit.

The Pope and his cardinals, with all the tribe of Romish bishops and priests, do they care one rush about the salvation of men's souls? All they want is power, money, influence, dominion over the minds of men. Here, then, is the *mystery*, that millions give body, soul, goods, everything that man holds dear, to a system which, under the name of religion, is the most crafty, wicked, and worldly scheme of policy in existence.

Mysterious are her *movements*. Her projects commence in mystery. How deep-laid has been the scheme, how subtle the beginning, how

stealthily the progress of that movement the end and object of which is to bind England once more in chains to the see of Rome. All classes of society; but chiefly the aristocracy and clergy, are at this moment pervaded with a subtle but most powerful influence. To penetrate into the bosom of private families among the upper classes, and, by gaining over one member of the domestic circle, to forge a link which shall gradually extend into a chain that may encircle all, is a main feature of Rome's present intriguing policy. One member of a family gained, the others soon follow. The wife, won over by books secretly conveyed through a Popish domestic or crafty female friend, draws over the husband. Or the husband himself, first caught by Puseyite doctrines and practices at his parish church, and thus entrapped into Popery unawares, biases the wife. The children are the next victims. Dependants must follow, or the tenant risks his farm and the servant his place. A priest comes to the mansion. A chapel soon rears its head. All the arts of seduction are made use of to produce conversions. One apostasy draws on another. Another and another lord or wealthy commoner goes over. The circle widens more and more rapidly. Example, influence, fashion, all lend their aid; shame disappears with singularity. England's aristocracy, clergy, parliamentary leaders, men of mark and note, are gained. The masses blindly follow. Rome is now strong enough to persecute. The thumb-screw and rack, in due time, may drive those whom neither gain nor example could draw.

Before we pass on to notice the remaining mark of identity, Rome's, *persecuting, blood-thirsty spirit*, we may bestow a few words upon the rest of the inscription worn on her forehead: "BABYLON THE GREAT." By Babylon we may understand generally the whole system of which Rome is the head and centre. This system being so widely spread, and possessing such amazing influence, dominion, and power, may well be called "BABYLON THE GREAT." Ancient Babylon was but little compared with its mystical antitype, little in extent, little in power, little in duration.

"THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, or FORNICATIONS (*margin*) AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH."—Rome calls herself "the mother and mistress of the Churches;" God calls her "the mother of harlots." The true Church is in the wilderness, where she will continue hid till the 1260 years are accomplished. (Rev. xii. 6.) The Church that has occupied her place is a harlot; and the visible Churches that are in communion with her, imbued with her principles and actuated by her spirit, are sisters in crime. Thus "the mother of Churches" is really and truly "the mother of harlots;" and as from her influence and example all their diversified corruptions in doctrine and practice have flowed, she is also "the mother," or authoress and spring-head, of all their "fornications." "Mother and mistress of the stews" is the scriptural translation of the high and mighty title of "mother and mistress of the Churches."

9. We now come to a mark of identity which will brand her with everlasting infamy; Rome is and always has been a blood-thirsty persecutor.

John saw her "drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." This is adding sin to sin. Adultery and murder are two of the blackest crimes that stain human nature. Rome is guilty of both. Nor are her murders common murders; they are massacres, wholesale butcheries, crusades of blood. To exterminate truth, to hunt from the face of the earth the saints of the Most High, to mow down with the scythe of destruction every witness for God, to drink the

blood of martyrs till her brain reels, and she wallows like a drunken harlot in the pools of their gore—this is Rome's delight. A bare enumeration of her massacres would fill the mind with horror. Witness the crusade against the Albigenses, which floated in blood the fair fields of Provence; witness the Vaudois, hunted from rock to rock on their bleak mountains; witness the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the streets of Paris and the river Seine were choked with dead bodies, and the sewers ran down with Protestant blood; witness the massacre in Ireland, when helpless women and babes at the mother's breast were slaughtered with Popish pikes^(1.); witness the cruelties of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, where, besides thousands slain in battle, 18,000 were put to death by the public executioner; witness the taking of Magdeburg by the Catholic army under Tilly (A. D. 1631), when 30,000 inhabitants were put to the sword^(2.); witness the bloody Inquisition, which, in Spain alone, burnt 32,000 persons; and witness the fires of our own Smithfield, when a Popish queen ruled upon the throne and Popish bishops sat at her council-board. Were every other mark of identity wanting, this would be sufficient to stamp Rome as the Apocalyptic Babylon. Well might John, when he saw her, "wonder with great admiration." That a harlot should call herself the bride of Christ; that the professed spouse of Jesus should murder his people; that the Church which he died to redeem should be trampled down and hunted to death by a usurper that claimed her name and rights—what a sight for holy John!

Let all these marks of identity be compared, one by one, and who can hesitate to say that Rome, and Rome alone, corresponds to the description?

A few words, and we close this part of our subject. The destruction of Babylon is certain. The same prophecy which has drawn her portrait has pictured her doom: "And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire." (Rev. xvii. 16.) The ten horns represent the ten European kingdoms. A power looms in the distance symbolised by "the beast." This we believe, in our own mind, to shadow forth the prevalence of those revolutionary principles with which Continental Europe is now heaving and fermenting. "Young Italy," as the revolutionary party calls itself, abhors Popery; infidel France detests the Jesuits; rationalistic Germany loathes the chains of Rome. When this wild beast, now chained, yet struggling with its fetters, bursts from its den, the doom of Rome is sealed; she will be burned with fire. Be it observed that a kingdom of the beast is to come *after* the destruction of Babylon. (Rev. xvii. 17.) This, we believe, symbolises the prevalence all over Europe of an infidel, revolutionary power, of which "a beast" is a fit emblem to denote its ignorance, cruelty, obstinacy, and ferocity. Of the rise of this power symptoms are everywhere evident. Socialism is penetrating France to the very core. Italy is writhing under Austrian and Papal tyranny, and ripe for revolution. Germany is heaving to and fro with the ground swell of revolutionary passions, though for a while the storms of revolt have been laid. Paris, in February 1848, saw for a few days the beast struggling to mount his throne, and behind the barricades in the following June heard his howlings for his promised spoil—the sack of her wealthy shops and houses. But his time was not yet come. He was driven back to his den. But he bides his time. When he comes forth in the appointed hour, woe be to Rome! and, we may add, woe be to Europe!

We throw out these hints, not with the intention to lay the same stress upon unfulfilled as upon fulfilled prophecy, but merely wishing them to

be looked at in the light of the Scripture. Meanwhile, whatever temporary triumph awaits Rome, her end is foredoomed. We need not anxiously inquire when and how these things shall be. Sufficient is it for the saints that Rome's destruction is sure, that it is hastening on, that the time draweth nigh.

God give us grace to flee from all compliance with the spirit and practices of Babylon, and to know, love, and live the truth as it is in Jesus.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

(1.) Magdeburg was a Protestant city in Germany, and was taken by storm by the Catholic army under Tilly, in the Thirty Years' War.

The following description of the scenes of horror after the town was taken, is from the pen of the famous Schiller:

"Two gates were now opened by the storming party for the main body, and Tilly marched in with part of his infantry. Immediately occupying the principal streets, he drove the citizens, with pointed cannon, into their dwellings, there to await their destiny. They were not long held in suspense; a word from Tilly decided the fate of Magdeburg. Even a more humane general would in vain have recommended mercy to such soldiers; but Tilly never made the attempt. Left by their general's silence masters of the lives of all their citizens, the soldiers broke into the houses to satiate their most brutal appetites. The prayers of innocence excited some compassion in the hearts of the Germans, but none in the rude breasts of Pappenheim's Walloons. Scarcely had the savage cruelty commenced when the other gates were thrown open, and the cavalry, with the fearful hordes of the Croats, poured in upon the devoted inhabitants. Here commenced a scene of horrors for which history has no language—poetry no pencil: neither innocent childhood, nor helpless old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were abused in the arms of their husbands; daughters at the feet of their parents; and the defenceless sex exposed to the double sacrifice of virtue and life. No situation, however obscure, or however sacred, escaped the rapacity of the enemy. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at the mother's breast. Some officers of the League, horror-struck at this dreadful scene, ventured to remind Tilly that he had it in his power to stop the carnage. "Return in an hour," was his answer; "I will see what I can do; the soldier must have some reward for his danger and toils." These horrors lasted with unabated fury, till at last the smoke and flames moved a check to the plunderers. To augment the confusion, and to divert the resistance of the inhabitants, the Imperialists had, in the commencement of the assault, fired the town in several places. The wind rising rapidly spread the flames, till the blaze became universal. Fearful, indeed, was the tumult, amid clouds of smoke, heaps of dead bodies, the clash of swords, the crash of falling ruins, and streams of blood. The atmosphere glowed; and the intolerable heat forced at last even the murderers to take refuge in their camp. In less than twelve hours this strong, populous, and flourishing city, one of the finest in Germany, was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses.

"Scarcely had the fury of the flames abated, when the Imperialists returned to renew the pillage, amid the ruins and ashes of the town. Many were suffocated by the smoke; many found rich booty in the cellars, where the citizens had concealed their more valuable effects. On the 13th of May, Tilly himself appeared in the town, after the streets had been cleared of ashes and dead bodies. Horrible and revolting to humanity was the scene that presented itself. The living crawled from under the dead, children wandering about with heart-rending cries, calling for their parents; and infants still sucking the breasts of their lifeless mothers. More than 6,000 bodies were thrown into the Elbe to clear the streets; a much greater number had been consumed by the flames. The whole number of the slain was reckoned at not less than 30,000."

(2.) "The Irish, everywhere intermingled with the English, needed but a hint from their leaders and priests to begin hostilities against a people whom they hated on account of their religion, and envied for their riches and prosperity. The houses, cattle, goods of the unwary English were at first seized. Those who heard of their commotions in the neighbourhood, instead of deserting their habitations and assembling for mutual protection, remained at home, in hopes of defending their property, and fell thus separately into the hands of their enemies. After rapacity had fully exerted itself, cruelty, the most barbarous that ever in any nation was known or heard of, began its operations. A universal massacre commenced of the English, now defenceless, and passively resigned to their inhuman foes. No age, no sex, no condition was spared. The wife, weeping for her butchered husband and embracing her helpless children, was pierced with them and perished by the same stroke. The old, the young, the vigorous, the infirm, underwent a like fate and were confounded in one common ruin. In vain did flight save from the first assault: destruction was everywhere let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn. In vain was recourse had to relations, to companions, to friends: all connexions were dissolved, and death was dealt by that hand from which protection was implored and expected. Without provocation, without opposition, the astonished English, living in profound peace and full security, were massacred by their nearest neighbours, with whom they had long upheld a continual intercourse of kindness and good offices. But death was the slightest punishment inflicted by those rebels: all the tortures which wanton cruelty could devise, all the lingering pains of body, the anguish of mind, the agonies of despair, could not satiate revenge excited without injury, and cruelty derived from no cause. To enter into particulars would shock the least delicate humanity. Such enmities, though attested by undoubted evidence, appear almost incredible.

"The weaker sex themselves, naturally tender to their own sufferings, and compassionate to those of others, here emulated their more robust companions in the practice of every cruelty. Even children, taught by the example and encouraged by the exhortation of their parents, essayed their feeble blows on the dead carcasses or defenceless children of the English.

"The stately buildings or commodious habitations of the planters, as if upbraiding the sloth and ignorance of the natives, were consumed with fire or laid level with the ground. And where the miserable owners, shut up in their houses and preparing for defence, perished in the flames, together with their wives and children, a double triumph was afforded to their insulting foes. If anywhere a number assembled together, and, assuming courage from despair, were resolved to sweeten death by revenge on their assassins, they were disarmed by capitulations and promises of safety, confirmed by the most solemn oaths. But no sooner had they surrendered, than the rebels, with perfidy equal to their cruelty, made them share the fate of their unhappy countrymen. Others, more ingenious still in their barbarity, tempted their prisoners by the fond love of life to imbrue their hands in the blood of friends, brothers, parents; and having thus rendered them accomplices in guilt, gave them that death which they sought to shun by deserving it. Amidst all these enormities, the sacred name of *religion* resounded on every side; not to stop the hands of these murderers, but to enforce their blows and to steel their hearts against every movement of human or social sympathy. The English, as heretics, abhorred of God and detestable to all holy men, were marked out by the priests for slaughter: and, of all actions, to rid the world of these declared enemies to the Catholic faith and piety, was represented as the most meritorious."—*Hume*.

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

Stand fast, and cleave close, and let nothing under heaven ever stop the mouth of prayer, as for all covenant mercies God will be inquired of. Omit this, and you go back as sure as you are alive; it is prayer that keeps the ground against sin and Satan.—*Huntington*.

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil; I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end.—*Newton*.

Christ is doing a work in us on earth, while he himself is in heaven. He is humbling us, purging us, teaching us, mortifying our corruptions, crucifying our inordinate affections, sanctifying us, and so preparing us for heaven. He is making us meet for the kingdom; he is fitting us for his Father's house, by all his ordinances, and by all his providences; by every loss and cross; by all our afflictions.—*Bunyan*.

I am far from thinking with some, that there are only two or three in this kingdom that preach Jesus. I believe there is a goodly number, perhaps as many as there were in the time of Bunyan; but they look but few when compared with the host that annually run, and are sent out from academies, whose preaching is neither law nor gospel, but a mixture of gospel truth with that which is no better than heathen morality.—*H. Fowler*.

The Spirit's influence must be felt, or it cannot profit; and the very offices of the Holy Spirit do suppose and warrant such a feeling. Let me mention some of them, which are these: to quicken, (John vi. 63; 2 Cor. iii. 6,) to strengthen mightily, (Eph. iii. 16,) to witness our adoption, (Rom. viii. 15, 16,) and to bring heavenly joy, (Acts ix. 31; 1 Thess. i. 6.) What avails that quickening which I cannot feel? It leaves me just as heartless to spiritual things as it found me. And what advantage does that mighty strengthening bring which is not perceived by me? It yields no further power to subdue my lusts than I had before. And of what service is that witness in the court of conscience who speaks in such a low or mumbling tone, that none can hear or understand him? I am just as well without his evidence as with it. And lastly, of what use or value is that heavenly joy which I can have no taste of? All this is just the picture of Isaiah's hungry man, who dreamt he was eating, but awoke and was empty. (Isa. xxix. 8.) But St. Paul did not ask this idle question: "Do you *suppose* the Spirit of Christ is in you?" but he asks a weighty question, "Do you *know* it?" Have you real experience or heartfelt knowledge that the Spirit of Christ is in you? Are you acquainted with his operation? Do you *know* it? St. Paul makes this very knowledge the evidence of true faith, and accounteth other faith which produceth not this knowledge to be counterfeit, and the men themselves to be reprobates. Jesus saith to his disciples, "Ye know the Spirit, for he dwelleth with you." (John xiv. 17.) His words carry this plain meaning, that where the Spirit dwells, he makes his presence known by his operations on the heart. St. John tells the whole Christian Church, "Hereby we know that Christ dwelleth in us, by his Spirit which he hath given us." (1 John iii. 24; iv. 13.) We know the Spirit of Christ dwelleth in us, and thereby are assured of our union with Christ. And like as Paul had done before, John proposeth this knowledge as a touchstone, to try your profession: "*Hereby* we know that Christ dwelleth in us."—*Berridge*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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ISRAEL'S HAPPINESS.

"Happy art thou, O Israel."—DEUTERONOMY xxxiii. 29.

(Concluded from page 167.)

In what has been advanced on this subject, I have considered from the word of God on what occasion the Lord gave to Jacob the name of Israel—that Israel is applicable and made use of in Scripture not only in reference to Jacob literally, but to the Lord Jesus Christ, the servant of the Father, in atoning for the whole guilt and criminality of his spouse, the Church, under a broken law. The Church is said to be a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues. (Rev. vii. 9.)

I will now consider, as the Lord shall assist, that the Lord Jesus Christ has not only atoned for the guilt of his mystic body, the Church, but is also emphatically the Lord her Righteousness before the Father.

Adam and Eve, after transgression and disobedience, found themselves exposed and in want of something for a covering, which they needed not, were strangers to, and felt not the want of in a state of innocence. And not knowing a better covering than they could make for themselves (and I believe they could as soon have created a new world as have expected a covering to come from whence it did), they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons. What a cogent proof this is that the book which we call the Bible is the word of God! Adam and Eve were created, and they two alone, in this lower world. They were created perfectly holy and pure beings; and being so created, there was not the least ruffle, disorder, or discomposure either in body or soul. When disobedience

took place the scene was changed. When innocent, they knew not that they were naked, but could with heavenly confidence and sweet familiarity, face to face, converse with their Maker, and feel no discomposure or shame between themselves or in his presence. After their disobedience they were afraid and ashamed to meet their Lord as before, and hid themselves among the trees of the garden. The very circumstance of the Lord's seeking Adam to converse with him as he was wont, and he excusing himself that he was naked, was the witness in his own bosom against himself, and for the Lord that his condemnation was just and righteous. None can tell with what solemn weight these few words from the lips of their bountiful Creator fell upon the conscience of Adam in self-condemnation: "Who told thee that thou wast naked?" As if the Lord had said, "I have conversed with thee before, and thou never madest the state or condition in which thou wast created a pretext for avoiding my presence. How is it that it is so now? Hast thou eaten of the tree of which I commanded, thou shalt not eat of it?" There needed no other witness for the Lord, nor against Adam. This was enough. The deed was done—eternally done, for aught the poor creatures could do to make up the breach or help themselves. But, mysterious goodness! their Judge, and he whom they had abused for his goodness, covered their poor bodies; for it is written that "the Lord God made coats of skins and clothed them." And I believe this was the Lord God in the person of the Son who thus early began his gracious work. But this covering of the body was comparatively little when contrasted with what was spiritually set forth thereby—namely, his own glorious robe of righteousness.

Adam's transgression involved all his posterity in his ruin. They were created in him, and the poison he imbibed at the fall polluted the whole man—like a tree where a worm has found its way to the root. It would appear strange, and contrary to nature, for the life of a tree to be eaten away by worms, and yet the branches, leaves, and fruit to be green and flourishing, so as not to partake of the mischief working at the root. So it is spiritually. Man may fancy of himself in a state of nature as favourably as he will, but it is all a cheat. What a mystery is man! he is dead and yet alive—he is alive and yet dead. The apostle was "alive without the law once," but he says, "when the commandment came" to him by the power of the Holy Ghost, "sin revived and he died;" that is, to his former life of obedience to the law. But man in a state of nature cannot possibly understand this, nor can he know himself. Sacred truth informs us, "Death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression" (Rom. v. 14); which refers to children dying in infancy without actual transgression. And that they should suffer under Adam's offence, and yet not be considered guilty in him, is a contradiction.

Under the Mosaic dispensation, God ordered his servant Moses to make an ark of shittim wood, and into this ark the two tables of testimony (the Ten Commandments) were to be put. When they were put in, a lid was to cover the ark, called the mercy-seat, from

which, between the two cherubim, the Lord would meet and commune with Israel, and nowhere else. What does this imply but that the Saviour was in reality set forth spiritually as the ark, or place of deposit, where, and where only, the broken law was magnified and made honourable? And it being put into the ark, and covered therein, so as to hide it from view, is to direct the guilty soul to Christ alone, as being only able to answer its requirements and give it the obedience that the infinite purity of God requires. So we read of the Lord Jesus in the 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of the prophetic Psalm xl.: "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened; burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is said of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart."

Aaron was typical of Christ; and we read that he was to have "a plate of pure gold" on his mitre—on the forefront of the mitre it was to be—when he went in to minister before the Lord; and on it was to be "engraved, like the engravings of a signet, HOLINESS TO THE LORD." (Exod. xxviii. 36.) Mark this: it was to be of pure gold; therefore there must not be a particle of the least alloy of any baser metal; significant that both the nature and the holiness wrought must be intrinsically pure, and of such a quality that the infinite purity of God could find no fault with it! And where was that to be found but in God's co-equal Son? If we carefully read and seriously consider the conduct of Israel in the wilderness, under the requirements and workings of the law, it appears one continued course of discontent and rebellion. Sometimes they want water, and sometimes meat, and generally before it came they were in a fume of rebellion against the Lord and his servant Moses, and longed to be in Egypt again, where they said they "sat by the flesh-pots, and had bread to the full." Their history is one of most daring rebellion against God, and lust for heathenish idolatry, though the terrors of Sinai and judgments unto death of thousands of their brethren, were before their eyes. Moses was weary of his life among them, calls them "a stiff-necked people," and tells them, "Ye have been rebellious against the Lord from the day that I knew you." (Deut. ix. 24.) "What then? Are we better than they? No, in nowise," while the spirit of the law has a commanding authority over us in these words, "Do this and live." The apostle says that Israel of old "could not endure that which was commanded;" and Peter calls circumcision, and a command to keep the law of Moses, "a yoke which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear." (Heb. xii. 20, Acts xv. 10.) Happy the Israel of God who, with a good conscience, can say with the apostle, "But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held, that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." (Rom. vii. 6.) But until the Lord brings the spirit of the holiness of his law to a sinner's heart, he neither knows to any good purpose either what he says respecting it or whereof he affirms.

But to come more to the truth, that the dear Redeemer is made

the righteousness of his people as well as their sin, we will refer to Jeremiah xxiii. 6: "In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is his name whereby he shall be called, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.**" Man's sin and criminality were against, not a finite or created, but an infinite and uncreated Being; and the holiness, purity, and justice of that glorious Being was such, that no creature, however excellent in creation's scale, could make any atonement for transgression, or effect a righteousness in life and obedience for another, that could be accepted as meritorious by the Majesty of God, or of such a nature as not to be needed by him who wrought it out; and therefore the goodness and bounty of God provided a Saviour, to be called Immanuel, which being interpreted, is "God with us"—freely to be given and bestowed upon such whom God would make to feel and know they needed salvation, and yet had not a mite of their own to save themselves.

Indeed, so glorious is the grace or free favour of God towards that people whom he hath chosen, loved, and blessed in his Son, that their standing in the Son of his love, the second Adam, infinitely transcends their pure state in the first Adam. *That* was but the righteousness of a creature at the best; *this* is the righteousness of God in our nature for us. And that it is the Church's righteousness we have this emphatic Scripture in Jeremiah xxxiii. 16: "In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely: and this is the name wherewith SHE shall be called, the Lord our righteousness." Oh, what a union and oneness there must be between Christ and his Church! Against the Lord our Righteousness the prince of this world came, in the very height of infernal craft and hellish horrors; but had nothing in him that he could touch or taint. The Saviour being the Almighty Jehovah in the person of the Son, he made a just estimation of what he had to pass through, and what to perform; and therefore made an adequate atonement for sin in the criminality of his Church under the law, and wrought out for her a righteousness also, which we are assured "is unto all, and upon all them that believe." (Rom. iii. 22.) And when the word of truth assures us that he was not only "made sin for us, but that we are made the righteousness of God in him," what was the standing in the innocence of the first Adam in comparison with the standing in the merits of the atonement and righteousness of the second Adam, the Lord from heaven? It is true "we sorely feel the fall" through this wilderness below; but, O believer! our wonder-working God and loving Father will see to so overrule our sin and sorrow as to make us hate the former more and more, and cause the latter to work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Satan bruised the heel of our dear Lord in the days of his flesh, and if the dreadful sufferings of the Saviour be spoken of as only bruising his heel, what will be the bruising of Satan's head when his time comes? We see through a glass darkly at present in everything; but the veil will be drawn aside by and by, and we shall see face to face. The littleness of our condition and state here in this poor world, which we are made feelingly to know and sorrow under, and

on the contrary, faith's enjoyment sometimes of our greatness and happiness as being vitally a part of Christ-mystical, is the dawn of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory which the apostle refers to when he speaks of the earthly house of this tabernacle being dissolved. When we get home, all our fears, doubts, sorrows, misgivings, yea, sin and Satan too (though they make us groan as they do), we shall see have been working together for our good.

But II. We promised to consider Israel as also applicable to the Church. On this head, Jacob himself is sufficient proof; and whatever is evidence in reference to Jacob must hold good in all who, like Jacob, partake of the sure mercies of David. Yet as there are many passages of Scripture expressive as to the same truth, I will add a text or two, and leave it. In Gal. vi. 16, we read, "And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them and mercy, and upon the Israel of God." Again, Rom. ix. 6, "For they are not all Israel which are of Israel." Isa. xlv. 17, "But Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." Rom. xi. 26, "And so all Israel shall be saved." In Hos. xi. 1, we read, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt." And to set forth the union, the life, the oneness between Christ and his Church, we have but to cite a parallel text to this, as recorded of the infant Saviour in Matt. ii. 14, 15: "When he arose he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son." In this infant Saviour was the Almighty God in the person of the Son, the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, the Prince of Peace. What an amazing stoop of love to save guilty men! Angels desire to look into the mystery; but how cold are we! Many more Scriptures to the like effect might be quoted, but I forbear; and shall conclude Israel's happiness with a few comparisons between the second Adam and his spouse contrasted with the first Adam and Eve his wife.

I am persuaded that such is the vital union between Christ and his Church that he would not be perfect, consequently not happy, without her. And I am sure that he will teach her that she cannot be happy without him. God said, when he created the first Adam, "It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make a help meet for him." Adam was but half Adam without his wife; and a sweet gift she was in a state of innocency. This, however, was but of short duration. And oh, the misery she entailed on herself, on the partner of her life, and their posterity, through transgression! But, looking above and beyond the mutable condition of our first parents and their frailty unto the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, and making application of the same revealed truth in a spiritual sense, God saw that it was not good that the man Christ Jesus should be alone. What a world of wonders breaks upon our spirit in the application of this truth spiritually! What it all can mean we must die to prove, and have an endless day to know and enjoy it in. How it is, we cannot tell; but Adam and Eve were not more in union

than Christ and his Church. "We are members," saith the Apostle, "of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" and, after noticing the union of man and wife, as God had constituted it, he says, "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and his Church." (Ephes. v. 32.) From everlasting "his delights were with the sons of men;" and from everlasting that love was unalterable, unchangeable, and without abatement, until his expiring and agonising cry, "It is finished!" terminated the utmost proof of the intensity of that love which God could give. Well might he say unto us, who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, "O, fools, and slow of heart to believe!" Well, I think for one—nay, I more than think, for I am sure—that a smooth path and easy circumstances, though we thirst so much for it, are not calculated to increase our love to him, or increase the enjoyment of his love to us. No; on the contrary, the path of tribulation is that path, and that alone, in which God our Father will humble us, and make his dear Son precious unto us. In this way he mortifies our pride; and, with a whole and willing heart, we give him all the glory. Daily to feel, under the teachings of the Spirit, how desperate our state by nature is, and to realise also the love and suitability of Christ, superabounding over all the leprosy of our nature, like the bush burning with fire but not consumed, constitutes a union and a oneness, to which the union of Adam and Eve, with all the blessings constituting it, appears but a shadow. Man's powers are nothing here. He is, by the invincible power of God, brought into troubles, in which he is brought to feel all created power to fail him; and, from real necessity, continually to make his secret moan to God—and here must wait and cry till God appears. In this way the sweetness of the union between Christ and his Church is realised, he having been made all our guilt and sin, and we the righteousness of God in him. Let men say what they will, I am sure there is no union like unto this. Whatever profession men may make of Christ, if they know not how ruined they are as taught of God, and learn not the preciousness of Christ this way, they know nothing about him aright, nor of that grace which constitutes Christ and his Church but one. But there are some who do know, by experience, that what I am saying is true, and others are on the way in the path of tribulation; and they must go from strength to strength, for the word of truth saith, "Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

But a little more, and I have done. The eyes of the first Adam were open to see and know what Eve had, through transgression, entailed on herself; and such was the union between them, that it appears to me Adam was determined to share her fate in disobedience—a desperate resolve, truly; and both were inevitably destroyed as to hope or help in themselves. Scripture says expressly, "Adam was not deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression." (1 Tim. ii. 14.) Let this circumstance be in part spiritualised. Christ and his Church, in the purpose of God, as Christ mystical, were in union as one spirit, one life, not only before man sinned, but ere the morning stars sang together, or the sons of

God shouted for joy. God saw what the object of his love in the first Adam would come to by disobedience; but this could not untie the knot or marriage union between his beloved Son and his Church. No; for we are told they were "preserved in Jesus Christ," having been "chosen in him before the foundation of the world." And I do not believe it too much to say, that such was the love that Christ had to his Church that he was, on the one hand, resolved to plunge into her ruin without being contaminated with her guilt, and, on the other, was determined to bring her back again unto himself, from all the deeps of filth and wretchedness she would fall into, let it cost him (speaking after the manner of men) what it would. God can never change, or know the shadow of a turning; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed. Having loved them with an everlasting love, he must continue to love them. All that is revealed of Christ in his sufferings and sorrows, and the humiliation he passed through, was but the development of the preciousness of this truth—the union of Christ and his Church. These dreadful waters could not quench his love to his Church, nor the floods drown it. Must not all things, then, work together for good to them that love God?—to them who are the called according to his purpose? Scripture says so. And sometimes I see, or think I see, that the creation of the world, the introduction of sin through the sufferance of God, and all circumstances and events, joyous and grievous, that have befallen, do befall, or will befall the Church, and Christ in union to her, in every mystic member—all are marshalled, managed, and overruled by that God, in his Trinity of persons, whose name is Love, to make Christ and the Church saved in him, and live and reign together in God for ever and ever. "I in them," says Christ, "and thou in me," speaking to the Father, "that they all may be perfect in one; for thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me. And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." Read John xvii. seriously throughout, and charge me, if you can, by saying too much. When our poor hearts can sometimes ascend to such an eminence, on Pisgah's top, as this, we can say, and we feel it too, "All is well!" But, alas, it is far from being so frequently as we could wish! Notwithstanding all, we are in good hands. "The first Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam a quickening Spirit." "The first man is of the earth earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven"—God over all, blessed for evermore. Therefore, though he had such awful deeps of humiliation and wrath to pass through, to bring back the partner of his life and heavenly glory unto himself, yet in all that devils could do, and men with them joined, and the wrath of his Father for the sin of his spouse—the most dreadful of all—yet, through it all, though the Prince of this world came, he could find nothing in him; and our glorious Surety finished the transgression, and made an end of sins, made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness: (Dan. ix. 24.) What more could he do, poor believer? and less would not have reached the desperate condition of thee and me! I

will proceed no further; but conclude with the overflowings of Moses' heart in the prospect of Israel's happiness, in the concluding part of his song: "Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help. and who is the sword of thy excellency? and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places." Amen and amen.

Manchester, June, 1851.

DELTA.

ANTINOMIANISM DEMOLISHED, AND THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST DELIVERED FROM ITS FALSE CHARGES.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from p. 259.)

"Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck." (1 TIM. i. 19.)

Now let us see what it is that will make a good conscience, and we will abide by the Scriptures of truth, proving what we advance as we go on; and may the Lord enable you and me, reader, to come to the light, and closely examine ourselves whether we have a good conscience or not.

First, then, the in-dwelling of the Holy Ghost makes a good conscience, and this is promised to the elect, and to them only; "I will put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live, saith the Lord God." I might mention many things that the Spirit does: as for instance, he puts his fear in their hearts; and, as the fear of the Lord is to depart from evil, and is the beginning of wisdom, the man sees and feels that he is a sinner, and feels the real need and necessity of a good conscience. It is the good Spirit that thus teaches him, and shows him that he is in possession of an evil conscience; and that all these ten things which I have mentioned belong to him, and a vast deal more. Now, although the conscience is not yet thoroughly purged from sin and guilt, yet it is good; for when the Holy Ghost comes into a conscience, his indwelling constitutes that heart or conscience good. For, black as hell as the man appears in his own eyes, he entirely agrees with the testimony of God's word respecting the fall of man. What a good God says he is brought to feel, and shall set to his seal that God is true in all things that respect him in his word. To go no further, the man has four things: 1, The Holy Ghost, by David, says, "Thy Spirit is good;" 2, The moral law, which is holy, just, and good; 3, God's word, as it respects the fall of man; 4, The grace of life, which is a good treasure put in the heart. "But," say you, "the man feels himself a very devil!" Yes! and it is these good things that make him feel it. If he were dead in sin and a self-righteous Pharisee, he would, as Solomon says, "be pure in his own eyes;" whereas he is unspeakably vile in his own eyes. Now, this is the seed sown in an honest and good heart; for such will speak as they feel, and rather under than over the mark. Hence we read that they are "children that will not lie." They feel a

tender conscience. Not only has such a man four things, but he has everything he ever will have, as a treasure in his heart; for at regeneration the whole treasure of grace is implanted, called the "New Man." And this regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost makes a good conscience; but the "Old Man" is not altered; he is left to make war against such a one ever after.

Secondly, in order to have a good conscience, the atonement of Christ must be brought in, for it is his blood which cleanses from all sin. "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God!" Those dead works which thousands pride themselves in must be purged away before there can be a good conscience. All works performed before the soul is quickened are dead works, whether in the Pharisee or the elect of God. The way, then, we are brought to feel a good conscience is this: our hearts are sprinkled from an evil conscience, and therefore before the sinner is manifestatively pardoned, he feels conscience against him, and his sins stare him in the face as the publican's did, who, you read, smote upon his breast, showing that he felt guilt. But was he regenerated at that time? Truly he was, and that made him feel what he did. Yes, the publican was washed at the very time when he smote upon his breast. Oh, yes; and what was he washed from? From his false notions of a God all mercy, and from all his false hopes and refuges of lies. He once said as we read some did, "We shall have peace though we walk in the imaginations of our evil hearts." He was washed from all these things, and therefore believed he was a sinner, a vile sinner, a guilty sinner, which no man living really believes until the Holy Ghost takes possession of his heart. A man may have natural convictions, but this man went further. His wound was deep, and, as a proof that he had the good Spirit, he cried for mercy unto God. But Judas, Pharaoh, Cain, Balaam, and others, never cried to God at all, and the cause was, the Spirit never helped their infirmities, nor ever interceded in them and for them. From all which we learn that all the time we are wretchedly miserable, under a sight and feeling sense of sin and guilt, the good work is going on, although we feel as if we were vessels of wrath, being fitted for destruction. Then press on, fellow traveller, for glorious days are before you. Now this atonement is received by faith. Hence you read that God "purifies the heart by faith." The Holy Ghost testifies to our hearts of Jesus Christ, that he shed his blood for sinners; and he leads us in faith to Christ with a "peradventure" or "who can tell?" and although we appear viler than any, yet necessity drives us to try. The invitations and promises made in the Gospel the Holy Spirit brings at times to our minds, and thus we go up and down like a pair of scales, sometimes concluding that we shall succeed, and again sinking in despair. However, after much, very much soul-travail, we come to Christ, labouring and heavy laden, and we find rest—rest from an intolerable burden of sin, rest from all our guilt, and rest from legal labour to please God and conscience. Now, reader, do you know anything experimentally about a good conscience?

Thirdly, the Spirit of God bears his witness with our spirit (or our conscience) that we are the children of God. I have heard Mr. Huntington say that none ever had a worse conscience than Paul, and I believe he spoke truth, for Paul compelled the saints to curse Christ. Hence Paul says, "I compelled them to blaspheme; but," says he, "no man, speaking by the Spirit of God, calleth Jesus accursed," &c. All this shows what Paul had been at; nevertheless, being a chosen vessel, he is changed. Old things pass away, and all things become new; and therefore he says, "My rejoicing is in the testimony (or witness) of my conscience;" for, says he, "My conscience bears me witness in the Holy Ghost."

Now, what is all religion (falsely so called) without these things that I am writing about? Why, nothing at all; this is the groundwork. Here it is that God begins with the elect sinner, and no other. 1, He gives him his Spirit: "I will put my Spirit within you, and you shall live;" and this blessed Spirit regenerates him, forming a new man, and from all this he learns the deplorable condition he is in. 2, He testifies of Christ, and draws forth faith, which purifies conscience; so that he feels access to God, being made nigh by his blood. There is now no gnawing guilty conscience, for the conscience is purged; so that there is now a witness felt, silencing Satan, law, and conscience, with every other accuser. We now find such a change as before we were utter strangers to; and it does not come, no, nor is it kept up, by working to please conscience, but by believing in what Christ has done for us, that the work is completely finished, according to the Saviour's last words, "It is finished!"

Now, in order to have a real good conscience, it is needful for us to have the sentence of justification, and this is brought into conscience by the Holy Ghost assuring us that the perfect righteousness of the Son of God becomes ours by faith. Hence Paul says, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." This you may clearly see in Joshua, the high priest. We are told that he was clothed with filthy garments, and Satan stood at his right hand to resist him, that is, as an accuser; but when the order came, "Take away his filthy garments," and clothe him in change of raiment, then Satan is rebuked. "It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth?" and this is freely from all things, by faith in the Surety's obedience. "By faith Abel obtained witness that he was righteous."

Now, wherever this good work is done, there will be a judgment set up in the believer; and we may call it the court of conscience. Yes, and close work it is too. Such do not live as they list; go on cheating and taking all advantages, and say, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we," and that they are delivered to do every abomination. No, God forbid! Neither will this good conscience be maintained but by much exercise. Hence Paul says, "I exercise myself day and night to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man." Now the cause of all this exercise arises from the Old Man which we still carry about with us, and which the Devil, by permission, often works upon in connexion with all his allies. Oh, what sore conflicts are they that we have through this

Old Man of Sin continually working, in one way or another, which, if indulged, is sure to defile conscience! It would be impossible to relate the many thousand ways and workings of this Old Man, which is corrupt according to his deceitful lusts. Oh, the many painful days and months I have had on account of my secretly indulging things which at the very time I knew were wrong, through the force of temptation and the love of sin which is rooted in this "Old Man!" Ah! the Pharisee may boast of his good conscience, but the poor tried Christian cannot, for he feels himself so weak and so easily drawn aside that he is in continual jeopardy. He trembles lest the Lord should give him up to his own heart's lusts, to work all uncleanness with greediness; lest he should say to him, "He is joined to idols, let him alone." He is continually beset, more or less, with all those things that I told you were the effect of an evil conscience. His having a good conscience does not set him out of the reach of temptation, so that he totters and trembles, knowing how many have gone back from God, as recorded in the Holy Scriptures and many that he reads of in good books; the great lengths in light, knowledge and understanding, gifts and abilities to write, pray, and preach, all of which have come to nothing. So that when he hears of the downfall of men, he is astonished that he in any measure stands, and wonders at the longsuffering mercy of God that has not cut him down as a cumberer of the ground; and really fears, and sometimes expects, that he himself will be the next that will bring a disgrace upon the cause of God, and open the mouths of God's enemies to blaspheme his holy name. But, blessed be God! we are not to despair, although there are such sore exercises, conflicts, and hard fightings; for "there is hope in Israel concerning this thing." Hence the promise, "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." And, again: "Put me in remembrance, let us plead together; declare thou, that thou mightest be justified." "Put me in remembrance" of my promises. "Take with you words, and turn unto the Lord." "Let us plead together." That is, "I will tell you and make you feel what charges I have against you, and do you plead the only remedy, even the merits of my dear Son, for it is only in him that I will accept you. And when I bless you with a confidence again in him, then you will have a good conscience; then your scarlet sins and crimson sins will be as snow and wool. Not that you will then think lightly of sin. Oh, no; for then you will loath yourselves in your own eyes for your iniquities, and yet believe that I am pacified towards you." Again: "Declare thou, that thou mightest be justified;" that is, "Declare thy sin, only acknowledge thy transgression, that thou hast walked contrary to me, which has caused me to walk contrary unto thee." David went this way: "I will declare mine iniquity, I will be sorry for my sin." The Apostle Paul tells us that "if we would judge ourselves we should not be judged; but when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." Now I know that you and I cannot make straight paths for our feet.

unless we go this way to work. It is not our having ever so large an experience of the love and mercy of God that manifestatively will make us bomb-proof against Satan, law, sin, the world, the Old Man, and conscience, for you may enjoy this to the full, and slip into sin quickly upon the back of it. Frames that are comfortable are very desirable; and oh for more of those happy frames and sweet feelings! But still it will not do to trust in them, as if it were impossible that we should backslide and wound conscience, after being so highly favoured. I know well what I am writing, for I have trusted in them, and have shortly afterwards been drawn aside into a light and trifling spirit, foolish talking, idols, &c. &c. Satan is upon the look-out when you and I are very happy in our God; for it is a hell to him, and therefore he will try everything he can, at such times in particular, to draw us aside. David's heart was right with God, and he had a good conscience, and yet how Satan worked upon the Old Man in that dreadful fall, so that conscience was wounded or his bones broken! Solomon, so particularly noted for the love of Christ, as is manifestly clear in his Song, how is he drawn aside by these outlandish women! It is said Solomon loved many strange wives, which turned his heart from the Lord. Now, if such eminent saints as these fell, what are you and I? "The Lord has ascended on high, he has filled Zion with judgment and righteousness;" and here every believer has the advantage of all other characters, whether professors or profane, for there is no judgment in *their* goings. "Thy judgments are far above out of their sight." But you will not value this way, no, nor properly attend to it, although a believer, until after many slips and falls; I do not mean openly, but secretly. When the Devil and the Old Man have tripped up your heels again and again, then you will be often judging, trying, and examining yourself by God's Word. Indeed, the chief part of your life will be taken up in this way. You will not rest in attainments, but will press on. Having deeper and deeper discoveries of your own heart, you will be always suspicious, and walk in much fear at times, saying, "Search me, O God, and know my heart. Try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." You will find plenty of work in weeding your own garden without attending to another's, if you would judge yourselves. When conscious of anything wrong you will not pass it by as a trivial thing, but go secretly to the Lord, and say, "Lord, I certainly did wrong. I took advantage of such an one; I indulged a secret lust; I spake unadvisedly with my lips; I made too free with worldly men; my covetous heart has gone after money," &c. Now, whatever it may be, this is the way: First, "examine yourselves whether you be in the faith;" examine your heart and then examine the Scriptures; for "wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to God's word;" and it is better to consult God's word than to consult men. Secondly, after examination, then honest confession of what is amiss, for it is he that confesseth and forsaketh his sin that is to find mercy; which mercy, Paul tells us, is washing and renewing—wash-

ing away all fresh contracted guilt and filth, and then renewing us in the spirit of our mind. This is anointing us with oil. Thirdly, pleading the unconditional promises, such as these: "Hast thou not promised that from all our filthiness, idols, and uncleannesses thou wouldst save us, that a new heart thou wouldst give us, and that thou wouldst keep us from evil that it might not grieve us, that sin shall not have dominion, but that thou wouldst put thy fear in our hearts?" &c.; and so, picking out of Scripture what is most suitable to our present condition, asking those favours only in the name and for the alone sake of Jesus Christ the one Mediator, and following it up with importunity, for "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Now all this is sowing to the spirit, and in this way we shall find that he will help us against our infirmities; and as you go on in the divine life you will find your need more and more, in order to a good conscience, of taking very minute things to the Lord, daily and hourly. Hence Paul says, "Pray without ceasing;" which teaches us that our wants will crowd in upon us, that we may be kept needy, praying with the heart and not with the lip only. Fourthly, a constant acknowledging the Lord's favours, both in providence and grace. "I will deliver thee" from the guilt and filth of sin, from various difficulties in providence, from the Devil's temptations, from all your outward enemies, &c., but "thou shalt glorify me;" and who is worthy of the glory but him that has all power? Yea, I know it will be the desire of our souls at times to give him the glory, and we shall rejoice in giving it to him, and in speaking good of his name, saying, "Oh, come hither, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul!"

Now if you attend to these things you will do well; but if you cast them away as a thing too low and of no account, then you are like those in our text, that is, you put away conscience, which certainly concerns faith; for what is all our faith but an empty show, if there is no regard to conscience? Hence Paul says, "Holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience." "Ah," says you, "it is all very well for the weakling, but I am more established, consequently I am not so particular." Yes, you may be established in head notions, but your heart is not established with grace, for grace is of a holy, purifying nature, as I shall hereafter show; and let me tell you that, living allowedly in the way you do, you will make shipwreck. It is a very awful thing to put away conscience. Soar as high as ever you may, your fall will be irrecoverable. But is this judgment finally neglected by any of God's elect? No! for God will take them in hand, and bring them to book, so that it shall not go on; only it comes heavier in general when they neglect it, and get hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. I say it comes heavier. We have no account of David judging himself, and therefore God sent his servant, the prophet Nathan; and although David had at that time a bad conscience, yet the parable of the "ewe lamb" took no hold of him. But when Nathan said "Thou art the man," then God took it in hand, and set it home on his conscience; and although God put

away his sin, yet the sword never departed from his house. Thus God forgave him, but took vengeance of his inventions. And I believe the incestuous person was another that did not judge himself; and therefore God took it in hand, and Paul puts him out of the Church, and delivers him over to Satan; not for eternal destruction, but for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Neither is all this judgment confined to individuals; but really it belongs to us as a Church and people. I believe, in this day in which we live, we are defiled, and have gone after our lovers. Read carefully Ezekiel xvi. and xxiii., and compare it with us as a Church in the awful day in which we live.

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENTS OF A SERMON BY THE LATE W. GADSBY.

"God with us."—MATT. I. 23.

There will be such a mystery unfolded, in "God in our nature," as will fill the church of God with immortal wonder for ever and ever. When Christ speaks of it, he says, "Father, I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine," and "that they may be one in us." This blessed Redeemer, this Person of the Son, takes our nature, and is "God with us." I believe that our blessed Christ has really taken soul and body, the whole of humanity. He was "God with us" in his weakness; "God with us" in his conflicts; "God with us" in his victories; "God with us" in his exaltation; "God with us" to strengthen us, to watch over us, to direct us, and to deliver us; completely to save us; to rule over us and in us; to defeat all our foes; to give us exalted views and feelings of God; to raise us to ineffable felicity and glory. "God with us!" And there are a thousand more that I cannot name! He has promised to be "our God and our Guide, even unto death."

I have been struck with that hymn of Hart's:

"Behold from what beginnings small,
Our great salvation rose;
The strength of God is own'd by all,
But who his weakness knows?"

Devils tremble to hear this at this moment. What weakness was this! And let me tell thee, poor child of God, he was made like his people in all their weakness and in all their littleness, that he may come to the help of the weakest child of God in existence.

Observe, further, he was "God with us" in all his solemn concerns. Born in Bethlehem, he was hunted into Egypt that he might find his hunted people, to seek them "out of every nation." And now, poor child of God, your Jesus has been here before you; the Lord help you to go to this blessed Jesus!

He was "God with us" in his temptations. O what solemn seasons! He was "God with us," in the solemn field of temptation;

he was driven into the wilderness of temptation! What a solemn conflict! Here what a battle had to be fought! If Christ had been beaten, the whole world would have been damned. "Do your duty," is one of the devil's cradles in which to rock a hypocrite to sleep. God will bring all his people into such a state that nothing but "God with us" can bring them out. And when they have been brought sweetly to feel this, they sweetly sing, "God with us." The more we are brought to feel sick of self, and in a famishing condition, the fitter we are for a precious salvation.

He was "God with us" in Gethsemane and the cross. We were there, poor sinners, to spit in his face, to kill him, to despise him and set him at nought. He was a solemn Day's Man, to stand up between God and us.

He was "God with us" in the solemn mystery of his love. He suffered the vengeance of hell, the vengeance of insulted justice. The sun went into mourning, the dead were alarmed, earth and hell were all in arms. Poor child of God, poor broken-hearted sinner, it was all for thee. There are times when we in truth can say:

"I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine!"

We can read of the sufferings of Christ, the Son of God, and feel as hardened as a devil; and after our hardness of heart and backsliding, the Lord hides his face: "Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone." He goes "like a bullock to the yoke;" and there he is as fast as a thief. He can neither go backward nor forward; and if he goes to the Lord, Satan says, "You must go back again; he will have nothing to do with you. Not he, indeed." What! has the Lord given him up? If he were to give one up, all heaven would go in mourning, and all hell would be illuminated. But it cannot be.

He was "God with us" in his finished work. He gave up the ghost. Bless his holy name, he is "God with us" in applying all these blessings to the soul. Nothing but this will remove guilt from the conscience; nothing but this will do for the poor burdened child of God.

He was "God with us" in his resurrection and ascension. "He died unto sin once; but in that he lived, he liveth unto God." The Holy Ghost, when further speaking by Paul, stamps a higher glory on his resurrection and ascension: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." He died for thy offences, he died for thy sins. Could death have kept him in his cold jaws, there would have been no proof that he was "God with us," "God with us" in his glorious resurrection and ascension on his throne: "For Christ is not entered into the holy place made with hands, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us."

Now do not you see this, poor child of God? "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound." What a shout will that be, when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on

incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality;" when millions "God with us" shall bring, to give one immortal shout of harvest home, and proclaim his honour for ever and ever.

A LETTER BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear Brother,—I am once more returned to Everton, in better health than usual, and a somewhat deeper sense of my nothingness, blessed be God! I am yet a stranger to Abraham's exalted measure of faith, namely, "hoping against hope," and thereby giving glory to God. While frames are lively, or not cloudy, I make a shift to shuffle on after Christ; but when sins are beating on my conscience, and they are daily beating, Unbelief says, "It is horrid presumption to 'hope against hope';" and Moses tells me, with an angry look, I am making Christ the minister of sin. But has not Christ made full atonement for all believers' sins, past, present, and to come? If he has not, we must perish, the atonement is not complete. If he has made complete atonement, we may still go with a blush, yea, a confident blush, for pardon, notwithstanding repeated and aggravated provocations; and we shall dishonour Christ, and wrong our own souls, if we go not. But suppose, through unbelief and fear, we dare not venture to go, can this mend the matter? Will it not rather beget grudgings against God, as an austere master, and stir up enmity against him as a consuming fire? Which is most apt to kindle repentance, shame, love, and kindly obedience? Is it a dread of invincible wrath, or an assurance of pardon through the riches of divine grace? I have been prattling about the matter in the pulpit for some years, but usually clogged the subject so much for fear of abuse, as to hinder its use.

This morning I had a sweet view, in the Spirit's light, of believing in Christ for righteousness, not only without but against all comfortable feeling; and clearly saw it was not apt to stifle repentance for sin and harden the conscience, but to melt the heart of a pilgrim, and quicken his feet, and furnish his mouth with praise. And though graceless souls, like toads, will convert all meat into poison, yet a gracious heart must be fed with the food of grace notwithstanding. But I forget myself, and am preaching to a preacher. Excuse the impertinence, and accept of much love from my heart, a whole bushel, to cover it.

Grace and peace be with you and with your affectionate servant,
JOHN BERRIDGE.

Everton, April 16, 1777.

Consecrated things under the law were first sprinkled with blood, then anointed with oil, and thenceforward were no more common. Thus under the gospel, every Christian has been a common vessel, for profane purposes; but when sprinkled and anointed, he becomes separated and consecrated to God.—*Newton*.

AN EXTRACT FROM OWEN'S "COMMUNION WITH GOD."

(Concluded from page 273.)

III. The next thing insisted on is *the cheeks* of Christ. "His cheeks are as a bed of spices," (v. 15,) as sweet flowers, or "towers * of perfumes," (*margin*,) or well grown flowers. There are three things evidently pointed at in these words.

1. A *sweet savour*, as from spices, and flowers, and towers of perfume.

2. *Beauty and order*, as spices set in rows or beds, as the words import.

3. *Eminency in that word*, as sweet or well grown, great flowers.

These things are in the cheeks of Christ: the Chaldee paraphrast, who applies this whole song to God's dealings with the people of the Jews, makes these cheeks of the church's Husband to be the two tables of stone, with the various lines drawn in them; but that allusion is strained, as are most of the conjectures of that scholast.

The cheeks of a man are the seat of comeliness and manlike courage. The comeliness of Christ, as hath in part been declared, is from his fulness of grace in himself for us. His manly courage respects the administration of his rule and government, from his fulness of authority, as was before declared. This comeliness and courage, the spouse describing Christ as a beautiful, desirable personage, to show that spiritually he is so, calleth his cheeks so to make up his parts and proportion. And to them doth she ascribe,

1. A *sweet savour*, order, and eminency, as God is said to smell a sweet savour from the grace and obedience of his servants: "The Lord smelled a sweet savour of rest from the sacrifice of Noah." (Gen. viii. 21.) So do the saints smell a sweet savour from his grace laid up in Christ. (Cant. i. 3.) It is that which they rest in, which they delight in, which they are refreshed with. As the smell of aromatic spices and flowers please the natural sense, refresh the spirits, and delight the person, so do the graces of Christ to his saints; they please their spiritual sense, they refresh their drooping spirits, and give delight to their souls. If he be nigh them, they smell his raiment, as Isaac the raiment of Jacob; they say it is as "the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed," (Gen. xxvii. 27,) and their souls are refreshed with it.

2. *Order and beauty* are as spices set in a garden bed, so are the graces of Christ. When spices are set in order, any one may know what is for his use, and take and gather it accordingly. Their answering also one to another makes them beautiful; so are the graces of Christ in the gospel; they are distinctly and in order set forth, that sinners by faith may view them, and take from him according to their necessity. They are ordered for the use of saints in the promises of the gospel. There is light in him, and life in him, and power in him, and all consolation in him; a constellation of

* The meaning seems to be, "raised beds" in a garden.

graces, shining with glory and beauty. Believers take a view of them all; see their glory and excellency, but fix especially on that which, in the condition wherein they are, is most useful to them. One receives light and joy, another life and power; by faith and prayer do they gather these things in this bed of spices. Not any that comes to him goes away unrefreshed. What may they not have, what may they not gather? What is it that the poor soul wants? Behold it is here provided, set out in order in the promises of the gospel, which are as the beds wherein these spices are set for our use; and on the account hereof is the covenant said to be "ordered in all things." (2 Sam. xxiii. 5.)

3. *Eminency.* His cheeks are a tower of perfumes, held up, made conspicuous, visible; eminent; so it is with the graces of Christ, when held out and lifted up in the preaching of the gospel. They are a tower of perfumes, a sweet savour to God and man.

IV. The next clause of that verse is, "His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." Two perfections in things natural are here alluded unto. The glory of colour in the lilies, and the sweetness of savour in the myrrh. The glory and beauty of the lilies* in those countries was such, as that our Saviour tells us "that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them;" (Matt. vi. 29;) and the savour of myrrh, such as when the Scripture would set forth anything to be an excellent savour, it compares it thereunto, (Psalm xlv. 8,) and thereof was the sweet and holy ointment chiefly made. (Exod. xxx. 25.) Mention is also made frequently of it in other places to the same purpose. It is said of Christ that grace was poured into his lips, (Psalm xlv. 2,) whence men wondered, or were amazed, at the words of grace that proceeded out of his mouth. So that by the lips of Christ, and their dropping sweet-smelling myrrh, the word of Christ, its savour, excellency, and usefulness, is intended. Herein is he excellent and glorious indeed, surpassing the excellencies of those natural things which yet are most precious in their kind, even in the glory, beauty, and usefulness of his word. Hence they that preach his word to the saving of the souls of men, are said to be a sweet savour to God, (2 Cor. ii. 15,) and the savour of the knowledge of God is said to be manifested by them. (Ver. 14.) I might insist on the several properties of myrrh, whereto the word of Christ is here compared. Its bitterness in taste, its efficacy to preserve from putrefaction, its usefulness in perfumes and unctions, and press the allegory in setting out the excellencies of the word in allusions to them. But I only insist on generals; this is that which the Holy Ghost here intends; the word of Christ is sweet, savoury, precious unto believers, and they see him to be excellent, desirable, beautiful, in the precepts, promises, exhortations, and the most bitter threats thereof.

* It is generally supposed that these lilies of the field were our common large white garden lily. But this scarcely seems correct. The Bride compares the lips of her Beloved (Song v. 13) to lilies, which shows that their colour was scarlet, or crimson. A beautiful lily of this colour has, we believe, been lately found in Palestine, almost rivalling the *Japan lilies* of modern gardens.

V. The spouse adds, "His *hands* are as gold rings set with beryl." The word beryl in the original is "tarshish," which the LXX. have retained, not restraining it to any peculiar precious stone; the onyx, say some, the chrysolite, say others; any precious stone shining with a sea-green colour, for the word signifies the sea also. Gold rings set with precious glittering stones, are both valuable and desirable for profit and ornament; so are the hands of Christ; that is, all his works, the effects by the cause: all his works are glorious, they are all fruits of wisdom, love, and bounty.

VI. And "his *belly* is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires." The smoothness and brightness of ivory, the preciousness and heavenly colour of the sapphires, are here called in, to give some lustre to the excellency of Christ; to these is his belly, or rather his bowels, which takes in the heart also, compared. It is the inward bowels, and not the outward bulk that was signified. Now, to show that by bowels in the Scripture, ascribed either to God or man, affections are intended, is needless. The tender love, unspeakable affections and kindness of Christ to his church and people, is thus set out. What a beautiful sight it is to the eye, to see pure polished ivory set up and down with heaps of precious sapphires! How much more glorious are the tender affections, mercies, and compassion of the Lord Jesus unto believers!

VII. The strength of his kingdom, the faithfulness and stability of his promises; the height and glory of his person in his dominion, the sweetness and excellency of communion with him, are set forth in these words: "His legs are pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold; his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars; his mouth is most sweet. (Ver. 5.)

VIII. When the spouse hath gone thus far in the description of him, she concludes all in this general assertion: He is *wholly desirable*, altogether to be desired, or beloved. As if she should have said, I have thus reckoned up some of the perfections of the creatures, things of most value, price, usefulness, beauty, glory here below, and compared some of the excellencies of my Beloved unto them. In this way of allegory I can carry things no higher, I find nothing better or more desirable to shadow out and to present his loveliness and desirableness; but alas! all this comes short of his perfections, beauty, and comeliness; he is wholly to be desired, to be beloved.

Lovely in his *person*, in the glorious all-sufficiency of his Deity, gracious purity, and holiness of his Humanity, authority and majesty, love and power.

Lovely in his *birth and incarnation*; when he was rich, for our sakes becoming poor; taking part of flesh and blood, because we partook of the same; being made of a woman, that for us he might be made under the law, even for our sakes.

Lovely in the *whole course of his life*, and the more than angelical holiness and obedience which in the depth of poverty and suffering he exercised therein; doing good, receiving evil; blessing, and being cursed, reviled, reproached all his days.

Lovely in his *death*, yea, therein most lovely to sinners; never more

glorious and desirable than, when he came broken dead from the cross. Then had he carried all our sins unto a land of forgetfulness; then had he made peace and reconciliation for us; then had he procured life and immortality for us.

Lovely in his *whole employment*, in his great undertaking, in his life, death, resurrection, ascension, being a Mediator between God and us, to recover the glory of God's justice and to save our souls; to bring us to an enjoyment of God, who were set at such an infinite distance from him by sin.

Lovely in the *glory and majesty* wherewith he is crowned, now that he is set down at the right hand of the Majesty on High: where, though he be terrible to his enemies, yet he is full of mercy, love, and compassion towards his beloved ones.

Lovely in all these *supplies of grace and consolations*, in all the dispensations of his Holy Spirit, whereof his saints are made partakers.

Lovely in all the *tender care, power, and wisdom*, which he exercises in the protection, safeguard, and delivery of his church and people, in the midst of all the oppositions and persecutions whereunto they are exposed.

Lovely in all his *ordinances*, and the whole of that spiritually glorious worship which he hath appointed to his people, whereby they draw nigh and have communion with him and his Father.

Lovely and glorious in the *vengeance* he taketh, and will finally execute upon the stubborn enemies of himself and his people.

Lovely in the *pardon* he doth dispense; in the reconciliation he hath established, in the grace he communicates, in the consolations he doth administer, in the peace and joy he gives his saints, in his assured preservation of them unto glory.

What shall I say? There is *no end* of his excellencies and desirableness: "He is *altogether* lovely. This is our Beloved, and this is our Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven; if he be but a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish.—*Newton*.

To assemble publicly in the name, and for the worship of God, is both the believer's duty and privilege: those who neglect the public worship of God, pour contempt on him by whom it was instituted. But, believer, watch and be careful, lest, through thy regular attendance on the means, thy heart should lose sight of the God of the means. What is it that makes the means desirable? It is the promise of Jehovah's presence, and the hope that we shall meet our best Beloved there. And truly the saints are not always disappointed of this their expectation; I say, not always; for sometimes it doubtless is the case, they attend where the truth is faithfully preached: they sit and hear, (if not asleep,) and are a burthen to themselves, because the Comforter that should relieve is far from them. *Query*: Does the carnal heart complain thus?—*H. Fowler*.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF
HITCHIN, HERTS.*(Continued from page 266.)*

"Christ my treasure is." I was led by the blessed Spirit to another choice chapter, which was Romans the 8th; but as it contained 39 verses, it was some time before I could repeat it without book; but the desire I had for fresh matter to meditate on made me think very little of my trouble. I was well repaid for it in the many delicious entertainments I enjoyed when I remembered my blessed God, and the great salvation he bestowed upon me, on my bed, and meditated upon his redeeming love to me in the night-watches, &c. (Psa. lxi.) Having sucked a good deal of sweetness from the 8th of Romans, and finding, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, I could call the blessed contents of it *all my own*, I wished for another chapter, and soon found one in the 12th of Isaiah. This contained only six verses, but they were six sweet ones to me: they so exactly described the past trouble I had come through, and the present comfort the Lord bestowed upon me, that I was constrained to say, with the Church of God, "Though thou wast angry with me, yet is thine anger turned away from me, and thou comfortedst me," &c. Finding I gained much by heavenly meditation, I was anxious to retain another chapter; and, in reading the blessed Word, I fixed a longing eye upon 55th of Isaiah, which when I had well digested by meditating on it over and over again, I found myself much refreshed and strengthened. In this chapter the Lord says, he will make an everlasting covenant with his children, even the sure mercies of David; and, blessed be God! through rich grace, I found myself sweetly within the bonds of it. I firmly believed that the covenant of peace which the Lord made with his dearly-beloved Son, in behalf of his elect children, should not be removed, nor his loving kindness and tender mercy be finally taken away from them.

Thus, reader, the word of Christ did, at this time, dwell richly in my heart, and became food to my soul, entertainment to my mind, and satisfaction to my conscience, because the blessed contents of it spoke pardon, peace, and reconciliation to me through Christ Jesus, our blessed Lord and Saviour. If we obey God in yielding to him the "obedience of faith" (Rom. xvi. 26), and if, through the lively actings of this faith in the heart, we are enabled to serve our God in "newness of spirit" (Rom. vii. 6), then shall we spend our days in prosperity, and our years in pleasure. We may eat our bread with joy, and drink our wine, or water either, if we have nothing better, for God now accepts our persons and works in his beloved Son (Eccles. ix. 7; Ephes. i. 6), and will never more be wroth with us, nor rebuke us in vindictive anger. (Isa. liv. 8, 9, 10.) One hour's enjoyment in the light of the Lord's countenance is more sweet, consolatory, and refreshing to the soul that has felt the anger of God reflecting guilt into the conscience, through a broken law, than all the pleasures of sin that have been and will be enjoyed by the children of men since Adam fell. (Heb. xi. 25.) Their plea-

asures (such as they are) are deceitful, for they promise what they cannot give. When they are past they leave the deluded sinner empty, void, and waste—the sting of guilt in the conscience, and a dread of future punishment. “What fruit had ye, then, in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death.” (Rom. vi. 21.) But that pleasure which cometh from the God of all comfort, and which proceeds from peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord (Rom. v. 1), is solid, substantial, and durable. It enriches and ennobles every faculty of the soul; raises it up, however low it may have fallen; keeps it waiting in humble hope and expectation of every covenant, promise, and blessing; fortifies the soul to look upon death without a fear of hell and wrath, and into the grave with a certainty of being delivered from the bondage of corruption; and into eternity itself, with the assurance of a good hope, through grace, of enjoying the King in his beauty, and the pleasures which are at his right hand, for evermore. (Isa. xxxiii. 17; Psa. xvi. 11.)

But now winter returned again. This warmth in my affections to my God began very sensibly to abate. It is only in the glorious rays of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, that we enjoy divine life, light, and comfort. When this Sun begins to decline, alas! what a poor creature every believer finds himself to be! His heart is smitten and withered like grass. (Ps. cii.) As when our natural sun returns to the winter solstice, our love waxes cold. Into darkness we are brought (Lam. iii. 2); and, according to the feelings of the soul, we are, as poor Heman says, “free among the dead (Psa. lxxxviii. 5); laid in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps;” and everything within indicates that trouble is near. And now was the time for Satan to bestir himself; he was quiet enough when I enjoyed the pleasing beams of Christ the Sun of Righteousness. He then departed, but only for a season (Luke iv. 18); and if he had not come till I sent for him, he had stayed away for good and all. But Satan never lets the poor sheep of Christ be still long; he will be sure to worry them, more or less, on this side the grave. We may pretty soon know when the old serpent pays us a visit, by the wicked thoughts he suggests to the mind; by the enmity he stirs up towards that which is good; and by the dead, careless, and lifeless frame of spirit that comes on.

Unbelieving thoughts came gradually into my mind when the rays of the true light were diminished, such as that possibly I might be deceived after all the comforts I had enjoyed; and, if so, what a sad case I was in!—only a hypocrite in Zion; and, being very low in soul and dark in my mind, I paid attention to this logic, instead of acting the part of a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and, telling him from God’s word, It is written, “He will turn again, and have compassion upon us;” and, “though I sit in darkness, the Lord will be a light unto me.” (Micah vii. 8, 19.) And, although for a small moment the Lord hath forsaken me, as it respects his comfortable presence, yet, with everlasting kindness, he will have mercy on me. Had I handled the sword of the Spirit manfully (Eph. vi. 17), and

battered the enemy briskly with ammunition fetched from the blessed word of God, I should have kept my adversary at a proper distance, and given glory to God, who ever was, and ever will be, faithful to the word of his grace; but, alas! I sensibly found without my dear Lord I could do nothing. Unless he bring his own blessed word to remembrance, and, in the exercises of faith, give me a humble boldness to maintain my interest therein, I shall ever be a poor hand in fighting spiritual battles; but, blessed be his name! he hath said, he hath overcome our enemies, and we shall stand fast in him, and that no weapon formed against his elect shall prosper. He hath promised that we shall overcome all our foes; but it shall be in God's strength made perfect in man's weakness. (2 Cor. xii. 9.) But by the strength of free will and human power shall no flesh prevail; but such is the condescension of the Captain of our salvation, that, although he fights our battles for us, yet he calls us poor soldiers-overcomers. "He that overcometh," saith our noble Captain, "shall inherit all things." (Rev. xxi. 7.)

As the comfortable presence of my God was gone, all seemed to be gone with me, and so far from resisting Satan, as I was exhorted to do, I was ready to cast away my confidence. (Hebrews x. 35.) Suspecting if all was right yet—if all the comforts I lately felt were of God—how is it I am so bereft of these blessed consolations? Surely, thought I, it is very strange that I should now be so deserted, and a little while ago have enjoyed an earnest of heaven in my heart. Fearing I should be deceived, I attempted as it were to get back into my past misery, that if all was not right I might not be left to deceive myself and others; this, however, could not be done by me, nor the Devil either. What God doeth is done for ever, saith the wise man; and God doeth it that men may fear him. (Eccles. iii. 14.) "I will work," saith the Lord, "and who shall let it?" (Isa. xliii. 13.) And if the Lord is pleased to open to a poor sinner the door of faith, who can shut it? (Rev. iii. 8.) But we are to go in and out, and to find pasture; but what sort of pasture I was to feed on I could not tell, as all my comfort I so sweetly fed on was gone. But, though I knew not, the blessed God did; and as he hath said that he will not suffer the souls of the righteous to famish (Prov. x. 3) he condescended to set some spiritual food before me, and by faith gave me an appetite to feed thereon, which caused me at length to grow from a state of spiritual infancy to that of "a young man in Christ." (1 John ii. 14.)

The prophet Isaiah asks this question, "Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine?" To which he replies, "Them that are weaned from the milk and drawn from the breast." (Isa. xxviii. 9.) My soul was now in the case here described. I had been sweetly nourished with the sincere milk of God's Word; the promises of God had flowed into my heart attended with power, which caused me to be fat and flourishing, and to praise my heavenly Father with joyful lips. But now I was weaned from the milk, and the breast of consolation was withdrawn; and though I earnestly longed for it, it was to no purpose. I was still

destitute of divine consolation ; but the Holy Ghost who had taken possession of my heart, and who is to abide in every believing soul, as the earnest of our future inheritance, did not in this my trouble leave me. No, blessed be his holy name, he did not. He now condescended to lead my mind into the certainty of God's love to my soul from everlasting (Jer. xxxi. 3), or he would not have drawn my affections to turn in time ; and, as the Spirit of truth, he enabled me to believe that the lovingkindness of God should not be finally taken from me, nor the covenant of peace he had made with Christ in behalf of his adopted children be suffered to fail ; that, however low I might be in the frame of my soul, it did not at all alter the covenant of God's grace, for that remained fixed, immoveable, and unalterable to all eternity ; and he bore a powerful witness in my soul, that I had an interest in the covenant of peace, which the Lord says shall not be removed (Isa. liv.), and that I was a child of God through sovereign love and mercy. (Rom. viii. 16 ; 1 John v. 10.) I was now brought to believe, if God's word, God's oath and covenant engagement with his dear Son could be altered, disannulled, and made void, then I should finally perish and be utterly cast down ; but as this cannot be the case, I must, as being one of the number for whom the Redeemer died, be eternally saved. This was the food I now had to live upon—for comfort and consolation was for the present far from me—and bless God for strengthening my faith to digest the strong food, though it was in a very gradual manner. (Isa. xxviii. 10.) Sometimes I could feed upon it very well, but at other times it was almost too much for my weak faith. I wanted some more milk, if I could get it. I was like a young child who is naturally being weaned from the breast. The nurse puts into the child's hand some solid food, but keeps the milk back, and for want of the one the poor little creature is obliged to make the best he can of the other ; this was now my case, and so it was with the Psalmist David. "Surely," says he, "I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned from its mother ; my soul is even as a weaned child." (Psalm cxxxi.) And finding for the present the milk, or, in other words, the soul-reviving presence of his covenant God, was not enjoyed as heretofore, he takes encouragement from the faithfulness and unchangeableness of his God, and the hopes he had of spending an eternity of happiness with him when God would be all in all ; all of which David had the earnest of ; and he drops a word to encourage all the family of heaven. "Let Israel hope in the Lord from henceforth and for ever." (Psa. cxxxi.)

Thus, reader, you see it was the powerful witness of the Holy Ghost in my soul that enabled me through faith to hold fast the blessed hope of eternal life through Christ our Lord ; this witness within was a sufficient proof against all the suggestions of Satan and my own carnal reason to try and make me disbelieve the word of my own faithful God, because of my unworthiness. Unworthy I was, God knows, and so I remain to this present moment ; but, to my comfort, it was made known to me that it is not for the sake of us unworthy sinners that God doeth all these great things, but to magnify his

free grace and longsuffering mercy in Christ (Ezek. xxxvi. 32); that feeling on the one hand our lost and undone estate through sin, and on the other hand the promise of eternal life freely given to the poor sinner in the Lord Jesus Christ (2 Tim. i. 1; Titus i. 2; Rom. iii. 24.), we may be led to that repentance which needeth not to be repented of (2 Cor. vii. 10), abhor ourselves in our own sight on account of our base ingratitude to God, our everlasting and unchangeable friend, and repent in dust and ashes for the many provoking and God-dishonouring sins by which we have incurred the wrath of a longsuffering and justly-offended God. (Job xlii. 6.)

As I now found by happy experience that, notwithstanding the many sad proofs I had of the evil of my own corrupt nature (Rom. vii.), yet that the Lord is still of *one mind* and changeth not, and therefore we are not consumed (Mal. iii. 6), I began by degrees to gather strength; and the blessed Spirit who is the *earnest* of our future inheritance, and is never to depart from God's adopted children (Isa. lix. 21) from henceforth and for ever (John xiv. 16, 17), led my mind, in the exercise of faith, to lay hold on those texts of Scripture that have been a support to me in many a dark season, as, for instance, "There is now, therefore, no *condemnation* to them that are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1), because their blessed surety became responsible for all their sins, and made satisfaction for them; therefore they who are in Christ must, according to the tenor of strict justice, be for ever clear from all future demands from the righteous law of God. This text, therefore, has been a great support to my soul; and through faith in Christ it tended to encourage me when bowed down under the prevalency of indwelling sin, knowing that our old man is crucified with Christ. (Rom. vi.) And though I know for certain the Lord will visit the sins of his children in fatherly anger (Psa. lxxxix.), yet he will never give any one of them over to the hurt of the second death; therefore I remind the Lord of his gracious promise, and pray with David, "Deal with thy servant according to thy mercy, and teach me thy statutes." (Psa. cxix. 124.)

Another promise that is a great stay to my soul is Hebrews xiii. 5. in which it is said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Therefore it is really the privilege of the believer in Christ, however low he may be in temporals or spirituals, to say with a holy boldness, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear!" What can men or devils do unto me? God is for me; then who can be against me, so as to prevail?

Again: I often find much encouragement from *the immutability* of God. The Lord changeth not, therefore we poor sinners, for whom Jesus Christ undertook, are not consumed; "not one of them shall perish," but from the least of them to the greatest they shall inherit eternal life. God's counsels of old are faithfulness and truth, they stand fast for ever, and "the thoughts of his heart to all generations." (Psa. xxxiii. 11.) "He is without variableness, or the least shadow

of turning." Oh, what solid ground of support there is for a tempted believer in Christ, to trust in a cloudy and dark day, when he is under the hiding of God's countenance, and no sense of divine consolation! God, who cannot lie, gave us life in Christ before the world began (Titus i. 2; 2 Tim. i. 9); and he has said that the covenant of his peace shall not be removed, because "his mercy endureth for ever." Oh, the baseness and folly of our unbelieving hearts, that so often deprive us of the enjoyment of the blessings our covenant God has so freely bestowed upon us in his dear Son, and that so often robs our God of that humble tribute of praise he has a just right to expect from the poor dependants upon his free grace! This sin of unbelief is the source of all the misery we labour under. We feel in a low frame of spirit, and then begin to question whether the promise of life in Christ belongs to us or not. We feel a change in our affections, compared with the time of our first love; and from thence question if the Lord's love is not now changed towards us! Alas, alas! this is poor work; it is judging indeed according to appearance, but it is by no means "righteous judgment." (John vii. 24.) It is making God as ourselves, twisting and turning about as the wind; but "God changeth not," or we had been consumed years ago. Justly did Christ say to his disciples, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe." (Luke xxiv. 25.) And justly may we upbraid ourselves because of our unbelief and hardness of heart, so slow are we to believe what our covenant God and Father has been pleased to make for ever sure to every heir of promise. (Rom. iv. 16.) "Lord, increase our faith!" should be our humble prayer to God from day to day. (Luke xvii. 5.)

Another sure support for the hope of God's children in Christ is, *the oath* of the Lord! The Lord has not only promised the kingdom of glory to them, but he has (oh, the condescension of God!) confirmed it by an oath: "I have sworn not to be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." (Isa. liv.) The apostle, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, notices this, and says, it is to put an end to all strife between God and every heir of promise, as it is written, "God, willing to show to the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us."

I will now mention some of the blessed effects which the belief of God's unchangeable love has had upon me; and I humbly hope to experience the same, at times, as long as I live.

The more firmly I believe in the everlasting love and goodwill of God my heavenly Father in Christ, the more does my heart relent and dissolve before the Lord into godly sorrow and evangelical repentance. The goodness of God, then, leads me to repentance. (Rom. ii. 4.) And the language of my soul, when under the pleasing sensation of God's unmerited love and mercy to me is, "Why me, Lord? why me? How couldst thou set thy love upon so vile a wretch as

I? But so it is; 'wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' I am ashamed, yea, even confounded for my own ways, and never can open my mouth any more to justify myself before thee, O God, knowing that I deserve thy wrath and just indignation; and how thou hast spared me so long, when so many have been cut down and sent to their own place, I cannot tell. Am I better than they? No, in nowise. It is nothing but thy unmerited mercy, dearest Lord, that has made the difference. It is only thy longsuffering and slowness to anger that has spared me to the present moment. What shall I render unto thee for all the benefits thou hast so freely and bountifully bestowed upon me? Lord, take me, and make me a vessel fit for thy own use; prepare my heart for every good word and work, and teach me to do thy will; for thou art now become my God and my salvation. May I declare thy doings among the people, and make mention that thy holy and ever-blessed name is exalted, for thy matchless mercy and superabounding grace to me, the chief of sinners!"

Again: the more I am enabled to believe that God is for ever reconciled to me for Christ's sake, the greater freedom I feel to come to the throne of his grace and make my requests known to my heavenly Father with a holy boldness, believing that he is my almighty and everlasting Friend, both able and willing to do all things for me. (Psa. lvii. 2.) I therefore draw near to his footstool, put him in remembrance of his kind promises, plead them in my own behalf for Christ's sake, and wait in hope and expectation that at the set time he will grant my request; and finding that the Lord does again and again deign to answer my petitions, it keeps up the intercourse between my soul and the Lord, and encourages a holy familiarity which makes me to esteem prayer to be both a duty and a privilege.

(To be continued.)

BESET BY SNARES ON EVERY HAND.

My dear Friend,—I feel a great reluctance in writing, and especially on spiritual things; and why? The reason is, because I am not spiritually minded—because I feel so very little of the savour of Jesus in my heart or on my spirits. But blessed be his dear name for the least drop of heavenly dew, for the least sip of divine consolation to cheer and revive my barren, drooping heart; for the least token of his love; for the least manifestation of his special care and watchfulness over me; which, were it not so, alas! where would my guilty soul have been at the present moment? Surely, dear friend, my soul has realized the preciousness of these words, "kept by the power of God," &c., when I have been brought into such straits, and to such an extremity, as if sin would, yea must, break out into crimes the most foul and awful, so that there has been "but a step between me and death." And yet I am a monument of the Lord's longsuffering and tender mercy, and, I humbly hope, an object of his special love. Oh for more real heartfelt gratitude to his dear name for bearing with such a guilty, filthy, vile, rebellious, and unworthy, yea, the

most unworthy wretch! I do not wonder at your feeling it such a mercy in having some access at times to pour out your heart at his feet. It is a mercy of mercies at any time to be permitted to approach his solemn footstool, to have liberty granted to express our wants and confess our numerous sins and transgressions, to make known our every want and care, our temptations, trials, snares, fears, sorrows, and afflictions—to feel contrition and godly sorrow and humility of soul before him. It is then sin is truly loathed, our conscience truly tender, the world really dreaded, ourselves abhorred, our pride brought down, our hearts softened, our spirits meekened. Dear friend, I feel at times afraid of entering into the things of the world which appear necessary I should attend to while in this wilderness. I feel my heart a snare, the world a snare, my business a snare, yea, to be surrounded with snares on every hand. Oh, how we daily need the Lord's direction and protection in all our engagements in and with the world! For I do feel without his almighty arm to uphold, support, guide, keep and defend me, I cannot "hold on my way!" Yea, on the contrary, I should very soon bring reproach, dishonour and shame on the cause of Christ; and my enemies, internal and external, would rejoice, yea, shout aloud for joy. Oh for his special grace day by day made manifest to our weak, needy, helpless, feeble, and ever prone to wandering hearts! My dear friend, in our sober mind, we would not be without his chastening and mercy-correcting hand, and though dark and gloomy days we have, and shall have, while here below; for sin, which causes fresh-contracted guilt will bring the cloud between our souls and the dear Sun of Righteousness, and cause sorrow, grief and pain; nor can we get one glimpse of his face till he appear and scatter this thick cloud: "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds, but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them." (Job xxxvii. 21.) What a mercy that the Lord does cleanse them at times! Is it not truly sweet and refreshing for these eyes to behold the sun; yes, and doubly sweet to realize and feel *his** warmth in our gloomy and benighted souls, to cheer and refresh our drooping spirits. But you know much more of these things than the guilty worm writing.

T. COPELAND.

Oakham, March 4, 1838.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

Much-esteemed Friend,—Accept my sincere thanks for thy kind and affectionate epistle. It came in due season, when I was weary, being much bowed down with more burdens than one, but more especially with this body of death. This I find the worst of all plagues. A host of internal enemies are far worse than an army without. A cold, lifeless, stupid, unfruitful frame I hate, and this is too often my sad case! Thy letter came like a drop of oil upon the rusty

* Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness.

handles of the lock ; like a live-coal upon the cold heart ; or like a still small voice, to arouse the lethargic spirit, and proved a sweet comment upon the saying of the Wise Man, "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour ; for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow," &c. Again : "If two lie together they have heat ; but how can one be warm alone?" It is, my brother, very desirable to walk in the light of the Lord's countenance, to enjoy that heavenly-mindedness which is attended with so much life and peace, to walk upon the high places of communion with the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ. But we must go out as well as in, we must endure as well as feast, we must fight as well as triumph ; for it is evident that we are not yet come to the rest which the Lord our God has promised to give unto us. But the sweet earnestness of it we have certainly received and richly enjoyed ; and blessed be the name of the Lord for it ! Yet a little while, my dear friend, and the Canaanite shall be found no more in the house of the Lord of Hosts. Ere long the reproach of Egypt will be completely rolled away, and we shall get far beyond the reach of Satan's fiery darts ! A few more weary stages will bring us to the end of tribulation's thorny path ; then we shall for ever have done with conflicting enemies. No more walking in darkness, and mourning for want of the light of the precious Sun ; then we shall fully experience the sweetness of this promise, "And my people shall be satisfied with my goodness."

I was reading, last night, the two last chapters of the Book of Truth, and it is a pleasing consideration to believe that when our warfare is finished, and our wanderings in this wilderness ended, we shall enter into the happy enjoyment of the things contained in the closing chapters of divine Revelation !

How many good and comfortable words has God spoken to our hearts ! How many gracious visits has he granted us in the house of our pilgrimage ! How many refreshings from his presence, in the congregation of his saints, under the preaching of the Gospel by the mouth of his own ordained servant, in social and in private prayer ! in the reading of and meditating upon his blessed Word of Truth, and how exceeding great and precious do these high favours appear, when we are led to reflect upon what by nature and by practice we once were ! Oh, what debtors are we, my brother, to the rich, free, sovereign grace of the Almighty and Eternal God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! How effectually has he delivered us from self-boasting and from all confidence in the flesh ! What various dispensations and operations, what long-suffering goodness and mercy have been manifested, in order to purge away our dross and form us for himself, to show forth his praise ! Thus far the Lord has helped us ; and while we travel on he has promised "to water us every moment, and to keep us night and day." Therefore, in his strength let us go forward, cleaving to and trusting in "the God of our salvation," seeing he has promised that "no weapon formed against us shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth in judgment against us we shall condemn." In waiting upon God our strength has been

renewed, times without number ; and, to our comfort, he has promised that " they shall not be ashamed who wait for him !"

Excuse this poor scrap. I have no time to mend it or to write it better ; but time enough to subscribe myself, most cordially and affectionately thine in the never-failing bond of charity,

May 29, 1813.

THE POOR SHOPMAN.

A LETTER BY THE LATE J. R. WATTS.

My dear Friend,—I just send you a few lines by way of informing you that my wife and self have taken lodgings at ———, where at any time, when you have a little leisure, we shall both be glad to see you ; as, according to the best of my judgment, there are things in your heart which I have every reason to believe are wrought of God. With the little light the Lord has been pleased to give me, I think I can, as clear as the noon day, discover these things in you, although you, perhaps, through the force of unbelief and the craft of Satan, cannot discern what appears very evident to those who have been in the path you now are in. You honour them that fear the Lord. (Ps. xv. 4.) You are desirous of coming to the light. (John iii. 21.) You beg of God to search you and try you. (Ps. cxxxix. 23.) You do continue to call upon God, although to your thinking he seems to turn a deaf ear to your petition ; you cannot wholly give up prayer ; and though at times there is no energy in it, yet it will vent itself somehow, if not by words, yet by desiring, longing, sighing, groaning. God understands the meaning of the Spirit in all this, and the substance of it all is, " Oh, that my soul might find favour in his sight, that I might be interested in the free salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ !" For this is indeed and in truth the one thing needful. These are some of the things which, I believe, our heavenly Father hath wrought in you, and your conscience, though very scrupulous, cannot gainsay it. These are some of the things that accompany salvation. Of the soul that has these good things towards the Lord God of Israel we may truly say as our dear Redeemer said to Nathaniel, " Thou shalt see greater things than these." (John i. 50.) God bless you ! May the Lord lead you on from strength to strength, and from one degree of grace to another, and may your path shine more and more till you come to the realms of endless day, where the Lord himself will be your everlasting light, and thy God, thy glory. Amen, and Amen, says your very sincere friend,

August 5, 1801.

J. R. WATTS.

REVIEW.

The Teachings of the Spirit ; exemplified in the Writings of Sarah Church, a young Cottager. London : Collins, 22, Paternoster-row.

Every regenerated soul is a miracle of grace. To quicken, to convince of sin, to bring to the bar of judgment, and thence, by pouring out a Spirit of grace and supplications, to the throne of mercy, to

reveal Christ, to deliver the soul from death, the eyes from tears, the feet from falling, is as much an operation of Divine power as to create a world or to raise the dead from the grave.

But there are cases where the Lord seems to work these miracles of grace with a more abundant and unusual display of Divine power. To call the rude fisherman of the Galilean lake to be a disciple and an apostle was really as much a miracle of grace as to convert the learned pupil of Gamaliel. But the conversion of Paul was accompanied by circumstances outwardly more supernatural and miraculous than the call of Peter. Augustine was directed to take up and read the Bible that lay at his side by a voice from heaven so audible to his outward ears that he at first thought it was that of a boy calling in an adjoining garden. Colonel Gardiner was called by the miraculous appearance of Christ upon the cross in the room where he was waiting, before fulfilling an intended assignation. Huntington, in his little tool-house, had a manifestation of Christ clothed in garments dipped in blood. Who can doubt the veracity of these men, when the whole tenor of their subsequent lives bore the strongest witness to the genuineness and reality of their Christianity? It is true, that in these extraordinary cases we want stronger evidence than seems requisite in the more usual and ordinary operations of Divine grace. But where that evidence is given, and there is no reason to believe the individual is a deceiver or deceived, to refuse assent to unusual displays of God's grace, merely because they differ from or surpass our own experience, would seem to be a refined species of infidelity.

Sarah Church was one of these extraordinary cases. As we are in possession of some particulars respecting her not recorded in the little book before us, but furnished us by a private and trustworthy correspondent, we think it desirable no longer to confine them to our own breast, but bring them before our readers.

The preface to the "Teachings of the Spirit" gives a short account of the writer :

"Sarah Church, the writer of the following letters and papers, was the daughter of a labouring blacksmith, in a country village in Kent, and had only the ordinary education of a village school.

They were written during a period of three years, after a severe blow on her head, received while in service, which had rendered her totally blind and deaf, and had also deprived her of the use of her limbs, with the exception of her right hand, which she was able to use in writing. For some months, during the first part of her illness, she was unable to speak, and it was at this time she wrote most of the letters and papers. She was confined to her bed during the whole time, and was hardly ever free from intense pain in her head. She died at the age of twenty-three years and eight months."

The neighbourhood in which Sarah Church lived and died is well known to us, it being near the scenes of our boyhood and youth; and of the individuals who were in the habit of visiting her on her bed of affliction, two (one since dead) have been known to us from a very

early period of life, and known as men of veracity. The following extract is from a letter written to us, some years ago, by one of them, in answer to some inquiries upon the subject :

Dear Sir,—Herewith I send you copies of the greater part of the papers in my possession of Sarah Church; but whether it would be right for them to be published in the Magazine I must leave, as she often expressed her wish that they might not go abroad.* She never, I believe, was noticed as being what is called "particularly pious," nor ever made any profession of religion more than going occasionally to her parish church, and, when very young, did attend their Sunday-school; so that she had no opportunity of learning any form of doctrine, sound or unsound. Her parents being poor she was early put out to service, but on account of illness was often at home. While at home (I think in August, 1841) she asked a person who lived near them to let her go with him to the workhouse at Deal, to hear Mr. Wollaston; but he, thinking it was only to satisfy her curiosity or pass away the time, did not give her any encouragement to go with him, but I believe she followed him at a little distance. Mr. W. preached from the book of Ruth, which was the first sermon, as she often told us, that was sent home to her heart. Some time after she came to Walmer, in the service of Mr. S.—. In September, 1841, as she was at her work in the dining-room, early in the morning, she thought her mother was at the door and calling her by name. But, on going to the door and finding no one, she went back to her work, and very soon, as she thought, heard her mother's voice again calling her. On going again to the door and seeing no person, she was afraid something had happened to her mother at home, and obtained leave to go to Finglesham; but finding her mother well she returned to Walmer, and in the evening, while pulling-to the outside window-shutter, the wind being high, it was blown out of her grasp and struck with violence the back part of her head. She was carried home the next day. After which I several times heard about her, but did not credit all I heard. Some time in November or beginning of December she sent, wishing Mr. W. would call on her. He called on me in his way home (he then lived on Walmer Beach), and in relating the substance of what I sent before† I could scarcely give it full credit; but on going with him a few days after, I was lost in wonder and amazement. On expressing a wish to know whether she could tell the portion upon which he placed her hand in the word of God (he put her hand on the twenty-third Psalm), she immediately wrote it down: "The Lord is my shepherd," &c. And also, on asking her, by writing, to find the verse, "Jesus wept," she did it, slowly moving her hand down the column and at last darting her finger on it, marked it with her pencil. I once asked her how it was, whether she could feel the print. She replied she could not tell, she felt nothing, but her finger stopped at the place she wished, and it would move no farther. I have often seen her mark a passage, but never once on the letters, but on a blank space; and in writing after laying her paper down, she always began again close to where she left off. I sent her a paragraph Bible, to try if she could find the passages she wished in that; as it is now lying before me, if you wish it, I will send it you, to look at her marks. You must quite understand that she was totally blind and deaf, and had one arm and side paralysed. At first she had not lost her voice, but often sang, as described in the former letter. After she lost her voice she wrote with a pencil, for some time; then entirely forgot how to write, and spoke again in a low whisper, till her decease. She wasted at last to a mere skeleton, and, indeed, less than that; as her bones seemed reduced to almost nothing. For the last three months nothing was taken in food by her, only a little swallowed and immediately vomited up again.

J. H.

Walmer, Feb. 6, 1846.

* The publication at the head of this paper now removes from us this objection.

† This alludes to a previous letter, on which we are sorry we cannot lay our hands, as it contained some interesting particulars.

Let us draw attention to several remarkable features in this case :

1. She was *totally blind and deaf*; the blow on the back of her head having probably wholly paralysed the nerves of sight and hearing. Under these circumstances it seems scarcely credible that she could find out passages in her Bible with the greatest readiness. A friend of ours, who was frequently in the habit of visiting her, went in one day. She knew him instantly, and taking her Bible put his finger (if memory serve correctly) on Gen. xxiv. 31. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without." They then carried on a conversation by his taking her hand and pointing to a passage in the Scripture, and she, as if by intuition, reading what her finger was upon, and, in her turn, directing his finger to another portion. As she was totally deaf and blind, the only other means of communicating with her, independent of the Scripture, was by taking her hand and making her form the letters. The answers she wrote in pencil.

2. It should be borne in mind that she had never heard the Gospel preached above five or six times before her injury, and yet her views of Gospel truth were singularly sound and clear. This will be evident from an extract which we shall give.

3. How remarkable is the refinement of her language ! Look at this poor servant-girl, with no education beyond that of a village-school, not above twenty-three years of age, paralysed, and on a bed of suffering totally blind and deaf, just able to use a pencil with her only available hand, and then read the following extract from the little work before us :—

Colossians iii. 11.—"Christ is all and in all."

More joyful tidings cannot possibly reach our ears than what are contained in these words. Christ is indeed all and in all. He is all to me as "the end of the law for righteousness" (Rom. x. 4); the substance of prophecy (Acts x. 43); the sum of the Gospel; the life of the promises; his wisdom to direct me; his righteousness to justify me. He is the perfection of glory; truth, without any defect or error; holiness, without the least taint of pollution; the chief among ten thousand (Song v. 10); whatever is desirable on earth, whatever is attractive in heaven, all the graces of time, all the glories of eternity, meet in him their proper centre, and flow from him their first source.

His love how vast—his promises how precious—his work how perfect—his mercy how boundless—his truth how immutable—his power how omnipotent—his grace how sovereign—his counsels how profound—his people how secure—his presence how blissful—his smiles how transporting—his Gospel how free—his law how holy—his precepts how pure! Christ is all and in all.

Hunger cannot be satisfied without the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ (John vi. 48). Thirst cannot be truly quenched without that living water, which is Jesus Christ (John iv. 18, 14). The captive cannot be delivered without the Redeemer, Jesus Christ (Luke iv. 18). All building without him is upon the sand, where it will quickly fall to the ground (Matt. vii. 26); all labour without him is in the fire, where it will infallibly be consumed (Hab. ii. 13). He is the way, without him we are wanderers; he is the truth, without him we live in error; he is the life (John xiv. 6), without him we are dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. ii. 1); he is the light (John viii. 12), without him we are in darkness (Luke i. 79), and know not whither we go; he is the vine, they who are not grafted in him are withered branches, prepared for the fire (John xv. 5, 6); he is the rock (1 Cor. x. 4), they who are not built upon him, will be carried away by the flood of Divine anger (Matt. vii. 27); he is the

Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last (Rev. xxi. 13), the Author and Finisher of our faith (Heb. xii. 2). He, therefore, who hath not Christ, hath no beginning of good, nor will he have any end of misery.

Our hearts may well tremble if we look only at ourselves, and at our own demerits; but if the riches of infinite grace have formed Christ in us the hope of glory (Col. i. 27); then, although the ark of the national Church be removed, and the pillars of the earth be shaken (Job ix. 6), we shall be kept by the power of God. Then, "although the figtree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation." (Hab. iii. 17, 18). "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out; for of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory now and for ever. Amen." (Rom. xi. 33, 36.)

Turn next to our "Poetry," and read a piece written by this poor blind and deaf girl, and see whether grace must not have done wonderful things for her.

It is true there is not much recorded, in the little work before us, of Sarah Church's experience. In her circumstances she needed great support and consolation, and she appears to have had it. But we extract from the private papers sent us two remarkable manifestations, which are not to be found in the printed work :

The Lord has again visited me in a most wonderful manner ; so much so that I am lost in wonder, love, and praise that he should show me such a revelation—me, the vilest of the vile.

I heard a voice saying, "Come up hither, and I will show thee things that must and will come to pass;" and immediately I was in the Spirit, and was carried up on a high mountain. I saw the rocks rent, and the high hills were removed, and the heavens opened. I saw a white horse, and on him sat a man dressed in scarlet, with a sword in his mouth and a crown on his head ; and his face shone brighter than the sun at noon-day, followed by thousands of people, all in white, going forth to tread down their enemies, and from that I saw the bottomless pit. Oh, the sight was dreadful ! For I saw the flames, and Satan, that roaring lion, fast bound in chains, making a most howling noise. The sight of him made me tremble, but he could not harm me. And then I heard the trumpets blow, and the dead that were in their graves come forth ; and an angel of the Lord said to me, "Come and see !" And he led me on a little farther, and, behold, I looked up and saw a woman dressed in very costly apparel. And I said, "Who is this ?" and he said, "This is the bride, the Lamb's wife ;" and I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, singing "Hallelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us rejoice, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and the wife is ready !"—and much more than I can express, the sight was so great.

When I came to myself I could scarcely believe I was in the flesh. So astonished was I that the Lord should show these great things that I was ready to cry out, "O Lord I am not Joshua nor John, that thou shouldst show me these things." But it came with such power. "No ! but thou art one whom my soul loveth." Oh, that I could praise him more for his wonderful love to me, who am so unworthy of the least of his mercies ! Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and evermore. Amen and Amen.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me ! Let us exalt his name together, for he has regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden.

The Lord appeared to me in a most wonderful manner—to me, so unworthy a creature ! I was, to all appearance, asleep, but my heart waketh. It was the voice of my beloved that called, "Sarah, Sarah !" and he enabled me to say with Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." I looked up, and saw a beautiful figure over my head. I was struck with amazement, so that as it

were I fell down on my face ; but he said, " Fear not, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage. Behold I will yet raise thee up a little while, to show forth my glory ; that the people may see what I can do. A little while, and then I will come and receive thee to myself, that where I am there you shall be also." So the figure disappeared from me.

To his name eternal praises ;
Oh, what wonders love hath done !

I am lost in wonder that the Lord should look down upon such a hell-deserving wretch as I am ; but glory be to his name, he does not deal with us after our sins. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things, and blessed be his glorious name for ever. Let all the earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

Some will perhaps at once condemn such manifestations as altogether visionary ; and under ordinary circumstances we should ourselves be very slow to receive them. But we look at the whole circumstances of the case. It was extraordinary, we may say supernatural, from first to last. That when totally blind she should be able to read the Bible as it were by the ends of her fingers, is little short of a miracle. But that she did this is evidenced by most undeniable testimony. Those who visited her, we are informed by a private friend who is well acquainted with them, investigated very closely whether she was totally blind, and were well satisfied of the fact. And if it be said that it is utterly incredible because beyond the limits of our understanding or experience, it is, after all, only an infidel objection which may be brought against everything supernatural, even the ordinary operations of the Blessed Spirit. The whole case we consider a remarkable display of the power and grace of God ; and therefore though her manifestations were peculiar, and such as under different circumstances might be viewed with a degree of suspicion, yet, *in her case*, they are but in harmony with the rest. Her views and language in the extract which we have given from the work before us, are singularly clear and sound, without the least trace of wildness or enthusiasm ; and if she was indulged with peculiar manifestations, they were not only suited to her peculiar case, but are altogether consistent with the strict letter of truth.

Such instances of grace as that of Sarah Church are edifying to the Church of God, as testifying still to the love and power of the risen Jesus, and as showing, however low Zion may be, her Head remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BED OF AFFLICTION BY ONE TOTALLY DEAF AND BLIND.

Who is this whose footsteps press
Upwards from the wilderness,
Leaning on her much-loved Lord,
Listening to his gracious word?

'Tis the Church, the bride elect,
 With surpassing glory decked ;
 By angelic hosts admired,
 In celestial robes attire.

Fairer than the Queen of Night,
 Splendid as the orbs of light,
 Terrible in all her charms
 As a bannercd host in arms.

Long in nature's miry clay,
 Sunk, degraded, lost she lay ;
 Till incarnate Deity
 In the time of love passed by ;
 Saw her weltering in her blood,
 Washed her in redemption's flood,
 Cast his mantle o'er her soul,
 Healed her wounds and made her whole!

Whence, then, flow this fair one's tears?
 Whence her anxious doubts and fears?
 Can she ever suffer harm,
 Leaning on her Bridegroom's arm?

Ah ! the monster unbelief
 Swells her bosom thus with grief,
 And a host of mighty foes
 Ceaselessly her march oppose.

Feeble in herself and frail,
 Often would those foes prevail ;
 But that mighty arm, indeed,
 Never fails in time of need.

He will bring her safely through,
 Whatsoever hell can do ;
 Endless, boundless, matchless love
 Certifies a crown above.

What though Jordan's billows roar,
 Glory waits on Canaan's shore ;
 'Tis a momentary strife,
 But the end's eternal life.

What though trials vex thee sore,
 Soon the conflict will be o'er ;
 Perfect bliss shall well repay
 All the sorrows of the way.

SARAH CHURCH.

The *notion* of free grace may make persons dissolute, but a *sense* of it restrains from sin.—*John Mason* (died 1694).

God is always present with his people, and that for gracious purposes, and not as a bare spectator, so as to proportion and measure out their afflictions to them, that they may not be above their strength, nor have more than they need.—*Bunyan*.

The worst diseases in this world are the leprosy, the plague of the heart, the dead palsy, and that of being born blind. The blood of sprinkling cures the first, sovereign grace the second, the promise of life the third; and he counsels us to buy eye-salve of him, to expel the deadly and dismal gloom from the mind and understanding.—*Huntington*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF HITCHIN, HERTS.

(Continued from page 315.)

Again, further, the more firmly I do believe through grace that the Most High and myself, a poor sinner, are for ever at peace, the more I can freely say, I feel myself disposed to make up all my happiness in that God who hath dealt so bountifully with me. The Scriptures, therefore, are precious to my soul, because the contents of the Word are entirely on my side, through faith in Jesus Christ; not one word thereof is against me as a believer. If I read that the wrath of God in the law is revealed against the wicked, I believe that this wrath has been executed on Christ, my ever-adorable Surety. He endured the curse of the law, which would otherwise have fallen upon me for ever; but Christ hath redeemed me from the curse of the law, himself being made a curse for us. (Gal. iii. 13.) If I read the commands of God, I humbly pray the Lord that he will please to work in me both to will and to do (Phil. ii. 13); and in answer to prayer God works in me that which he requires of me, for without Christ I can do nothing; but being upheld by his free grace, I am enabled to follow hard after him through evil and through good report, and thus find his yoke to be easy and his burden light. If I read the promises of God, I do believe by faith that they belong to me through the union between Christ and my soul, in whom all the promises of God are yea and amen. Thus God's blessed Word becomes my delight, and I humbly hope through grace it will continue to be so. But again, the more steadily I believe the Lord is for ever favourable to me, the more I feel the evil of my corrupt nature to be subdued, the more are the thoughts of my heart cleansed, the more are my affections in heaven, where I believe, for Christ's sake,

my treasure is, and the more encouraged I am to run the way of God's commandments. (Ps. cxix. 32.) Faith purifies the heart. (Acts xv. 9.) Furthermore, the more I am brought to believe in God's unchangeable love towards me, the more I am disposed to submit to his chastening hand, believing in my heart that God will make all things work together for good to those happy souls for whom he hath an eternal affection in Christ Jesus; therefore, from a feeling sense of his unmerited love, I am brought to *accept* of the punishment due to my iniquity, (Levi. xxvi. 41—43,) knowing for a certainty that God exacteth of me less than my sins deserve, (Job xi. 6,) and by no means dealeth with me according to my manifold transgressions, (Ps. ciii. 10,) but will, however severe his chastisements may be, make them turn to my advantage; (Rom. viii. 28;) and whilst under the rod he will give me strength to bear it. Love beareth all things, believeth all things, and endureth all things. (1 Cor. xiii. 7.)

And the more I am persuaded, through grace, that the Most High is my loving God and Father, the more closely do I feel my affections knit to God's elect, because they are loved with the same love; they are partakers, in a measure, of the same grace; they travel the same road; they trust in the same Object for salvation; they have the same God as I have to fly to in every time of trouble; and they will at last, when heart and flesh both fail, be received into the same everlasting kingdom through Christ as I shall. Therefore I love all such, in the bowels of Christ; and the more I can see of the blessed image and likeness of the Lord Jesus in them, the more does my soul cleave in love and affection towards them.

Thus I am a witness that the grace, the love, the mercy, the pity, compassion, and good-will of God our heavenly Father do not lead to licentiousness, as some men say, "Let us do evil that good may come." No; but the grace of God teaches men to deny all ungodliness, and to pray daily to be more and more conformed to the blessed image of God's dear Son; and never are they better pleased than when grace reigns, the old man of sin is crucified, and they are enabled to walk humbly with their own God in Christ.

Thus, reader, I have given thee some account of the gracious dealings of God towards me, a lost sinner in Adam, but a saved sinner in Christ. I could have entered into the particulars of my life more minutely before I was made a partaker of grace and since I have known the Lord. I could have mentioned many more things that have befallen me, both in Providence and in grace, but the chief thing I aimed at in this treatise was to relate how I was brought to feel my lost estate through sin, and that most blessed estate of peace with God I was brought into through Jesus Christ, the restorer of the breach that sin has made between a holy God and us unholy sinners, who is therefore called, emphatically, "our peace." (Eph. ii. 14.) But before I close my narrative I shall make a few remarks on the dealings of God with me.

The Scripture informs us that when God begins a work of grace in the soul, he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ; (Phil. i. 6;) and I can say, to the honour of his name as a faithful God, that

from the time that the fear of God was first implanted in my heart, which is now near thirty years past, nothing has, as yet, rooted it up; it having separated me in heart and affection from the company of the wicked. Everything has tended more or less to keep us apart; and, indeed, how should it be otherwise? When God sets his children to seek the things that are in heaven they cannot be fit company for men of this world, who are pleased with their portion in this life, and would prefer to live here always to enjoy earthly things if they could, while God sets his elect to seek a better portion and a better country. These two parties cannot agree, however close their friendship once was; their views, aims, and ends, are so widely different. The one minds earthly things as his chief good, the other feels an unhappiness, a disappointment and misery in all things beneath the sun; and if he would try to make up his happiness in carnal things, he cannot. God has made him sensibly to feel that this is not his rest, because it is polluted. (Micah ii. 10.) No rest can such a one find that is solid and durable till God is pleased in mercy to shed his love abroad in his heart; and this, and this only, fully satisfies the most disconsolate, the most dejected, and most forlorn sinner that ever lived. And although it was a long time before I arrived at this resting-place, yet God, who first embittered the perishable things of this world to me, never permitted me to rest short of the rest that he had ordained me in Christ. Therefore I am a witness to this truth, that God having begun the good work of grace in the soul will carry it on, and at length will perfect that which concerns all his adopted children; "because his mercy endureth for ever." (Ps. cxxxviii. 8.)

Again, the prophet asks this question: "Who hath despised the day of small things?" (Zech. iv. 10.) However weak, however low and undiscovered the work of grace in the heart of a sinner may appear, insomuch that the real children of God, yea, even those that are established in the truth, may not at times be able to trace the work of grace in embryo in the hearts of some of the Lord's little ones, yet we must not be too quick in drawing our conclusions, but observe our Lord's caution, "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones."

It is sometimes the case with those of God's family who have not been so deeply exercised in soul-trouble as God may please to exercise others with, to be inexperienced in difficult cases, and instead of speaking to comfort Christ's little ones, they have, not purposely but inadvertently, spoken to the grief of such. And although I believe, in the general, God's work in the souls of his children is pretty visible by the sincerity, the honesty, and the fear of God that may be discerned in them, yet it is sometimes so very low that our dear Redeemer compares it to a bruised reed and smoking flax. (Matt. xii. 20.) Such he declares he will not quench nor break; but for the want of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord, we may at times judge those to be impostors whom God hath quickened, and judge those to be hypocrites whose heart God hath really made honest, and are made willing at all times to come to the light that they may be searched by God.

Job's friends, though God-fearing men, were not very skilful in handling their friend Job; they did more harm than good; and God was angry with them for their rough behaviour. I know that when I was in soul-trouble, I was brought so low in spirit, so confused, so distressed, and blinded concerning my case, that it would have required a very skilful hand indeed to have discerned the path I was in and where it would terminate; and equally so must he be that could have spoken a seasonable word, that might have been useful in the hand of God to refresh my weary spirit; but "when my spirit was 'overwhelmed,'" says David, "then thou knewest my path." (Ps. cxlii. 3.) Therefore, should we meet with difficult cases of soul-trouble, such as are too high for us to form a judgment of, let us not be too sharp with such poor creatures, but fear lest we speak to the grief of those whom God hath wounded; let us rather take pains to come at the cause of their distress, recollecting the low estate we were in before God proclaimed our enlargement. We thought as children, and spake as such; and if we are now become men in divinity, thanks be to that God that caused us to grow; but let us never despise, undervalue, or set at nought the day of small things, but condescend to men of low degree, give an ear to their complaint, and put a few questions to them similar to our own cases when in soul-distress. "Counsel in the heart is like deep water, but a man of understanding," Solomon tells us, "will draw it out." (Prov. xx. 5.) To the weak Paul became as weak; (1 Cor. ix. 22;) and if we be strong, we should act so too. (Rom. xv. 1.)

Again: I can say as a witness for God's truth, that "the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more." This I have experienced, and I believe it will continue to shine brighter and brighter even to perfect day in heaven. (Prov. iv. 18.) At first, I saw spiritual things as it were through a glass darkly. (1 Cor. xiii. 12.) So very dark was my mind respecting points of doctrine, that I had not the least suspicion of the doctrine of election; no, not in the letter of the word; much less did I think that I was one of God's elect; and this might be one reason why I was kept so long under the bondage of the law, and worked so hard in my own strength before I was brought off self-confidence. But when the love of God was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, the veil of ignorance dropped from the eyes of my understanding, and all things became new. This doctrine shone plainly; for why I should be ordained to eternal life, and to enjoy such a sweet manifestation of God's love to me, when so many of my fellow-creatures have been passed by, I could resolve in nothing else but the sovereignty of God. All the troubles I have come through confirm me more and more in the truth of absolute and unconditional election; and I may truly say with David, if the Lord had not been on my side when Satan, my grand enemy, thrust sore at me that I might fall as a prey to him, he would doubtless have swallowed me up quick. (Ps. cxviii. 18; cxxiv. 1—8.) But God's elect can never be finally deceived by men nor devils; they shall be uphelden at the worst of times with a little help. (Dan. xi. 34.) And whatever dark seasons it may please the Lord to bring

them into, they shall not abide therein, but shall have the light of life. (John xii. 46.) Their path shall shine more and more; for although it seems at times to the poor sinner as if his path got darker instead of brighter, yet when the Lord lifts up the light of his countenance upon us afresh, we see more clearly by experience into the faithfulness and unchangeableness of our covenant God; and therefore we poor saved sinners are not consumed. (Mal. iii. 6.) Job tells us that God bringeth out to light the shadow of death; (Job xii. 22;) and I hope that I shall never be unmindful of the blessed God who hath favoured me with the degree of light and life I have, and promised, for Christ's sake, he will not forsake me utterly, nor leave me without some token of his love and gratitude towards me.

I desire to observe further, when God wounds a poor sinner he intends to save him in Christ. His hands make whole; he never leaves such to perish, be their convictions ever so deep. He woundeth and his hands make whole. (Job v. 18.) Some people talk of their deep convictions, the reproofs and rebukes they have suffered in conscience for sin; but they give us no spiritual account how they have come by the faith of God's elect to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel. (Heb. xii. 24.) If the conscience be not purged from guilt by the atonement which Christ has made for the sins of his elect, the sinner may silence conscience for awhile by turning over a new leaf as he calls it; he may outwardly reform his vicious course of life, and thus fancy himself whole and think all is well; and this is the way numbers of sinners have been deceived to their eternal ruin. Reformation is one thing, but regeneration is another. Such wounds as these will all break out afresh at length, and leave such deceived sinners in a worse state than they were in before; the last state of that man is worse than the first. (Matt. xii. 45.) I know when my soul was wounded on account of sin I did all that lay in my power to get cured, but medicine could not relieve me; pleasures could afford me no entertainment; company did but add to my distress; and the poor figleaf-covering of my own righteousness was of no use to my afflicted conscience. Nothing did or could do me any good but one thing, and that did it effectually. A sweet sense of the love of God, shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, set all to rights and made me quite a new creature, for I rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, (1 Peter i. 8,) and remembered my misery no more. Again, when a person is under the spirit of bondage, it always genders to slavish fear. (Rom. viii. 10.) They have but little rest day or night. It is true the Lord is pleased sometimes to grant them a little reviving in their bondage, by encouraging the hope he has granted to them that they shall sooner or later be brought to the knowledge of their eternal salvation, but in the general they are followed up by slavish fear and a hasty spirit; their fears are great that they shall fall short of the promised rest, and hence the distress, the misery and anxiety of mind they daily feel, and the hasty spirit that so closely pursues them. The captive exile hastens that he may be loosed. (Isa. li. 14.) He is eager to know

what all this sore conflict within means, and what it will terminate in; the mind is divided between hope and fear. When the Lord grants him a little reviving in his bondage, then he takes courage and fully expects to come forth from all his trouble and be eternally saved; but it is not long before something comes in his way that stumbles him—a text of Scripture misunderstood, the providence of God walking contrary to him, the suspicious pretences of hypocrites in religion tend to alarm his fears, and bring on the spirit of bondage again. In short, all things seem in general to make against the person that labours under the spirit of bondage, and genders to slavish fear. When he reads the Bible, God's threatenings against the wicked alarm him; when he comes to the promises of God, for the want of faith in God's mercy he cannot embrace them and call them his own. When he goes to prayer, he fears God will not regard him, he feels himself so unworthy of his notice. If he converses with God's children, he is jealous of their happiness, and fears he shall never be like them; and if he attends the Word preached, he fears lest every sermon should only tend to increase his condemnation. The spirit of bondage genders to fear; this I know by sad experience; and therefore when we meet with people of this sort we should observe the apostle Jude's exhortation: "Upon some have compassion, making a difference" (verse 22) between those who are oppressed with the legal yoke of bondage, and those persons who can, through faith in Jesus Christ, lay a humble claim upon God, and call him Abba Father. (Rom. viii. 15.) Furthermore the prophet Isaiah tells us that the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity dwells in the contrite and broken heart. (Isa. lvii. 15.) And to the honour of his holy and ever-blessed name I can say, with reverence and profound humility of heart, I am to this day a witness of this glorious truth; for although I feel daily more of my own weakness, helplessness, and insufficiency to think a good thought, yet, says God, *I revive* the spirit of the humble, and revive the heart of the contrite ones. When I was in the depths of soul-trouble, the Lord was with me and revived me; he caused a little hope to spring up that I should come out of my trouble; and this hope kept me from sinking into black despair. He enabled me to call upon his holy name and not to faint, though I had everything before me and within me to distress and discourage me; yet in *his strength* I persevered, and at the set time he inclined his ear to my poor humble petitions. And since God has in rich mercy brought me out of that forlorn estate, I should not have kept out of it as I have, now near twenty-eight years, if his grace had not been sufficient for me. God has revived me many a time when I have, according to my feelings, thought I was falling back into the distressed and forlorn condition I was in before the Lord loosed my bonds. But when I am much cast down, times of refreshing have always sooner or later succeeded. When I have no might of my own, God increaseth strength in me; and when I have been ready to cast away the little confidence my blessed God hath favoured me with, I never found I had power to do so; but have stood my ground against all the crafts and assaults of Satan, against all

the corruption of my own evil nature, and against the enmity and malice of ungodly men. They cannot yet prevail against me, and, indeed, how should they? For if God be for us, who can be against us, (Rom. viii. 31,) so as to prevail? If Christ is in the heart, the hope of glory, it is an evident token of salvation; and all things must and shall, under the direction of infinite wisdom, work together for good to the elect people of God. "O Lord!" says King Hezekiah, "by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." (Isa. xxxviii. 16.) Again, the apostle Peter says that "the God of all grace, who hath called us to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." (1 Peter v. 10.) And I can say, to the honour of my faithful and Covenant God, that all the trials and soul-exercises he hath brought me through, I have got establishment, in a measure, from the whole of them; and I am more and more convinced, from the experience I have had of the mercy of God to my soul, that the mercies of God to his elect are sure mercies, and will endure for ever; that God is of one mind respecting the salvation of his chosen, and will never turn away from them to do them good, but will establish unto them an everlasting covenant. This is the covenant of life and peace made with Christ, our Covenant Head, in our behalf, which shall not be removed from henceforth and for ever. In this covenant of grace I can say, to the praise of his name, that my soul is interested. I have examined myself closely upon this head by the blessed Word of God, and that frequently, and can find, to the comfort and establishment of my soul, that God hath put his filial fear in my heart. (Jer. xxxii. 40.) And the Scripture says, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." (Ps. xxv. 14.) This fear was the first grace God implanted in my soul. By the powerful working thereof I felt an alarm in my soul to flee from the wrath to come, as I have related in the beginning of this narrative. "The fear of the Lord," saith the Wise Man, "is the beginning of wisdom," (Prov. ix. 10,) and "by it men depart from evil;" (Prov. xvi. 6;) and the Lord did, in due time, show me my part and lot in his covenant of peace.

Again: "I will cause you to pass under the rod," saith the Lord, "and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." (Ezek. xx. 37.) By the rod I understand the anger of God reflected upon the conscience of a sinner, with all the distress and misery he feels in his soul from the reproofs, rebukes, and cutting convictions he daily labours under. The wrath of God, revealed against him in a broken law, cuts up all the false notions the sinner once had of being saved by his own legal righteousness, and he dies to all hope and expectation of life, either in whole or in part, by the deeds of the law, as the apostle informs us in Romans vii. was his case. Now when the law, which is compared to a schoolmaster, (Gal. iii. 24,) has treated us with such severity that the sinner dies under it, then the time cometh, and now is, "when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." God thus makes known to us his everlasting covenant, and brings us within the bonds of it,

as saith the prophet: "Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." (Is. lv. 3.) A sweet and powerful sense of God's eternal love then operates upon the wounded spirit, and the broken spirit is bound up. Our sins are then all cast away, the conscience is purged from dead works, and the pardoned sinner now serves his God and Father in newness of spirit from a love to God for God's unmerited love to him, and not in the oldness of the letter, to merit heaven by legal obedience. Thus God brings us into the bond of the covenant by drawing our affections to him, by loving-kindness and tender mercies; as it is written, "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people; and they all shall know me, from the least to the greatest. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. viii. Jer. xxxi.) Thus by comparing the good work God hath wrought in my heart with what the Lord declares in his Word he will begin and perfect in the hearts of his elect, I can say, through rich grace, I am one of the highly-favoured and happy number whom God hath ordained to eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. He that believeth hath the witness in himself; (1 John v. 10;) and this witness settles the point, and establishes the heart before God. "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed," saith the Psalmist; "I will sing and give praise;" (Ps. lvii;) but how few there are, even of those that we have reason to believe are God's children, that can say so. Query? Have they proved their own work? This is what St. Paul exhorts us to do, and tells us for our encouragement that such shall have rejoicing in themselves alone, and not in another. (Gal. vi. 4.) But if it is not proved satisfactorily to their own conscience, how can they expect otherwise than to be tossed to and fro; "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established." But if we are enabled, through grace, to believe the truth and reality of what the Lord our God hath done for us, we shall be established; and if we firmly believe that God hath laid up for us a treasure in the heavens, the soul will prosper and give glory to God. (2 Chron. xx. 20.)

"It is a good thing," says St. Paul, "that the heart be established with grace." (Heb. xiii. 9.) It certainly is; for the more we are established in the truth of what God hath done for us, the more humbly we walk with God for his mercy to us; and the more the sinner has to say in behalf of God for his discriminating grace in choosing him in particular, who was by nature a child of wrath, even as others, the more boldly such a one comes to the throne of God's grace for the mercy and grace he stands in need of, believing that God will withhold no good thing from him that will be for the good of his soul. Thus he acts like a spiritual son of our father Abraham, who was strong in faith, giving glory to God; but when the soul is halting between two opinions, little glory can or will redound to the honour of God.

Again, a person that is fixed in the goodness of his state before God is more likely to be an instrument in the hand of God of being useful to the souls of others than one who is of a doubtful mind. When Peter is established in the truth himself, then he is told to strengthen his brethren. (Luke xxii. 32.) And the more confidently a person believes that God's love is unchangeable to him the less he is burdened with carnal fear, as we read in Psalm cxii. "Surely he shall not be moved for ever; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. He shall not be afraid of evil tidings." But why not? "His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord; his heart is established. he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies." Thus we see it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace, for when a person is assured of God's love to him the more ready he is to give glory to God, by spreading the savour of his name to others. "Them that honour me," says God, "will I honour;" and when God gives testimony to the word of his servants, we become instruments in the Lord's hand of being useful to his Church; and the more firmly a man believes that God is his unchangeable friend, the greater is his expectation from God, and the more humble boldness through grace he uses with his own God in covenant for Christ's sake. Many of God's children have arrived to this assurance. Paul did, David did, Peter did; (2 Tim. i. 12; Rom. viii. 38, 39; Heb. x. 22; 2 Sam. xxiii. 51; Psalm lix. 7—11; 1 Peter v. 1;) and "tells the saints of God to make their calling and election sure." (2 Peter i. 10; Heb. x. 23.) This assurance is usually got at by frequent and humble prayer to God for it; (John xiv. 13; xvi. 24;) by diligence in every means of God's appointment; (Prov. xiii. 4;) and by frequent examination of our state, (2 Cor. xiii. 5,) and his dealings with us. (Ps. cvii. 43.)

(To be continued.)

ANTINOMIANISM DEMOLISHED, AND THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST DELIVERED FROM ITS FALSE CHARGES.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from p. 302.)

"Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck." (1 Tim. i. 19.)

Having therefore treated, 1, Briefly about faith, and 2, Of a good conscience, I am now, in order to make clear work of it, to show the close connexion there is between faith and conscience, so that we must not put conscience away: "What God, therefore, hath joined together let not man put asunder." First, then, has God chosen them in Christ Jesus, and do they believe this? Is this the faith of God's elect? Truly it is, and if this is your happy lot as a believer, he has also chosen you out of this world. Hence he says, "Come out from amongst them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing," &c. Faith and a good conscience going together proves our election and adoption.

Secondly. Have we faith? How do we prove it? I answer, by a good conscience, for they go together. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence;" and this fear is put in the heart that we may not depart from God. It is also "the beginning of wisdom," and is "to hate evil," all of which has to do with a good conscience.

Thirdly. Where this faith is, such are blessed of God; for "as many as are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham." And this must go also along with a good conscience, for the Lord declares as follows: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." (Ps. i. 1.) Again, says Peter, "Unto you first (that is, first to the Jews the Gospel was preached) God, having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you." What! with Faith only in the notion of it? Oh no, but to bless you in turning away every one of you "from his iniquities." (Acts iii. 26.)

Fourthly. Have you faith? "Yes," say you. How do you prove it? "Why, I understand the truth, and agree with all the sound doctrines of the everlasting gospel." Very good; but can you go no further? "No," say you, "neither do I see it needful, except to attend to the ordinances of God's house, family prayer, reading, and so on." Well, these things are all right, but at best this is only outside work; for all these things may be attended to, and yet such a one not have a good conscience. Peter says, "God purifies the heart, or conscience, by faith." So you and I may talk ever so much about our faith; but if it never purifies the heart I was going to say we are just where we were, but we are not, for we are in a worse plight. Hence you read that "the wrath of God is revealed against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men, but especially against those that hold the truth in unrighteousness," which is a parallel text with ours, "Holding faith, and putting away a good conscience."

Fifthly. Suppose you have ever so strong a faith in your judgment, this abstractedly will never endure the fire. You may boast of it all the time you keep clear of trials; but real faith is connected with a good hope, and a good hope is in the heart. It is an anchor of the soul that holds it fast in a storm. It is sure and steadfast, and enters into that within the veil; that is, it holds fast the Godhead of Christ. There is where the believer anchors; and such, like Abraham, the father of the faithful, under sore trials, are called against hope in nature to believe in hope through grace, and trust wholly to God's promise. This is the hope of the gospel of Christ, and is of a purifying nature. (1 John iii. 2, 3.) But

Sixthly. Does your faith take hold of God's love to you? John tells us, "We believe the love that God hath towards us." Now, if your faith and mine be the same, it will work at times in loving God, his truth, his family, and his ways, and in hating evil. This love, being shed abroad in the heart, is holiness itself. Hence you read that God "chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." Thus, you see, believing that God loves us is connected also with a good conscience, hating evil, loving the brethren in deed and in truth, and is said to be a principle of holiness.

Seventhly. Real faith brings pardon into the conscience; "for he that believeth shall receive the forgiveness of his sins." Jesus Christ came to save his people, not *in* their sins, but *from* their sins. Hence John says, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin;" and when sin is gone, there is a good conscience.

Eighthly. Real faith, that believes in the imputed righteousness of Christ for justification, is attended also with holiness of heart, for with the heart it is that we believe unto righteousness, so that condemnation is removed. Real faith is something more than head-notions. But I proceed.

Ninthly. Every believer is a partaker of the Holy Ghost, for we receive the promise of the Spirit through faith. "Yes," say you, "and so was Balaam, Saul, and others." True, they did have many of his gifts, but he never took possession of their hearts. I will mention four things that he does in the heart of all God's elect, that no mere gifted professor, with all his boasted faith, ever had. 1, It is the Spirit that quickeneth. Every soul born into this world is spiritually dead, elect and reprobate, and none ever will have spiritual life given them but God's elect; and where this life is, sin is at all times sorely felt, so that we groan under its burden. We have deeper and deeper discoveries of our own hearts, and are greatly concerned about our eternal state, and also of the end we shall make. Hence Solomon says, "The living (that is, those that are quickened by the Holy Ghost) will lay it to his heart;" and all this you may see clearly in Bible saints. The publican smote upon his breast, David, Asaph, Paul, &c., all came into this path, but no hypocrite ever did. They have natural convictions, and may confess what is obvious to all. Their convictions are partial, but the others are full; they plentifully declare the thing as it is. Hypocrites confess to men, but God's elect to God in secret. 2, The Holy Ghost will help the infirmities of God's elect, and set them crying to God for mercy in the face of all opposition; not presumptuously, but in an intreating way. This you may see in Hezekiah; notwithstanding the predictions of the Prophet, he cried to the Lord. See Jacob also and the woman of Canaan. "They shall come after him in chains," but hypocrites cry not when God binds them. Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, and this he does with groanings, sighings, longings, thirstings, &c., which are the best of prayers, and which are sure to be heard and answered in God's own time. 3, He will testify of Christ to such as an able, willing, and all-sufficient Saviour, just exactly suitable to his case; and at times there is such a keen appetite for him as it is impossible to describe. Hence one breaks out, "With my soul have I desired thee in the night, and with my spirit within me will I seek thee early;" "my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Job also, "O that I knew where I might find him!" &c. 4, He not only testifies of Christ to us as to his suitability, and gives us these holy longings, &c., but he *reveals* him, and makes him known to us as our Saviour; hence he is called the Spirit of revelation and understanding in the knowledge of Christ. As to all speculative knowledge of him, that is nothing; it never warms

the heart or cheers the soul, but this does, for he applies the atonement, and reveals to us his righteousness as a free gift from God the Father to us; and therefore Paul says, "But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit," &c. He sheds the Father's love abroad in our hearts, and enables us to claim him as our Father, witnessing the truth of our relationship, which before we could not claim. I know it is very easy for an insensible sinner to go to church, and say, "Our Father;" but for a sensible sinner, quickened by the Holy Ghost, to feel his true state under a consciousness of all his original and actual accumulated sin and guilt, like the Prodigal in a far country, "far from God by wicked works," I say, for such to lay this claim requires an Almighty power, as I myself can witness, and it is done by the Holy Ghost revealing Christ, and then bearing his witness with our spirit to our adoption in Him. It is love casting out all slavish fear, and nothing short of it, that will enable us so to do. Love is shed abroad into every faculty of the soul by the Holy Ghost given to us. You and I must take notice and remember that there may be love, and yet that love not be as yet shed abroad in the heart; hence we read of some that love little, and of others that love much. Bless God for ever so little, and pray that we may love much, or have it shed abroad, and this love is in Christ Jesus. (Rom. viii. 39.) Thus the Holy Spirit "takes of the things of Jesus and shows them to us."

Now, is there any Antinomianism in all this? No, God forbid! Paul tells us that God hath called us to holiness, and not unto uncleanness; and it is clear from the Holy Scriptures that holiness is joined with fear, with faith, and with love, all of which is the work of the Holy Ghost in every chosen vessel. (See 2 Cor. vii. 1; Isa. xi. 2; Jude 20, 21, &c.)

I come, therefore, to the Tenth thing, and that is the very profession which we make, for this is called the profession of faith: "Hold fast the profession of your faith, without wavering," &c. Thus here is faith and a profession of it; but every one that nameth the name of Christ is exhorted to depart from iniquity; so that it must go along with a good conscience.

Eleventh. Prayer. "Whatsoever you ask, ask in faith." There is mental prayer and social prayer. We are told to unite with all such "as call upon the Lord out of a pure heart;" but an Antinomian, with all his faith, never had that faith which purifies the heart. Thus a good conscience goes with faith.

Twelfth. "The tongue of the just is choice silver," says Solomon. Their very conversation has to do with a good conscience, for a good tree bringeth forth good fruit. "A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good." Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good also. A just man is a believer and lives by his faith, and the good treasure is grace in his heart, which he tells to all he is with who fear God. Peter calls it "holy conversation." "He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the King shall be his friend;" that is, King Jesus, who is set on the holy hill of Zion, or the hearts and affections of his people—a true

"friend that sticketh closer than a brother." And as they still have an Old Man that is ever labouring in union with Satan and this world to draw them aside, the furnace is always ready to purge, cleanse, and purify them. All vain and foolish conversation, with every other evil, is prohibited. (See Eph. v. 4.) Thus, you see, a good conscience produces good conversation, and the furnace is intended to keep conscience good.

Thirteenth. Faith is a grace of the Holy Spirit; but this grace, although full and free, without money and without price, and which is sovereign, neither can a believer that has it once ever lose it or finally sin himself out of the covenant of grace, for it ever shall reign in spite of Satan, sin, and death, yet it does not lead to a loose life, but has to do with a good conscience. See how Samuel, Job, and Paul could stand upon this ground before men. Samuel says to the Israelites, "Whose ox or ass have I taken," &c. Job also, "When the eye saw it blessed me. I caused the widow's heart to leap for joy. I delivered the poor when he cried, and plucked the spoil out of the teeth of the oppressor." And Paul, "I have coveted no man's silver or gold," &c. Thus grace influences the heart, and is attended with a good conscience. Peter says, "Having a good conscience, that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ." And although a believer in Christ has an Old Man in him that is opposite to all this, and which is daily calling for gratification in one way or another, yet this is not his element, but the grief of his soul; and could you follow him narrowly, you would find him struggling hard after a holy life, walk, and conversation. He cannot be content with believing that Christ has done all and so sit down contented. Oh, no. He is ever upon the move, and wishes, yea, labours to glorify God in this world, to speak good of his name; and therefore, when an opportunity offers, you will sometimes find him enforcing the truth to worldly men, such as will give him an ear, for he does not know but that some of God's elect may be amongst them, not as yet brought out of the ruins of the fall, and he hopes that God will bless him as an instrument in his hand to the awakening of some of them; and all this arises from a good conscience. Again, when he leaves his work, you will not find him keeping company with the world any further than he can help, but he feels like a bird let out of a cage to get to his God. He is led to examine himself how he has gone on in the day, and as far as he sees he has done wrong, he tries to confess to the Lord, and debases himself before him; for he is sure upon examination to find plenty wrong. After confession he pleads the atonement of Christ, and that the Holy Spirit would lead him forth in faith to the fountain of Christ's blood, opened for sin and for all uncleanness, and to Christ Jesus, who is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth; and he is led to watch what change there is in his feelings; if sin burdened him, whether the weight is removed; if in bondage, whether liberty comes; if cast down, whether raised up; if cold to spiritual things, whether his heart gets warm with a live coal from the altar; if barren, whether he is made more fruitful; and if unbelief and

enmity work, he confesses it, falls in heartily with God's testimony of the fall of man, and prays the Lord to fulfil in him the good pleasure of his goodness and the work of faith with power, and to circumcise his heart to love him, and to teach him to love his family; and if he does not succeed at this work, he will follow it up, knowing that the Lord loves importunity. And all this is the good Spirit working in him, who will not let him rest, go where he will, but opens up and discovers his need to him continually; so that if he do not succeed, he will read the Bible and other good books, hear the Word, and unite with real experienced saints, still hoping to find Him whom his soul loveth. Look at Job. He went forward, backward, on the right hand and on the left, but could not see him; and the Church in the Song sought him on her bed; she went about the city, in the streets and in the broadways, and yet she did not find him. Then she asked the watchmen, and shortly after, when she had passed from them, that is, was brought off from trusting to or idolizing them, she finds Him whom her soul loveth, holds him fast, and will not let him go. Now, I am not saying that a believer never deviates from thus following after the Lord. No; he knows he does, to his sorrow; but this I will insist on, that there is no making straight paths for our feet to the neglect of this and much more that might be asserted; and the more this method is followed up the better, for it is the way to follow the Lord fully, like Joshua and Caleb; but when this is neglected, you may cry, "My leanness! my leanness!" long enough. God's elect work harder than any Arminians, but it is from a principle of life in their souls. It is from a good conscience, which is kept good in all these ways that I have mentioned and many more; but the Arminian works to get life, and thus they widely differ.

Lastly upon this head. It is very common for people to say, this is a good man, and the other is a good man; but do you know that God alone is the fountain of all goodness? In the days of our Lord's flesh, there came to him a young man saying, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life? And Jesus said, Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God." (Matt. xix. 16, 17.) Now this man only believed Christ to be a man. He had no faith in him as the living and true God; and as he had no faith but natural, which was corrupt, our Lord says, "Why callest thou me good? for there is none good but God, and you only view me as a mere man." Now, God is, as before observed, the fountain of all goodness, and therefore every believer has a Trinity of Persons in his heart, and it is this that makes conscience good and makes the man a good man, for short of God there is nothing good; and from God in Three Persons taking possession of the heart arises all that I have told you about a good conscience. Where God never dwells there is not a good conscience, for conscience by the Fall, as I have shown, is evil. Now, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, condescend to come into the heart: 1, The Father dwells with the broken and contrite heart, and revives the spirit of the humble; 2, Christ dwells in the heart by faith, for he says, "I will come unto him and sup with him and he with me;" and 3, "Know

ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" as God has said, "I will live in them and walk in them." So that those who deny a Trinity of Persons in God, the devil has as good a conscience as they.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WORDS THAT I SPEAK UNTO YOU THEY ARE SPIRIT AND THEY ARE LIFE.

My dear Friend,—Many disappointments await us in this life. It is a mercy we have God's word that Israel shall not be disappointed of their hope. I hope my friend is blessed with some communion with his God, knowing only that can put joy into his heart. The believer cannot do without his Portion. A spiritual nature is begotten, supported, and supplied by God. When the good Lord withholds spiritual communication, he is ready to say, "I am cast out of thy sight." But the good Lord has bound himself by oath and promise unto his family, that nothing shall ever separate them. One thing he has said among many others beside: "They shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine," &c.; two precious things. It seems, at times, that nothing can ever in the least revive us, much more cause us, such dwarfs and so stumped as we are, to grow; but when the dew and softening showers come down, they prove it to be otherwise, melting the soul with a sense of divine love. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Thus, our otherwise burdened, troubled, peevish, rebellious, proud, &c., state of mind is removed: "Thou hast done great things for us, whereof we are glad." O my brother, our mercies are great, to know we have so kind a God and Father to take such notice of us as, when we were enemies to him, in the highest acts of rebellion, to notice us as his, by calling, *effectually* calling us, determined to save us and snatch us, though brands almost consumed, from the burning.

Again. Sometimes the blessed Lord gently speaks and says, "My Word is spirit and my Word is life," &c. How sweetly does his voice, which by his sheep is known, revive their drooping souls into faith, hope, and love, though so drooping before as to show no signs of life! One says, "I will arise and go to my Father," &c.; another says, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his;" another says, "I shall not die, but live;" another says, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul," &c. Such find his mouth "sweeter than honey or the honeycomb." Jesus, as he speaks to them, communicates the love of his heart. Oh, his discriminating love! none but his sheep hear his voice! Well, brother B., you can see how sovereign it is to take such as we! Justly might he have said of us, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." But not so. "In the place where it was said, Ye are not my people, there shall ye be called the children of the living God." Sometimes my Lord shines in his electing love o powerfully on my soul that he overcomes me, and all I can say is,

"My dear Lord! my dear Lord!" &c. At other times, poor blind creature! I seem fit for nothing but to be thrown away, as altogether useless in his Church. One thing I can bless him for, he has loved me freely, and I do pray to serve him fully. Love to thee and thine. Give my love to the little flock whom Jesus folds. Thine in truth,
Brighton, July 31, 1824. W. S.

Christ has taken our nature into heaven to represent us; and has left us on earth, with his nature, to represent him.—*Newton*.

I have often observed, that when I have been shut up, and kept fasting for several days together, I have lost nothing in the long run. If my soul-exercise has been violent, my succeeding joys have been superabundant. If the conflict has been long and lingering, just so has been my future enlargement long also. If my soul has sunk into dismal gloom and horrors, when I have got my wings again I have soared the higher. If my soul has been remarkably dry, dead, lean, and barren, I have also found a feast of the fattest things afterwards, that has made my soul lively, active, and flourishing.—*Huntington*.

There is a great noise made of late about the word "enthusiast," and it has been cast upon the preachers of the Gospel as a term of reproach. But every Christian, in the proper sense of the word, must be an enthusiast—that is, must be inspired of God, or have God in him. For who dares say, he is a Christian, till he can say, "God is in me?" Peter tells us, we have "many great and precious promises," that we may be made "partakers of the divine nature." Our Lord prays, that we "may be One, as the Father and he are One." And yet, Christians in general must have their names cast out as evil, and ministers in particular must be looked upon as deceivers of the people, for affirming, that we must be really united to God by receiving the Holy Ghost. Be astonished, O heavens, at this!—*Whitefield*.

It requires but little time, and small experience, in the divine life, to be convinced that the heart is daily prone to wander from the centre of its rest. What a melancholy proof of this does the believer carry in his own bosom! and when another fellow-believer may be almost ready to envy him, on account of that solidity and spirituality which he fancies he can see in him; even then he cries out, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "The heart (as Solomon observes) knoweth his own bitterness; and the stranger intermeddleth not with his joy." (Proverbs xiv. 10.) Believer! though it is thy lot to mourn and weep over the various evils of the heart; yet be of good cheer, the knowledge of thy heart shall never be thy ruin! No; but be rendered subservient to thy soul's spiritual prosperity. Jesus, whose name signifies a Saviour, is known to be such by the daily deliverances which he is pleased to produce in and for his elect. To Jesus the Holy Spirit directs the weary soul; and, when by faith he views his exalted Lord, he finds his rest to be glorious indeed!—*H. Fowler*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

My dear Friend,—One cause that has prevented a more prompt acknowledgment of your letter, was on account of ill-health, by which I was at that period rendered unfit for writing; but through the tender mercy of the Almighty, I am now considerably better. Another reason arose from my having previously written, on the 28th of March, to my dear friend, your afflicted sister, Mrs. R. M., for whose welfare I feel anxious concern, together with your other sister, Mrs. M. M., who appeared at that period to be labouring under much depression of mind, on account of her then situation; which casting down, I hope, has been ~~ere~~ this mercifully succeeded by a lifting up, her fears scattered, her most sanguine hopes realized, and her harp tuned to sing the praises of him whose mercy endureth for ever. I hope Mrs. C. is by this time fully restored to her wonted state of health; and that each of you, with your surviving offspring, are in prosperity, and satisfied that in this dispensation the Lord hath done all things well, both for his own glory and for your mutual good.

We are naturally apt to murmur and repine when the dispensations of the Lord's providence appear to clash with our views and inclinations, somewhat like Peter, when in the vision of the sheet he was told to "arise, Peter, kill and eat." (Acts x. 13, 14.) "Not so, Lord," was his reply. And thus it is with us when our plans and devices are frustrated; we want the current of events to run in our own channel, but the Lord's voice is, "Not so, my children, 'my purpose shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure;' submit to me, and yield to my sovereign will, and I will cause all things to terminate in my own glory and for your good; for although my present way of working is in the sea, 'my path is in the great waters, and my footsteps are not known to you,' (Psalm lxxvii. 19,) and you are at a loss to apprehend what will be the end of this or the other dispensation; yet do you patiently watch and wait, and 'what you know not now, you shall know hereafter.'" This, my dear friend, is sometimes the voice of the Almighty, in the mysterious providences we are called to pass through. We are apt to think under such circumstances our lot is hard, and ours a trying path, when one dear to us is languishing under sickness; another whom we love is oppressed with many doubts and fears respecting the result of some approaching trial; another mourning the loss of part of their tender offspring; and another suffering temporal loss of property, and liable to severe privations on that account, &c. Now, all these things, and many others, are trials to which we are exposed, and at times they hang heavily upon the mind, and lead us seriously to ponder over and consider these matters, and wherefore we are depressed and cast down; somewhat like poor Gideon, when threshing wheat, to hide it from the Midianites," (Judges vi. 13,) when the angel of the Lord appeared to him to encourage him, by saying, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour;" but he, poor man, dejected and troubled in spirit,

answered, "O my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? and where are all the miracles which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? but now the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites." Thus we may perceive that this good man was in a low, desponding state of soul, at the very time when the Lord in an unexpected manner appeared to reveal to him the salvation designed for Israel, and to bring about which he himself was appointed as the instrument. Many such instances are left upon record, in the word of God, for our encouragement when exercised with dark and perplexing trials in the all-wise and all-holy providences of the Lord: "For all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

We, my dear friend, are naturally inclined to seek out a smooth path to walk in, and to obtain a quiet resting place on this side Jordan; and when we are a little indulged with a tide of outward prosperity for a season, we begin to conclude with Job, in his xxixth chapter, "Then I said, I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand," &c. But in the next chapter, he tells us a very different tale, and our pleasing conceptions of making up our nests in some temporal good things have proved abortive as well as Job's; for it is the determination of our gracious God to mar all our self-pleasing schemes, having provided a far better portion for us; therefore the Lord's voice in his providential dispensations saith, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted." (Micah ii. 10.) So I have found it, and I believe it is thus found by all those who are strangers and pilgrims on the earth; and when we are in our right mind and in our proper place, we can from the heart bless the good Lord for thus choosing our inheritance for us, and not suffering us to make up our happiness in anything short of his promised rest. Therefore, seeing the Almighty hath revealed it as an indubitable truth that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God; may we be enabled with courage and cheerfulness to press forward in the exercise of faith and hope, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not; and though our path may at times prove rough, and we, like the Israelites in the wilderness, may be greatly discouraged on account of the way, yet the rich promise of our faithful God declares, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" for "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Psalm cxxvi.)

These few considerations arise out of my present views and sensations, and peradventure they may agree and coincide with your own, unless my dear friend is favoured with brighter prospects, and is walking upon the high places of communion and fellowship with him who "is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Then indeed you are above me, though not out of my sight, for of a truth I have been for a season occupied in a low place,

being exercised with a heavy cold and cough, attended with various temptations, in which the adversary has thrust sore at me that I might fall; but the Lord hath in mercy helped me hitherto. Add to this, I have passed through some cloudy and dark days with but little sunshine; and you know that only "in the light of the king's countenance is life, (and no where else beside,) and his favour (when enjoyed) is as a cloud of the latter rain." (Prov. xvi. 15.) Nevertheless, though darkness may for a season veil our heavenly prospects, and we may go mourning without the cheering rays of the Sun of Righteousness, yet this is not always the case, for light often ariseth in the darkness, and, moreover, "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart;" and a spring time of joy is sure to succeed in due season; for this hath our blessed Lord Jesus left as a sure legacy to every heir of promise: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." (John xvi. 22.) This sweet and precious promise he gave to all his true disciples in the full view of those tremendous sufferings he was just entering upon, in which amazing conflict he completed the great work of our salvation; finished transgression, made an end of sin, made reconciliation for iniquity, brought in everlasting righteousness, sealed up the vision, and fulfilled every prophecy that went before concerning himself, and is now seated at the right hand of the Majesty on High, as our Great High Priest and Advocate, our Intercessor, and our everlasting Friend! When by faith we obtain a glimpse of these blessed realities, attended with the Holy Spirit's testimony in our hearts, every mountain soon becomes a plain, every crooked thing becomes straight, and we can then unite with Hart in singing his 39th hymn, for

"What can Christians have to fear,
When they view their Saviour there?"

Truly, nothing: for every fear is then buried in the sepulchre of our triumphant Lord, and our affections are risen and ascended with him. This is our keeping of Easter, and a true token that in due season we shall be sharers in his most gracious declaration, (John xvii. 24.) "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," &c.

This is our central point—the end of our faith, hope, and love: and when accomplished, as David saith, "We shall be satisfied when we awake with and in his likeness."

And now, my esteemed friend, I must conclude this feeble scrap, which, notwithstanding all its imperfections, I hope will not be altogether unseasonable or unprofitable. Please to present my sincere regards to Mrs. C., to your dear mother, both your beloved sisters and their husbands, with each of the blessed pilgrims in the island, not forgetting the surviving disciples of Lakenheath, when you see them. As I am upon the watch-tower, in reference to each of your sisters, I do hope one of my friends will have the kindness to favour me with a few lines respecting all that may occur, the first opportunity. I remain, dear sir, in the best of all bonds, most affectionately yours,

London, April 5th, 1833.

JOHN KEYT.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. GADSBY.

My dear Friend in the dear Lamb of God,—Yours came to hand, and I was very glad to hear from you, and more so to learn that the dear Lord now and then gives your soul a sweet love-visit.

O what a kind and gracious God we have! How tenderly he deals with us! How great and many are his mercies towards us! They are in very deed "new every morning." But we must be brought into straits and troubles to find mercies to fit our case and suit our circumstances. Did we never feel our hands of faith to be weak, and our knees of prayer feeble, and our poor hearts faint with fear, we should never feel the sweetness of that glorious promise and declaration of mercy: "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees; say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God, with a recompense!" He will come and save you in very deed; he will come by the sweet power of the Spirit, and cause us to see and feel the destruction of our foes, and our own peace and blessedness secure. Did we never feel darkness, we could not know the blessing of the Lord opening the eyes of the blind; and did we never feel what it is to be blind, and have our mouths stopped and feel dumb, and did we never feel our hearts to be a barren wilderness, dry and parched up, beset with beasts of prey, we could not enter into the glory of these sweet declarations of mercy: "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." Bless the precious name of our dear Lord! whatever rivers of waters or hot fires we may have to pass through, the Lord will be with us, and take care of us, too, so that we shall neither be drowned nor burnt. It is true he does not promise that we shall always see him with us in our deep conflicts, but he is there, whether we can see him or not; so that by these things men live, and, in reality, there is no living long without fresh troubles. If all were at ease we should make a poor out of it at the throne of grace. We might profess to bend our knees, but we should often go without an errand, and our tale would be very dry.

I am glad, my dear friend, to learn by yours that you are in the old beaten path, and that the Lord will not let you go the flesh-pleasing way of ease in the flesh. "The Lord trieth the righteous;" and it is fit he should, for I know not where we should ramble if his blessed Majesty did not at times weigh us down, and bring us to close examination. But though the weight may be heavy, and the trial long, in the end all shall be well, and we shall both see and feel there was a need for it. By these means the dear Lord teaches us where our strength, and life, and holiness, and righteousness, and wisdom, and, in fact, all our blessedness are; so that self is abased and Christ exalted, and our ever-blessed Three-one God becomes the boast of our souls and the joy of our hearts.

Yours in the Lord, and for the Lord's sake,

Dec. 29, 1832.

W. GADSBY.

SARAH CHURCH.

[The Friend whose communication we inserted in our last Number, signed J. H., has forwarded to us an original, and we believe autograph, letter by the late Mr. Wollaston, giving an account of an interview with Sarah Church, which most fully and abundantly confirms the extraordinary circumstances we there mentioned. The account is so circumstantial and so above all suspicion of deceit or collusion, that we have been tempted to give it insertion to remove all ground of incredulity.

On Monday, Dec. 6, 1841, having been sent for by her, I called and saw S. Church myself. She has now by the pressure upon the brain entirely lost the power of speech and hearing as well as seeing and smelling, her left side being apparently paralysed and dead. Upon entering the room, I made many proofs of her eyesight being entirely gone, as well as her hearing. She appeared most beautifully calm and placid in appearance. After a little while, Jane Redman, the young woman that attended her, took hold of her right hand, when she immediately felt Jane's hand over, as if to ascertain certainly that it was she; and then Jane having placed a pencil in Sarah's right hand with her hand guided her to write, "Mr. Wollaston is come;" upon which she herself wrote underneath, "Is he?" and stretched out her hand, as if to feel for me. Upon putting my hand into hers, she felt it carefully all over, and then feeling up the sleeve of my coat, seemed to run over my neck and face, and smiled as if recognizing my features.* She then immediately reached forth her hand as if to grasp something; and upon her mother putting the Bible into her hand, she in an instant opened it at the Book of Ruth, and ran her finger down chap. iii., pointing out several verses as if she saw them (though it was perfectly evident, from the position of the book, that had she eyesight she could not have done so); and then reaching out as if for another book, they gave her her old Bible, when she turned to the same passage, "A near kinsman," and put her hand upon her breast, as if to say, "I know him to be so to me." I then guided her hand to write, "Dip thy morsel in the vinegar." She seemed at first hardly to understand my manner of forming the letters and words, so wrote it over again for herself, and then instantly turned to the passage itself in the Bible, and smiling with the most wonderful sweetness and contented expression of cheerfulness, wrote, "The Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." But before she finished the words she pointed to them in the Bible and left off writing, smiling with the most heavenly expression of joy in her countenance. After a little while, during which she appeared to be joying in God or perhaps praying, she opened her Bible and turned to Psalm viii., pointing to verses 1 and 2, and then again turned to Isaiah xxxv., and upon the last verse laid her finger most emphatically. Jane R. told me that before she became dumb she used

* We wish this point to be particularly noticed, as disproving anything like what is called *Mesmerism*.

to lie in her bed and sing this whole chapter through in the most extraordinary and sweet way, with a most rich-toned voice, though they had none of them known her to sing before she met with this heart. Afterwards she turned to Job xix. 25, to the end, to divers other chapters, and especially the last of Revelation and Song of Songs, chap. ii. marking out, in the most peculiar way, whatever portions she wished to draw our attention to. She rested for a few minutes, and then turning towards me a little, put her hand on her eyes, mouth, ears, and nose, and wrote, "To this world;" upon which I wrote with her hand, "The eyes of the understanding being enlightened." She paused for a little while, seemingly as if the length of the words caused some difficulty in being communicated to her mind; but in a little time darted her hand out and wrote, "Oh, yes! He has made me to see with the eye of faith." I was really overcome at what I saw for a few moments; but, taking her hand, I wrote the line from Kent's hymn, 221,

"Oh, what wonders love hath done!"

Upon which she immediately referred to the 146th hymn, and wrote down the 5th verse of it; and putting out her hand, marked upon the cover of her Bible the size, as it were, of the book she wanted. Having the hymn-book given to her, she turned to another hymn, and pointed to the 3rd verse, and again to the 5th and the last, and laying her finger on the last words, "to me," she smiled most sweetly, and lifting her hand, put it against her breast and then against mine, as though pointing out the personal application of the word; and then turning to the 175th hymn, and putting her finger two or three times strongly on the last verse, particularly the last four lines, she smiled almost to a laugh of joy. I think the lips alone seemed to move during the whole time I was with her. I then subsequently wrote with her hand, "If we pray, your spirit will soon join with ours;" and she wrote, "It is all one, I trust." To which I wrote again, "Yes, one in Christ," marking those words; upon which she smiled, and putting her finger first on one word and then on the other, proved by emphatic action how fully she understood the fulness of the words. After a short prayer, her head seemed in much pain; but after a little while she wrote,

"In all my distresses my Head feels the pain;
All, all is most needful—not one is in vain."

Which words, her mother said, it must have been some years since she learned from the "Cottage Hymn Book." Shortly after, I took my leave.

I ought to add, that she took from her bed's head a few sheets of paper, upon which she had written a remarkable occurrence of her life, and gave it me to read; which, when I returned to her, after reading, she folded, and showed by her action that I was to take care of it, or not let it be seen. Upon which I wrote with her hand, "Would you like to have them again?" To which she wrote, "I should like mother to have them as soon as you have done with them." These I have copied, but for the present hold back.

Dec. 9th. Went in company with Holtum and Walker. H. ex-

pressing a wish to know whether she could tell the portion upon which I placed her hand in the Word of God, I put her hand on Psalm xxiii., and asked her. She immediately wrote it down; and also on asking her, by writing, to find the verse John xi. 35, "Jesus wept," she did it, slowly moving her hand down the columns of text in the page, and at last darting her finger upon it, marked it with her pencil.

F. H. WOLLASTON.

OBITUARY.

I have sent you the following account of the Lord's dealings with the late Thomas Waterman, of Ramsgate, with the hope that it will, in the hands of the Lord, be made a blessing to some of the living family of God. The greater part of what I have to relate I personally witnessed, having known him for some years; and was with him on many occasions during his last illness and the whole of the last day that he spent in this wilderness of sin.

He was born of believing parents, and being a youth of good natural abilities, he imbibed a notional knowledge of the particular doctrines of truth almost in childhood. Nothing beyond this was observed in him until about two years prior to his departure. About this time his father one morning, according to custom, was reading a portion of the Word of God to his family, when the Lord so ordered it that the Scripture read that morning was Matthew xii. Nothing particular affected his mind until the following words were read: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." Immediately upon this, powerful convictions seized his mind; and the tempter suggested that he had on some occasion unconsciously committed the sin against the Holy Ghost for which there is no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come. For some time he bore his grief without communicating to any one a word concerning the cause of his trouble; but his distress continued to increase to that degree that any longer concealment was rendered absolutely impossible. At times the temptation was so powerful that he acted like a person bereft of rationality. Whilst he was in this path of affliction, I remember once asking him whether it was any particular sin that he had ever committed which gave him such poignant grief. He replied, "No; it is not any particular sin that distresses me now, but whatever I am doing the temptation comes, 'If you do so and so, that will be the unpardonable sin;' and then if I leave it undone, immediately it comes, 'That is the unpardonable sin.'" Alluding to this during his last illness, he said, "Satan did indeed make a fool of me." His father and other Christian friends talked to him, and, according to their ability and belief, pointed out to him what the sin against the Holy Ghost was; but all that was said produced no effect. The temptation continued to rage till his intellects seemed impaired. He continued in this state until the appointed time arrived for his soul's

deliverance, when the Lord in mercy did that for him which the creature in vain attempts to accomplish. He released the prisoner from the prison-house and broke the snare of Satan by the powerful application of the following words to his soul: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee and called thee by thy name; thou art mine." (Isa. xliii. 1.) His joy upon the reception of the above precious truth was great, and continued for some time. It was as visibly manifest as his sorrow had been previously. I must now add that as his joys declined a spirit of carnality crept over him; he became light and trifling in his manner and frivolous in his conversation, which was a source of grief to his parents and real friends; and though he was preserved from committing any outward immoral actions, he manifested the spirit of the world, which, when indulged in by a child of God (let professors say what they may about the necessity of conforming to worldly maxims) is a sure proof of barrenness Godward. Still, wherever there is divine life there will be desperate struggles, severe conflicts, and many lashes of conscience when departing from the Fountain of living waters. This he afterwards confessed was the case with him; "But," said he, "I got so desperate that I felt determined to go on in my course whether I was saved or lost. Still," he added, "I was oftentimes perfectly miserable." "The way of transgressors is hard." (Prov. xiii. 15.) He continued in this state until Lord's day, November the 26th, 1850, when he was taken ill of a bilious fever. This was succeeded by an inflammation of the lungs, which terminated his mortal career. When first taken ill he seemed stupefied with the suddenness and unexpectedness of the shock; and in answer to all inquiries relative to the state of his mind his answer was, "Dark—dark as midnight!" This continued for about two days, when he appeared to discover the importance of the position in which he was placed. The Lord in his goodness was pleased to pour upon him the Spirit of grace and of supplication. With bitter self-reproaches he confessed his transgressions, especially his base backslidings and awful departures from the Lord. His poor mother, when she heard his cries, said "her joy was so great that it was like one taking a heavy burden from her shoulders." Like one famishing for the bread of life, he pleaded hard for mercy. "Oh," said he, with his arms extended, "do, Lord! give me *one* promise, *one* token for good, one manifestation of thy favour! Do, Lord! I beseech thee, lift upon me the light of thy countenance, pardon my transgressions, blot out all my iniquities; and in mercy reveal thyself to me!" His cry to the Lord for a time was incessant; and his vehemence astonished all who heard him. He continued for some time crying and wrestling with the Lord for the manifestations of his love; but as he had wickedly departed from the rock of his strength, his heavenly Father used the correcting rod and severely chastised him for his folly. During this interval of suspense he recognized the rod of correction in his sufferings, and when referring to his illness repeatedly exclaimed, "This is a severe chastisement to me." It was while he was in this waiting posture that, at his request, I visited him for the first time during his illness. After conversation, reading, and prayer, I recommended

the Life of Mr. Warburton to be read to him, as he was too weak to read himself; and just as I was leaving I repeated the following verse from a hymn of Hart's, which I have often felt very encouraging:

"Without cessation pray—
Your prayers will not prove vain;
Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
But will not long refrain."

These words fell upon him with great sweetness; and he continued to feel them precious for some time afterwards. The above work was read to him, which he received with such avidity that he earnestly intreated first one and then another to come and read to him. He said "it was so sweet to his soul that he would keep awake the whole night to hear it read." I also recommended a sermon, entitled the "Sin-sick Soul and the Great Physician," which was also read to him; and the Lord was pleased to bless the reading of these works to his soul, together with the above portion of Hart's hymn, so that he was raised from the gloom and depression which attended him the first part of his illness, and was enabled to hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. Previous to this he had been greatly tormented with the fear of temporal death, especially during the time that he was backsliding from the Lord; but this fear was now entirely removed. In fact, he was never once heard during his illness to pray that he might recover; and frequently did he tell us that he desired not to live. "All," said he, "that I desire is, that a full manifestation of the Saviour's love may be given me; and then I desire to go to him, where I shall see him as he is." The desire of living was so fully taken from him the whole of his illness that it seemed to prognosticate the fatal termination which actually came. His hope was further strengthened by the application of the following words: "The Lord looked down from the height of his sanctuary upon the poor and the needy." When he mentioned the words to me I told him I did not know of any passage that read exactly as he had stated, but I added (knowing such things had taken place in my own experience), "It is most likely you have a part of two passages incorporated into one," which was the case, as may be seen by referring to the following places in the Book of Psalms: xl. 17; cii. 19.

One of his sisters, who is called by grace, but the subject of many fears, being one day in the room with him, he asked her if she ever had a passage of Scripture applied to her soul by the Lord. She replied, "I hope I have." "Well," said he, "when the words came, did they lead you to love the Lord and humble you before him as being unworthy of his mercy? for if they did, that proves they came from him." From the first of his illness to the last, he felt deeply the nature and the effects of sin; and often in the dead of the night would he exclaim, "What a mercy to be a sought-out one! How great the Lord's condescension must be that he should look down and have compassion on one so undeserving as I feel myself to be!" Referring, in conversation with the writer, to his former fears of death and his present affliction and hope, he said, "The Lord's dealings with me were very merciful; for could I a few weeks since

have foreseen what was coming upon me, humanly speaking it would have been more than I could have borne ; but as it is I have a strong hope which supports me. Death is approaching, and I fear it not ; all I feel to want is another manifestation and then to depart to be for ever with the Lord." I told him it was a great blessing that the Lord kept our most severe trials out of sight until we are actually brought into them, and then he makes good his promise on our behalf: "As thy days are so shall thy strength be." I then quoted an observation in a sermon which I had read: "The trials and perplexities that a Christian is to encounter in his way to heaven are not at first made known to him." He replied, "It is so ; for could I have foreseen my end so nigh, when I was in good health, it would have been too much for me, but now I feel the Lord's strength sufficient. My hope is fixed ; the ground is firm beneath me ; Christ is precious to my soul." When he was first informed that there was not much probability that he would ever recover, he received the announcement with evident marks of pleasure. "Mother," said he, "it has not damped me the least. I long to be gone to see his precious hands and feet that were pierced for me." He was frequently much blessed when asleep. In the visions of the night the Lord communed with him, and when he awoke he would repeat some portion of Scripture, or some verse of a hymn that had been applied with sweetness to his soul. On one occasion he awoke singing the following lines :

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !"

On another occasion, in the middle of the night, he broke out singing with the greatest sweetness the following words :

"Though painful at present
"Twill cease before long ;
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song !"

One morning, about a week before his death, his soul was led forth in a most wonderful manner in love to Jesus, as his Saviour and his God. His language and his earnestness were truly astonishing. When he afterwards told me of this precious season, he said, "I did, indeed, feel my soul cleave to the Lord, and I felt a full return of his love to me." This visit very much supported and strengthened him for the last conflict ; and he told me, the day preceding his death, that the remembrance of it was sweet to his soul. "I have no fear of death," said he ; "I feel the foundation firm upon which my hope rests. I long for one more manifestation of the Lord's love, and then to depart and be with him for evermore." Three days before his death he appeared something better ; and when his medical attendant called he held out hopes of his recovery. After Mr. — was gone, he said, "How sorry I am there is any prospect of my getting better !" His mother being present, she intimated that his over-anxiety to depart might be displeasing to the Lord. He paused for a moment, and then replied, "No ; the Lord will not be angry with me for wanting to see him, and be with him, to part no more."

Shortly afterwards he fell asleep. On awaking, the first words he uttered were, "I feel reconciled to the will of God, whether I go now or get better; but should I get better, I hope the Lord will preserve me from bringing a reproach upon his holy name." Having felt his weakness and the bitterness of sin, he feared lest he should be left to backside from the Lord, as he had done previously. The day following this he continued much in the same frame of mind; though at times the desire to depart and be with Christ was evidently predominant. In bodily health he was rather worse; he had a restless night, and about four o'clock the following morning a marked change appeared. He seemed sensible the final conflict was rapidly approaching; still he manifested no fear, nor were any signs of trepidation visible; indeed, he was quite cheerful at the prospect of a speedy release. Such is the effect of the Lord's presence when revealed to the soul. About eight o'clock his immortal part seemed too full to confine itself longer in the body. His prayer, his vehemence, his ardent longings to see Jesus face to face, will make a lasting impression on all who heard. Shortly afterwards his medical attendant called, and after a few minutes' examination of his patient, Mr. — told him that his medicines could not do him any good; on hearing which he immediately expressed his desire to be released from this clay tabernacle. "I feel," said he, "anxious to be with Jesus, to see him as he is." These words he often repeated. A few minutes afterwards he inquired of his father how long Mr. — thought he had to live. His father replied, "Mr. — thinks you will go towards night." "I am glad of that," said he, "the conflict will soon be over." He received the announcement of his approaching dissolution with such evident marks of satisfaction that we were all astonished. On observing his father and mother weeping, he told them not to weep, "For," said he, "you are getting old, and cannot be long after me; but," he added, "I should not like to wait for you." A little time after this a measure of darkness came over him, and he was tempted to believe he should not be able to get close to the Lord in glory. He asked me to go to prayer with him, which I did; he then said, "Surely the Lord will not forsake me now?" I told him the Lord would never forsake him, for in faithfulness he had promised never to forsake the work of his own hands. However, this darkness was not of long duration; his gracious Lord was pleased to remove his fears, by speaking the following words home to his soul, which he repeated with an expression of confidence of interest in their contents: "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." (Isa. liv. 8.) A few minutes afterwards he told us Isaiah liii. was sweet to him, also the first part of Matthew v.; "But," he added, "it is the whole finished work of Christ Jesus that supports my soul; I see him suffering, bleeding, and dying for me." It was now evident the sands in the hour-glass were ebbing low; and as the last minute approached, the intenseness of his desires to depart increased. I asked him if he desired to depart to escape pain. "No," said he; "I desire to depart to see my

Saviour Jesus without an intervening cloud." He then quoted the following lines with the most intense feeling :

" Revealed in the flesh behold him stand,
The offspring of a Virgin's womb."

That which dwelt most upon his mind appeared to be the great love of the Messiah in coming forth from the bosom of his Father, veiling his Deity in flesh, and laying down his life for one so vile as he felt himself to be. He was continually meditating on him as the bearer of all his transgressions. I gather this from different observations he repeatedly made. When the evening began to approach he asked me whether I thought he would be gone by nine o'clock ; I told him I really could not tell. I then asked him if Jesus was still precious to his soul. He replied, " Yes, and I feel so anxious to be gone ; still, I hope to be submissive to the will of God, and wait his time." Shortly after this he discovered his feet and his cheeks to be cold ; with the greatest cheerfulness he called all present to feel, that we might know the moment of his dissolution was nigh at hand. With full possession of all his faculties, he welcomed the approach of the world's tormentor ; but not in his own strength, but in the strength of Israel's God and King. With the exception of a little deafness, his faculties continued perfect to the last. About two hours before he died he asked me to read a hymn to him. I read two of John Kent's, one commencing,

" Beneath the sacred throne of God,
I saw a river rise ;
The streams were peace and pardoning blood,
Descending from the skies."

And the other,

" In hope of life eternal given,
Behold, a pardoned sinner dies ;
A royal blood-bought heir of heaven,
Called to his mansion in the skies."

When I had finished them, he signified they were very sweet. I then read to him two of David's Psalms ; and when the tenth verse of the eighty-fourth was read, he said, " That's it ! that's it ! " by which expression we understood David's words described his feelings. He now asked me whether I thought he would be gone by twelve o'clock. " Yes," I replied, " I think you will." He then repeated his oft-repeated prayer, " Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." After this, for a time, he lay quiet, and appeared lost in heavenly contemplations. In this position he remained until about thirty minutes previous to the final close of his earthly career. A relation, who is a partaker of grace, came into the room ; as soon as he recognised him, with an excess of animation for one upon the point of death, he said with a firm voice, " Uncle, I have had a glimpse of the way I am to go ; it is upward." He paused for a moment, and then added, " They took me up, and I thought I was gone, but I am let down again ; I am so disappointed ! " It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe what the Lord revealed to him in this spiritual transit. Standing as he now was upon the portals of eternal bliss, might it not be something similar to that which was made

known to the apostle, when he was caught up into Paradise, where he heard "unspeakable things, which it is not lawful for a man to utter?" (2 Cor. xii. 4.) His father being present, said to him, "A few minutes longer, my boy, and then you will be with your precious Lord for evermore." He replied, "Yes;" he then again repeated his oft-repeated prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." These words he continued to repeat until within about three minutes previous to his departure; and when utterance failed, according to his promise, he waved his withered hands in token of victory, until he quietly, without a struggle or a sigh, fell asleep in the bosom of Jesus about eleven o'clock, December the 31st, 1850, it being the anniversary of his birthday, having just completed his seventeenth year. In his last moments the power of the Lord was so eminently manifested on his behalf, that even those present who knew not the nature of vital godliness were constrained to acknowledge that a religion which afforded such rich consolations to nullify the effects of the last conflict must be divine. I felt a cleaving of soul to him, which made me loth to let him go; but

"The arrow flew immortal to release."

Yours, in the gospel of Christ,

Ramsgate.

W. S.

REVIEW.

Whitefield at Lisbon. Being an Account of the Blasphemy and Idolatry of Popery, as witnessed by that Servant of God, George Whitefield, during his stay at the above City. Also, a Narrative of the Dreadful Earthquake that totally Destroyed the City, with Sixty Thousand Inhabitants, shortly after Mr. Whitefield's visit; with his Remarks thereon. London: J Gadsby, Bouverie-street.

"The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." How applicable to Whitefield and his persecutors! His memory is embalmed in the hearts of thousands—their name has perished with them. He indeed, during life,

"Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned him at once dismissed
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed.
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And Perjury stood up to swear all true.

The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed:
Die when he might, he must be damned at last."—COWPER.

At this distance of time, we can scarcely frame to ourselves an idea of the general burst of execration that assailed Whitefield on the one hand from the dead formalists of that day and generation, and of the mighty revolution in the minds of hundreds and thousands on the other which led them to hail him as an ambassador of heaven. Cow-

per's noble eulogium upon him, under the name of *Leucenomus** (the translation into Greek of *White field*), a part of which we have quoted above, is perhaps the most forcible as it is the most concise description of him in the English language. But by way of introduction to the little work before us, we are tempted to present a slight sketch of this remarkable man.

God usually works by means, and brings about appointed ends by appointed instruments. These instruments are usually not only adapted to the work which they have to perform, but to the age and generation in which they live.

Luther was so adapted to Germany, Knox to Scotland, and Farel to Switzerland, that, humanly speaking, had the men been transferred to each other's soil, the work of reformation would have immediately stopped. So Whitefield was especially adapted to his day and generation. We speak sometimes of the low state of things in our day, as if all vital religion were perished out of the land. But whatever our day be, it is clear to all who know the history of that period that things then were much worse. Then there was scarcely any profession. Persons speak against our day as a day of profession. It is true; but profession in many as much implies possession in some as forged coin proves the existence of genuine, or as shadow implies substance. In that day there was little or no profession, for the same reason that there is no shade in the Arabian desert—there are no trees. The influence of Puritanism had gradually worn out; the flood of corruption introduced by Charles II. had gradually (the barrier of Puritanism being well-nigh in ruins) settled down over the lowlands of society as well as submerged its highlands. The pulpits resounded with moral essays; and many Dissenting ministers, as much as those in the Establishment, “stalked abroad on the seventh day,” to use the striking language of Bishop Horsley, “solemn apes of Epictetus.”† With the experience of the power the very doctrine of godliness was lost in the Churches.‡ Arminianism ruled far and wide; and as this has always been half-brother to Socinianism, a dark cloud was brooding over the land, akin to that which has buried Germany in neology and France in infidelity. Doddridge's celebrated seminary at Northampton soon became tainted with Socinian errors; and, from his later writings, there is every reason to fear that Dr. Watts was far from sound on the cardinal doctrine of the Trinity. Thus the state of torpor and death everywhere prevalent before Whitefield

* We have been tempted, under our head “Poetry,” to give Cowper's noble description of Whitefield.

† Epictetus was a celebrated moral philosopher among the heathen. Bishop Horsley's meaning, therefore, was that the clergy of his day had abandoned the distinctive doctrines of the gospel for heathen morality.

‡ The most popular religious book of the day among Church-people was “The Whole Duty of Man;” and with persons called “serious,” “Law's Call to a Holy and Religious Life”—works somewhat different in character, but each based upon creature-righteousness. Watts and Doddridge were the chief lights in the Dissenting Churches; and a mere glance at their writings will show how deficient both were in clear distinct views of gospel truth.

was raised up is indeed indescribable. The very doctrine of the new birth was all but lost out of the land. It is hard to say whether Church or Dissent was the worse; for though the latter might retain more of the form of sound words, yet it seems to have been nearly as destitute of the power.

Arianism was fast spreading in both denominations, and infidelity was widely prevalent in society at large. Bishop Butler, in the preface to his celebrated "Analogy," has the following remarks: "It is come, I knew not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it, as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." The very circumstance that such a work should be called for to prove the truth of Christianity shows how widely spread infidelity must have been in that age and generation.

In this state of things, then, when all was torpor and death, God raised up Whitefield, and, in his providence and grace, sent him through the length and breadth of the land, proclaiming the necessity and nature of the new birth. To us who at this day read his sermons, there seems comparatively little in them to produce such powerful effects. When we read of the thousands who hung entranced upon his lips; of his arresting into silence the disorderly multitude of a London fair; of his receiving on one day a thousand notes from persons under convictions of sin; and then quietly read the sermons which came abroad under his name, we look in vain for the

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn"

which produced such effects; and we seem led to the conclusion either that the published sermons are unfaithful, mutilated, imperfect transcripts of the actual discourses, or that a mighty power rested upon him which clothed with fire words and ideas which in other mouths would seem almost common-place. But whichever solution we adopt, their effect is undoubted when delivered by him.

Besides the power from on high that rested upon him, there was a holy warmth and energy, a simplicity and godly sincerity, and a pouring out of his whole soul with fervour, that arrested the most unconcerned hearer. He spoke as one whose very heart and soul were in the work. He had, besides, great natural eloquence, a voice unrivalled for melody, variety, pathos, and strength, and every feature and gesture were lit up with energy and animation. The most fearless courage, the greatest patience, a character without a blot, the most undeniable disinterestedness, labours to us scarcely credible, a heart overflowing with tenderness and affection, and, above all, a soul favoured beyond most with the inshinings of God's favour and love—such is a feeble sketch of England's great apostle. To say that Whitefield in all points was a perfect minister would be foolish. He was not always clear in doctrine; and his free addresses to sinners

would seem to us now strongly impregnated with free-will. Doubtless there was also much in him due to natural advantages, which should always be carefully distinguished from grace. His natural eloquence arrested the attention of Hume, the infidel historian, who is said to have declared that his address to the angel Gabriel not to depart till he could bear to heaven the tidings of a sinner's conversion was the finest burst of oratory possible; of the sceptic, Benjamin Franklin, who tells an amusing story how he was compelled to empty his purse under a charity-sermon for the Orphan Institution, though predetermined to give only a small sum; of Lord Chesterfield, who used to hear him preach at the Countess of Huntingdon's. And if men of such name and note, men of great mental ability, were so charmed with Whitefield's eloquence, we may be sure that it must have been very extraordinary. It is evident, therefore, that many followed and admired Whitefield as in days of old. As the rebellious children of Judah listened to the "lovely song" of the prophet Ezekiel; and as the Jews were willing for a season to rejoice in John the Baptist as a burning and a shining light, thus the multitude heard Whitefield. Hundreds admired his eloquence, wept under his pathos, and rejoiced in his light who never repented of their sins, nor believed on the Son of God. Still there can be no doubt that God largely honoured Whitefield's ministry in the calling in of elect souls, and that it was the commencement of a revival in the Churches. Top-lady, Newton, Berridge, Romaine, and other useful men in their day, may all be said to have sprung up under the light sown by Whitefield. There was a wide revival in the land; and where Whitefield planted, others watered, and God gave the increase.

In the providence of God, Whitefield, on one of his voyages to America, put in at Lisbon in the palmy days of Popery, and witnessed with his own eyes the public celebration of some of its most important festivals. These he has described in a series of letters to a friend; and as an authentic account of what Popery is in really Popish countries, this testimony of so thoroughly qualified an eye-witness is very interesting. To the mass of mankind nothing is so attractive in religion as outward beauty and magnificence. The spiritual worship of God, the glory of Jesus, the beauties of holiness, the still small voice of the Spirit, inward communion with the Lord, the consolations of his presence, meltings of heart under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, all that gives power to vital godliness is beyond the reach of nature in its highest flights of sensuous devotion. Denied the wings of faith, she must raise and sustain herself on artificial pinions. These Rome furnishes for birds of every size, from the vulture to the wren. A religion of sight, sense, and touch is the religion of man. To this depraved religion, or rather superstition, Rome panders. Unchecked by remorse, she presses into her theatrical ritual the holiest scenes of redeeming love. She dramatizes the crucifixion, turns the dying agonies of the Son of God into an opera spectacle, and debases Calvary into a common show. What Whitefield witnessed of this nature at Lisbon wrung his heart, and drew forth those vivid letters in which he whole scene seems to pass before our eyes.

Be it borne in mind that Popery is unchangeable, and that this external pomp and show is her main element of success. Were London Lisbon, and 1851 1754, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's would be the scenes of similar pomp and parody. As yet in this country Rome dares not bring forward all her puppets. They are in the box, but high-fair is not yet come. The showmen are ready, but the mob is not yet duly prepared to welcome their appearance.

We subjoin one letter as a specimen of Whitefield's powers of description :

To Mr. ———,

Lisbon, April 12th, 1754.

My dear Friend,—After the news already sent you, I thought our Lisbon correspondence would entirely have been put a stop to ; for, upon returning to my lodgings (as weary, I believe, as others that had been running from church to church all day), word was sent me that our ship would certainly sail the next morning. This news, I own, was not altogether agreeable to me, because I wanted to see the conclusion of the Lent solemnities. However, I made ready ; and having despatched my private affairs the over-night, was conducted very early in the morning, by my kind host, down to Belem, where the ship lay. We parted. The wind promised to be fair ; but dying away, I very eagerly went ashore once more. But how was the scene changed ! Before all used to be noise and hurry ; now all was hushed and shut up in the most awful and profound silence. No clock or bell had been heard since yesterday noon, and scarce a person was to be seen in the street all the way to Lisbon. About two in the afternoon we got to the place where (I had heard some days ago) an extraordinary scene was to be exhibited. Can you guess what it was ? Perhaps not. Why, then, I will tell you : It was the crucifixion of the Son of God, represented partly by dumb images, and partly by living persons, in a large church belonging to the convent of St. de Beato. Several thousands crowded into it ; some of whom, as I was told, had been waiting there from even six in the morning. Through the kind interposition and assistance of a Protestant or two, I was not only admitted into the church, but was very commodiously situated to view the whole performance. We had not waited long before the curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high scaffold hung in the front with black baize, and behind with silk purple damask laced with gold, was exhibited to our view an image of the Lord Jesus at full length, crowned with thorns and nailed on a cross between two figures of like dimensions, representing the two thieves. At a little distance, on the right hand, was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, in plain long ruffles, and a kind of widow weeds. Her veil was purple silk, and she had a wire glory round her head. At the foot of the cross lay, in a mournful pensive posture, a living man, dressed in woman's clothes, who personated Mary Magdalene ; and not far off stood a young man in imitation of the beloved disciple. He was dressed in a loose green silk vesture, and bob wig. His eyes were fixed on the cross and his two hands a little extended. On each side, near the front of the stage, stood two sentinels in buff, with formidable caps, and long beards ; and directly in front stood another, yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand. We may suppose him to be the Roman centurion. To complete the scene, from behind the purple hangings came out about twenty little purple-vested winged boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted wax taper in his hand, and a crimson and gold cap on his head. At their entrance upon the stage, they gently bowed their heads to the spectators, then kneeled and made obeisance, first to the image on the cross, and then to that of the Virgin Mary. When risen, they bowed to each other, and then took their respective places over against one another, on steps assigned for them at the front of the stage. Opposite to this, at a few yards distance, stood a black friar in a pulpit hung in mourning. For a while he paused, and then breaking silence, gradually lifted up his voice till it was extended to a pretty high pitch, though, I think, scarce high enough for so large an auditory. After he had proceeded in his discourse about a quarter of an hour, a confused noise was heard near the front

great door ; upon turning my head I saw four long-bearded men, two of whom carried a ladder on their shoulders, and after them followed two more with large gilt dishes in their hands, full of linen, spices, &c. These (as I imagined) were the representatives of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. On a signal given from the pulpit they advanced towards the steps of the scaffold ; but upon their very first attempting to mount it, at the watchful centurion's nod, the obedient soldiers made a pass at them, and presented the points of their javelins directly to their breasts. They are repulsed. Upon this a letter from Pilate is produced. The centurion reads it, shakes his head, and, with looks that bespoke a forced compliance, beckons to the sentinels to withdraw their arms. Leave being thus obtained they ascend ; and having paid their homage, by kneeling first to the image on the cross, and then to the Virgin Mary, they retired to the back of the stage. Still the preacher continued declaiming, or rather, as was said, explaining the mournful scene. Magdalene persists in wringing her hands, and variously expressing her personated sorrow ; whilst John (seemingly regardless of all besides) stood gazing on the crucified figure. By this time it was near three o'clock, and therefore proper for the scene to begin to close. The ladders are ascended, the superscription and crown of thorns taken off, long white rollers put round the arms of the image, and then the nails knocked out which fastened the hands and feet. Here Mary Magdalene looks most languishing, and John, if possible, stands more thunderstruck than before. The orator lifts up his voice, and almost all the hearers expressed concern by weeping, beating their breasts, and smiting their cheeks. At length the body is gently let down. Magdalene eyes it, and gradually rising receives the feet into her wide-spread handkerchief ; whilst John (who hitherto stood motionless like a statue), as the body came nearer the ground, with an eagerness that bespoke the intense affection of a sympathising friend, runs towards the cross, seizes the upper part of it into his clasping arms, and, with his disguised fellow-mourner, helps to bear it away. And here the play should end, were I not afraid you would be angry with me if I did not give you an account of the last act, by telling you what became of the corpse after it was taken down. Great preparations were made for its interment. It was wrapped in linen and spices, &c., and being laid upon a bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round the churchyard in grand procession. The image of the Virgin Mary was chief mourner, and John and Magdalene, with a whole troop of friars, with wax tapers in their hands, followed after. Determined to see the whole, I waited its return ; and in about a quarter of an hour the corpse was brought in, and deposited in an open sepulchre prepared for the purpose ; but not before a priest, accompanied by several of the same order, in splendid vestments, had perfumed it with incense, sung to, and kneeled before it. John and Magdalene attended the obsequies ; but the image of the Virgin Mary was carried away and placed upon the front of the stage, in order to be kissed, adored, and worshipped by the people. This I saw them do with the utmost eagerness and reverence. And thus ended this Good Friday's tragi-comical, superstitious, idolatrous farce—a farce which, whilst I saw, as well as now whilst I am describing it, excited in me a high indignation. Surely, thought I, whilst attending on such a scene of mock devotion, if ever, now is the dear Lord Jesus crucified afresh ; and I could then, and even now, think of no other plea for the poor beguiled devotees, than that which suffering innocence put up himself for his enemies, when actually hanging upon the cross, “ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” There was but one thing wanting to raise one's resentment to the highest pitch, and that was for one of the soldiers to have pierced the side of the image upon the cross. This, in all probability, you have heard has actually been done in other places, and, with a little more art might, I think, have been performed here. Doubtless it would have afforded the preacher as good, if not a better, opportunity of working upon the passions of his auditory, than the taking down the superscription and crown of thorns, and wiping the head with a bloody cloth, and afterwards exposing it to the view of the people ; all of which I saw done before the body was let down. But, alas ! my dear friend, how mean is that eloquence, and how entirely destitute of the demonstration of the Spirit, and of a divine power, must that oratory necessarily be, that stands in need of such a train of superstitious pageantry to

render it impressive! Think you, my dear friend, that the apostle Paul used or needed any such artifices to excite the people of Galatia, amongst whom, as he himself informs us, "Jesus Christ was crucified, evidently set forth?" But ~~thus~~ it is, and thus it will be, when simplicity and spirituality are banished from our religious offices, and artifices and idolatry seated in their room. I am well aware the Romanists deny the charge of idolatry; but after having seen what I have this day, as well as at sundry other times since my arrival here, I cannot help thinking but that a person must be capable of making more than metaphysical distinctions, and deal in very abstract ideas indeed, ~~fairly~~ to evade the charge. If weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, I am positive the scale must turn on the Protestant side; but such a balance these poor people are not permitted to make use of! Does not your heart bleed for them? Mine does, I am sure, and I believe would do so more and more were I to stay longer and see what they call their Hallelujah, and grand devotions on Easter day. But that scene is denied me. The wind is fair, and I must away. Follow me with your prayers, and believe me to be, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Redeemer,
G. WHITEFIELD.

POETRY.

LEUCONOMUS (beneath well-sounding Greek
I slur a name a poet must not speak)
Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned him at once dismissed
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed.
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And Perjury stood up to swear all true.
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence;
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason, a mere fool.
The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed;
Die when he might, he must be damned at last.
Now, Truth perform thine office! waft aside
The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride;
Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes
This more than monster in his proper guise.
He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same.
Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him he laboured, and like him content
To bear it—suffered shame wher'er he went.
Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb,
If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
Which, aimed at him, have pierced the offended skies;
And say, Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord!

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

The goodness of God respects our emptiness, the grace of God our sinfulness, and the mercy of God our unworthiness.—*John Mason.*

Worldly men will be true to their principles; and if we were as true to ours, the visits between the two parties would be short and seldom.—*Newton.*

All the afflictions of God's people are measured by the hand of the most wise, most merciful and gracious God. All the malice of men and devils cannot add a dram to the weight, nor a drop to the measure, beyond God's appointment.—*Bunyan.*

All our fresh springs are in him; all the strength, support, and comfort we have, comes from him: he is in all providences, be they never so bitter, so afflicting, never so smarting, so destructive to our earthly comforts. Christ is in them all; his love, his wisdom, his mercy, his pity and compassion are in them all; every cup is of his preparing.—*Ibid.*

When the heart is bound and hard; when fears are high, and life hangs in doubt; when nothing but sin is seen and felt, and the wrath of God reflected; when Christ is hid, and Satan always at hand; when others feed, and the soul is starved; when others rejoice, and I am sad; when they are indulged, and I smoke in the flames of jealousy, 'tis hard work.—*Huntington.*

Besides, it is possible for thee, O man, to have faith, so as to be able to remove mountains or cast out devils; nay, thou mightest speak with the tongue of men and angels, yea, and bid the sun stand still in the midst of heaven. Yet what would all these gifts of the Spirit avail thee, without being made partaker of his sanctifying graces? Saul had the Spirit of government for a while, so as to become another man, and yet was a castaway. And many who cast out devils in Christ's name at the last will be disowned by him. If, therefore, thou hast only the gifts, but art destitute of the graces of the Holy Ghost, they will only serve to lead thee with so much the more solemnity to hell.—*Whitefield.*

What a precious hiding-place is Jesus to a poor sin-burdened soul, "tossed with tempest and not comforted!" And, Oh, what exalted views has such a sinner of Jesus, when, by the revelation of the Father, he is enabled to enter by faith into a spiritual apprehension of what Christ is to him, and what he hath done for him! If ever the believer desires to depart and to be with Christ, it is then. He sees the Father well pleased, justice satisfied, the law magnified and fulfilled to its utmost demands, the curse removed, sin pardoned, hell conquered, and the grave (so terrific while the sinner is under guilt and condemnation) rendered a bed of rest until the resurrection morning; when his happy spirit shall descend from the upper regions, in company with his dear Lord, and take possession of his own body, rendered glorious and complete by him, who said, "I will raise it up at the last day."—*H. Fowler.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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ANTINOMIANISM DEMOLISHED, AND THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST DELIVERED FROM ITS FALSE CHARGES.

By JOHN RUSK.

(Concluded from page 339.)

"Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck."—(1 Tim. i. 19.)

Having treated a little about faith, and a good conscience, and also that conscience concerns faith, I now proceed to

III. The dreadful consequence of putting away conscience. This never can, strictly speaking, be the case with any of God's elect, and for this reason: you never find that ever any one of them made shipwreck. But, say you, they often backslide. I grant it, for I feel it daily; but to put away conscience wholly they never do. We all secretly backslide. Solomon says there is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good and sinneth not; but he also says, "The just man falleth seven times and riseth again." Some have backslidden openly, as Solomon, David, Peter, and others, and for a time got hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; yes, and for a time put away conscience, but not for good and all. Lust is such a powerful thing that, if God leave a man for a time, he is sure to be captivated by it, even at the expense of a good conscience; but to real believers it is attended with dreadful consequences, for, although God will forgive them, yet he will take vengeance of their inventions, and they shall sorely smart for what they do. What did Solomon suffer for his idolatry? Why, the loss of ten tribes, besides being filled with cruel jealousy, one of the hottest ingredients in the furnace of affliction, and that by Jeroboam his servant. Hence he says, "Jealousy is cruel as the grave, the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath

a most vehement flame." Therefore he sought to kill Jeroboam; and speaking his own bitter experience, he says again, "Jealousy is the rage of a man, neither will he spare in the day of vengeance, neither will he rest contented though thou givest many gifts." Solomon came at all this through putting away conscience. God made good his word, where he says, "They have moved me to jealousy by that which [is not God, and I will move them to jealousy with those that are not a people." God is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to any, nor his praise to graven images. You see it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against God. David his father also, after that dreadful fall which opened the mouths of God's enemies, what did he suffer in his soul? We may see it in Psalm li., "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord;" and again, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, O Lord, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." And again, the Lord says, "Because thou hast done this, and occasioned the enemies of God to blaspheme, the sword shall never depart from thy house." Peter also. Oh what did he feel when he went out and wept bitterly? And also when Christ asked him three times whether he loved him, it is said that "Peter was grieved," grieved that the Lord should suspect his love or appear to do so. Thus you see the dreadful consequences some of God's elect have found by putting away conscience; but all these were reclaimed, so that they did not finally put it away. But a question naturally arises, If those that make shipwreck never had a good conscience, how can they put it away? To this I answer, that although they had not a good conscience, yet they professed that they had, for the unclean spirit went out of them for a time, and then they united with the godly. According to all appearance such go on very consistently, and, seeing that God only can search the heart, you and I cannot tell by their outward conduct but that they have a good conscience; for, as they appear heartily to believe the same truths, how is it possible to find them out? But at last the trial comes which before never had come.

I will now show you some from God's word who put away conscience altogether; the first I shall mention is Cain. Cain made a profession of the truth as well as Abel, and each brought an offering to the Lord. Cain brought of the fruits of the earth, for he was a tiller of the ground, and Abel "brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect; and Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell;" "and Cain talked with Abel his brother." Now, all this time he had hard work within. However, he was determined to put away conscience, and therefore he rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him. Well, after this you find the dreadful consequences of it; for God says, "And now thou art cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shall thou be in the earth." But that was not all, for John tells us that he belonged to the Devil, and did his works: "Not as

Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." (1 John iii. 10—12.) Evil works always arise from an evil conscience. John tells us, "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the Devil." Jude brings him in also, and pronounces the woe of God's wrath against him and all that tread in his steps. Thus you see that it is no trifling thing to put away conscience.

But again. Another that I shall take notice of is Balaam. Balaam was a man of great light, knowledge, and understanding, and appears to have been a man greatly looked up to. Now, Israel pitched in the plains of Moab, and Moab was sore afraid of the people, because they were many. Balak, the son of Zippor, was king of the Moabites at that time; he sent for Balaam to curse Israel, and made him very great promises, that he would promote him to honour. Now, here was the trial. Sacrifice conscience and be a great man, or abide by conscience and come to beggary; for reason can make nothing more of it. Balaam therefore put conscience away, which concerns faith, and laboured hard, vainly trying to tempt God to curse a people that he had already blessed; but he found out that God was not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent. Now, nothing of this was done in ignorance, for we are told that the Spirit of God came upon him, that his eyes were opened, that he heard the words of God, and saw the vision of the Almighty. It was wholly for want of power in Balaam, and no want of will that he did not curse Israel: "I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God," &c. (Num. xxii. 18.) The first time we read of his putting away conscience was when he went to ask God, at the very time that he knew God's mind and will respecting Israel; for God did tell him, "Thou shalt not curse the people, for they are blessed;" (xxii. 12;) and when Balak made him such a great offer, he then puts conscience away, and says to the princes, "Tarry ye also heré this night, that I may know what the Lord will say unto me more." You see what a dreadful thing it is to break through bounds. God answered him, and told him to go with the men; Balaam went, and God's anger was kindled against him for it. For the angel of the Lord appeared to him with a drawn sword in his hand, to show him that his way was perverse before God. Still, in the face of all, he puts conscience away, and builds more altars; but after all, finding that he could not turn God to curse so many thousands of people to enrich Balaam, he then advises Balak to lay a stumbling-block in their way. "And Israel abode in Shittim, and the people began to commit whoredom with the daughters of Moab. And the people did eat, and bow down to their gods." John tells us that all this was through Balaam still putting away conscience. Hence, he says, that Balaam taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols, and to commit fornication. (Rev. ii. 14.) There was the wisdom of the serpent, intending to stir up God's wrath to curse the people for their abominations. And God sent a plague upon Israel, and there died twenty

four thousand. After this, Balaam joins Midian to fight against Israel, and then comes his end. "And Israel slew the kings of Midian, beside the rest of them that were slain; namely, Evi, and Rekem, and Zur, and Hur, and Reba, five kings of Midian; Balaam also the son of Beor they slew with the sword." (Num. xxxi. 8.) "Woe unto them! for they ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward," (Jude 11,) "which have forsaken the right way (or put away conscience) and are gone astray, following the way of Balaam, who loved the wages of unrighteousness." (2 Peter ii. 15.) "These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever."

But again. We have an account of another sort which put away conscience, and that is, Korah and his company: "And they rose up before Moses, with certain of the children of Israel, two hundred and fifty princes of the assembly, famous in the congregation, men of renown." There is an encouragement for every poor tried soul. All the characters I have been treating of, that have put away conscience, are great men. They are not poor, broken-hearted, weak, and helpless; no; as Mr. H. used to say, "They are all great men that the Devil sends. He seldom sends understrappers." And thus it was here; "famous, and men of renown;" "And they gathered themselves together against Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them. And when Moses heard it, he fell upon his face, and spake to the sons of Korah, Seemeth it but a small thing that the God of Israel hath separated you from the congregation to do the service of the tabernacle," &c., "and seek ye the priesthood also?" But in spite of all, they were determined to put away conscience, till at last, in answer to Moses's prayer, the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods. They and all that appertained to them went down alive into the pit, and the earth closed upon them. And then came out a fire from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense. (Num. xvi.) From all which, reader, may you and I learn to take the lowest room, to encourage a tender conscience, and never be aiming at high things.

But again: I will treat a little about King Saul. The first account that we have of his putting away conscience was when he forced himself, and offered a burnt-offering through the fear of man, because Samuel delayed coming. (1 Sam. xiii. 12.) Saul knew in his conscience that he ought to have waited for Samuel, but he was determined to put that away, and therefore forced himself. And "Samuel said to Saul, Thou hast done foolishly; thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which he commanded thee. But now thy kingdom shall not continue. The Lord hath sought him a man after his own heart." And if you look narrowly after Saul, you will find that he continually went on putting away conscience. God expressly told him to go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they had; but Saul, contrary to God and conscience, spared Agag

and the best of the sheep, &c., under the pretence of sacrificing them to the Lord; but the prophet Samuel told him that to obey was better than sacrifice, and that rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness as iniquity and idolatry. (1 Sam. xv. 23.) Yet even after this he kept on, as you may read, and, against God and conscience, pursued after David and sought his life, although he well knew that David acted uprightly to him, till at last he destroyed himself and went to hell, for no self-murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

But again. In our Lord's days, we may see conscience put away by the Jewish Scribes and Pharisees, the very worst enemies our Lord had. Now what made these people's sins so very great was, they did it in enmity, with open eyes. You and I know that, amongst men, a crime is lessened or aggravated this way. If you are a friend to me, and I offend you, but not intentionally, it is nothing to what it would be if I did it knowingly and designedly. This we all know is criminal to the last degree; and this was their case. God was a friend to them in giving them the things of this world, for this he does to all men. Hence you read that "he loveth the stranger by giving him food and raiment, health and strength," &c.; but for all this they hated that God in whose hand their breath was, and not ignorantly, no: "You have seen and hated both me and my Father." They knew in their own consciences that Christ was the Messiah. His miracles carried a clear evidence to all that he was the Sent of God, and they had all the prophecies of the Holy Word; so that they did it with open eyes. Hence Christ told them, "If I had not done amongst them the work that none other man did, they would not have had sin," that is, they would not have had the sin unto death, "but now they have no cloak for their sin." Thus they sinned wilfully after receiving the knowledge of the truth, &c. But did they really know it when they did it? If so, why does Paul say that "none of the princes of this world knew, for if they had known it they would not have crucified the Lord of life and glory?" You do not understand Paul's meaning. Take the whole two verses in connexion: "But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory; which (hidden wisdom) none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it (this hidden wisdom experimentally) they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." (1 Cor. ii. 7, 8.) This is the real unstrained sense of the text; but as to their knowing that he was the Messiah this is beyond all doubt. Hence they said, "This is the heir, come, let us kill him, and the inheritance will be ours;" and Nicodemus, as a mouth for the rest, said, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do the miracles which thou doest, except God be with him." Thus they put away a good conscience which concerns faith. Moreover, at his first being apprehended, when Judas came with the rest, they all felt his power, and fell backward. This violent shock confirmed his almighty power, and this they well knew. Also at his crucifixion, when all the powers of nature were shaken. (Matt. xxvii.) Was not all this enough to prove that he was the Sent of God? Yes, but they wanted no proof, for they were determined to

resist all light and the clearest convictions of conscience. Well, after this, the next day, "the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, After three days I will rise again. Command, therefore, that the sepulchre be made sure," &c. Here was a little of the wisdom of the serpent. But "in the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day in the week, there was a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord descended, and rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it, and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men." After this, some of the watch showed unto the Chief Priests all the things that were done—about the earthquake, about the angel rolling away the stone and sitting on it, about their shaking, and also what the angel said to the women, "He is risen, as he said." Well, and do not they fall under all this, and agree with conscience? No; they are fully determined to put it away. Why, what can they do now? Why they make lies their refuge, and under falsehood they try to hide themselves; (see Matt. xxviii. 15;) and they kept on putting away conscience, for they resisted the testimony of the Holy Ghost continually, after the Lord's ascension, till they brought down the vindictive wrath of God, "for wrath came upon them to the uttermost." But I shall not enlarge, for all this you may read in the Word. You see the awful consequences of putting away conscience which concerns faith.

But again. . . We have another instance of two people that put away conscience which concerns faith, through the love of money, or covetousness. It was universally agreed upon by the Church of God in those primitive days to have all things common, seeing that for the cause of Christ they were dreadfully persecuted, and could not go on with business as before, being rejected of men for Christ's sake; so that now the whole Church was like one family. Yet even in these days there were two hypocrites whom the Devil sowed amongst the wheat, Ananias and Sapphira, who must have gone a good way in appearance to deceive the Church of God, which was blessed at that time with an abundance of the Spirit. Well, it is said that they sold a possession, and they agreed together to put conscience away, for if this is attended to, they will fare no better than the rest; but if conscience is put away, which is easily done by keeping back part of the price, then, instead of losing by selling their possession they will gain by it, for they would have their share with the Church out of the common stock, besides what they keep back, which will always be useful for various things. Now we do not find them putting faith away, and saying, If believing these things must come to this, selling one's possession, I will have no more of your faith, but keep what I have; no; but it appears that it was more to their advantage to put away conscience. No doubt all these things had been canvassed over by them. (See Acts v. 1—12.)

We might take notice of others. Peter speaks of some in his Second Epistle, and Jude also, which you may read at your leisure.

From what has been said, then, beware of taking liberties with conscience, for it is not to be played with. Satan will tell you that

being so particular with conscience is legality. Be it so. Then let us be legal, if it be legality. I have already told you that the apostle Paul exercised himself to have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. Joseph, who was tempted by his mistress, says, "How could I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Nehemiah tells us that he would not oppress the people as the former governors did, because of the fear of the Lord. It is also said in praise of that good king, Josiah, that his heart was tender, &c. Again. Beware of slighting any ordinance that you know God has enjoined upon you. To reject it is being wise in your own conceit, and being wise above what is written. Deviate from any one thing which you see that God has commanded in his Word, and it is at the expense of conscience. I know these things will not go down with many in the present day. We all have a corrupt nature, that is against a good conscience; but self is to be denied and the cross taken up, if we wish to hold a good conscience, and not put it away.

Now, Christian reader, you will not find all this easy work; no; but opposition on all hands. A sound creed in the head, while men walk in the imagination of their evil heart, oppressing, grinding the face of the poor, cheating, taking all advantages, &c. &c.—this loose way of living may be easy enough, until God upsets such altogether, which will most assuredly take place; for although judgment is slow, yet it is sure, and such shall not escape. But this brings me to

IV. What putting away a good conscience is, and what all such faith will terminate in, namely, shipwreck. You read of the hope of unjust men, that perisheth. This is a bad anchor which never can keep the vessel from going into perdition. Hence you read of the perdition of ungodly men, and of some who are drowned in destruction and perdition. Now, the non-elect, you see, have an anchor, but it is of no use in a storm. The elect of God have an anchor also. Hence Paul says, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which enters into that within the veil." (Hebrews vi. 19.) All God's elect are self-emptying, and brought clearly out from all confidence in the flesh. They then feel their souls sinking, having all their former hopes and refuges of lies demolished; but the Holy Spirit sets Jesus Christ before them, as the one and only way, and they are enabled to embrace him, the Rock, for want of a shelter. There it is they cast anchor, for he is now the object of their hope, so that they never can be drowned in destruction and perdition. This hope, the anchor, centres in the Godhead of Christ, which is that within the veil, the veil being his humanity. Here and here only a soul is safe in every storm; as you read, "A man shall be a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest," &c. (Isa. xxxii. 2.) Again, "Thou hast been a strength to the poor, (that is the self-emptying soul,) a strength to the needy in his distress, (that is, one that feels he needs all that Christ has to bestow,) a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones (devils, men, and corruptions) is as a storm against the wall." (Isa. xxv. 4.) Now, a good hope in Christ is the anchor which holds the vessel of mercy,

so that she will ride every storm, though not without numberless fears. But where do the non-elect anchor? I answer that all open profane characters take anchor in a God all mercy, which the Devil has set up in their imaginations; and if they at any time of their life have performed any dead works, all the better for them they think. But some think of nothing at all, having their consciences seared as with a hot iron. Again, there are others of the non-elect that anchor wholly in their own performances, and appear to go on well for a long time; but they cannot end well, because such an anchor will give way. It is a bad anchor, and they will find that trusting in their works will be as a spider's web: "Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web." (Job viii. 14.) The Prophet Isaiah also speaks of these. Hence he calls it a bed too short and a covering too narrow, and says, "Woe to the rebellious children that cover with a covering but not of my spirit, that they may add sin to sin." But there is another sort which far exceeds these; and to such Paul I believe particularly alludes in our text, namely, hypocrites in Zion, who for a time flourish. Isaiah calls such "gallant ships." These are sinners in Zion, hypocrites. They are in Zion, or in the Church of God, professedly; in Christ also by profession; and such have a faith in the letter of sound truth, as I showed you at first; yes, and they have a counterfeit experience, which deceives the children of God for a while; and thus they go on full sail, having gifts and abilities, and a false experience, some of them ignorantly, and some knowingly and wilfully; but sooner or later they will make shipwreck. Hymeneus and Alexander were of this stamp, according to Paul's account; and what a length must they have gone in a pretension to truth to deceive Paul? But you will say, What is it to make shipwreck? I believe that shipwreck is when a ship is so broken that it is useless. The word "shipwreck" I only find twice mentioned in Scripture. The one is in our text, and the other is where Paul says, "Thrice I suffered shipwreck." We have an account of Paul's perilous voyage in the Acts, from which, if you read it carefully, you will understand what he means by shipwreck: "And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground, and the fore-part stuck fast and remained immovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves." And you read in the Psalms, "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind." It is said that in Jonah's voyage, "the ship had like to be broken." From all which it is evident, that shipwreck is when forcible winds, or striking upon rocks, &c., break a ship to pieces. But let us a little consider spiritually how such are shipwrecked who put conscience away, which concerns faith. God brings such into heavy troubles and calamities, which before they were strangers to, and then they find out their deception. Everything they once pretended to now gives way when most needed. Had they ~~not~~ imputed righteousness, that would stand fast, for that is the hope of righteousness which is by faith; but instead of that they find that they only talked about it, as the man no doubt did that we read of in the gospel, who had not on the wedding-garment. Faith that

there is such a robe to put on, and having the robe on oneself, are different things. This righteousness ever will be a breastplate, and guard the heart of a vessel of mercy. "With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness." There is a false peace, a feigned faith, feigned words for self ends, false hope, a light that is darkness, attended with secret enmity to the real saints of God. Such are hard-hearted, double-minded, or carrying two faces. They waver. Sometimes they are for truth, and then again for error; and James says, "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." Now here such are. All their religion lies in their heads; and not being in union with Christ, they are sure, let their attainments be whatever they may, to make shipwreck.

Again. The love of God is a root: "Be rooted and grounded in love." But these have no root in themselves; and although they endure for a while, yet, when the sun of persecution waxes hot, or, to speak agreeably to our text, when the flood of ungodly men make such gallant ships afraid, as they did King Saul, then they are scorched; and because they have no root they wither away, or make shipwreck. All their profession comes to nought, tumbling about their ears. I tremble while I write, knowing so well what such must feel; but although I have often expected myself that I should make shipwreck, yet God, in mercy to my soul, has hitherto kept me.

But again. Although such for a time may have been what is called morally honest, yet now a trying providence coming more and more on, they cast away conscience, and do not act uprightly at all. They call all those that do so legal, and say, "Ah! poor soul, thou art not in the liberty of the gospel." Here Mr. Hart was for a time, "lost all regard of right and wrong;" and thought the more he could sin without remorse the greater hero he was in faith. Oh, what lengths Satan would drive us all to, if he could! but God was pleased to preserve this vessel of mercy, and give him true repentance. Yet, for all that, these are the leading steps to apostacy, or to making shipwreck.

Finally. Such characters are conscious more or less that they are not what they have professed to be, and they are looking out for the wrath of God. "The expectation of the wicked is wrath." What has made the vessel sail so well and so long has been the common gifts of the Spirit, which are given to servants as well as to sons, as you may see by the prophet Ezekiel. (xlvi. 17.) These, without grace, will puff a man up. Now, under all these attainments the conscience remains the same, unpurged; and very often, when these gifts wither, having nothing within (no good treasure in the heart and no union to Christ) to keep them alive, then such either go back into this world, as Demas did, or else into error, as Balaam did, casting off conscience altogether. Reader, see well to the groundwork in all thy profession. Examine thyself. Remember that the mystery of faith must be in a pure conscience. See that thou hast these four things: 1. The fear of God. Have nothing to do with such as would tell thee that perfect love casts out *filial* fear, but, as an adopted son, "be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." 2. Encourage a

tender conscience, lest thou gettest hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. 3. Cleave close to Christ Jesus. Moses told Israel, "Ye that did cleave unto the Lord are all of you alive unto this day." 4. Let thy delight be as David's was, "with the saints and with those that excel in virtue;" for "he that loveth his brother abideth in the light and there is none occasion of stumbling in him; but he that hateth his brother is in darkness and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes."

Thus have I got through the subject in much weakness, often wishing I never had begun it, feeling myself so foolish, so unfit; often tempted to give it all up. May the Lord bless this feeble attempt, and enable us all constantly to press on after those things that will make us useful and fruitful in our day, that will stand by us in a dying hour, and which we shall take with us to eternal glory, I mean the foretaste and firstfruits of the glorious harvest.

HE IS FAITHFUL WHO HATH PROMISED.

I have had a desire for some days past to write to my dearly beloved friend in the Lord, but such has been my debility and weakness, that the least exertion has been a trouble to me. Even my beloved employment of reading the Scriptures, or other books written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, has been labour to me. The dear Lord has indeed been showing me what a poor creature I am, and that if even a good thought could save my soul, I have not that to bring. What a mercy, then, to know that all is finished; that nothing can be added to, neither anything taken from what Christ has done! He has "trodden the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with him." He has wrought out and brought in an everlasting salvation, which is unto all and upon all them that believe. No change in me can alter my state, that being fixed from everlasting. "And because we are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father." It is the earnest of our future inheritance. You know, my dear friend, in earthly concerns, if a bargain be made, and a person give an earnest, it makes the compact binding upon both, and that neither party can get off but by mutual consent. Now, we are told in the Scriptures that "God is of one mind and changes not," that he "will not alter the thing that is gone out of his mouth," but is "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever." Therefore "he abideth faithful."

Every poor soul that experimentally knows the love of Jesus, will esteem him "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely," and will feel such a sense of its unworthiness that, like Peter, it will be crying out, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" (but to thee,) for "thou hast the words of eternal life." They know there is no help but in their God, for "by the deeds of the law," they are assured, "no man living can be justified." Therefore they find Jesus to be "the strong tower, into which they may run and be safe."

But suppose that our best Beloved, in infinite wisdom, appears to us to withdraw, and all sensible comforts to be gone, which is often the way the Lord takes with his children, to exercise them, and for a trial of their faith, (which has been the case with me under my present weakness,) yet the Lord abideth faithful, and on that I depend, not by any power of mine. I would be very jealous on that head, for it is he who stays my mind on him; it is his strength that is made perfect in my weakness; and it is his power that upholds me. He is my life, and the length of my days; and as believing is an evidence of our being a member of Christ's mystical body, should one be wanting, it could not be complete.

Every stone in the spiritual temple is "fitly framed together," and so strongly cemented that nothing can separate them. David, personating our blessed Lord, saith, "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect, and in thy Book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them." When every elect vessel is brought in, then will the spiritual body (or building) be complete, and then time will be no more. But there is a measure of sufferings to be wrought out in the members here below. It is a most blessed thing to be enabled to realize that there is no time-state, but with us. A thousand years are with the Lord as one day, and one day as a thousand years. He spake, and it was done. When the Almighty said, "Let there be light, there was light." And so it is now. When the blessed Spirit illuminates our understanding, we feel what darkness we have been in, and it is observable that the night comes first, then the day. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." These things, blessed be the dear Lord, we know experimentally. We remember the time when we were groping in the dark, and were under the lesser light that rules the night; and there we should have remained till this present hour, had not the Sun of Righteousness arisen in our souls with healing in his wings, and dispelled that gloom, that darkness that pervaded the mind. As soon as the day begins to break, we see a glimmering light; men appear like trees walking; and it is worthy of notice that before the break of day is the darkest part of the night. So it is in the soul when the blessed Spirit begins his work. The poor creature finds himself so lost, so blind, that he wearies himself because he knows not the way to the city, and needs a guide. He is brought out of Egypt into a wilderness, where there is no way, and is so entangled that he knows not what to do. He therefore is constrained to cry out for help or perish. His strength he finds to be utter weakness, his wisdom to be utter foolishness; and except the Lord save him he feels that he must be lost for ever. Therefore, like Queen Esther, he has no alternative but to go in to the king, saying, "If I perish, I perish." The case is so desperate that it admits of no parley, seeing there is no other refuge nor name given under heaven whereby he can be saved. This is the point that the Lord will bring his children to. When we have nothing to pay, he frankly forgives us all. When we are nothing in ourselves, then we are close to him.

What a Saviour! what a mighty Redeemer! It never could have entered into the heart of man to conceive that God should so have loved the world that whosoever believeth in Jesus should not perish, but have everlasting life. I would bless his holy name that he did come, "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And he sends out his ambassadors into the highways and hedges to call in the lame, the halt, and the blind, all that are discontented and in debt, that the marriage supper may be furnished with guests. O! may we be found clad in that wedding garment, without which we can never appear before our God. But, praised be his holy name! he has clothed us with the garment of salvation, and covered us with the robe of righteousness.

I will make no apology for the above, seeing you asked me to write. Remember, I am a poor weak woman, full of years, and many infirmities; therefore forgive whatever you may see amiss, and believe me to remain, in the bonds of Christian love,

Your very affectionate Friend,

M. C. DRURY.

[The writer of the above letter was, we understand, a very experienced and aged Christian woman, now dead some years.—ED.]

A FEW WORDS TO THE DISCONSOLATE CHRISTIAN.

[A friend has sent us the following piece, which has been extracted from an old Magazine and declared at the time by the Editor, in answer to a correspondent, to be written by the late Mr. Gadsby. The style does not strike us as exactly that of our departed friend, though there are scattered expressions which sound like his. Still, as we do not wish to trust too much to our own judgment, and internal evidence is not always to be depended upon, we have been induced to give it a place in the "Standard."]

The providence of God has fixed our lot in a day big with events, a time in which each thinking mind is expecting some gloomy circumstance to arrest its attention. Evils felt or feared very often fill the traveller to the heavenly Jerusalem with a whole troop of doubts; but as long as the eternal God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble—in the strictest sense we have nothing to fear; here is security, immortal security, in every trouble and distress. Is the dear child of God beset with the risings up of the Old Man of Sin, as lust, pride, and every evil propensity which, like a troubled sea, threaten to overwhelm him; and is he so troubled that he cannot speak (to God in prayer), but is ready to conclude that it is the highest pitch of presumption for so monstrous a sinner as he finds and feels himself to be to call upon God, or even hope in his mercy; and does he fear that one day or other he shall actually fall into some disgraceful crime that will wound the cause of the dear Redeemer, the which he would rather die than do—how pregnant with rich consolation are these words, "a very present help in trouble!" Dear disconsolate saint, thy God and Saviour will most assuredly hold thee up when falling, or lift thee up when down; and he will,

in his infinite wisdom and grace, take advantage of these very inordinate feelings of thine to get himself praise and increase thy views of the immortal beauty and boundless suitableness of Jesus Christ, the Lord thy righteousness and strength. These unpleasant, unholy, disgraceful feelings under which thy soul labours, and which thy better part abhors, are not new things just embarked into thy breast; no, they are the very members of the Old Man of Sin, (Col. iii. 5,) permitted of thy God to stir up their hellish nature, with a view to teach thee what thou art, and to heighten God's infinite grace and glory in thy estimation. When the dear Redeemer is gracious to give thee a fresh discovery of himself as thy Saviour and thy exceeding great reward, with what eagerness wilt thou trace his excellences, and with what rapture of soul wilt thou exclaim, "Yea, he is altogether lovely!" He has delivered in times past, thou knowest he has delivered. Do not let those busy enemies, unbelief and carnal reason, lead thee to question the truth of God which thou hast known, tasted, handled, and felt. The Lord ever was, he is now, and ever will be a very present help in trouble; and though thou art not able at this time to see his hand, thy not being in despair is no small proof of the fact. He, in an invisible way, supports thee still; or the views thou hast of thyself would unavoidably sink thee into desperation in one way or other. Remember thou art not the first vessel of mercy who has felt the cursed nature of the Old Man of Sin. Read the 38th Psalm, and hear the royal penman saying, "There is no soundness in my flesh; my wounds stink and are corrupt, my loins are filled with a loathsome disease," &c. So hateful and irksome is the Old Man of Sin that an inspired apostle compares it to a putrefied body constantly carried about with us. (Rom. vii. 24.) Both David, Paul, and others felt it, and laboured under its cursed power; but though cast down they were not destroyed, for the Lord proved unto them a very present help in trouble; and he will ever prove so unto all his dear children.

Has the Christian also to labour under the horrid suggestions of that implacable enemy of souls, the Devil? And does he find himself beset with and arrested by all the horrid blasphemies that an infernal enemy can hurl into his disconsolate mind, so much so that he dare not open his mouth lest he should put into words the very sentiments that Satan's fiery darts carry with them? Is he at once surrounded with almost every pernicious *ism* that ever proceeded from the lower regions, as Arminianism, Arianism, Antinomianism, Deism, Atheism, &c., till he feels at a complete loss what to think of himself, religion, the Bible, or its Author? In fact, he is almost ready to call in question the reality of everything visible or invisible; nay, he is almost ready to conclude that there is no real existences, the whole which appears is but a vapour. Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try thee as though some strange thing had happened unto thee. Be assured that the issue will prove thy God to be a very present help in trouble; and by a sweet deliverance from the cursed snare, thy heavenly Father will teach thee more and more of the lovingkindness of the Lord. There is no

temptation happened to thee but what is common to man, and out of every temptation the Lord will make a way for thy escape. O blessed Jesus! matchless Saviour! wonder-working God! great is his faithfulness; and, thanks be to his ever-to-be-adored name, there is not a misery his saints endure but what he makes subservient to his own glory and their real good. And though, while exercised with these things, the Christian is not able to discern any advantage such distressing circumstances are likely to issue in, even then, in the very trial itself, they work for good, for we know that all things (of whatever nature or description) work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. Observe, the Lord does not say all things shall work for good, but all things work now, in the present time. Strange, indeed! for many of these things are evil, very evil, both in their nature and in their tendency; so that the reason why they work for good cannot be owing to the things themselves, but to the wisdom, power, goodness, grace, and truth of him who superintends over and manages all circumstances and events, and is determined to make them answer these ends, so that the Lord alone shall be exalted, and his glory he will not give to another. Thanks, eternal thanks, unto him; he is a very present help in trouble.

Is the Christian troubled with a stupid frame of mind, and does he seem as though he was destitute of either life or power, so that, let him attend to what he will of a religious nature, it appears to be only a form without the power? This is a distressing state of mind, and in some respects a very dangerous one too, and there are moments when the soul feels the truth of this; yet the most the soul is able to do is to sigh and groan and go mourning like a bird that has lost its mate, and is at times led to fear that this will issue in some dangerous downfall, if not in total apostasy. Now and then the poor soul breathes out, though very faintly, "Where are thy former lovingkindnesses?" or "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation;" but perhaps the next moment is led to check itself, and say, This is saying too much, for I must have been deceived, my former joys must have been a delusion, or else I never could be so careless and carnal as I feel myself to be; and then will reason thus: Can I join the ungodly world? Can I take pleasure in reproaching the honour of God, blaspheming his name, or trampling under foot his glory? No; my soul revolts at this—this I cannot bear. What am I fit for? I am neither company for sinner nor saint. Lord have mercy upon me, when I shall appear before thee? for without thee I cannot be happy nor rest. And yet can I, dare I venture to hope in thy mercy? I know not what to say, my case appears very serious, very dubious. I cannot bear the thought of giving way to despair, and yet I fear it is presumptuous to hope. I am a mystery to myself, for while I thus mourn I feel almost as careless as though I had never heard the name of Christ, yet I feel an aching void which I believe none but Christ can fill. But, alas! what am I? For I feel as if I dreaded the approach of the things I need. If indeed I am a Christian I seem as if I feared that the means by which the Lord will bring me to my right mind will prove

severe, and I am such a coward that I dread trouble. I know I deserve the severest chastisement, but I shrink back at the thoughts of the slightest touch; and though I know this is wrong, I am so weak that I am not able to withstand these feelings. Find the Lord I cannot. I know if I could but get near him and come to his mercy-seat he would put strength in me; and though at times I feel as careless as if it signified not whether I was alive or dead, and as if I cared not what became of me, there are other times when I long, yea, even pant for a sure resting-place; and I look backward to past experience, but I cannot find the Lord my rest; I look forward to the glory promised to all the heirs of promise, but I cannot behold him. I am obliged to shrink back and say, I fear it will never be mine; on the left hand where he doth work in bringing sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan to the living God; but I cannot behold him for myself there. If I attempt to look on my right hand at the great work of redemption, he hideth himself that I cannot see him. Oh that I could but say, "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." But, ah! I still shrink at the thoughts of the furnace. Lord, give me courage and bring me to the light.

Poor soul, is this thy case, and are these some of the feelings of thy mind? Whatever thy fears or faintings may be, thou shalt find that God is a very present help in trouble, for he giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Be assured, though the Lord does evidence his displeasure against his people's sins, and in a little wrath hideth himself, and they in the stoutness of their hearts go on frowardly in the way of their hearts, yet such is his matchless grace and loving kindness that he has said, "I have seen his ways and will heal him; I will lead him also, and will restore comforts to him and to his mourners." (Isa. lvii. 17, 18.) He will say, "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out;" and when he speaks it is done, and when he commands it shall stand fast, and thou shalt with solemn pleasure and sweet delight in return say, "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." (Songs iv. 16.) The Lord enable you to adopt the language of the Church from your very soul, "Come and let us return unto the Lord, for he hath torn and he will heal us; he hath smitten and he will bind us up." (Hos. vi. 1.) And when he blesseth you with this experience, you will with David say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;" and then, with sweet composure of soul, you will declare that God is a very present help in trouble. It is impossible that any trial, trouble, or distress, of whatever kind or nature it be, internal or external, of a public or of a private nature; proceed it from what quarter it will, whether from hell, earth, or from an evil nature; be it headed by what powers it may, however, vicious, crafty, malicious, or strong; however dark or dangerous the circumstances attending it appear to be—it is impossible for any thing, circumstance, or event, jointly or separately, to plunge

the vessel of mercy beyond the reach of this protecting, securing declaration, "A very present help in trouble." Into the arms of this God-glorifying truth a Christian may venture to fall; for though the judgments of God may be abroad in the earth, before whose dreadful majesty kingdoms tremble, thrones fall, and crowns tumble into the dust, the love and faithfulness of God to his saints is still the same, and the welfare of Zion he will for ever seek; and as his glory will be her everlasting bliss, she shall find in the end that all the convulsions and devastations of every kind she has feared or quaked under have been managed by his infinite wisdom for ends of his own glory and her good; and in all the afflictions of his saints he will prove himself to be a very present help in trouble.

"Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." Though clouds and darkness are round about Jehovah, justice and judgment are the habitation or pillars of his throne. We may not be able to trace all his ways in these gloomy days; but this we may be assured of, that the Judge of all the earth will do right. Great men may corrupt themselves, and in order to support their ambitious ways may bring a nation into ruin; and when the distressed cry under their intolerable measures, instead of redressing their grievances, they may stop their mouths by the power of the sword and the terrors of a prison. But though this may be the case in some of the kingdoms of the earth, and the saints may be numbered among the sufferers in such kingdoms, yet the Lord ever has, does now, and ever will prove himself to be a very present help in trouble. He is the Rock; his work is perfect, for all his ways are judgment: "A God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he." (Deut. xxxii. 4.) So that the dear child of God may venture to unite with David in saying, "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me. (Ps. xxvii. 5; xxxi. 20.) That all the household of faith may be enabled to confide in the sure mercies of David is the prayer of

A NAZARENE.

**'TIS TO FEEL THE FIGHT AGAINST US,
YET THE VICTORY HOPE TO GAIN.**

My dear Friend and Brother in the Kingdom and Patience of Christ,—May grace, mercy, and peace be abundantly multiplied through our dearly-beloved Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and if it be the will of God, where sin aboundeth, in a feeling sense of it, there may grace much more abound; and as sin rageth under the temptation and operation of the devil upon corrupt nature, and threateneth to reign again unto death, till like poor Moses we fear and quake, so may grace reign through the righteousness of our dear Jesus unto eternal life, that where sin aboundeth in a smarting sense, there, in the Lord's time, grace may much more abound to conquer and subdue it. Oh, how easy it does seem

to an Arminian to conquer sin or the devil ; but not so with a child of God. How his poor soul cries to the Lord night and day that sin might not have dominion ; that the Lord would turn away the eyes from beholding vanity ; that the Lord would break the snare, and let him escape as a bird out of the net. "O, Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me ;" "O, Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." But the more the poor soul cries for deliverance the more powerful will the devil at times seem to entangle him in his net, till we find we are no longer able to disentangle ourselves than a fly in the net of a spider. This was exactly the case with me last week. I had gone on tolerably well for a short time ; a strong position was kept up by the Mansouliaus against Diabolus till he shifted his position, and attacked the poor Town of Mansoul in another place, which lay upon the borders of the thorn in the flesh—which is the weakest place in all the town of my man soul, a place where Diabolus has made more inroads, and taken greater advantage with his army, than any other in all the town. And this has caused sad work in my poor soul ; but I must say upon this ground, with dear Hart :

" Meantime that foe can't boast of much,
Who makes us watch and pray."

O, what violent prayers and groans will go from the soul under such circumstances as these. "O Lord, break his jaw teeth, and as he vexeth me with his wiles and persecuteth my soul, so persecute thou him in thy wrathful displeasure, and vex him in thy holy indignation." These and the like are the wars I have been engaged in, now near thirty-two years, and many times, like poor Cennick, "longed for my discharge," that I might rest from my labour ; but I find a little more patience to be very necessary till the will of God be done ; then I do hope to inherit the promises in the kingdom of heaven, for the which I also suffer. Up to Saturday the weakness of my mind was such from the wounds I received in the last battle, it appeared as though I were unfitted to give out the hymns on the Sabbath, which is the little place I hold in God's church ; but, O, the goodness of the Lord in helping me with a little help before the time came. A verse of Hart's hymn came with such sweetness that it quite enabled me to stand on my feet again :—

" Vaunt thy native strength no longer :
Vain's the boast ; all is lost ;
Sin and death are stronger."

Instead of my being unfit to give out the hymns, I was like one that had found out Samson's riddle, for out of this strong one that would have devoured me came forth meat, and out of the eater sweetness. O, how pleasant it is to sing a spiritual song with grace in one's heart, making melody to the Lord. But I dread the bitter which comes before the sweet. As good John Bunyan said, "I love the sweet as well as anybody, but what the Lord has joined together let no man put asunder ; for with bitter herbs

shall ye eat it." This is the way I go on with my religion, finding Bunyan's words true.

O, how little of this holy-war religion there is in our day. But, however, let us watch and be sober; and what we have hold fast. With the Lord's help, let neither men nor devils take our crown. God the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God; and a threefold cord is not easily broken. And these three are one, and God is love to his redeemed people after all. Amen.

Bath, April 2, 1843.

J. B.

A FEW WORDS TO FRIEND G——.

My dear Friend,—I doubt not that you have expected to receive a few lines from me before this time; but I can assure you that I have felt it a very great trial indeed to comply with your invitation to write, for I have been much exercised in my soul since you first came to our house, so that I have many times trembled at the thought of taking up my pen to attempt to write upon such things of such vast importance. But these words have for some time past been much upon my mind, and at times with power, so that I have been weary of forbearing: "For a long time I have holden my peace; I have been still, and refrained myself; now will I cry like a travailing woman."

We live in a day of great profession, but a day of blindness and ignorance,—a day of darkness, gloominess, and woe; for the devil is transformed into an angel of light, and goes abroad in the earth deceiving thousands upon thousands, and leading them down captive to the chambers of sorrow, anguish, and despair. Churches are filled with stony-ground professors; the mark of the beast is stamped upon the forehead of very many professed gospel ministers; and the devil reigns and rules in the hearts of crowded congregations. Anything is received but the truth; any religion but that which comes down from heaven, and leads the soul to heaven; anything but the naked, revealed truth of God; any saviour but the Saviour of the lost, ruined, perishing, and undone. No longing desires, restless cries, pantings, and mournings after the blessed Lord Jesus, to be set up in their hearts, the hope of eternal glory, upon the ruins of everything of the flesh. Oh! my dearly beloved friend, what a day we live in! what awful departings from the truth of our blessed Lord and Saviour! The ark of the Lord seems as if it were taken, and shouts do sound forth from the professing camps of hypocrites. The very life, sinews, and essence of popery are found in nearly every church and chapel; nearly all worship the beast, and bow down to the great idol of creature religion; and all will, whose names are not written in the Book of Life before the foundation of the world. Blessings for ever be unto the dearest Lord of heaven and earth that there are a few berries upon the uppermost bough, a few plants of the Lord's right-hand planting, a few truthful witnesses left on the earth, a few burning and shining lights, whose

light can never be hid, still to sound an alarm in God's holy mountain. But surely with Zion it is a day of gloominess and sorrow, a day of lamentation and mourning, a day of anguish, tribulation, and grief. There seems to be but very little power felt under the ministry of the word, very little unction, savour, or dew felt amongst the assemblies of the saints; and a rare thing it is to find a soul that feelingly needs the good physician. The wise virgins appear to be sleeping with the foolish; and the ancient landmarks of truth to be but little sought after or desired. This miserable world appears to be fast hastening to an end, so that the last perilous times seem to be hastening on, and the whore of Babylon to be almost ripe for the persecution of the saints, so that the slaying of the witnesses looks as if hastening on apace. Oh! that the blessed Lord would empower his spiritual watchmen to stand upon their watch-tower, and blow the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in the camps of Israel, that the poor and needy, the broken and sick, the lost and driven away, may be enabled to come out of their holes, and show themselves to be on the Lord's side. May the spiritually halt, lame, and blind, that have been long scattered abroad in the earth, or hid in prison-houses, ensnared, robbed, and spoiled, of whom the world is not worthy, may they be enabled to come forth to the help of the Lord of Hosts; and may the Spirit of grace and supplication be given to the churches, to the living in Jerusalem. If the will of the Lord, may he appear in this day of trial, may he go forth with his strong power, and overturn the infernal craft of the great lion of the bottomless pit, that Zion may still sit under her own vine and fig-tree, none of the armies of hell daring to make her afraid. And may the servants of the Lord go forth, armed with gospel weapons, be enabled to cast up the king's highway, to gather up the stumbling stones, and lift up a standard of experimental truth to the people, preaching deliverance to captives and mourners, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound.

Oh! my dear friend, never shall I forget what I felt in my poor never-dying soul when judgment was laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet. It is true I had many times heard and read that there was a God, a judgment-day, a heaven, a hell; but never till then felt it as a divine reality. I was made to abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes; so that every refuge was taken away, and my poor soul left without the shadow of a hope. Oh! my friend, what a change is here, to look back from childhood! Though outwardly moral and religious from my infancy, yet up to this time was I dead in trespasses and sins, destitute of one spark of life, or one grain of living faith in my poor wretched soul. But I now became separated from every person upon the face of the earth; death, destruction, and woe were stamped upon everything that I could do to save my soul from hell; for I felt that all my cries, prayers, wrestlings, and tears, that nothing earthly, human, or natural, could ever raise my soul to glory. Nothing but the blessed arm of the Lord alone, put forth by his own almighty power as a free

sovereign act, nothing but a pierced, wounded, crucified Jesus, revealed to my heart by the Spirit, could save me. Oh! how my very soul went out after him in longing desires, and earnest breathings, cries, and wrestlings, sometimes at the fireside, and sometimes through the silent watches of the night. Yet I could not say a word to my nearest friend upon earth, but have been obliged many times to leave my friends and go into the fields and on the lonely downs, under ricks of corn, or any secret place, to pour out my soul before the Lord. Sometimes I have felt a little eased, and a little hope—who can tell but that I may yet find a Saviour? But oh! I wanted to see him for myself with Job, receive him into my heart as Lydia, and handle him with Thomas. For nothing but a revealed Jesus, a manifested salvation, a tasted, handled, and felt religion, would do for my poor, never-dying soul to rest upon; and the language of my heart at times, for many months, was, “Oh! that I could find a Saviour! Where is he that died to save? Saw ye him whom my soul desireth? Oh! that I could have but one taste of his dying love, one grain of precious faith, one living assurance that my unworthy name is in the book of life. Oh, did he die for *me*? Was it *my* cruel sins that pierced the Lamb of God, and nailed his holy body to the accursed tree? Did he suffer in *my* place, room, and stead, and go to the end of the law for *me*?” I could have given all the world, if in my possession, for one moment’s feeling of that precious blood being shed for me. About this time I dreamed he was upon earth; I thought that he was in the little chapel, in the table pew. How I came to the chapel, I cannot tell; but I stood in the aisle, a great distance from him; but I looked at him, and saw his glorious appearance, and he sat with some of the members and deacons on each side of him; but the singings and transports of joy that two of the deacons sounded I shall never forget while in this mortal body. I stood trembling with tears of joy. I was afraid to venture a step nearer towards him, for fear he would frown me away; but the union I felt to him I can never describe; but, being overwhelmed, I awoke, and the blessed sound of the singing was fresh in my feelings for some time. About this time the ministry of —— was made very profitable to me. He was led to describe my path, and cast up the way like a workman, so that I have felt such union to him that I could have gone up in the pulpit and kissed such a faithful witness. I continued nearly five years in this doubting and fearing state. During this time I had another dream of great weight to me, which was that my life was hastening to an end. It was on a Sunday night, having returned from chapel, and having heard nothing to profit all the day. I dreamed that I was in some lonesome lanes, hastening for my life to escape from the avenger of blood that was after me. And oh, the feelings of my mind when I came to the end! Though I was much strengthened with a voice that followed me all the way with words of encouragement, yet when I came to the end, which was to be the end of my life, I could see no escape, for there were high walls on each side of me, a great sea before

me, and the avenger of blood behind me, hastening to cut me down. Now I thought all was over, and never shall I forget the anguish of my poor soul when I looked behind me, and saw the avenger of blood near me. Oh, the spirit of prayer I felt at this moment, and the last sound of the voice that I heard was, "What! no hope for thy soul in God; does the avenger of blood still pursue thee to cut thee down?" In a moment I had wings given me like a dove, and I mounted in the air with raptures of feeling, and awoke bathed, as it were, with tears of sorrow and joy. About this time, the Lord was pleased to bring you amongst us; and your first sermon I shall ever have cause to remember, for it was an accepted time with me, and a day of the earnest and first fruits of salvation to me. Oh, what a change I felt; for in a little time my sins were all gone; darkness, travail, labour, and grief were all removed; all my fears, doubts, and jealousies were alike taken away. Oh, how you were led to describe the path my poor soul had travelled. What a sweet calm I felt for some time! and some precious hope, like a golden chain, was let down into my soul from the blessed throne of God, so that I was lost in wonder, praise, and thanksgiving, and for a little time killed to everything in this vain world. But the Lord was pleased to withdraw the smiles of his precious face, and cause me to wander a little farther in this great and terrible wilderness before the full assurance of hope was to be sealed upon my heart.

But to pass on to this blessed time, though I might mention many particular helps that my poor soul was favoured with in times of need, before the Lord was pleased to bless my soul with divine forgiveness, which must not be lost in darkness; but it is my heart's desire to look beyond the instruments. I was once greatly strengthened under a sermon at the opening of a little chapel in the village of Uphaven, from these words: "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up; a fountain sealed." This sermon was, to my poor soul, as bread cast upon the waters, seen after many days, and it was blessedly opened up to my feelings for days afterwards. Soon after this I met with a book, entitled, "What is it that saves a Soul?" This was indeed a searching book to me; but the more I read it the more warm I felt to the writer. About this time I took in the "Gospel Standard;" and the Lord was pleased to bless various parts to my poor soul so that for many months I longed for its monthly appearance. It would be too tedious to mention the various times my soul was blessed with a little help through different instruments. But all these blessed helps did not fully satisfy the yearning desires of my heart; therefore it was the earnest cry of my soul for many weeks that the blessed Lord would make it manifest to my soul's satisfaction that I was one of his own living family. About this time I had many kind invitations to cast in my lot amongst the little few; but this I could not as yet do, for want of some clearer manifestation of my interest in the blessed Lord Jesus, as I was wading through much darkness, travail, and grief, and ready at times

to give up all for lost, and to lie down in despair and die. The Lord was pleased to incline the hearts of a few to follow him through the ordinance of believers' baptism. I went to the water's side and witnessed the event, but had no particular feeling. The Monday morning appeared, and, oh! my friend, this was a day of days indeed to me. I went out into the fields to be alone; and the wonderful change I then experienced will never be forgotten by me while I live in this vale of tribulation. All the past Sabbath was brought fresh before me; and there seemed to be something so infinitely mighty and solemn in the ordinance of baptism, and it so overpowered my poor soul, that for a time I was lost in wonder and amazement. All my fears, and doubts, were scattered; darkness was exchanged for light, and the beams of the glorious Person of Emanuel shone so sweetly that I wanted to drop my mortal flesh to be with him. My very soul exclaimed, "Why me, Lord? Why such a wretch as I?" And these blessed words of Mr. Gadsby's hymn, which was sung at the water, ran through my very soul:

"Here we raise our Ebenezer
 Monuments of grace divine;
 Thou hast borne our misbehaviour;
 We are wholly, doubly thine;
 Loved for ever,
 And redeem'd with blood divine.
 Then, with a transporting pleasure,
 We with Christ will be baptized;
 Follow him, our glorious Leader,
 Let who will his ways despise;
 And for ever
 Sing his praise beyond the skies."

I wanted to follow my blessed Lord through his despised command, for I was both ready and willing to go to prison and death with him.

I shall not enlarge here any further than to say that for a week I had not a single doubt of my interest in the blessed Lord Jesus, and such sweet communion that I used to go out into a field to spend my time by myself, till at last my father began to speak roughly to me. But little did he think that heaven was begun below in my poor never-dying soul; for up to this time I had not spoken a word to any of my friends of the state of my soul, nor to any one upon earth, so that it all lay between God and my own conscience; but the love that I felt to Christ killed me to every one upon earth, so that I could indeed leave father, and mother, relations, lands, and thousands of gold and silver; nay, had I had a thousand souls I could have set them all adoring and praising the Lord that was slain. Indeed I felt a secret yearning for some time, to die day after day. I now envied those whom the Lord had sent forth to blow the Gospel trumpet, for these blessed things were in my heart as a burning fire, and I was weary with forbearing; therefore I began to write some letters to various friends; and the more I did so the more liberty I felt in writing;

thus I had some sweet correspondence for some time with some of the Lord's highly-favoured children. The ordinance of believers' baptism was much at times upon my mind. I was led to see that it was the only scriptural way into the church, and I felt a secret longing to follow my blessed Lord through his despised ordinance; therefore my heart burnt with love towards him week after week. I also felt some sweet communion with the little flock, for they were in my heart to live and die with. At all their public meetings I was sure to be present, and after a time I could hold my peace no longer. I therefore told one of the deacons that I was now made willing to cast in my lot amongst them. This was on a Sunday morning, and the members were requested to stay a few moments after service. Hearing that the members were to stay put me in great fear and trembling; however, I went home, and into my bedroom to groan out my soul unto the Lord, when up came my mother with tears of joy to tell me that the church wished me to come before them in the evening. I therefore was enabled to spread my case before the Lord, and he was pleased to deliver me from all my fears. I therefore went before the church, and was unanimously received.

Soon after this a circumstance occurred, which pierced my heart through with deep sorrow, though it had no external reference to the motives; yet for months I travailed in bitterness of soul, till I began to envy a dog or a horse, or the beast in the field. I went wandering without the sun, and groping for the wall like the blind, and stumbling in the noon-day as in the night. Oh! my friend, how keen is reproach to a conscience made tender by the fear of God. My dear mother, seeing me continually cast down, sometimes would say,

“Speak and let the worst be known;
Speaking may relieve thee.”

She used all that was in her power to comfort me, but all in vain. I was most awfully tried lest I was a Balaam, Saul, or Judas, till I was ready to curse the day I joined the church; but the blessed Lord was pleased to deliver me in his own time. These words of the Psalmist were very precious to my soul many times: “I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint;” and again, “Save me, oh! God, for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying; my throat is dried. Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness; and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none.” Oh, my friend, what a wonderful view I once had of the suffering Lamb of God, overwhelmed in wrathful anguish, tears, and blood, in the garden of Gethsemane, baptized beneath the wrath of God. Here the waves of Jehovah's wrath and fierce anger overwhelmed his precious holy soul, but he went and prayed, and cried, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto

death." O, to behold the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth sunk in sorrow, when the sword of justice awaked and smote the Shepherd, when God the Father laid upon him all the sins of his people, and caused them to meet upon his holy soul in flames of burning wrath! Well might he cry out in bitterness of soul, "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; they pierced my hands and my feet. I may tell all my bones. They gave me gall for my meat, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." Well might the fair sun withdraw its light and darkness overspread the earth; well might the earth quake, the rocks rend, the graves open, to behold the amazing sight. Oh, my friend, this is the place to stop our murmuring lips. Here my poor soul was crumbled to nothing before my suffering Lord, so that I was lost in love, gratitude, and praise. For days I had such a sight of his sufferings that at times it so overwhelmed my poor soul that I became as weak in my body as if my days were hastening to an end. I now again felt a desire to take up my cross and follow my suffering Lord through his blessed commands, though at times a starting back. But these words would follow me:

"The way the Shepherd trod
They freely chose to go;
Moved by the powerful love of God,
They leave this world below."

And again: "Buried with him by baptism," "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." Therefore I felt constrained. These words also came to my soul with great power: "To obey is better than sacrifice," and "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." I therefore went through it, and was not ashamed to own my dearest Lord and to go without the camp and bear his reproach. No, my friend. I felt the answer of a good conscience; and how sweet did that precious line of the hymn come into my heart at the water's side,

"By thy precious love constrained,
We are come to own thy name;"

and all the day these words followed me with power, "Bearing about in our body the dying of the Lord Jesus." Since that day I have felt many changes pass over me, so that I find the way to heaven to be a path of tribulation, through a waste howling wilderness and desert land, through many deep pits, gins, and snares, and fiery darts of Satan; so that I find that this world is not my home, and that I must be hated of all men for his name's sake. But though sin is my daily grief and burden, the plague is in the house of my tabernacle, and rottenness, corruption, and death are stamped upon its walls, so that it must be laid down a vile body in the dust, and rot in its own corruption. Then will be brought to pass the saying of the Apostle, "Death is swallowed up in victory," for Christ, the King of Glory, hath for ever won the field and gotten to himself the victory; therefore put the crown upon his blessed head, and mortal worms fall into the dust before him and crown him Lord of All.

The Lord bless you, support, keep, and defend you, and keep you decided for his blessed truth in this awful day, and hold you up under all your troubles, trials, and afflictions, and give you to feel that your suffering Lord and Master is gone before you and travelled the same path.

My dear partner desires to give her best love.

Yours sincerely, for the truth's sake,

M—— L——.

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

TO A DESPONDING FRIEND.

My dear ——,—Having lately had a letter from Mr. S., informing me of your continued ill health and exercise of mind, my sympathy induces me to communicate again with you, as I would fain be the instrument of communicating a little spiritual comfort, if it be the dear Lord's will, for we cannot do anything of ourselves. Mr. S.'s allusion to you in his letter brought very forcibly to my mind the time when my own soul was brought through a great conflict; and although I have since seen that that conflict arose from the mighty operation of the Spirit of God in my soul, I could not then gather any spiritual comfort from it. How should I when war was raging within? The sword of the Spirit was unsheathed, and to me it was as though I were about to be cut off; and so I truly was, but not in the way I expected. I felt the awful terrors of the law in my conscience; and that will make any quickened soul tremble. I felt the wrath of God consuming me as a consuming fire. I felt the piercing darts of the devil day and night; yea, I could not swallow my own spittle, so that I was truly brought in guilty before God, and had not a single word to say why the sentence of the law should not be fully carried out in my case. I felt the justice of that sentence, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." I knew also that it was eternal death that was levelled at my guilty soul. Now, in that state, I had no more hope of being saved than a murderer has literally after he has mounted the gallows. I felt as sure of being an inmate of hell as if I were already there, nor dreamed I then of any way of escape. Any ideas I might have imbibed of Christ as a Saviour (naturally), had completely fled, and I was left without a refuge. Then why did I not despair? Here I must say the mercy of God is most visible in upholding a soul at such a time. I should have despaired, and given all up for lost, had I been left to myself. I would fain have plunged out of the net that held me fast, and mixed with the world, to have got rid of my feelings, for they were more than I can express; but his arrows stuck too fast in me. I could in no way get out of it; for what God does no man can undo. "Well, then," you will say, "how did you proceed?" Why, stand still I could not under my trouble; for this was indeed trouble, and there is no trouble like soul trouble. I groaned, I mourned, I sighed, till my breast-bone became sore. I wished myself anything but a human being, or one capable of possessing such feelings. My

sore ran in the night, for this is indeed a night to the soul, and refused to be comforted by any comfort that could be applied by man. At this time, I became a derision to them that were round about me. I was mocked, scoffed, and sneered at; but they little knew what I suffered. For a short time I lay almost under the blackness of despair, but was wonderfully supported to go through my business. I had just strength enough, but I often wondered how I got through the day. The moment I left business I ran to my bedroom, and prostrated myself on the floor before God; for as life comes from him, so it draws to him, though I felt cut off from him. But here was the work of the Spirit again, "If I perish, I perish at his feet." Despair begets boldness; I hoped against hope. The word of God, as I thought, was against me at that time; but to whom else can we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. I was now all attention to the word of God; I sought it earnestly every opportunity, and therein I discovered how God could be justified, and yet the justifier of the ungodly. This was a new and living way, that I had hitherto been a stranger to, opening a door of hope and encouragement to persevere. Now came another difficulty. I had not long studied the word before the doctrine of election stared me in the face, and this I was very much tried with, the enemy suggesting to me that I was one of the non-elect; therefore it mattered not what encouragement was held out for God's children, there was nothing for me, as I was not of that number. Though tried, I could not give up entirely my hope. All this was going on entirely between God and my own soul, as I was not sitting under a gospel ministry at the time; but when my eyes were opened, I soon sought one. But to the work. I saw that the world lieth in the wicked one, that he was the prince of this world, and I shuddered to see the number of his subjects. I saw also that nearly all the religion of the world was fallen, and its ministers the ministers of Satan. My chief object was to find out if I was one of the elect; and I sometimes had a token of encouragement from the word; for I traced that as a map, and thought at times I could discover some of the marks of my own feet; but Satan would tempt me to think that I was deceived, so that I kept hobbling on between hope and fear, seeking the Lord with full purpose of heart. Nothing could put me back, for I now had a desire for Christ; and Christ my soul was determined to have: "Give me Christ, or else I die." My mind being illuminated, I was led into the mystery of the sufferings of Christ for a sinful people with some degree of sympathy. I determined to follow after him till he should give me some assurance of my own interest in his precious sin-atonement blood. Indeed, I had a longing desire after him; and blessed and praised be his ever-adorable name, he did not long defer to answer that desire to the joy of my heart, and, I believe I may say, to the salvation of my soul. Oh! the majesty, the glory, and the transcendent light that attended that visit which set my soul free, I can never forget. Here words must fail to express the feelings. Suffice it to say, I was enraptured with love, I was freed from guilt, and was in the full

liberty of the sons of God. I maintain that nothing can compare with a revelation of Christ to the soul. The love of God passeth all knowledge, and, when felt, it passeth all description. It must be felt to be rightly prized. My dear ———, I must necessarily be brief in this relation, as a sheet of paper will not admit of going much into detail on such important matter as that that relates to the work of God in the salvation of a sinner; but as it is, I submit it to you, with a desire that the dear Lord will attend it with his blessing. I trust that the Lord will give you a resigned will to bear your affliction with patience, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. We are going on about as usual; not without our daily trials, but favoured with many mercies.

Believe me to remain your affectionate,

Cork, May 27, 1851.

B. B.

OBITUARY.

[The experience of Mrs. Golding, late of Leicester, which we here insert, was taken down by a friend who was in the constant habit of visiting her during her last illness, and had the best opportunity of witnessing the gracious fruits of the Lord's dealings with her soul.]

I was born at Collingham, near Newark, in 1813. My parents were God-fearing people. When I was two years of age, my father and mother left Collingham to live at Leicester, on purpose to hear the gospel preached, as there was no truth at either places, excepting when a minister from Leicester preached occasionally at Newark. After we had been at Leicester twelve years, my mother died of typhus fever, which I also had at the same time, when the medical attendant said that I should not recover, but my mother would. I had only one sister living then, who died at the age of fourteen years in a very happy state of mind. She was three years older than myself. After her death, when I was about twelve years of age, one night it was particularly laid upon my father's mind to pray to the Lord to change my heart, when the same night he dreamed that, as he and I were standing together somewhere, a flood came and carried me away from him down the stream; and as he stood grieving at my loss, the same flood returned, and brought me safely back to him. The joy he felt on my return awoke him. Ever after, he believed that, some day, sooner or later, his prayers would be answered on my behalf. The impression this left upon his mind was, that I should be carried away by the things of the world for a season, but my being restored to him signified that the Lord in his own good time would quicken my soul. The same night I awoke with these words on my mind, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." I felt what a great sinner I was. I went down early in the morning to my father, and asked him whether those words were in the Bible or not. He told me they

were, but said no more to me about it at the time. He did not tell me his dream till a short time before he died. From that night for some little time I promised, if the Lord would forgive me, I would never do wickedly again. I followed on reading my Bible, and made no objection to regularly attending chapel, which I had done before, and forsook all my old companions; but my promises all soon failed me, and I became as bad, or worse, than ever, and so continued going on in my own strength. I had convictions after that several times, and made vows and promises, but broke through them all.

When I was in my twentieth year, I had a remarkable dream one night, which afterwards dwelt much upon my mind at times. I dreamed that I was in a pit above ankles in mud. I tried to get out, but as fast as I got one foot out, the other stuck fast in. However, at last, with great difficulty, I got to the edge. There was a man in the middle of the pit, as I thought, who tried to get hold of me, but could not. He kept throwing mud at me, but it did not hurt me. There was a very steep hill before me, which I was obliged to ascend, or remain where I was, for there was no other way out. I began to climb up this hill, but slipped to the bottom again several times. At last it came into my mind to pray to the Lord to help me, which I did, and then I got up better, though I slipped many times, but not to the bottom again, and with great difficulty I reached the top. As I was on the top of the hill, before I rose from my crawling position, a man clothed in white came to me, and asked me if I knew the meaning of this. I said, No. Then he pointed to the man in the pit, and said he was one who trusted to his own works saving him, and that he wanted to keep me there, for as long as I kept there I could not be saved. Then he told me to look to my right hand, and at a great distance I saw a large beautiful building, which looked as though it were entirely constructed of gold. It was so bright that I could scarcely look upon it. He told me that it was heaven, and said to me, "You will go to heaven at last, but you will have as much difficulty to get there as you have had to ascend the hill; and you will not get there till the last."

Four or five years before the Lord laid me upon this bed of affliction, I felt that I was so great a sinner and backslider, and fearing I had committed the unpardonable sin, I was in such a wretched state of mind that I was afraid to go anywhere in the dark, lest the Lord would suffer Satan to come in a bodily shape, to take me away just as I was. I told the Lord that I dare not make any more promises, for I had broken all I had made; and if he did not show mercy to me I must be completely lost. I was so harassed with the temptation I had committed the unpardonable sin, that I really thought I should completely lose my senses. I got so that I could hardly give a rational answer to any one; still I could not but pray to the Lord that, if I had not committed the unpardonable sin, he would bring me out of that state. I was obliged to search the Scriptures,

and read good men's works, to see if I could find if any one had been in the same state as myself. In reading one of Mr. Huntington's works, I found that he was once tempted in the same way, and showed how the Lord delivered him out of it, which was of great use to me, and soon after that the temptation left me.

I could hear no ministers but those who, I believed, preached the gospel; still I felt there was something else I wanted. I felt that my sins were not pardoned, and I cried to the Lord to reveal his dear Son in my soul, for I felt that that was what I wanted, and this promise came, "I will make thee willing in the day of my power." I now went on tolerably comfortable, hoping the Lord would fulfil his promise sooner or later, which he did in his own good time.

After that, the Lord suffered me to fall into a carnal secure state, for about two years. During that time the Lord sent affliction in my family and on myself, stroke upon stroke; but, instead of having a humbling effect, it seemed to harden me. I felt as though the Lord had left me to myself, to a perverse will and reprobate mind, to show me what I was when left to myself. I was in this carnal secure state until January 1st, 1850, when I was taken ill of inflammation in the lungs. I had suffered from a consumptive cough for more than two months previously, but from the last week in 1849 I have not been able to go out of doors. The following particulars will show how the Lord has dealt with my soul since he has been pleased to lay me upon this bed of affliction.

I felt what a great backslider and sinner I was, and that there was no mercy for me, but I was made to cry to the Lord, that if there was any mercy for me, he would really show me; and in his own good time he answered me. One night I seemed as though I could not rest until I received an answer, and he did give it me, for these words came first to my mind, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." I did not feel satisfied with that. I begged him to show me plainly, and then these words came, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." But I wanted something more than that, and then followed powerfully, "I will have mercy, and abundantly pardon." These words seemed to relieve my mind, and I felt part of my burden gone; but I could not rest till I knew that Jesus Christ was mine. I knew that he died for sinners, but I did not know that he died for me. A few days after this, I felt a still greater anxiety to know if Jesus Christ died for my sins, for I felt if he died for all the world, and not for me, it was of no use to me. I begged of the Lord again to show me plainly if he did die for my sins; and in his own time he did show me, for it was brought forcibly to my mind that Jesus died for my sins, when I said, "Can it be possible for *my* sins?" and he said, "Yes, for your sins Christ died." He also said, "Thou art washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." It was also brought sweetly to my mind that Jesus was gone to heaven to prepare a place for me—a "mansion" for me; and again, "I have loved thee, and chosen thee before the foundation of the world." Then I lost all my burden of sin and

guilt. It was all gone at the foot of the cross, and such joy and peace entered into my soul, that no pen can describe. I remained in that state for two or three weeks, when my joy began to abate; and for about three days the Lord seemed to hide his face from me, when these words came, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." I felt I was one of the little flock. Those words set my soul at liberty again, and I was filled with joy and peace in believing, which continued for eleven days. Afterwards for nine days I was under the hidings of the Lord's face, when these words again set my soul at liberty, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven thee." "Thy name is written in heaven, in the Lamb's Book of Life." After that, the Lord appeared again, and shone into my soul for some time; then I was under the hidings of the Lord's countenance for about a month, though during that time I had many a lift by the way, and such promises as these were dropped into my soul: "I will see you again." "For the crying of the poor and the sighing of the needy now will I arise, saith the Lord." "Patiently wait, and quietly hope, and your expectation shall not be cut off." The day before my soul was set at liberty in the following night, many sweet promises were brought to my mind. When in the night I was still begging of the Lord to give me a token for good, these words dropped sweetly into my soul, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness I have drawn thee." I hardly dared take it for myself, when I asked, if I was his, that he would show me again, and the same words were four or five times brought powerfully home to me, and immediately these words followed, "Thou art mine from everlasting to everlasting."

I omitted naming the temptations of Satan during the times of darkness, for I was not exempt from them. I will name one in particular. One morning, towards the end of the month, during my dark state of mind, Satan suggested to me to give up praying. I listened to him until I was well nigh going to give it up; but it came into my mind that I would pray once more, and that once more I never could give up, for the Lord kept me praying on till he appeared for me. After the night in which my soul was set at liberty, I felt such enjoyment of the Lord's presence for about a fortnight that I cannot describe. I felt such communion with him; his lovingkindness was so great towards me that sometimes it seemed almost too much for me; my cup seemed to run over. At the end of this time these words came to my mind, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." "The Lord knoweth how to succour them that are tempted." I knew by these words that some temptation was about coming upon me, and so I found it to be; for nine days after this all my comforts fled, and Satan set in upon me about my religion, for he said the Lord had forsaken me now, and my religion was worth nothing. My reply to Satan was, that the Lord had promised he would never leave me nor forsake me, that he would be firm to his promises, for the Lord could not lie, but that it was he who

lied; when he immediately fled. On the ninth day the Lord delivered my soul by the same words as on a former occasion: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The next morning Satan filled my mind in a moment with all manner of wicked thoughts, so that I was obliged to cry to the Lord for immediate help, for I thought Satan would be too much for me, and in a few minutes the Lord was pleased to deliver me out of his hands, for it was all taken away in a moment. Then I could see clearly how these two temptations had come upon me, and how I had been mercifully delivered from them. Shortly after this, the Lord appeared again very precious to me, and many sweet promises were dropped into my soul; such as, "I am thy rock and thy portion for ever." "I am thy great salvation." "I have saved thee with an everlasting salvation." "Thou art one in Christ Jesus; thou art one in us, as I and the Father are one." At this sweet time Satan came in a form that I could scarcely detect him. He suggested to my mind that I could not be in the right way, that I was too secure to be a Christian; but I thought that I would pray to the Lord to decide the matter, and all the following day it came to my mind that I was nothing but a hypocrite, and that it would be at the last, "Depart from me, I never knew you, into everlasting burnings;" and also that I should be found like the man that had not on the wedding garment: "And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" and he was speechless. These two passages were much impressed on my mind, fearing that I should be found like them. I was obliged to cry to the Lord to show me that, if I was not in the right way, he would lead me into it; and if I was his, and complete in Christ Jesus, he would show me. And the Lord answered me that same evening with these words, as if a voice spoke to me, "What did I tell thee? that thou wert mine from everlasting to everlasting." "Be not faithless, but believing, and thou shalt enter into my rest." Then I was convinced that it was Satan and my own unbelieving heart that had been at work. I went on in the same enjoyment, and could not but praise the Lord for deliverance.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

What sin is there which grace cannot pardon? What heart is there which grace cannot soften?—*John Mason.*

When we first enter into the divine life, we propose to grow rich; God's plan is to make us feel poor.—*Newton.*

A hypocrite in Zion is worse than a devil, and we abound with such in our days, especially in London, where the generality of ministers foster, nourish, and bring up nothing but such. I hope to have no peace with these, but to be an iron pillar and a brazen wall against them to the last.—*Huntington.*

God's sword has two edges; one cuts down the worst in man, and the other the best in man.—*Huntington.*

The more God's justice was declared towards his Son, the more was mercy magnified towards the sinner!—*John Mason.*

I have read of many wicked popes, but the worst pope I ever met with is Pope Self.—*Newton.*

For an old Christian to say to a young one, "Stand in my evidence," is like a man who has with difficulty climbed by a ladder or scaffolding to the top of the house, and cries to one at the bottom, "This is the place for a prospect—come up at a step."—*Newton.*

A Christian in the world is like a man who has had a long intimacy with one, whom at length he finds out to have been the murderer of a kind father; the intimacy, after this, will surely be broken.—*Newton.*

Never fret to think you have told any what you feel, for God orders us to confess our faults one to another, and to pray for each other that we may be healed; (Jas. v. 16;) this often eases the burden, and Satan knows it. Besides, there is no hiding soul-trouble from spiritual persons, they know more of your heart than you do.—*Huntington.*

No language can set forth the hardness of the heart of man, the deception there is in sin, nor the blindness of the human understanding to its true interest. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," is the language of Scripture. But man's nature is "earthly, sensual, and devilish;" and the child of God feels the awful description too true.—*H. Fowler.*

Nothing will deaden a man to the passing, gilded scenes of time and sense, but a discovery of the substantial, unfading beauties of Jesus Christ. This will make a man set little store of the things of time and sense. A man may look at the shortness of life and the certainty of death; he may consider the law's threatenings, and the terrors of hell fire; but these will not mortify sin. "If ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—*H. Fowler.*

Every servant of God must be a partaker of "the afflictions of the gospel." (2 Tim. i. 8.) If a man be a stranger to the afflictions of the gospel, he will be of little use to the church of God; for God's tried servants are always most blessed to his children. "Whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation." It is not simply outward trials, but inward trials, and frequently outward trials also, that, under God, make a man's testimony shine like a brilliant star in the church of God.—*H. Fowler.*

There are a number of bold, presumptuous professors in the world, who affect to despise every thing like the kingdom of God set up in the heart. I speak from personal knowledge. Every thing respecting experience and a daily cross is, with such heady, high-minded professors, considered legality, weakness, self, and every thing below the proper standard. Men of this class are bold enough to assert that every thing in the book of Psalms expressive of David's conflicts, sorrows, &c., is to be applied to Christ in his humiliation state!—*H. Fowler.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 192. DECEMBER, 1851. VOL. XVII.

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD," &c.

My very dear Sir,—Your kind visit on Wednesday last proved profitable to me. When you first came in, no doubt it was perceptible to you that I was in a low place. Our conversation, if you recollect, was on various subjects, but especially upon the path of tribulation, the fiery trial, and the many things that had befallen me by the way. Our conversation was remarkably free, and, if I mistake not, was for our mutual edification and consolation; at least I found it so on my part. Upon a review on the closing of the day, it was evident to me that I had lost much of the burden which had oppressed my mind before you came. I also readily perceived that my esteemed friend was sensibly advanced in confidence that he was in possession of a measure of that tranquillity and peace which spring from the comfort of hope; and I felt a persuasion in my mind that ere long, in the *set time*, he would receive that "gift in secret" which "pacifieth all anger," and that "reward in the bosom" which "removes strong wrath;" or, in other words, that perfect love which casts out tormenting fear. When the Lord Jesus Christ was entered for our sakes on his great work of suffering, he said to the poor disconsolate disciples "The things concerning me have an end;" and as it was with the Lord, so will it be with all those who are called and enabled to follow him. The things which we are called upon to suffer do not come by chance; they are all divinely appointed, are all minutely and exactly ordered in number, weight, and measure. We indeed feel a multitude of perplexing thoughts, and are often "tossed with tempest and not comforted;" but the things "we know not now we shall know hereafter;" and in the ultimate issue of these trying dispensations, we shall be constrained to say that "he hath done all things well" for our souls, and well for his own glory. If we look

only at the things that are seen by sense and reason, we shall faint; but when faith is in exercise, and "sees him who is invisible" and eternal things, then these light afflictions work kindly, and we receive the precious first-fruits of an eternal weight of glory. David, in his great distress, "encouraged himself in the Lord his God;" and blessed Paul, after recounting the afflictions of the saints of Thessalonica, points them to the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ as putting an end to all their tribulations, and exhorts them "to comfort one another" with these things. Now these things "were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."

When we first enter on the path of tribulation, we are apt to conclude that no child of God was ever exercised with such strange things as these; but when our spirits make diligent search, we find out at length that these are "the footsteps of all the flock." This affords a measure of encouragement to our minds, and enables us to keep our path; and when we meet with those whom we esteem as "the excellent of the earth," and understand that they also are exercised with the same trials and afflictions, this proves an additional help and encouragement to our oppressed hearts. Every dispensation of the Almighty towards his people is ordained for their everlasting good; and every trial, temptation, affliction, and providence is subservient to this end, though carnal reason and the native infidelity of our hearts may construe these dispensations as only intended for our destruction. Like Jacob of old, we hastily conclude that "all these things are against us;" but in the final issue we find by experience, as he did, "that all things *work together* for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose."

Another end answered by these things is to baffle and confound our own wisdom, to frustrate our own decrees of making up a nest and a rest on this side Jordan, and to discover the folly that is bound up in our hearts, in order that we may know our entire dependance upon him; and effectually to teach us that without his continual guidance and support, nothing we put our hands to will stand or prosper. These truths are not easily or soon learned; therefore we must have "line upon line," stroke upon stroke, "here a little and there a little;" so that by these dispensations he will hide pride from our eyes, and in due season humble us to sit down at the foot of our Divine Teacher. Then, and never till then, do we find real rest to our weary souls. Many years have I been in the school of adversity, and oftentimes in the fire of affliction, in order that I might learn these profitable lessons; but such is my stupidity and ignorance, that I know nothing to this day as I ought to know. Solomon informs us, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof;" but if we read the history of his life, it is evident that he did not speak this of outward things. Solomon began his reign with all the glory and riches that ever appeared under the sun; but in the latter stages of his life, these things had in a measure made to themselves wings and flown away. This I gather from the complaints of Israel to his son Rehoboam on account of the grievous load of taxes. In another

place he tells us, "I, the preacher, was king in Jerusalem; by which it would almost seem as if he laid aside or withdrew from the splendour of the court, or appointed a regency to manage the affairs of the kingdom, so that in respect of outward or temporal things, he could not say that "the end of a thing is better than the beginning." In order to find out the wise man's meaning in that passage, I conceive the thing intended is our pilgrimage and warfare after we are made partakers of spiritual and divine life. The end of this is certainly better than the beginning; for though our souls may be greatly discouraged because of the way and on account of the many temptations or trials that fall to our lot, yet surely "there is an end, and our expectation shall not be cut off." Here we have no abiding city; here legions of infernal spirits and swarms of ungodly men assail us on every hand, while the corruptions of our own hearts, like a host of traitors within, help forward our calamity; yet, in the midst of our severe conflicts, we are upheld by divine power, are holpen with a little help, and, notwithstanding all our foes and all our fears, our lot is maintained, and our souls are sustained in life by the mighty power of God. The incorruptible seed of every grace is sown in our hearts when divine life enters, and every acting of faith, hope, love, patience, &c., is put forth under the influence and by the operation of the Holy Spirit. His blessed implantation within, compared to a garden or a bed of spices, is under the watchful eye and continual care of the Almighty: "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment lest any hurt it; I will keep it night and day."

This, my dear friend, is the cause of our standing, this is the spring of all fruitfulness; and this is the ground of our rejoicing; for "He which hath begun a good work in us will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." As the apostle declares, "Grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life." We are not yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which God has promised and provided for us, though as far as faith hath moved we have entered into it. Some sweet earnest we have found in the house of our pilgrimage; but the full enjoyment is above. The consideration of what remains in reversion caused the sweet singer to break out with rejoicing, "O how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them who trust in thee before the sons of men." When the Lord is pleased to lift up the light of his blessed countenance, when he shines upon our path and upon our souls, then we can rejoice as well as David, for we know that "in the light of the King's countenance there is life, and his favour is as the cloud of the latter rain." But alas! alas! "the days of darkness with us are many," and we often "go mourning without the sun;" but, notwithstanding all this, we are children of light, and light is the element of our joy. God has put his fear in our hearts, and to us the promise speaks, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." Therefore the real source of our consolation springs from the immutable promise of God, who is faithful, and cannot deny

himself, and from the quickening power of the Holy Spirit felt in our souls. The rage of Satan is constantly levelled at those who are called to the fellowship of Christ; and though he never can prevail, yet he is unwearied in endeavouring to spoil the *resting-place* of redeemed sinners. Justly is he called "the accuser of the brethren." This was manifest in the cases of Job and Peter; and when he finds access to us, his aim is to raise hard thoughts in our minds, and to bring us into acts of rebellion against the best, the dearest, the only friend we ever had, in order to render us as miserable as himself. This grand adversary I believe certainly has a hand in all the base conduct, oppression, and injustice done by ungodly men against those that fear God; and was it not for the Lord's overruling power, and the restraints of his wonderful providence, we should find no place in the earth. Our life is fitly compared to a warfare; our enemies are many, lively, and strong; and we in ourselves are weaker than the bruised reed. Our support and deliverance, then, in every conflict are and must be only of God. We find and feel, as Jehoshaphat did of old, that "we have no might against this great company that cometh against us, neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon thee." Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who has ever been a present, yea, a very present help in time of trouble! Hitherto the Lord has helped us; and what remains to be endured will work together for our good and God's glory. A few more revolving days, or years at most, will terminate our warfare, and land us safe beyond the reach of every foe, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." When this takes place, we shall fully understand what the wise man means, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof."

Excuse this tedious long scrap, and forgive in it all that you see amiss. My mind has been happy while running on. I hope you will receive some satisfaction in the perusal of it. The poor unworthy creature who has taken upon him the liberty of thus addressing you stands in need of a share in your petitions; and your remembrance at the throne of grace will be esteemed a kindness done to your fellow traveller and unworthy brother in Christ Jesus,

J. KEYT.

The first covenant is allowed on all hands to be too hard for fallen man as the condition of life; and the second is thought by most to be too easy, and would fall to pieces, unless propped up by sincere obedience. Accordingly, by the help of this rotten buttress, men have patched up a third covenant, consisting partly of works and partly of grace, in which the sinner owns himself indebted something, he knows not what, to Jesus Christ, and takes the rest, be what it will, to himself. The Captain and the soldier make a joint purse, and purchase a crown between them. The soldier wins some gold to make the crown, and the Saviour must stud it round with diamonds. O rare soldier! According to this, we must not ascribe salvation unto God and the Lamb, as the saints in heaven do, (Rev. vii. 9, 10,) but to the Lamb and the soldier.—*Berridge*.

A SPIRITUAL VOYAGE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Standard.

Sirs,—Rather more than three months since a small parcel of letters was sent to your office, written by the late William Moore, a hearer of Mr. Huntington, and a most intimate friend of Mr. John Keyt. In the works of Mr. Huntington will be found a letter to Mr. Moore. I deem it a great mercy through grace to have discovered this old Christian in the last years of his life. He was a man immersed in early youth in all its pleasures, but found the sentence of death in himself by the law; through which he was brought down to the very borders of despair, but was made free by a glorious deliverance through the revelation of the Son of God.

Few Christians have ever been enabled more openly to adorn the doctrines of God his Saviour than William Moore. The later years of his life he was severely tried by temporal afflictions, but was more and more polished as a vessel fit for the Master's use. He died, after a long-continued illness, from a cancer in his thigh, during which he suffered great agony of body; but the peace of God through Jesus Christ was sensibly felt in his conscience. He remarked to me when standing by his bedside, that his pain was great indeed, but there was no wrath in his cup. A day or two before his death he said, "O happy words, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!'" evidently enjoying a foretaste of his eternal inheritance in the midst of poverty and earthly misery. This true pilgrim exchanged his mortal robes to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Your constant reader,

J. W.

[The above communication will throw a little light upon the letter which we now insert, and which, though somewhat singular in its expressions, contains in it a vein of sound experimental truth. From the nautical terms we should conjecture that William Moore had literally as well as spiritually gone down to the sea in ships, and done business in great waters. There is some little confusion between what he mentions of Mr. Huntington's sermon and his own allegory of the spiritual voyage; but we have done what we could to separate them, and make the whole as clear as we were able.]

Dear Friends,—It is but little of the sermon that I have conveyed, nor can I express all my feelings under it, or the various thoughts that passed through my mind; therefore have patience with me, considering my aim.

On Wednesday, Dec. 12th, the Doctor* preached at the City Chapel, from Eph. ii. 22: "In whom ye also are builded together," leaving the latter part of the verse for the next week. He set forth Christ as the Rock, the Foundation, and the Corner Stone of this building, which is the true church of the God-Man, in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Here we see, he said, the rotten

* Mr. Huntington.

foundation of the Unitarian in making out our blessed Lord to be only a mere man. But he went on to point out the impropriety also of leaning on an arm of flesh, running one to another in trouble, instead of going to God; and showed that the greater part of the religion of the present day was carried on by professing people going one day to one house and next day to another, working themselves up into a little glee, and so passing for lively souls. Immediately it was suggested to my mind, "It is you he means;" and I answered, "Whom do I go and visit except my friend Bold?" The greater part of my trouble lies between God and my own soul. But though I was a witness of the truth he spake, yet enmity, arrogance, and resentment burst forth in my mind. "What!" said I, "do you mean to set aside the following Scriptures: Mal. iii. 16, 17; Ps. lxvi. 16; Col. iii. 16; Rom. xv. 14; Jude 20; Prov. xxvii. 17; James v. 13—16? What! set these aside?" O no, I do not now believe that he meant it; and I now see it was the devil striking fire to my tinder in hopes of an explosion; but all in vain. However, the Doctor next showed what it was to be out of Christ, which made me tremble; yet I stood this shock, being held up: "He holdeth me by my right hand." Still the "rain descended" very heavily, which he described to be the word preached; and I felt the weight of it. But when he showed what it was to be in Christ, I stood firm, having that blessed inward witness without which sure I am there cannot be any standing when this rain descends and the floods of temptations come. But the house stood, being founded on a Rock; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; so the shattered vessel weathered this storm also; but it was through Him alone, to whom the winds and the seas yield obedience.

I compared myself under this discourse to a ship in a heavy sea, with the wind in her teeth, but a homeward-bound vessel, laden deep, straining much, being old, and therefore leaky; the weather squally, dark, and hazy; (Acts xxvii. 20;) and the crew divided. Those at the pump (prayer) were tired, and began to faint, because others said it was of no use; but behold! there was no alternative but pump or sink, (1 Thess. v. 17,) pray or perish. Some were wishing for light; others, devils and corrupters, swearing at the weather, grumbling and muttering secretly at the Captain (Christ) for ordering the vessel to be steered such a course, and against the officers for laying her so near the wind; for they, the old crew, devil like, neither cared about rocks or shoals. They wanted to go a few points free, that they might be at ease, which all hands would have agreed to if it were not for the woe at the end. (Amos vi. 1.) Therefore "Luff, luff, run into the wind's eye." "Luff" was the quarter-master's word. "The ship will be steady when the point is weathered." And I do believe that none but an elect chartered vessel, with all these her weaknesses, could have stood it out, especially with such a rabble as part of the crew were on board. And O the whirlwinds and waterspouts! The noise of them was terrific; (Ps. xlii. 7;) but happily for us, they broke to leeward. But with the mighty wind down went the vessel again upon her beam-ends, and made all tremble again; whilst the enemies, sharks like,

as they saw all must go by the board, were close under the stern in hope of the prey. "Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us a prey to their teeth." (Ps. cxxiv. 6.) All this time *Mr. Watchful** kept a good look out forward; he being upon deck, was eye and ear witness to the mutiny on board; and, with grief in his heart and tears in his eyes, rallied the loyal part of the crew, at the same time longing for the Captain, with earnest looks upward, expecting every minute something would give way, and if so, the point could not be weathered that night. But, as a faithful attentive officer, he gave orders in time for *Caution* to stand by the halyards, for the ship began to crack again; so the coils were kept clear, and *Timorous* was ready to let go instantly the word was given. Yet they knew if all held on, and they hoped it would, they soon should get round the point and have a fair wind, which would have eased the vessel very much. But if not, they must beat out to sea again; which we are no strangers to, and though it is very grievous, yet notwithstanding it is very safe and common. But the thoughts of privateers made the honest part of the crew tremble, some being wounded, others very weak through the wrestlings with the infernal powers of darkness and the corruptions of the heart; but they shall have their reward when all loyal hands get safe to harbour. So the cry was, "Keep a good look out before there!" The answer was, "Aye, aye, Sir!" For our enemy is very sly and malicious, and very apt to board us in the night, to press us into his service as aforetime. But no; we would rather die fighting than serve him, with all his perishing gilded baits, for he has made my stomach sick with some of his luscious hidden poison. I remember his drudgery, and see the wages that I was to be paid: "The wages of sin is death" eternal to the unregenerate. Therefore I, above all men upon earth, have to extol and spread, as far as in my power lies, the efficacy of the hyssop, (Ps. li. 7,) and the purity of the fountain. (Zech. xiii. 1.)

But now to the Doctor's discourse again. He next described "the digging deep" into the depravity of the human heart; and that this was the proper work in order to prove the impropriety of building thereon, quoting the words, "He that trusts in his own heart is a fool." To lay a good foundation is to build all our hopes on the Rock, Christ. Also to examine oneself and search the Scriptures, making all clear in that field, is a good work, instead of running to an arm of flesh for help. And he declared that he would sooner have access to God alone in a spirit of meekness, enjoying his presence, than to be in company with Adam or the old prophets, for they could but have Christ. He therefore urged the necessity of proving one's own work. But after being builded up together a spiritual house, it must have time, he said, to settle, the foundation, corner stone, and building being all firmly united together. "The God of all grace, after ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." O this is sweet work, comparing notes together! O the wonderful works of our wise Master Builder, and also Founder of the seas, which seas even obeyed his voice!

* The first mate, who is always called *Mr.* on board.

And now the Admiral's signals were obeyed, and instructions attended to, (Scriptures,) the log-book (conscience) and the passage proceedings (the Spirit's work in the heart) tallied well; and a good thing too, or else there would have been a court-martial held, much quicker than many would imagine. And by all these means, Mr. Watchful, finding the ship had weathered the point, the alteration was quickly felt, so I pricked up my ears, and for a little while looked as sharp as a north-easter. The wind now favoured us more to the southward; so up she came, starting ahead most sweetly, and the sails were all full with a breeze from the mountains of spices. Such a sudden odour is sweet indeed! The next thing thought of by some was *Wine*, commonly called "splicing the main brace." But Mr. Watchful and Caution, attended by Timorous, had their eye to some heavy dark clouds that were hovering about, fearing other squalls were near; so were inclined to take in sail, if required by the *Owner*, who is also the *Captain*, yea, even all sail, except our courses, and wait for his orders to hoist only one sail at a time deliberately to the breeze in future, lest we should be found too venturesome.

But enough of this. Now again to the Doctor. Finding the foundation through digging deep, and that the building was founded by an omnipotent power on a Rock, all fitly joined together with the chief Corner Stone, I was then willing that the whole fabric should be surveyed; and if any part were found not according to law, that it might be taken down, and builded up through the Spirit as he in his wisdom thought fit, he being the best Architect in all the world, in heaven above or in the earth beneath; for he never does anything contrary to law, which is a great comfort to me; for "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." This is not only being builded, but firm standing, seeing the law is magnified. Neither does the new man consent to corruption. There are indeed builders who go contrary to law, bribing surveyors with the word *law* upon their tongues, besides daubing with their untempered mortar. But the household of faith are to take heed how they build, and with proper materials; for the true surveyors "withhold their hands from taking of bribes," and to them "righteousness is laid to the line, and judgment to the plummet." Had not this been my case, the building would have been down about my ears; but finding upon close inspection that it was built according to the act of the king, (Isa. xxviii. 16; Eph. ii. 22,) and finding all the scruples of the deputy surveyor cleared to his and my satisfaction, I looked as hard at him as he did sharp upon me. The Lord God bless him with all the profits arising from his faithful labours, for there are but few such in our days! If many of the great builders, who are for so much daubing, were to see me first placing one square stone to join fitly with others, and all cemented by love, and then ploughing the ocean, (Ps. cvii.,) no doubt I should be branded with mental intoxication and enthusiasm. But what an awful end will they make when they, together with their building on the sandy foundation, fall into ruins, and they, as brands, be wholly consumed.

But I must away on board again, for *Watchful* is a good companion. I am instructed to attend to him, and in my heart I love him for his faithfulness and sincerity, though all the disaffected hate him and me too ; for finding that he would not eat and drink with them, (2 Kings xviii. 31,) and that he took none of their bribes, they would, if possible, in this rage of theirs, have pitched him overboard in the dark, and thought no more of him than seamen do of throwing a monkey overboard for a fair wind. So when this last squall was over, cautions were given how to act in future, and the *Captain* appeared for a few minutes. You would have been astonished to see the respectful bows and reverential awe of the loyal part of the crew. They soon began to melt, making confessions and sending in petitions to him, who immediately granted part, and promised the remainder when necessary, but he held himself coolly and at a distance at first, though he did not resent the horrid rebellion, muttering, and grumbling. Yet I could not bear to be at a distance, and was very uncomfortable, until, after other petitions had been sent in, the *Captain* showed himself again with a smile of dignity, love, and mercy. But I am rather beforehand with my story. *Mr. Watchful* enforced his petitions, but *Mr. Zealous*, for the honour of the *Captain*, as he thought, but I think rather for his own case, was in a great hurry for throwing every one of the enemies overboard, that he might not be so plagued with the rabble, for evil communications, he said, corrupt good manners, and ill habits are hardly broken off. But *Truth* spoke with a powerful commanding voice, which was instantly attended to by *Mr. Watchful*, *Caution*, *Resignation*, and *Patience*. They being informed that the mutineers had been in the vessel almost as soon as launched into the ocean, and considering that this abominable seed was on board so early, urged by *Mr. Watchful* that another petition should be presented for the suppression of the refractory, begging that they might be put into irons a little season, if possible, or that they might not be suffered to speak so much, as we found we must carry them with us until the vessel is broken up, which I expected long ago, but my times are in His hands. And when her days are fulfilled, she will moulder in the dust, whence she originally came, there to sleep until the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. (1 Cor. xv. 51—58.) Now Christ being the resurrection and the life, in his presence is life, and at his right hand fulness of joy for evermore.—But alas ! the refractory are up in arms again ; and I do think their leader grudges me my refreshings, as much as a niggardly miser grudges to satisfy his servants. You well know that these rebels are common disturbers in our service, so that the *Captain* must be petitioned again and again that this rabble may still be kept in subjection, for he has declared they shall never reign in us any more, and that the loyal should be strengthened and encouraged as their day required. (Deut. xxxiii. 25.) But for all this he will be inquired of, and he will perform it in answer to prayer, for his own name's sake. "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace ;"

and "grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life." This life is in his Son, and this Son is our *Master, Owner, and Captain*. This *Captain* is too our Brother and Friend, yea, our King, our Mediator between us and God, who "hath received gifts for men, yea, even for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among us." He is also our Priest, to offer up sacrifices for us, acceptable to God; and as our old Prayer Book service says, "we must not cloke our sins" before Almighty God. If sin be only in the looks or thoughts, to make straight paths for our feet confession must be made; and all the truth told in secret and in public as far as we are authorised by God's word, in order to expose our adversary, and to build ourselves and one another up in our most holy faith. Praying in the Holy Ghost so to walk in simplicity and sincerity, with the testimony of an honest conscience, is a blessed freedom in all good works, and a bar to all evil. However, another petition was proposed for the forgiveness of all offences, and for further encouragement of the loyal subjects, the thoughts, affections, and desires being influenced by grace, to offer thanksgiving for the late preservation of the vessel. But to speak the truth, the proposal was almost rejected through the influence of a few of the disaffected, (devils and corrupters,) but the chief two ringleaders were *Pride* and *Obstinacy*. Are not these always they who stiffen the neck? But further, *Folly* with *Resentment* were close by; yea, there were so many, that paper, time, and strength would fail me to describe them; but they all sprang from Lucifer, and were conveyed to us by Adam; nay, in the height of their mutiny would have fought it out, in hopes that the vessel might have carried away all her sticks, and gone to hell with them just as the devil would wish it. But behold, the *Captain* showed his face again through the lattice, and the winds, which obey him, chopped about to the southward, all fair to the desired haven. You would have smiled to see how the loyal part of the crew jumped about, overhauling the light sails to hoist every stitch to the breeze. The voice from aft was, "Keep a good look out forward there;" and the answer was, "All's well!" As to privateers, they were almost forgotten, nor could you have beaten anything into their heads but peace and plenty. For this we pressed forward, and, in the midst of this, "my Beloved put his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him. I rose up to open to my Beloved, and my hands dropped with myrrh." Surely nothing in this world is more cheering to a faint heart than a refreshing south wind, to blow from the everlasting hills upon my Beloved's garden. Then, and only then, the spices sweetly flow out. All the loyal hands now spliced the main brace again, and though only a little, it goes down so sweetly, "causing the lips of them who were asleep to speak." "I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards me." Had not this been the case with me, hell must have been my portion. But behold our propitious Father's heavenly looks shining in the beautiful face of Jesus Christ. O amazing love! O charming voice! "Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field," the Scriptures of eternal truth. An unspeakable blessing it is to be carried by him, with all our wars,

travels, voyages, and buildings too, and all answering with the Scriptures, corresponding to them as face to face in a glass. Would to God we may ever be kept at his feet, receiving of his word, hearkening to his voice, and keeping his sayings, that we may never taste of death. So shall it be with God's house until the grand building is finished by the last stone being brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it." Amen and amen!

WILLIAM MOORE.

"YET HE IS FAITHFUL," &c.

Dear Friend,—Yours I received, and am ashamed at my neglect in not writing sooner; but I assure you it has not been for want of affection. Since I came home from Plymouth Dock, I have been very much engaged in blowing the trumpet in the different villages round the country, that I have had very little time to write to a friend; but I was heartily glad to hear of your welfare, and can truly say I have many times remembered you at a throne of grace.

Through mercy my family are well. I have been but poorly, but am now better. I still find I am in a world of confusion, and when one trouble is gone it only makes room for another. But, blessed be God, my head is above water yet, though I have often believed it would sink never to rise again; but having obtained help of God, I continue to this day, a monument of sovereign, discriminating love and mercy, both as to body and soul, for I am sure never a poorer, more peevish, fretful, vile, ungrateful wretch than poor I belonged to the family of God. Yet the Lord does sometimes indulge me with his sweet presence and love, draw me to himself in mercy and loving-kindness, and break my heart into thankfulness and praise for his unbounded goodness to one so very unworthy as I. When I come at times to think of the way he has led me these twenty years in the wilderness, the ups and downs, ins and outs, the many times I have been giving all up for lost, and sometimes so completely hedged in on every side, both temporal and spiritual, that I was as sure in my own mind that I should sink, never to rise again, as ever I was born, yet I have proved that text to be the truth hundreds of times, "Though we believe not, yet," O blessed *yet!* it is worth, what shall I say it is worth? I am at a loss to put a value upon it; it is worth the honour of a God; "*yet* he is faithful; he cannot deny himself." I am sure if the blessings of God towards me were to depend upon my acting faithfully to God, I should not have one favour; but, thanks be to his name, his kindness towards his people is not according to works of righteousness which we have done, and therefore both trumpeters and singers can unite in one and say, "By grace are we saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." Yes, my dear friend, it is sweet work when the heart is led forth, in the exercise of faith and love, into the heights, depths, lengths, and breadths of the love of the glorious Triune God to-

wards such vile dust and ashes. It is this that produces softness, humbleness, thankfulness, repentance, meekness, joy, and peace. From this flow every good word and work that is glorifying to our God, and that adds no sorrow to our souls. When this is the case, my friend, it is all right; but, alas, alas! it is but seldom the case. But may the Lord keep me from a murmuring spirit. I know the Judge of all the earth will do right, and is too wise to err, and it ill becomes such a worm as I am to murmur and repine at a few crosses by the way. Nature does not like it, for tribulations are not "joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby," which I have proved in a twofold sense to be the truth, and can say at times I have not had one trouble too many.

My heart's desire for you is that God will ever keep you near to himself, and that you may never forget a throne of grace. The way of access is through the rent vail of the Redeemer's flesh, and it is free of access for every needy sinner. There is not one blessing you can ever need but what is treasured up in Christ, and his blessed language is, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come to the waters, and he that hath no money, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." And again he says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." May the Lord grant that you may ever find a spirit of prayer for every mercy you need, and prove God to be a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, that you may know the truth of that text, "A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth; and a word spoken in season how good is it. It is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." O! it is a blessed thing to be kept near to God; for what is this world and all that is in it? Vanity and vexation of spirit.

We are still going on at Trowbridge much as usual. I believe the Lord is sometimes precious felt among us, and now and then a poor soul is brought into happy liberty. I shall never forget your kindness towards me when at B—, and should the good Lord ever in his kindness open the way for me to come to B— to see all the friends again in the flesh, I should think it a great honour, too much for such a worthless worm. Give my love to Mr. S— and all the friends; and that the Lord may be with you all, is the prayer of,

Trowbridge, May 4th, 1821.

JOHN WARBURTON.

"THE ISLES SHALL WAIT FOR HIS-LAW."

To the pelican of the wilderness and the owl of the desert, grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. These are days when, I suppose, the word of the Lord by his servant begins to be precious. Thou hast been a close follower of me to this day, and I believe art joined to me in heart and affection, though I have, as yet, brought you no farther than the wilderness of Sin. The promised land lies, by the appointment of God, beyond the river Jordan. Thither our Forerunner is for

us entered, but not before he had tasted of the wilderness and desert. It is equally the appointment of God that we should have the same passage; but, like the Israelites of old, you cannot bear the wilderness that leads into it, and I know of no one that ever could. There is nothing therein that comforts, delights, or satisfies. Perverseness, rebellion, pride, and unbelief have abundance of exercise; but these things must all be felt before they can be complained of, and complained of before they can be relieved. "Call upon me," saith God, in the time of trouble, I will deliver thee." But herein we are deficient; we are vexed, harassed, afflicted, tormented, but do not oftentimes find in our hearts to call. This, like everything else, must be his own work, and as such, sooner or later, must appear. "They shall call upon my name, and I will hear them." It is he that does it. By his own Spirit he declares to us his name. His name is in Jesus Christ; there he has put it. In him he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great mercy, but till he has made this manifest, he is felt as the direct contrary; not gracious, but a debtor to us; not merciful, but hard; not slow to anger, but burning with wrath; not of great mercy, but severe and implacable. When his name appears, we find we can draw near to him; for by the Spirit we have access to the Father through Jesus Christ. The sinner is then encouraged to deal boldly with him; but you are fast bound in unbelief, and encompassed in darkness, fearful, doubting, and distrusting; your sins cause your heart to fail; self-righteousness cleaves close to you. You are not yet come to the very last mite. The adversary is yet in the way with you, and an adversary this righteous law will always be, till we have nothing to pay, and then there is a Surety provided, that we be not cast into prison, and there die and rot without recovery.

But you have been many years establishing yourself in a form of righteousness out of your own stock, and have had a long course of working for God. Self has been highly esteemed in your own eyes; and this is not easily put down nor done away. Such foundations and such buildings are so strongly rooted and fastened in the flesh that it requires a strong hand and a long time to demolish them. And this I think is the reason why poor Goody is tumbled about so much in the mud and mire. Wouldst thou fly away towards heaven? Remember that thy wings must be covered with silver and thy feathers with gold. The dross and tin must be purged away. The work is indeed great, but I believe will, in God's own time, be accomplished. *Wait then upon him*; he has encouraged us to do so, and he has declared we *shall*. The isles *shall* wait for his law. And there are those who having done so, have cried, "Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him!" The *isles*, mind that; not the firm land, but the isles, those that are cut off from strength and stability, and are exposed to the waves and billows of the sea, encompassed by them on every side. These isles *shall* wait. I believe God is cutting you off, and beating upon you; but you have not yet had enough of it. Can you read this and understand it?

W. J. BROOK,

"HE THAT BELIEVES SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE."

It is not he that runs the fastest that wins the prize; the race is not to the swift. He that moves slow often treads sure, because he pondereth the path of his feet, and is the less liable to stumble in his walk. He that believes shall not make haste. The captive exile is not to go out with haste, nor go forth by flight; the chief Shepherd will go before him, and the glory of the Lord will be his reward. He shall reflect upon the glory of the Lord in his happy deliverance, and see the leadings of his providence and the light of his countenance directing his ways. The way of every coming sinner is hid, for he is led in a way that he knoweth not, and in paths that he has not known; and if his way is hedged up with thorns, these thorns are intended to prick his conscience, that he may not pursue the old paths of the destroyer. The long-suffering of God towards us, when reflected upon, with the buddings of hope, and the expectations of pardon, lead us to repentance. We begin to loathe ourselves, and to feel for, and mourn over a much-abused Saviour. This influence is pure and truly evangelical, and not legal; for legal operations lead us wholly to pity self, and to rebel against God. The former is drawn forth by believing views of a gracious Father; the latter springs up from the conceptions of an inexorable Judge. Whatever discoveries thou hast had of the sinfulness of thy nature, thy past life, and of thy assumption of the ministerial office, without either call to it or qualifications for it, it is light that has made it manifest, for, "Whatsoever doth make manifest is light;" wherefore he saith, "Awake thou that sleepest," and come to Christ, "and he shall give thee light." God hath done great things for thee. How many poor, blinded, presumptuous young coxcombs have run into the sacred office, blinded and puffed up by Satan, with no other sanction than that of old women. But God hath corrected thee, and undeceived thee, and convinced thee of the need of a better patron, while numbers of them are left to run on, deceiving and being deceived, and darkening counsel by words without knowledge. All fruitfulness, my son, depends upon union with the living Vine. God does not expect grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles, any more than we do. All that are in Christ by the Father's choice, and that are preserved in Christ and called, must be purged before they can bring forth fruit; every branch in that covenant Head the Father takes in hand, and thou must be purged, not only from thy old sins, but from the whole of thy former profession, from thy former ministry, and from all thy false confidence in it. And these purging draughts are not palatable, though they are profitable. Bitter herbs must be eaten with the passover-offering, and we must drink of the wine that wisdom hath mingled, as well as of the new wine of the kingdom. The work goes sweetly on; God works, and thou canst not let it. He has long worked in thee to will, and he is beginning to work in thee to do also. Faith is struggling, hope is abounding, and the captive exile is hastening that he may be loosed, that he may not die in the pit, and that his bread may not fail. God bless him!

GRACIOUS AFFECTIONS.

EXTRACT FROM A WORK ENTITLED "GRACIOUS AFFECTIONS," BY
JONATHAN EDWARDS, FORMERLY A MINISTER IN NEW JERSEY.

[In order to understand the general drift of this remarkable work of President Edwards, it is necessary to know a little of the circumstances under which it was written. There was at that time in New England, as that part of the United States is called, a wide-spread and general profession of religion, the inhabitants being for the most part the children of the old Puritans who had fled thither during the persecuting times of Charles I. and II. Satan seems much to have transformed himself amongst them into an angel of light. Many people spoke of sights which they saw in the sky, such as Christ hanging on the cross, and of voices which they heard speaking to them from heaven; and boasted of such and similar great revelations, which they called their "experiences," when they evidently had no gracious experience, and were not under the inward teachings of the Holy Spirit, living perhaps all the time in carnality and sin, and bringing forth no inward or outward fruits to the glory of God. Edwards was a man of great and deep experience in the true sense of the word; and seeing the prevalence of this false experience and religion, wrote the work called, "The Religious Affections," the object of which is to show the difference between those gracious feelings, such as faith, hope, and love, &c., of which the Spirit of God is the Author, and this pretended experience. In doing this, he anatomizes the human heart and the work of grace upon it in the keenest possible manner, and shows that these pretended revelations produced no gracious fruit. At the same time, he treads closely in the track of the Scriptures and the experience of the saints of old.

Unless, therefore, the circumstances of the time and country are understood, we are liable to mistake his drift, and think that he is cutting at true manifestations and experience, when he is really exposing these false revelations and pretended experience, which bring forth no fruit unto God. This is delicate ground, and requires the pen of a master. We have thought it best to add these hints, lest a few scattered expressions might stumble some who are not acquainted with the general character and bearing of the work.—ED.]

Gracious affections are attended with evangelical humiliation. Evangelical humiliation is a sense that a Christian has of his own utter insufficiency, despicableness, and odiousness, with an answerable frame of heart. There is a distinction to be made between a legal and evangelical humiliation. The former is what men may be the subjects of, while they are yet in a state of nature, and have no gracious affection; the latter is from the special influences of the Spirit of God, implanting and exercising supernatural and divine principles. The former is from the mind's being assisted to a greater sense of the things of religion as to their natural properties and qualities, and particularly of the natural perfections of God, such as his greatness, terrible majesty, &c., which were manifested to the congregation of Israel, in giving the law at Mount Sinai; the latter is from a sense of the transcendent beauty of divine things in their spiritual qualities. In the former, a sense of the awful greatness and the natural perfections of God, and of the

strictness of his law, convinces men that they are exceeding sinful and guilty, and exposed to the wrath of God, as it will wicked men and devils at the day of judgment; but they do not see their own odiousness on the account of sin; nor the hateful nature of sin. A sense of this is given in evangelical humiliation, by a discovery of the beauty of God's holiness and moral perfections. In a legal humiliation, men are made sensible that they are little and nothing before the great and terrible God, and that they are undone, and wholly insufficient to help themselves, as wicked men will be at the day of judgment; but they have not an answerable frame of heart, consisting in a disposition to abase themselves, and exalt God alone. This disposition is given only in evangelical humiliation, by a discovery of God's holy beauty. In a legal humiliation, the conscience is convinced, as the consciences of all will be most perfectly at the day of judgment; but because there is no spiritual understanding, the will is not bowed, nor the inclination altered. This is done only in evangelical humiliation. In legal humiliation, men are brought to despair of helping themselves; in evangelical they are brought voluntarily to deny and renounce themselves. In the former, they are subdued and forced to the ground; in the latter, they are brought sweetly to yield, and freely and with delight to prostrate themselves at the feet of God. Legal humiliation has in it no spiritual good, nothing of the nature of true virtue; whereas evangelical humiliation is that wherein the excellent beauty of Christian grace does very much consist. Legal humiliation is useful, as a means in order to evangelical; as a common knowledge of the things of religion is a means requisite in order to spiritual knowledge. Men may be legally humbled, and have no humility, as the wicked at the day of judgment will be thoroughly convinced that they have no righteousness, but are altogether sinful, and exceeding guilty, and justly exposed to eternal damnation, and be fully sensible of their own helplessness, without the least mortification of the pride of their hearts. But the essence of evangelical humiliation consists in such humility as becomes a creature, in itself exceeding sinful, under a dispensation of grace; consisting in a mean esteem of himself, as in himself nothing, and altogether contemptible and odious, attended with a mortification of a disposition to exalt himself, and a free renunciation of his own glory. This is a great and most essential thing in true religion. The whole frame of the gospel, and everything appertaining to the new covenant, and all God's dispensations towards fallen man, are calculated to bring to pass this effect in the hearts of men. They that are destitute of this have no true religion, whatever profession they make, and how high soever their religious affections may be. "Behold, his soul which is lifted up is not upright in him, but the just shall live by his faith; (Hab. ii. 4;) that is, he shall live by his faith on God's righteousness and grace, and not his own goodness and excellency. God has abundantly manifested, in his word, that this is what he has a peculiar respect to in all his saints, and that nothing is acceptable to him without it. "The Lord is.

nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." (Ps. xxxiv. 18.) "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Ps. li. 17.) "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." (Ps. cxxxviii. 6.) "He giveth grace unto the lowly." (Prov. iii. 24.) "Thus saith the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." (Isa. lvii. 15; also Isaiah lvi. 1, 2; Micah vi. 8; Matt. v. 3, and xviii. 3, 4; and Mark x. 15.) The centurion we have an account of in Luke vii. acknowledged that he was not worthy that Christ should enter under his roof, and that he was not worthy to come to him. See the manner of the woman's coming to Christ, that was a sinner. (Luke vii. 37, &c.) She did not think the hair of her head, which is the natural crown and glory of a woman, (1 Cor. xi. 15,) too good to wipe the feet of Christ withal. Jesus most graciously accepted her, and said to her, "Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." The woman of Canaan submitted to Christ in his saying, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs," and did as it were own that she was worthy to be called a dog; whereupon Christ said unto her, "O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." (Matt. xv. 26, 27; Luke xv. 18, &c. See also Luke xviii. 9, &c.; Matt. xxviii. 9; Col. iii. 12; Ezek. xx. 41—43; xxxvi. 26, 27, 31; xvi. 63.) "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." (Job xlii. 6.)

As we would make the Holy Scriptures our rule in judging of the nature of true religion, and judging of our own religious qualifications and state, it concerns us greatly to look at this humiliation, as one of the most essential things pertaining to true Christianity. The principal part of Christian self-denial consists in two things, namely, first, in a man's denying his worldly inclinations, and in forsaking and renouncing all worldly objects and enjoyments; and, secondly, in denying his natural self-exaltation, and renouncing his own dignity and glory, and in being emptied of himself, so that he does freely, and from his very heart, as it were, renounce and annihilate himself. Thus the Christian doth in evangelical humiliation. And this latter is the greatest and most difficult part of self-denial. Although they always go together, and one never truly is where the other is not, yet natural men can come much nearer to the former than the latter. Many anchorites and recluses have abandoned (though without any true mortification) the wealth and pleasures and common enjoyments of the world, who were far from renouncing their own dignity and righteousness. They never denied themselves for Christ, but only sold one lust to feed another, sold a beastly lust to pamper a devilish one, and so were never the better; but their latter end was worse than the beginning. They turned out one black devil to let in seven white ones that were worse than the first, though

of a fairer countenance. It is inexpressible, and almost inconceivable how strong a self-righteous, self-exalting disposition is natural in man, and what lengths he will not do and suffer to feed and gratify it. What lengths have been gone in a seeming self-denial in other respects by Essenes and Pharisees amongst the Jews, and by Papists, many sects of heretics, and enthusiasts amongst professing Christians, and by many Mahometans, and by Pythagorean philosophers, and others among the heathen ; and all to do sacrifice to this Moloch of spiritual pride or self-righteousness, and that they may have something wherein to exalt themselves before God, and above their fellow creatures.

But that humiliation which has been spoken of is what all the most glorious hypocrites, who make the most splendid show of mortification to the world, and high religious affection, do justly fail in. Were it not that this is so much insisted on in Scripture as a most essential thing in true grace, one would be tempted to think that many of the heathen philosophers were truly gracious—in whom was so bright an appearance of many virtues, and also great illuminations and inward terrors and elevations of mind, as though they were truly the subjects of divine illapses and heavenly communications. 'Tis true that many hypocrites make great pretences to humility, as well as other graces ; and very often there is nothing whatsoever which they make a higher profession of. They endeavour to make a great show of humility in speech and behaviour, but they commonly make bungling work of it, though glorious work in their own eyes. They cannot find out what a humble speech and behaviour is, or how to speak and act, so that there may indeed be a savour of christian humility in what they say and do. That sweet humble air and mien is beyond their art, being not led by the Spirit, or truly guided to a behaviour becoming holy humility, by the vigour of a lowly spirit within them ; and therefore they have no other way, many of them, but only to be much in declaring that they are humble, and telling how they were humbled to the dust at such and such times, and abounding in very bad expressions, which they use about themselves ; such as " I am the least of all saints," " I am a poor vile creature," " I am not worthy of the least mercy, or that God should look upon me ! " " Oh, I have a dreadfully wicked heart ! " " My heart is worse than the devil ! Oh, this cursed heart of mine ! " &c. Such expressions are very often used, not with a heart that is broken, not with spiritual mourning, not with the tears of her that washed Jesus's feet with her tears, not as remembering and being confounded, and never opening their mouth more because of their shame, when God is pacified, as the expression is, Ezek. xvi. 63, but with a light air, with smiles on the countenance, or with a pharisaical affectation. And we must believe that they are thus humble, and see themselves so vile, upon the credit of their say-so ; for there is nothing appears in them of any savour of humility, in the manner of their deportment, and deeds that they do. There are many that are full of expressions of their own vileness who yet expect

to be looked upon as eminent and bright saints by others, as their due ; and 'tis dangerous for any so much as to hint the contrary, or to carry it towards them any otherwise than as if we looked upon them as some of the chief of Christians. There are many that are much in crying out of their wicked hearts, and their great short-comings, and unprofitableness, and speaking as though they looked upon themselves as the meanest of the saints, who yet, if a minister should seriously tell them the same things in private, and should signify that he feared they were very low and weak Christians, and thought they had reason solemnly to consider of their great barrenness and unprofitableness, and falling so much short of many others, it would be more than they could digest. They would think themselves highly injured, and there would be danger of a rooted prejudice in them against such a minister.

There are some that are abundant in talking against legal doctrines, legal preaching, and legal spirit, who do but little understand the thing they talk against. A legal spirit is a more subtle thing than they imagine. It is too subtle for them. It lurks and operates and prevails in their hearts, and they are most notoriously guilty of it at the same time when they are inveighing against it. So far as a man is not emptied of himself, and of his own righteousness and goodness, in whatever form or shape, so far he is of a legal spirit. A spirit of pride of a man's own righteousness, morality, holiness, affection, experience, faith, humiliation, or any goodness whatsoever, is a legal spirit. It was no pride in Adam before the fall to be of a legal spirit ; because of his circumstances he might seek acceptance by his own righteousness. But a legal spirit, in a fallen sinful creature, can be nothing else but spiritual pride. A spiritually-proud spirit is a legal spirit. There is no man living that is lifted up with a conceit of his own experiences and discoveries, and upon the account of them glistens in his own eyes, but what trusts in his experiences and makes a righteousness of them. However he may use humble terms, and speak of his experiences as of the great things God has done for him, and it may be calls upon others to glorify God for them ; yet he that is proud of his experiences arrogates something to himself, as though his experiences were some dignity of his ; and if he looks on them as his own dignity, he necessarily thinks that God looks on them so too ; for he necessarily thinks his own opinion of them to be true, and consequently judges that God looks on them as he does ; and so unavoidably imagines that God looks on his experiences as a dignity in him, as he looks on them himself ; and that he glistens in God's eyes as he does in his own. And thus he trusts in what is inherent in him to make him shine in God's sight, and recommend him to God ; and with this encouragement he goes before God in prayer, and this makes him expect much from God ; and this makes him think that Christ loves him, and that he is willing to clothe him with his righteousness, because he supposes that he is taken with his experiences and graces. And this is a high degree of living on his own righteousness ; and such persons are on the

road to hell. Poor deluded wretches! who think they look so glistening in God's eyes when they are a smoke in his nose, and are, many of them, more odious to him than the most impure beast in Sodom that makes no pretence to religion! To do as these do is not to do as those who only make use of spiritual experiences as evidences of a state of grace, and in that way receive hope and comfort from them. There is a sort of men who indeed abundantly cry down Works and cry up Faith in opposition to Works, and set up themselves very much as evangelical persons in opposition to those that are of a legal spirit, and make a fair show of advancing Christ and the Gospel and the way of free grace, who are indeed some of the greatest enemies to the Gospel way of free grace, and the most dangerous opposers of pure humble Christianity. There is a pretended great humiliation, and being dead to the law, and emptied of self, which is one of the biggest and most elated things in the world. Some there are who have made a great profession of experience of a thorough work of the law on their own hearts, and of being brought fully off from works whose conversation has savoured most of a self-righteous spirit of any that ever I had opportunity to observe.

And some, who think themselves quite emptied of themselves, and are confident that they are abased in the dust, are full as they can hold with the glory of their own humility, and lifted up to heaven with a high opinion of their abasement. Their humility is a swelling, self-conceited, confident, showy, noisy, assuming humility. It seems to be the nature of spiritual pride to make men conceited and ostentatious of their humility. This appears in that first-born of pride among the children of men who would be called his Holiness, even the Pope, that man of sin, that exalts himself above all that is called God, or is worshipped. He styles himself servant of servants, and, to make a show of humility, washes the feet of a number of poor men at his inauguration. For persons to be totally emptied of themselves, and to be poor in spirit and broken in heart, is quite another thing, and has other effects than many imagine. It is astonishing how greatly many are deceived about themselves as to this matter, imagining themselves most humble when they are most proud, and their behaviour is really the most haughty. The deceitfulness of the heart of man appears in its height in Satan's managing of persons with respect to this sin. And perhaps one reason may be, that here he has most experience; he knows the way of its coming in; he is acquainted with the secret springs of it; it was his own sin. Experience gives vast advantage in leading souls, either in good or evil. There are some persons' experiences that naturally work that way to make them think highly of their experiences; and they do often themselves speak of their experiences as very great and extraordinary. But the Christians that are really the most eminent saints, and therefore have the most excellent experiences, and are greatest in the kingdom of heaven, humble themselves as a little child. (Matt. xviii. 4.) Because they look on themselves as but little children in grace, and their attainments to be the attainments of babes

in Christ, and are astonished at and ashamed of the low degrees of their love, and their thankfulness, and their little knowledge of God. Moses, when he had been conversing with God on the Mount, and his face shone so bright in the eyes of others as to dazzle their eyes, wist not that his face shone. There are some persons that go by the name of high professors; and some will own themselves to be high professors; but eminently humble saints, that will shine bright in heaven, are not at all apt to profess high. I do not believe there is an eminent saint in the world that is a high professor. Such will be much more likely to profess themselves to be the least of all saints, and to think that every saint's attainments and experiences are higher than his. Such is the nature of grace and of true spiritual light, that they naturally dispose the saints in the present state to look upon their grace and goodness as little and their deformity as great. They that have the most grace and spiritual light of any in this world have the most of this disposition; and as grace increases, the fields open more and more to distant view, till the soul is swallowed up with the vastness of the objects of his love, and the person is astonished to think how much it becomes him to love this God and this glorious Redeemer that has so loved man, and how little he does love him. And so the more he apprehends, the more the smallness of his grace and love appears strange and wonderful, and therefore he is more ready to think that others are beyond him; for, wondering at the littleness of his own grace, he can scarcely believe that so strange a thing happens to other saints. It is amazing to him that one who is really a child of God, and who has actually received the saving benefits of that unspeakable love of Christ, should love no more; and he is apt to look upon it as a thing peculiar to himself, a strange and exempt instance; for he sees only the outside of other Christians, but he sees his own inside, so that he is astonished at his ignorance, and that he knows so little, as well as that he loves so little. The nature of many high religious affections and great discoveries, as they are called, in many persons that I have been acquainted with, is to hide and cover over the corruptions of their own hearts, and to make it seem to them as if all their sin was gone, and to leave them without complaints of any hurtful evil left in them, (though it may be they cry out much of their past unworthiness,) a sure and certain evidence that their discoveries are darkness, and not light. It is darkness that hides men's pollutions and deformities; but light let into the heart discovers them, and searches them out in their secret corners, and makes them plainly to appear; especially that penetrating, all-searching light, God's holiness and glory. It is true that saving discoveries may, for the present, hide corruption in one sense; they restrain the positive exercises of it, such as malice, envy, covetousness, lasciviousness, murmuring, &c.; but they bring corruption to light on that which is privative, viz., that there is no more love, no more humility, no more thankfulness; which defects appear most hateful in the eyes of those who have the most eminent exercises of grace; and are very burthensome, and cause the saints to cry out of their leanness,

and odious pride, and ingratitude. And whatever positive exercises of corruption at any time arise, and mingle themselves with eminent actings of grace, grace will exceedingly magnify the view of them, and render their appearance far more heinous and horrible. Every one who has been conversant with souls under convictions of sin, knows that those who are greatly convinced of sin are not apt to think themselves greatly convinced. And the reason is this; men judge of the degree of their own convictions of sin by two things jointly considered; viz., the degree of sense which they have of guilt and pollution, and the degree of cause they have for such a sense in the degree of their real sinfulness; and as it is with real conviction of sin, just so it is, by parity of reason, with respect to a person's convictions or sensibleness of his own meanness and vileness, his own blindness, his own impotence, and all that low sense that a Christian has of himself in the exercise of evangelical humiliation. So that in a high degree of this, the saints are never disposed to think their sensibleness of their own meanness, filthiness, impotence, &c., to be great, because it never appears great to them, considering the cause.

You say, I must do what I can, and Christ will do the rest. Supposing you have will and power for duty, then I ask, Do you pray as much as you can? or read the Scriptures as much as you can? or relieve the poor as much as you can? or visit the sick as much as you can? Do you deny yourself as much as you can? and watch against sin as much as you can? or do any one duty as much as you can? Indeed you do not, and you know you do not. But if you put salvation on this footing, of doing what you can, and have not done it, what sentence can you look for from the Lord but this, "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee?" (Luke xix. 22.)—*Berridge*.

It was grace, free grace, that moved the Father so to love the world as "to give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was grace that made the Son come down and die. It was grace, free grace, that moved the Holy Ghost to undertake to sanctify the elect people of God.—*Whitefield*.

The saints, while they are here, at home in the body, they are absent from the Lord; they see but in part, darkly, and know but in part, very imperfectly, and enjoy but a little, a very little of God and Christ. O how sweet are a few drops, a few glimpses and glances of divine love now to a poor soul; the least cast of Christ's eye, the least beam of his loving-kindness, the least intimation of his favour, the least hint of his goodness, how refreshing to a poor believer! But when Christ shall receive them to himself, they shall "then see him as he is, shall be like him, and shall be satisfied with his likeness." (1 John iii. 2, 3; Ps. xvii. 15.) Then shall they see him whom their souls love, face to face; and then will Jesus open to them all the treasures of his love and grace, to their everlasting consolation.—*Bunyan*.

O B I T U A R Y.

MRS. GOLDING.

(Concluded from Page 391.)

One day I had been reading about the righteousness of Christ, when it occurred to my mind whether I was clothed with his righteousness or not, and this answer came, "All that thou needest shall be supplied out of the fulness that is treasured up in Christ Jesus." One morning I felt in a dead, lifeless state of mind; I was afraid I was going to lose all my comforts again; I begged of the Lord therefore not to let me fall into a state of darkness again; and immediately these words came most powerfully, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, and thou shalt be with me in glory." These words comforted me; but the next day in the afternoon all was gone. I was in this state for about a fortnight, when one day, after I had been reading the 10th chapter of John, the former part of it came sweetly to my mind. I felt that I was one of Christ's sheep, and that he was *my* Shepherd. The way the Lord had led me was clearly opened up to my mind, and such joy and peace filled my soul for that day, that I felt I could do nothing but praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy towards me; but all was gone in the morning, though the recollection of it was sweet and encouraging to me. The next day I began to fear I should die in that dark state; I prayed that the Lord would not let me, and these words were brought to my mind, "Thou art mine from everlasting to everlasting." But the next day my prayer was the same again, and the same words were repeated, almost as if a voice spoke to me, and directly followed, "That which is once done is done for ever." Still I continued in the same state, when about eight days after these words came with power to my mind, "Not in wrath nor in anger, but in loving kindness and tender mercy have I hid my face from thee for a small moment;" and such joy and peace followed these words that I can scarcely describe; but in the morning I found myself in the old state again.

On the 22nd of September my baby died of consumption; she was rather more than seventeen months old. For some time before her death, I thought I should feel thankful if the Lord would release her from her sufferings, and take her before myself; but when the time came, instead of being thankful, I felt in an unthankful, hardened state, and the next day worse than ever; for all sorts of evil thoughts arose in my heart, so that I was brought to think I could not be the Lord's; but I was obliged to cry to him that day, that if I were his he would appear for me, and bring me out of that state, for I felt wretched in it, and that he would show me a token for good, if ever so small. When I awoke in the morning, I knew he had heard me, for I felt humbled, and thankful from my heart that the Lord had taken my baby. I could thank and praise him for his goodness in answering my prayers; I could pray to him. I felt happy and in the enjoyment of his presence for rather more than two hours, when these sweet feelings left me; still they en-

couraged me to follow on, believing that the Lord was mine. Up to this time I had had tokens of the Lord's mercy to me, but I was anxiously waiting again for a fuller manifestation of the love of God to my soul. Then for a week or two I was doubting and fearing, sometimes up and sometimes down, till one day the Lord favoured me with his presence, and dropped some sweet promises into my soul; as, "Be not faithless, but believing, and thou shalt enter into the joy of my rest;" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" "What is once done is done for ever." For two or three days after, at times, the Lord continued to favour me with a sensible feeling of his presence. On the third day of these sweet feelings, a former promise was brought twice with much power to my mind: "Thou art mine from everlasting to everlasting." A day or two before this promise was so sweetly applied to my soul, these words were much impressed on my mind, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations." I felt convinced I should have a temptation of some kind come upon me. On the same day I felt these words come most powerfully, "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." The day of adversity soon came, for the next day I sank into a hardened state. All my comforts were gone, I could not find one; it seemed just as if the Lord was clean gone, I could not find him.

In the following week I was still in a lifeless state, but this verse seemed to encourage me a little, I felt some sweetness and power from it:

"The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

A few days after, Satan suggested to my mind that I could not be one of the Lord's people, for he took no notice of me; but I answered that the Lord had promised "he would never leave me nor forsake me," that I was the Lord's, for he had told me that I was his "from everlasting to everlasting." And I firmly believed that I was his, for his promises are faithful and true. Thus the Lord delivered me out of the temptation according to his word.

Towards the evening of the next day and the two following evenings, the Lord seemed to shine into my soul with such light, life, and power, that I was sure it was the Lord himself. I could hold sweet communion with the Lord Jesus; every murmuring thought was gone; all was praise and joy. The next morning all was gone again, but the day after these words came sweetly to my mind, "Trust in the Lord, and it shall be well with thee;" "The righteous shall not be moved, saith the Lord." Several other similar promises followed these. On the same day I had a precious time for some hours. I longed to be released from this afflicted body, and to be with him in glory, as he had promised me, but felt a spirit of prayer that the Lord would not let me be impatient, but enable me to wait his appointed time. A few days after, I was more heavily afflicted in body. I felt so hard and sinking in my

feelings that I feared all I had experienced was a delusion ; but my hopes were soon raised by several former encouraging Scriptures being brought with power to my mind, such as, "Be not faithless but believing, and thou shalt enter into my rest ;" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and others. The next day I felt a little better in my mind, but not much ; still I was enabled to cry to the Lord that he would appear again, and this comforting promise was applied to my soul, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." The Lord was as good as his promise, for in a few days after these words set my soul at liberty, "I am thy salvation ;" "I am thy great salvation." I then felt set in a large place. I could once more praise the Lord for his goodness and his mercies towards me. I felt he was mine, and I was his. The Lord has many times during my affliction appeared for me, as a God of providence as well as a God of grace, which has often melted me down in thankfulness and gratitude to him for his goodness, and also for giving me a grateful heart, which is his own gift. I continued in this enjoyment for rather more than a week, with the exception of a fiery dart from Satan, but from which the Lord soon delivered me. After this I began to lose my sweet feelings.

I have two children, that are often afflicted with symptoms of consumption, but am enabled to feel that I can commit them into the Lord's hands to do what seemeth him good.

I had been without the sensible enjoyment of the Lord's presence for some weeks, though at times I had had sweet and precious promises dropped into my soul, and had felt encouraged and assured that the Lord would again appear for me before I died. Still I wanted to have my soul at liberty, to feel the Lord near to me, and to be able to praise and glorify him once more upon earth. Yesterday, December 31st, and on the preceding night, I felt sure that the Lord would appear for me again, and precious portions of Scripture were sweetly applied to my soul ; but in the afternoon the words, "I have saved thee with an everlasting salvation," came with such a sweet and blessed power, as seemed to set my whole soul at liberty. It was almost too much for my poor, weak, feeble frame to bear, my joy and confidence in the Lord were so great. I feel I cannot be long here. I long to depart and be with Christ, which will be far better. I hope the Lord will soon, very soon, take me to himself, but I desire to wait patiently his appointed time."

On Monday, January 27th, her illness increased considerably, and it became apparent to all around her that she could not continue long in that state. She was very comfortable in her mind, said she was too ill to say much ; but the Lord was pleased, from time to time, to apply sweet and precious promises to her soul. On the succeeding Friday and Saturday she was much favoured with the Lord's presence. On the Saturday afternoon, February 1st, about three o'clock, she was seized with convulsions, which continued, with little intermission, until one o'clock on the Monday morning following, when she slept comfortably for four hours. After she awoke, she addressed her hus-

band and friends, who were standing by her bedside, in the most affectionate and calm manner, and talked to them very sweetly for an hour. At six o'clock she altered for the worse, and her decease was momentarily expected. When she was unable to speak, she clasped her hands in apparent ecstasy, and pointed behind her to the right hand and to the left, and smiled, and clasped her hands together again, and appeared very happy. She breathed her last about twenty minutes before eight o'clock on Monday morning, February 3rd, 1851. On the Sunday she said the two lines,

"Though painful at present,
"Twill cease before long,"

were very precious to her during the day. She longed to go and be with Jesus, and hoped that night would be her last; she believed it would be.

MRS. GOLDING'S FATHER'S DEATH.

"My father died 25th May, 1837. When I saw him early in the morning as he died in the afternoon of the same day, he said he had not had a good night, but he was in raptures of joy, for he said he should not live to see another night. He died a most triumphant death about three o'clock in the afternoon."

REVIEW.

The Christian World Unmasked. Come and Peep. By John Berridge, A.M. London: AYLOTT & JONES.

The middle and latter end of the last century was a remarkable period. A chain of ministers, commencing with Whitefield, and embracing in its links Toplady, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, Huntington, and Hawker, extends itself down to our degenerate days. However differing in gifts, all these men were evidently taught by the same Spirit, and preached the same gospel. Toplady, like a lamp fed with spirit, flamed forth, blazed, and died, from shortness of wick, not from lack of supply. Newton, snatched from Africa's burning shore, and from worse than African servitude, united to much sound wisdom great tenderness of spirit, and an experience of divine things which, if not very deep, was sound and varied. He knew much of his own heart, was singularly frank and sincere, had much sympathy with the tried and afflicted, and being gifted with an easy, fluent style, has left behind him many useful and excellent letters. Romaine was a burning and shining light, who lived the faith which he preached, and in the midst of the metropolis for half a century had but one theme, one subject, one object, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

In many points widely differing, but united by the same faith to the same glorious Head of influence, light, life, liberty, and love, was John Berridge. As all the lines of a circle radiate towards the

centre, all necessarily meet in one point. So, however the servants of Christ may differ in ability, gifts, time, place, and usefulness, yet all meet in one point. the central Sun of the system—the crucified, risen, ascended, and glorified Son of God. We hear of “the music of the spheres.”* But without harmony, music there is none. If there be music in the revolving spheres, it is because each planet preserves its circuit, rolling round the sun at the appointed distance, and with the appointed velocity. And what are the servants of God but planets to the Sun of Righteousness, each having his appointed orbit, fixed as definitely by decree as the orbit of the earth, and enjoying only light, warmth, and motion in proportion to his proximity to the glorified Immanuel? Shall they then jar and quarrel, and seek to mingle orbits, envying each other's grace, gifts, or usefulness? The light of each and all is but reflected light, the light of the Sun of Righteousness shining into their hearts; “for what have they which they have not received?” Pride, cursed pride, is the root of that jealousy which is cruel as the grave. Did ministers but view themselves, and did others but view them, as mere instruments, they could and would no more quarrel on the ground of superiority and inferiority than the flute would quarrel with the violin, or the chisel with the saw. Romaine poring over Hebrew roots in his study at Lambeth, and Berridge preaching from a horse-block at Potton, mingling smiles with tears, and the quaintest humour with the deepest pathos, were as different in natural disposition and constitution as can well be imagined. But each sighed and groaned under a body of sin and death, each dearly loved, and each highly exalted the dying Friend of sinners, each was honoured and blessed in his work, and each is now in the bosom of his Lord and God. Of Berridge we now propose a slight sketch.

John Berridge was the eldest son of a wealthy farmer and grazier, and was born at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, March 1st, 1716. His father's intention was to bring him up to his own business, but partly through some early religious impressions and partly through an innate love to study, the youthful farmer could never learn how to hold a plough or handle a bullock. He was sent therefore to the University of Cambridge, his father probably thinking that his first-born might have sufficient talent to read prayers and preach a sermon, if not to learn the mysteries of a four-shift course or sell a broken-mouthed ewe. To Cambridge, therefore, John went; and when his father was asked what had become of the youthful student, he is said to have

* It was an ancient and poetical idea that the planets, as they moved in their orbits, produced a heavenly harmony, which was called “the music of the spheres.” Milton refers to this in the subjoined lines:

“ Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears;
(If ye have power to touch our senses so;)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.”

jocularly replied that "he was gone to be a light to the Gentiles." At the University he studied hard, but lost much of his early religious impressions, so much so as to give up almost entirely secret prayer for ten years, and to have drunk deeply into Arian or Socinian views, which at that time were widely prevalent. These last sentiments, however, he abandoned, from seeing that they lowered God the Father, as well as God the Son, and were destructive of all vital religion.

Our limits will not allow us to enter further into the biography of Berridge. All that is known of him is contained in an Introduction to the above edition of the work before us. A few remarks, however, upon his experience may not be misplaced.

The experience of Berridge is best seen in his Hymns. In them his whole heart is open. They were written in the furnace of a long and trying illness, and the fruits of the furnace are seen in them.

1. What *honesty and sincerity* are stamped upon them! Berridge knew himself. The Holy Spirit had taken him into the chambers of imagery, and shown him "the creeping things pourtrayed upon the walls round about." The veil of self-righteousness and self-complacency had been taken from off his heart, and he had seen light in God's light. This made him honest. No disguise, he knew, could shroud him from the eyes of Omniscience. "Thou God seest me" was engraved on his heart. And to this we owe the transparency of his character, his freedom from guile and hypocrisy.

2. Though a man of learning, his language was *simplicity* itself. Simplicity is always beautiful. God's works in nature how beautifully simple! From a blade of grass to an oak; from a fly to an elephant; from the sand under our feet to the stars in the sky! Wherever the fingers of God are there is simplicity. And his *word* how simple! The parables of Jesus, the sermon on the mount, the farewell chapters with his disciples in the Gospel of John, what beauty! what simplicity shine throughout! True religion, real experience, vital godliness, wants no *rouge* upon its cheek. It shines forth with the lustre of God as the face of Moses when he came down from the mount of communion. It is falsehood and hypocrisy that want disguise. Truth needs no adventitious ornaments to set off its intrinsic beauty. To adorn it is to spoil it—to array the virgin in the garb of the harlot. This beautiful simplicity was a marked feature in the character of Berridge, and is stamped on all his writings. He could afford to be sincere, as he alone can in whom the fear and grace of God dwell.

3. We admire, too, in Berridge the *emptiness* and *self-destitution* which form such prominent features in his character. He knew what Pharisaism was from a long experience of it in his own heart; and he abhorred the cheat. He says himself that it was the rock on which he had long split, as appears from the following interesting extract from a letter to a friend :

"You may ask, perhaps, what was my doctrine? Why, dear sir, it was the doctrine that every man will naturally hold whilst he continues in an unregenerate state; viz., that we are to be justified partly by our

faith and partly by our works. This doctrine I preached for six years at a curacy which I served from college; and though I took some extraordinary pains, and pressed sanctification upon them very earnestly, yet they continued as unsanctified as before, and not one soul was brought to Christ. There was, indeed, a little more of the form of religion in the parish, but not a whit more of the power. At length I removed to Everton, where I have lived altogether. Here again I pressed sanctification and regeneration as vigorously as I could; but finding no success after two years' preaching in this manner, I began to be discouraged; and now some secret misgiving arose in my mind that I was not right myself. (This happened about Christmas last.) Those misgivings grew stronger, and at last very painful. Being then under great doubts, I cried unto the Lord very earnestly, "Lord, if I am right keep me so; if I am not right make me so. Lead me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus." After about ten days' crying unto the Lord, he was pleased to return an answer to my prayers, and in the following wonderful manner: As I was sitting in my house one morning, and musing upon a text of Scripture, the following words were darted into my mind with wonderful power, and seemed indeed like a voice from heaven; viz., 'Cease from thine own works.' Before I heard these words, my mind was in a very unusual calm; but as soon as I heard them, my soul was in a tempest directly, and tears flowed from my eyes like a torrent. The scales fell from mine eyes immediately, and I now clearly saw the rock which I had been splitting on for nearly thirty years. Do you ask what this rock was? Why it was some secret reliance on my own works for salvation. I had hoped to be saved partly in my own name, and partly in Christ's name; though I am told there is salvation in no other name, except in the name of Jesus Christ. I had hoped to be saved partly through my own works, and partly through Christ's mercies; though I am told we are saved by grace through faith, and not of works. (Eph. ii. 7, 8.) I had hoped to make myself acceptable to God, partly through my own good works, though we are told that we are accepted through the Beloved.

"And now let me point out to you the grand delusion which had like to have ruined my soul. I saw very early something of the unholiness of my nature, and the necessity of being born again. Accordingly I watched, prayed, and fasted too, thinking to purify my heart by these means, whereas it can only be purified by faith. (Acts xv. 9.) Watching, praying, and fasting are necessary duties; but I, like many others, placed some secret reliance on them, thinking they were to do that for me, in part at least, which Christ only could. The truth is, though I saw myself to be a sinner, and a great sinner, yet I did not see myself an utterly lost sinner; and therefore I could not come to Jesus Christ alone to save me. I despised the doctrine of justification by faith alone, looking on it as a foolish and dangerous doctrine. I was not yet stripped of all my righteousness, could not consider it as filthy rags, and therefore I went about to establish a righteousness of my own, and did not submit to the righteousness of God by faith. (Rom. x. 3.) I did not seek after righteousness through faith, but as it were by the works of the law. Thus I stumbled and fell. (Rom. ix. 31, 32.) In short, to use a homely similitude, I put the justice of God into one scale, and as many good works of my own as I could in the other; and when I found, as I always did, my own good works not to be a balance to the divine justice, I then threw in Christ as a make-weight. And this every one really does who hopes for salvation partly by doing what he can for himself, and relying on Christ for the rest.

"But, dear Sir, Christ will either be a whole Saviour or none at all.

And if you think you have any good service of your own to recommend you unto God, you are certainly without any interest in Christ. Be you ever so sober, serious, just, and devout, you are still under the curse of God, as I was, and knew it not, provided you have any allowed reliance on your own works, and think they are to do something for you, and Christ to do the rest."

4. With this feature of destitution, poverty, and soul-emptiness which characterise Berridge, we see combined its inseparable companion, *self-abhorrence*. How feelingly he says, (Gadsby's Hymn 702,)

"Self-condemned and abhorred, ^a
How shall I approach the Lord."

And again, (Hymn 336,)

"I drop my vile heart in the dust."

5. But Berridge knew also the *gospel of the grace of God*. Here he pre-eminently shines. The gospel flowed purely into his soul, and thence pure out of his mouth, not turbid and tainted like a ditch with the rotting leaves that Adam would fain have covered himself with, but bright and sparkling as the river of life. Read Hymns 684, 690, 745. Christ was indeed his all in all.

6. One point more we would call attention to lest we dwell too long upon this part of our subject. We mean the sweet and indescribable *savour* that rests upon Berridge's Hymns. They are "seasoned with salt," and are thus preserved from corruption. How many thousands of sermons, hymns, and tracts have been written and published within this last century! And who reads them now? They wanted that which God commanded never to be lacking from the meat offering, (Lev. ii. 13,) "*salt*." Their sacrifice was not seasoned with salt, (Mark ix. 49; Col. iv. 6,) and therefore lacked both savour and preservation. Not so with Berridge. His hymns are seasoned with salt; have therefore savour and flavour; have been preserved to our time, and will go down to all generations.

The work before us we do not rate so highly as his hymns. There is doubtless in it much acuteness of argument, much sound scriptural experimental truth, great liveliness and originality of style, and that peculiarly quaint vein of humour which was as much a part of Berridge as his stature or complexion. But it is almost wholly argumentative and controversial. The very nature of the subject, therefore, renders it more a book for beginners, a child's primer, than a text book of gospel experience. The vicar pays a visit to one of his sick parishioners, a wealthy grazier, but as ignorant of the gospel as any grazier that ever sold a beast at Bedford fair. The vicar has, therefore, to handle this rough grazier with as much caution as if he were handling a vicious bullock. All his quaint, yet forcible similes and figures are, therefore, admirably adapted to his purpose; and page after page is filled with keen, shrewd, pointed arguments in proof of the main point—salvation by grace. But this very circumstance, whilst it makes the book excellent for an inquirer after truth, renders it less appropriate to those who no more want to be convinced that salvation is of grace, and grace alone, than that the sun shines in the sky at noon. Whilst, therefore, we would fully

recommend "The Christian World Unmasked" to those who have not yet seen the unmasked ugliness of Pharisaism, we should say that for exercised and experienced Christians there is much more solid, savoury food in his hymns, which we believe will be understood, valued, and loved in proportion to the reality and depth of the work of grace on the soul.

Our limits will not allow us to make any extracts from the book itself, which indeed are less necessary, because it is a work so well known, and stamped with the approbation of many editions and of many readers, whose eyes behold now in glory him whom they once saw, believed in, and loved in grace.

Will the devil do such great and good things for you as Christ? No indeed, he will not. Perhaps he may give you to drink at first a little brutish pleasure; but what will he give you to drink at last? A cup of fury and of trembling; a never-dying worm, a self-condemning conscience, and the bitter pains of eternal death. But as for the servants of Jesus Christ, it is not so with them. No, he keeps his best wine till the last. And though he may cause them to drink of the brook in the way to heaven, and of the cup of affliction, yet he sweetens that with a sense of his goodness, and makes it pleasant drink, such as their souls do love. I appeal to the experience of any saint, whether Christ has not proved faithful to his ever since you have been espoused to him?—*Whitefield*.

Repentance is designed to make the heart loathe sin through a sense of its deep pollution; and dread sin through a feeling of its guilty burden. Thus the heart becomes acquainted with its nakedness and ruin, is broken down and humbled, and forced to fly to Jesus Christ, and seek deliverance by grace alone. Nor is the business quickly done. When the heart is conscious of its misery, it will try a thousand legal tricks to shake its pitched shirt off; but wearied out at length with endless disappointment, it falls at Jesus' feet, and meekly takes up the disciple's prayer, "Lord, save, or I perish." (Luke viii. 24.)—*Berridge*.

Whatever others may boast of man's free-will, I know of no free-will any one has, except a free-will to do evil continually. As to spirituals, we are quite dead, and have no more power to turn to God of ourselves than Lazarus had to raise himself after he had lain stinking in the grave four days. If thou canst go, O man, and breathe upon all the dry bones that lie in the graves, and bid them live; if thou canst take thy mantle and divide yonder river, as Elijah did the river Jordan, then will we believe thou hast a power to turn to God of thyself. But as thou must despair of the one, so thou must despair of the other, without Christ's preventing and quickening grace. In him is thy only help.—*Whitefield*.

If human laws are not taxed with injustice, though they doom a man to die for a single act of treason or murder, why should God's law be thought unjust because it punishes a single crime with death? —*Berridge*.

POETRY.

THE SAVIOUR'S INCARNATION.

How bless'd the contemplation!
That Christ the Church's Head,
Stood forth her great salvation
Before the world was made!

He saw her sad undoing,
Through Satan's craft and lies,
And all her guilt and ruin,
Before he spread the skies.

So high did he esteem her,
That he engaged to be
Immanuel, her Redeemer,
From sin and hell to free.

What matchless condescension!
That God, the Almighty Son,
Should turn such vast attention
To rebels so undone!

My soul, adore and wonder
At such amazing grace!
Two natures, far asunder,
Are seen in Jesus' face.
The favour'd virgin bearing,
Of David's royal blood,
Brings angels down declaring
The dear incarnate God.

Though God most high and holy,
And Lord of heaven and earth,
His parent was so lowly,
That, at his wondrous birth,
The Royal Infant Stranger,
Whom prophets long'd to see,
Was cradled in a manger,
For such vile worms as we.

At this returning season,
Let Christians hail and sing
This mystery, nor reason
About their Infant King.
The sacred page reveals him,
(Farther we should not scan,)
And God the Spirit seals him,
The Son of God and Man;

A great and mighty Saviour,
A perfect sacrifice,
Who bore the misbehaviour
Of his eternal choice;

M— G—.

Suffer'd their bitter sentence,
Paid justice all its due,
That they might have repentance,
And full remission too.

O wonder of all wonders!
For sinners black as hell,
Mount Sinai's wrath and thunders
On God incarnate fell!

Now there is full salvation
For every sin-sick soul,
Who feels his condemnation,
And longs to be made whole.

Yes; Jesus is inviting
The needy to his door;
The Holy Ghost inditing
The groaning of the poor.
"Come, hungry souls and longing,"
The Spirit sweetly cries;
"Tho' doubts your mind are thronging,
To Jesus lift your eyes."

"A fulness there residing
Shall fill your empty hands,
Which, evermore abiding,
Still freely open stands."
The Lord will not reject you,
And if he should delay,
While waiting he'll protect you
Till night is turn'd to day.

Fear not, poor crying sinners,
Though burdens press you down;
"The lame" shall all be winners
Of a celestial crown.
The Lord does love and cherish
Who long to say, "My God;"
And not one soul can perish
That pants for pardoning blood.

Ye ransom'd souls rejoice, then
Who know your interest good;
And with a cheerful voice, then,
Exalt redeeming blood;
Sing your dear Saviour's merit,
Shout forth his matchless fame;
Praise Father, Son, and Spirit,
For evermore the same.

R. S.

Certainly we are too much taken up with, and too solicitous about our earthly tabernacles, these houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, crushed before the moth. We are always minding the diseases, distempers, and dangers of our bodies, those old crazy, tottering houses, the prisons of our souls; we mind earthly places too much, but too little those heavenly places in Christ Jesus, (Eph. ii. 6.) where we shall shortly sit with him.—*Bunyan*.

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THE

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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

The Lord in his kind and merciful providence has permitted us to open our eyes upon a NEW YEAR. The Old Year, with all its accompanying sins and sorrows, trials and temptations, and, we are bound to add, its mercies and favours, is vanished and gone—swallowed up in that unfathomable abyss which has engulfed so many centuries since the creative word sounded forth, "Let there be light." The New Year will bring its own trials, akin to, if not identical with, those of the past, and let us hope, as Jesus still lives at God's right hand, its own deliverances.

At this season of the year, men in business often, if not usually examine their accounts, take stock, collect their bills, and survey their general position. Why should not we follow their example? "The children of this world," it is true, "are wiser in their generation than the children of light;" and the worshippers of the unrighteous mammon are far more diligent and faithful to their golden god than those who serve, or profess to serve, the God of all grace. But a leaf out of their book may, at this present season, not be an unsuitable subject for our Annual Address.

Without knowing the mysteries of "Book-keeping by double entry," we may have sufficient idea of business to be aware that the Tradesman's Ledger has its two sides—its "Debtor" and its "Creditor," its "For" and its "Against." Shall we greatly err if we run

the parallel as having its counterpart in the bosom of a Christian? And as under one of these two heads all business transactions may be arranged, may we not, in posting up our inward accounts, open the two corresponding pages of the spiritual ledger, and examine what is there written with an iron pen, and the point of a diamond?

But as with trembling hand we throw wide open the heavy volume, what at the first glance meets our eye? How closely written is the page that breaks upon the sight! And ah! what figures are here! against every line what sums to pay! As page, too, after page is opened, lines equally crowded, sums equally immense, meet the bewildered eye. Take a page a day; let each sin have its entry; in three hundred and sixty-five pages shall we find less than three hundred and sixty-five thousand sins? And all, in their nature, essence, and character, deep, dreadful, damnable. Alas! alas! how little do we see, how less do we feel, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, its horrible and detestable nature!

Like those who live night and day in one close stived-up room, or like the degraded creatures who tenant London's low lodging-houses, herding together more like wild beasts than human beings, we are so habituated to an atmosphere of corruption, that, except at rare intervals, when heaven's pure breath blows in through a broken pane, we are hardly sensible of the noisome element of sin in which we are immersed. To feel it, we must in some measure come forth out of it. But if the sin that dwelleth, lusteth, worketh in us, were more seen in the light of God's purity and holiness, and, above all, more viewed in Gethsemane's garden and at Calvary's cross, we should have more deep, poignant, overwhelming, contrite, broken feelings about it than most of us are acquainted with.

It may serve, with God's blessing, to set this more before our eyes and heart, if we specify a few items which stand against our names in the huge book to which we have alluded.

1. Our *base ingratitude* is one of our most crying sins. What mercies and favours have we not enjoyed! But what base returns have we not rendered! Did we but see and feel how much we owe to the ever-watchful eye and ever-bountiful hand of Him in whom we live, move, and have our being, and did we compare his favours with our returns, we should be overwhelmed with shame and confusion of face.

2. Our sad *unbelief and infidelity* forms another item in the bill

of charges. Much is said of assurance, but it is, to be feared that there is much assurance in the lips, where there is little faith in the heart. Gilt coin may pass for gold till the scales come forth. Weigh in the scales of the sanctuary much of what is called faith; put into the one scale the trials, the sufferings, the actions, the fruits, and into the other the faith that is, or should be, productive of them, upon how much of what is called faith will "Tekel" be stamped! Faith upon parade, and faith in battle; faith flaunting in lace and feathers, and faith reeling and staggering on the sod slippery with blood, differ as widely as the raw recruit and the scarred veteran. If the Lord has called thee to be a soldier, examine thy faith. What has it done for thee? Does it purify thy heart, (Acts xv. 9,) crucify thy lusts, (Gal. v. 24,) overcome the world, (1 John v. 4,) resist Satan, (1 Pet. v. 9,) conquer sin, (Rom. vi. 14,) work by love, (Gal. v. 6,) and make thee fight a good fight with death and hell? (Eph. vi. 16.) Separated from its fruits, thy faith may appear fleshy and well favoured as the kine that fed in the meadow; examined by these scriptural tests, it may be as lean and meagre as those that came up out of the river. A grain of faith removes a mountain. Has thine moved a mole-hill? True faith overcomes the world—the great world without. Has thine overcome the world—the little world within? True faith works, fights, suffers, takes heaven by violence. Has thy faith risen beyond talk and notion, noise and bluster? If matters be so, rather, instead of boasting of thy faith, confess thy want of it, and cry with the distressed father of old, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief;" or with the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith."

3. *Worldly-mindedness and carnality of heart and affection* may be mentioned as another fearful item in the great debt book. "To be carnally-minded is death; but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace." If there be death in the land, death in the churches, death in the soul, we need not, with this text in our hand, go far to find the cause. Put the lamp nearer to thee, if thine eye be dim. (Pa. cxix. 105.) Place it before thy feet to cast a light upon thy path. Thou art often, too often, dead in soul, dead in praying, hearing, reading, meditating, fighting, acting. What is the cause of all this deadness? Carnal-mindedness. There is a going out after idols; a love to the world; a cleaving to the unrighteous mammon; a general carelessness; a neglect of the throne of grace, of self-examination, of confession of sin, of making straight paths for thy feet, of sticking to God's testimonies, and of cleansing thy way by taking heed

thereto according to God's word. Thence come ease, sloth, and carnality; and the issue of all these is death in the soul. How deeply has this paralytic stroke fallen upon the professing church! It has dimmed its eye so as to see little beauty in Jesus; it has stopped its ear so as to become deaf to admonition and warning, promise and precept; it has unnerved its hands so that they hang down in prayer; it has unstrung its knees so that they are weak and feeble; it has crippled its feet so that they move sluggishly along in the paths of self-denial and obedience; in a word, it has paralysed all its system from the crown to the sole, so that the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint.

4. Our next item shall be a ——— blank. In the account books of the Government there is one article that swallows up a large sum, called, "*Secret service money.*" Ah! how much of this secret service money is there in the ledger the leaves of which we have here opened!—*Secret service money paid to sin and the devil!* Secret lusts, hidden sins, the teraphim in the camels' furniture, the ephod in the house, (Jud. xvii. 5,) the wedge of gold in the tent, the creeping things on the wall, the drink offerings to the queen of heaven, (Jer. xlv. 19,) the image of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermillion; (Ezek. xxiii. 14;) let each for himself put down against this item the amount (if possible) of his defalcations.

But let us not dwell only on the adverse side of the ledger. The Bible does not; nor should we. God, indeed, in his word, calls on his prophets to "cry aloud and spare not," but to "lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show his people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." But at the same time he bids them, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people; speak comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." (Isaiah xl. 1, 2.) The Lord would have us know both sides of the question—our damnation and his salvation, our misery and his mercy, the debt of ten thousand talents and nothing wherewith to pay, and the free full discharge. By the one he would kill, by the other make alive; by the one bring down, and by the other raise up; by the one preach the law, and by the other the gospel; by the one strip of all creature righteousness, and by the other clothe in the spotless obedience of Immanuel.

Be it, then, admitted that our sins are grievous, aggravated, unceasing; our backslidings perpetual; the pride, unbelief, infidelity,

adultery, and idolatry of our heart ever ready to break forth. Shall we, need we, must we despair? Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no Physician there? Yes, there is a balm for the bleeding conscience; there is a Physician for sin-sick souls.

1. On the opposite page of the debt book stands written in letters light this heading, "*Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.*" What a liquidation is here! Sin hath abounded—fearfully abounded in thought, word, and deed; but grace doth much more abound. If sin has a tide that swallows all wherever it comes, grace has a spring tide that rises higher still, and buries beneath it the floods of ungodliness that make the soul afraid. Take thy sins, then, with all their horrid and dreadful aggravations; sins against light, conscience, love, mercy, and blood. Examine them well; scan thoroughly, as far as thou canst, their height, depth, length, and breadth, till thy knees tremble, and thy heart sinks with fear and dread. Must thou perish? Must thou sink to rise no more? Is all hope gone? Is hell thy destined unavoidable place? Look, look, if thou canst not get a view of this gospel declaration concerning grace. Only get this brought by the Spirit into thy heart, "*Where sin hath abounded, there doth grace much more abound,*" and thy debts are at once liquidated.

2. Again, there stands this sentence also on the same side, the blessed side, of the page, "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*" "All sin!" How comprehensive! What sin does not this embrace? And take with it, too, this word from the Lord's own lips, "*All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.*" "All manner of sin and blasphemy." Then all vile, infidel, blasphemous thoughts and suggestions, all the pride, unbelief, infidelity, obscenity, and filth of a depraved, desperately depraved nature; all the dregs of that foul sewer which has flowed down from Adam, and still floods the imagination; all the hard, rebellious uprisings of a carnal mind at enmity with God; all the heavings and tossings of a heart bottomless as hell, with all the rollings up, fermentings, and workings to and fro of an abyss of iniquity, where deep calleth unto deep at the noise of the water-spouts—all, all evil from within and from without, shall be forgiven unto men, and is already forgiven to the repenting, believing children of God. Let the blessed Secretary, commissioned by the great Creditor, and sent by the Almighty Surety, only write against thy fearful debts, "PAID," and it will be said, "O man, O woman, where are those thine accusers?" "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall

be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve." (Jer. l. 20.) Well, then, may the saints cry, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us, he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." (Micah vii. 18, 19.)

May we not, then, repeat the Scripture question, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?"

To hold forth this balm—the atoning blood of Immanuel, to exalt this Jehovah Rophi, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," is the office of the gospel to proclaim, and the covenant work of the Holy Spirit to reveal to the soul. To be beaten off self-righteousness, self-wisdom, self-strength, self-dependence, by the storms of guilt and fear, and then to embrace the Rock for want of a shelter, and to cleave, under all circumstances, to the Person, blood, righteousness, and love of Jesus, is, and must ever be, the ground-work of all vital godliness.

But, it may be asked by some of the Lord's poor and needy ones, "What testimony have *I* of an interest in this superabounding grace, in this pardoning mercy? Is there not some qualification required on my part? some obedience, some holiness, some cleansing of myself?" What says one who knew as much as any one both sides of the spiritual account book:

"All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Ah! "This he gives you!" To feel our need of this atoning blood and justifying righteousness, to groan, sigh, and mourn under a body of sin and death, to look, and long, and wait, and grieve, and repent, and confess, and seek—all this is the work of the Spirit, and so far is a testimony of an interest in the finished work of the Son of God.

"But strength for the future? How are my lusts and passions to be subdued; how am I to walk worthy of my heavenly calling; how bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness so as to live and walk in all godly obedience?" This, too, the gospel provides for. Grace subdues sin as well as pardons it; cleanses from the filth as well as removes the guilt; breaks its dominion as well as

buries and hides its shame. God knew from the beginning what his people would be. He therefore provided not only a Lamb for a burnt offering, but a living Head of influence, a risen, exalted, and glorified Jesus, in whom it hath pleased him that all fulness should dwell, that in him there might be strength against sin, deliverance from temptation, preservation from evil, and perseverance unto the end.

For all these purposes the gospel is efficacious, and therefore is and ever must be the root and spring of all obedience and of all fruitfulness. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. Gospel fruits must grow upon the gospel tree. It is the fruits of the Spirit, not the fruits of the flesh, which are acceptable to God. "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." All obedience, therefore, which is not wrought by the Spirit, all practice which does not grow out of a living union with the Lord Jesus Christ, is but legality and self-righteousness. "The love of Christ," says Paul, "constraineth us."

A man may, from the mere lashes and stings of conscience, from the powerful impulse of an ascetic temper, deny himself and mortify his carnal desires and appetites. Yet what is this but Popery at the best; if there be no gracious principle at its root? Here is sin entwined with every fibre of our natural being—sin, that has hurled its millions into hell. How is this dreadful sin, this sin of our being, to be silenced, subdued, overcome? The cloister, the cell, the midnight watching, the long fast, the hair shirt, the bloody scourge, these, these shall bind and crucify the wretch, the rebel. Shall they? Is sin of that corporeal nature that the scourge can flog it out? It is in the mind. Take pride, unbelief, or sensuality. These subtle sins are beyond the reach of all mortification or self-denial grounded on natural conscience.

But where the law fails, the gospel comes in. "Sin shall not have dominion over you." Why? "Because ye watch, fast, promise, vow, resolve?" No. "Because ye are not under the law," from whose working all these fleshly movements spring; "but under grace," which not only supplies motives but affords power; which not only pardons the past but gives strength for the future. Hundreds of God's family can say with Cennick,

"The more I strove against sin's power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul; I am the Way.'"

And not only "the Way," but "the Truth, and the Life,"—"the Truth" to preserve from all error, and "the Life" to supply out of his fulness grace and strength. "Because I live, ye shall live also."

To the gospel, then, in the hands of the Spirit, must we look for everything,—pardon and peace, mercy and salvation. And not only so, but to keep us from all evil, to supply us with influential motives to put off the old man and put on the new, and to bring forth in us "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

- We have thus embodied our views of what the gospel is, and, by implication, what experience is too. Objections have been raised to the name of our periodical, as assuming too much. *We* did not so christen it. It was neither originated nor named by us. It is true, that unlooked for as well as unsought circumstances gradually, in a good measure, brought it under its present management; but if the name be faulty, let not that charge be laid at our door. But perhaps the objection itself may rest on an unfounded assumption that by it was intended that this periodical was indeed the *Gospel Standard* by which all writings were to be weighed. This, we have reason to believe, was not the meaning of those who so named it; but that the *Gospel*, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Gospel as revealed in the Scriptures, the Gospel as made known by the Holy Spirit to the soul, the Gospel as implying in one comprehensive expression all the doctrine, all the experience, and all the practice of the New Testament, was to be its *standard*. In a word, that not the opinions or writings of frail, fallible man, not the "shibboleth" of a sect or party, but the GOSPEL alone, in its length and breadth, was to be the STANDARD by which all its contents were to be weighed and adjusted; that to that bar and that alone was it amenable; and that all which fell short of the Gospel, whether in itself or others, was justly to be condemned. In this sense,—the sense in which *we* have always understood it, the title seems unobjectionable.

"But we come short of the Gospel standard." True; but dost not thou? do not all? But, with all thy shortcomings, is not the gospel still *thy* standard? May it then not be *ours*? Can we safely or scripturally allow ourselves any other?

Or if the word be used in the sense of a flag or ensign, may we not hoist it? "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." (Ps. lx. 4.) If there be this banner, may we not display it? And amidst the strife of tongues, may not this standard quietly float over the pavilion?

May this precious, this everlasting gospel be ever ours, in all its fulness and blessedness. Where ignorant, may we be taught gospel wisdom; where sinning, may we be blessed with gospel repentance; where in danger of our own spirit, may we be favoured with the Spirit of the gospel; where weak, may we be supplied with gospel strength. But let us not lower or pervert the standard of the gospel, because we fall short. "A just weight is the Lord's delight," and should be ours. More than the gospel we cannot desire; less than the gospel would neither suit nor save. The main thing to desire is that this blessed gospel may be a living gospel in our hearts, lips, and lives; that it may "come, not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" that we may enjoy its sweetness, experience its efficacy, and bring forth its fruits; and thus find that, though the preaching the cross is to them that perish foolishness, to those that are saved it is still the power of God.

May our Periodical be filled with gospel food, breathe a gospel spirit, bring gospel consolation, and produce gospel fruits! The gospel is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and in the hope that a measure of this power may rest upon our pages, do we still venture to continue its monthly publication.

We may *truly* conceive God, though we cannot *fully* conceive him. We may have right apprehensions of him, though not an exact comprehension of him.—*John Mason*.

You talk of will and power; if they are at hand, why are they not in exercise? I call that man a boaster, and suspect his poverty, who talketh of his riches, yet never pays his debts.—*Berridge*.

The wise virgins had their lamps. Herein then did not lie the difference between them and the foolish, that the one worshipped with a form and the other did not. No; as the pharisee and publican went up to the temple to pray, so these wise and foolish virgins might go to the same place of worship, and sit under the same minister; but then the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. They kept up the form, but did not rest in it. Their words in prayer were the language of their hearts, and they were no strangers to inward feelings. They had savingly tasted the good word of life, and felt, or had an experimental knowledge of the powers of the world to come. They were not afraid of searching doctrine, nor affronted when ministers told them that they by nature deserved to be damned. They were not self-righteous, but willing that Jesus Christ should have all the glory of their salvation. They were convinced that the merits of Jesus Christ were to be apprehended only by faith, but yet were they as careful to maintain good works as though they were to be justified them.—*Whitefield*.

RECOLLECTIONS AND THOUGHTS FROM PAST SCENES.

I have gone to the city of York and various places where, in infancy and youth, I was conversant, and when I have looked at the houses and signs where people lived, and seen all different, how I have been alarmed and struck down to the ground, as it were, and have felt the hollow voice of eternity proclaiming, in irresistible sounds, "This is not your rest!" When I have looked at the house of the wicked, and when I have looked at the house of the moralized, (the latter having no religion but morality only,) how I have reflected how all things pass away! Like a vapour or an evening mist, so it passes away! The generations of men die like an opening dream. It is true it seems longer in one sense, but when it is passed, it is dead and gone.

I have been led into these reflections by visiting places at and around where my forefathers lived, and where I was at school and was apprenticed; some places where I have not been much for twenty or thirty years. And as I have walked along the streets where I knew every house, and have looked at the signs, all different; looked at the houses, farms, &c., their occupiers changed; have gone into a shop, asked after such a one, "Been dead eight years, Sir!" looked at the houses one by one, and seen their inhabitants fled; and their dwelling-place in other hands; when I have thought of it, it has been too much for me, and with inward weeping, I have said, as it were, to myself, "What am I doing? where am I going? a dread eternity is gaping to swallow us all up!"

"That hour, so late, is nimble in approach;
And, like a post, comes on in full career.
How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!
The day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going.
'Tis scarce possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone.
Eternity is all!"

Solemn God! thought I, where do I stand? A neck of land hinders me from being buried in the deeps of eternity, where all these, so many of whom I once knew, are well nigh universally swallowed up. "Here lived one," said I, "a model of good sense and morality, and yet a stranger to a broken heart. There lived friendly neighbours, and yet strangers to the imputed righteousness of Christ. There lived worthy sort of people as neighbours, and desirable and agreeable as acquaintances naturally; and yet, alas! alas! it is to be feared, they were enemies to everything evangelically and thoroughly good in a gospel sense." Some people had many good points in their character; and some, like the young ruler whom Jesus loved, lacking one thing, desirable in every point of view but one, but you are afraid they had not the root of the matter, afraid they were never born a second time, namely, of the Spirit of God. And therefore all must go into the general mash-tub of dissolution, a wreck and a ruin, without aught to survive, as regards salvation, they

not being born again. It matters not who they are, if not born again, they are only gilded sepulchres. Unless they are grafted into Christ, the good olive-tree, and are made partakers of him, of his glorious nature, they are still in the ruins of the Adam fall. What are the virtues, as they are called, and the moralities of unregenerate men in the sight of God? Undoubtedly they are only painted and varnished sins. The fruits of the Spirit are the morality of one born again. The unregenerate morality of a gilded sepulchre is the morality of one not born again. It makes no matter, *as regards salvation*, how excellent the actions of men are, if they are not born again; they must certainly be damned, if the Scriptures are true, as I experimentally know and feel them to be. "They know the Scriptures to be true who have *felt* them," wisely said a good man, not learned in this world's learning. How important, then, in the general wreck and ruin of all things, it is narrowly, yea, most narrowly, to be enabled of God to consider, "Am I born again?" Seeing that all things pass away in this world, and being grafted into Christ, the good olive-tree, by the new birth, is the only way possible whereby men can escape the general wreck of being banished from God for ever, of being, in the Scripture sense, lost for ever, how important, how unspeakably important, to be well assured of our safe engraftation into the Son of God, that green and beautiful tree that only can over-master death in all its vast and wondrous consequences—consequences that one shudders even to think of—everlasting destruction of body and soul in hell-fire for evermore. Such are the consequences of being born again, or not being born again, as the case may be. As for my part, the whole drift and care of my life is, through the Spirit of God, to be found in Him, the Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed, all the happiness I have, or wish to have, consists in this. Gracious God! what beggary and emptiness everything short of this is! Praised be the Lord, if, through divine grace, I can see the emptiness, poverty, and madness of anything short of a finally sure and certain interest in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

When I look around and see the wreck of so many whom I have known in former years; when I see them dead and gone, one perished by covetousness as his besetting sin, another by swearing; one by whoredom; another by drunkenness; again, those that I buried when I was a church minister, nay, nearly all of them, dying without a good hope, in different parts where I have resided; again, when I see most departing like brute beasts; again, the friends of my youth, those companions, or older than myself, good God! I shake and tremble inwardly when I reflect that there was scarcely one whom I knew who was soundly and efficaciously rooted and grounded in the righteousness of Christ experimentally felt and known, revealed by the Holy Ghost in the soul! I am sure I find it so. I could wish it was not so; but, alas! it is. There are but very few persons experimentally born again. Indeed, there are but very few men who are strictly moral. How few, then, who are enabled immeasurably to go beyond the strictest morality, and who

can say humbly, scripturally, and manifestively, in the soundest and warmest experience, "Jesus and I are one; in him I have engraftation as a vine branch to a vine tree; in him I have the forgiveness of sins in my conscience felt; in him I have the wedding-garment of his everlasting righteousness imputed to me in place of my own beggarly righteousness; and lastly, productive of gospel-good works in love and gratitude that loathes merit!" But whosoever cannot say this, I can; in poverty of spirit, in mourning, in meekness, and in hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and in all the blessed train and consequences of being safely harboured and secured in Christ as my soul's eternal portion, and present portion too. For he is the sweetest, and fairest, and dearest of all beings to me; and as sweet, if possible, is it to me to obey him, as well as to receive salvation from him as a gift, "not by works of righteousness which we can do."

Thus does a godly man sun himself in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, through enabling grace! Thus does a godly man bid defiance, through Christ, to the ravages of time! He sees people have fallen on the right hand and on the left, and yet he is safe. Buried safe in the arms of everlasting love, he trembles and rejoices—trembles at what a hell-deserving sinner he is; rejoices to think that he is one of "the few men who have escaped." And what a narrow "escape!" says he. "Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength;" in him are durable riches; and happy is the man that findeth him!

In looking over, then, the scenes and times that are gone, one is compelled to say, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." One sees the grave-stones of the farmers, and the hillocks where the poor are buried, one general mass of undistinguishable ruin and corruption, as regards the dead bodies of those buried underneath. Some whom we were afraid of, while they were upon earth, now are quiet enough, levelled in the general mash-tub of dissolution. And are we escaped? have we escaped the sword?

I was an unprotected boy. I lost my father in 1817, and my mother in 1812; went up to London in 1821, raw and green from the country. I trust that the grace of Christ watched over me to be preserved from wholly being destroyed by the destroyer. And when I wander in Yorkshire over the scenes of my childhood, youth, and much vanity, and see the moralist and the sensualist, the carnal and the profane, whom I once knew, occupying their places in the church-yard, how my bowels move, as it were, and my frame is affected, to think and feel that Christ, in the new birth, has taught me something better than morality, and has saved me from the gaping jaws of profanity—morality and profanity that slay the whole human race, except the elect; morality that sets its starched and deluded partakers, content in whole or in part with their own righteousness, and in whole or in part, therefore, shuts them up in unbelief against the Saviour's everlasting righteousness received by faith without our works, and which *only* saves; profanity, that bedizens the mass of mankind to admire and practise the things that God hates.

I have in this distant part of England, (distant to where I have generally resided,) set off to visit different places where, from the age of seventeen to twenty-one, I poured out raw and ignorant, but *felt* prayers to God; where I walked in youth with no companion; alas! when I met with companions, it was only to find them corrupters; there, with a flood of tears, in York streets, have I, fit to break my heart with sobs, entreated of God that I might never commit licentiousness and other sins, and never might be eternally damned. These were my two prayers in one spot in the streets. Let the profane or the moral laugh if they please. Like the dew-drops of the morning, it is sweet to me to reflect that then, in the greenness of youth, I feared God and loved him. It surely is a sweet and amiable sight to see we have feared God in the dawn, and not in the dregs of our time. Again, there have I remembered the time when the power of God sent parts of hymns and passages of scripture to fall with dew and light upon my partly enraptured mind (for what comes fresh from God a natural man is stark dead to.) How sweet to think in the morning of life God took notice of one! wooed one's youthful mind to better and more enduring substance than this world can afford! like thousands of drops of dew, harbingers of those rivers and oceans of joy that constitute the paradise of God!

Abingdon.

I. K.

“AND THEY SANG A NEW SONG.”

My dear Brother in Christ Jesus,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied. We gladly received your kind epistle by this morning's post, and do sincerely bless and praise the Lord for preserving you through your late journey and voyage, for landing you safe on the destined distant shore, and for there having recruited your natural health; but, above all, for having blessed you with those divine feelings, and reflections, and signs of life immortal, hidden deep within your heart, (as expressed and manifested in your remarks in your kind and truly welcome epistle now before me,) which He has seen good to withhold from a scoffing world, and from the far greater part of the professors of this day.

O, my dear young friend, what a discriminating favour is this! and God's act in giving it you and me is as sovereign as it is free. The natural man understandeth not divine things, the things of the Spirit; they are spiritually discerned; neither can he obtain the knowledge of them, nor the love and favour of God, though he would give all the substance of his house, and even his body to be burned. And moreover, our precious Christ declares and says, “I know my sheep, and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.” Jehovah's shalls and wills stand firm as the pillars of heaven; and all the silly wooings, and beseechings, and workings of carnal, blind, foolish mortals shall be for ever in vain. Proud, pompous man wants to do a part in God's salvation, but he never shall. “It is not of him

that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God who showeth mercy." And the soul that has tasted, and felt, and enjoyed this mercy, in ever so small a degree, glories in witnessing that all the power and praise of his salvation belong to God, and to him alone.

My dear friend, let Satan's agents proceed as fast as they please with their work. What is begun in the flesh will end in the flesh. God will not forsake his work, nor the people whom he has chosen. Blessed be his dear name for that; and eternal thanks to him for giving us to hope, (though at times it is with, yea amidst, many fears and tremblings,) that he has chosen us. To this conclusion I am now either obliged at length to come, after the many years of sinning and repenting, wanderings and reclaimings, imprisonments and being set at liberty, sorrowings and rejoicings, wondering where the scene at last will end and hoping in his mercy, of hardness and darkness and of relentings and softening, of changes, temptations, trials, afflictions, wants, losses, crosses, and distresses endured in the wilderness too numerous to name, or give up all for lost; and that my soul cannot feel willing to do, although at times I do feel as though I never had one spark of life divine in my breast, or ever felt any love to Jesus, or desires for the knowledge of his ways or great salvation in my soul. O what a wretched, hardened state this is to be in! Can ever my friend have been worse? Then is the time for the evening wolves and all the beasts of the forest to come forth from their dens. Then is Satan's time to present his many baits to tempt and to allure the unwary, the hour of the powers of darkness; when our strength to withstand him is shorn, when the weapon of all-prayer lies useless at our side, when we can do no more than look, and tremble, and groan. But then, at the last moment, the dear Lord, listening to our sighs and heartfelt groans, once more appears for us, and says to the tempter, "Thus far hast thou gone, but thou shalt go no further; here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Then we overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and triumph gloriously by faith in his precious name. Thus we prove a friend in need is a friend indeed. So has the precious Jesus been to me, and I trust to you too. The first time I felt my need of his aid was when the manslayer was behind me, hard at my heels; when, with the terrors of a broken law, and a feeling sense of the wrath of God in my conscience, I was flying for my life to the city of refuge, his wounded side, crying out in the extreme bitterness of my soul, "Refuge, refuge, refuge!" O I never shall forget that day, those weeks, that time of trouble! Necessity then compelled me gladly to accept of salvation on any terms God was pleased to propose, and to part with all for Christ, for felt pardon and peace through his peace-speaking blood and all-sufficient merits and righteousness. And O how did my soul bow, and bend, and tremble, and crumble into nothing in the dust before him beneath the burden of my sin, and guilt, and vileness, and sorrow, and unworthiness felt within, while pleading at his footstool for mercy, when at that instant he opened the channel of mercy for me, the gate of the city, his bleeding side, his loving heart and arms, the bosom of his love and grace. O what a joyful spring

did my soul give into his dear embrace, within the massy walls, from my avenging enemy behind! Then, from the heights of Zion, my soul, with joy untold, struck off the first note of that song which I have often sung since, which the redeemed now in glory are singing, and which I hope still to sing through life, in death, and before the throne above for ever,

“Redeeming love, redeeming love!”

I do now feel somewhat of its power and influence within, and can testify with my brother that a little access to the throne of grace is now given me. O the blessedness of feeling and enjoying this favour, for then the tempter dare not venture near. It is holy ground wherever we thus meet and plead with God; nor dare our corruptions stir while in his presence; but as soon as he leaves off to commune with us, we directly return to our sad place, and mourn; mourn because our hearts and minds are so soon carried away by every foolery and sin, and depart from the living God; mourn because our sins abound, and hide the face of our best Beloved from us, and because we cannot cease from sin; mourn the loss of his presence, our hardness of heart, our unthankfulness and forgetfulness of him, our worldly-mindedness, and depravity; mourn because we cannot feel our heart's and soul's affections going out after him, nor enjoy that sweet and constant access and nearness to him as we could wish, nor able to find him in his word, in his ordinances, in his house, in secret, in our lawful employments, as we could desire; because we cannot discern his kind hand, and hear his lovely charming voice more in his providence and word, and learn more of his mind and will concerning us, and feel more submissive and resigned to divine sovereignty in all things; and because we cannot live more to his glory, who, we trust, bled, and groaned, and died for us.

This, my friend, is the cause of my deep mournings, and groanings, and sighings, and heartfelt sorrows from day to day. The sorrow of the world worketh death, but not so the sorrows I endure; for there is often such a heavenly and untold sweetness mingled with the pain, that gives life and vigour divine to my spirit, and health to my bones, and still endears a precious Christ so much the more to my soul that I could run through a troop and leap over a wall to get at him, and feel that I can never know enough of him, nor love, nor enjoy, nor praise, nor glorify him enough through time nor to all eternity.

Hence does my soul bless and praise the God of Israel for his unspeakable gift, and for giving me to him in covenant before time, and him to me in time; and on the day of our manifest espousals, for sealing, by his Spirit, his love's impress on my heart, the atoning blood of Jesus in my conscience, and my soul up to the day of redemption; and for maintaining faith and hope still alive in him hitherto within my breast. So that after the many changing scenes of many bygone years in the wilderness, here I stand, as you stood on those foreign cliffs you named, and viewed the beautiful scenery around, and the wide-spreading majestic sea before you, so here I stand on the boundaries of time, and by faith am looking across the

ocean, or Jordan, death, to the heavenly Canaan above, where God the Saviour dwells, in hopes, with longing eyes, there to anchor soon in that sweet haven of endless rest, to dwell and reign with him for ever and sin no more.

The glories of his person charm and ravish my heart below, and what will it be above? That I must die to know. As your soul, when embarking, so sweetly sang,

“Jesus, o’er the billows steer me,
Be my pilot in each storm,” &c.,

so does my soul, and heart, and tongue, now in tears of joy in hope, thus sing with my friend also. Did my friend commit himself into the hands of our God who rules and manages the seas, and governs all nations as he please, and trust also in him? Well might he sleep in sweet and conscious safety while the rolling waves bore him safely through the foaming tide to his distant port. Cannot he now say with greater confidence than before, “Did ever a soul trust in the Lord and was confounded?” It is those who do business in deep waters who are blessed to see the wonders of God in the deep; and it is the soul that the Lord enables to trust in him which can and will witness most to his glory. So may my friend still be enabled to trust in him, and we shall surely see his face again in the flesh.

It did my soul good to hear that because you cannot find or hear of God’s dear despised truth being preached in all the island, not all the beautiful scenery, nor the refreshing sea breezes, nor the comfortable temperature of the air, can prevail on you to stay where you are. What a mercy it is when God’s truth so takes hold with power of the conscience, that flesh and blood cannot do everything it would choose and desire to do! No wonder, when thus it is curbed and restrained, that it should harass and distress us as it does. But it is blessed to feel it, for feeling is a proof of life within, and the life of grace begun below, is glory in the end.

I know my friend and every child of God has plenty of cause for his inward sighings, and groanings, and mournings; so have I. Could he behold the grandeur and pomp of her Majesty coming down the roads and landing near where he was, and see the people’s loyalty, and hear their joyful acclamations on the occasion, and had reason to sigh inwardly on the reflection of his so basely slighting King Jesus, as his soul feels he does? My soul also groans because I am so prone to do the same, notwithstanding all his kindness to me. Well may my friend observe, “The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;” for truly it is so with a witness; hence the gates of Zion mourn and languish, and the daughter of Zion is sick and lean from day to day.

The Lord make us an exception, if it be his dear will, and let us live and die witnesses for God, to the immortal honour and glory of his dear precious and holy name, in hope of living and reigning with him above for ever.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, Sept. 8th, 1846.

G. T. C.

“HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME.”

Messrs. Editors,—As far as the Lord shall enable me, I will give you a few outlines of his gracious dealings with me. If you think proper you will perhaps give it a place in the “Standard.”

I was born in the year 1825. My father was a respectable tradesman, and one whom the Lord had called out of nature's darkness. My mother is a kind and tender parent, but I have no good ground to believe that the Lord has opened her eyes to see her real state. O that he may yet do it, if it be his heavenly mind and will! Three months after my birth, the Lord called my father home. My mother was then left with seven children, three sons and four daughters; but God has proved very faithful to his promise, that he “will be a Father to the fatherless;” for such he has proved to us. My mother had many heavy trials, but the Lord provided everything that was needful, and I do at times desire to be very thankful for his goodness and tender care over us.

From an early age I had convictions. I remember the first time was when one of my sisters was on a bed of affliction; she began to talk about heaven, and asked me if I should not like to go there. I do not remember all that passed, but I well remember my feelings, for I said, “I should like to go to heaven; and if from this time I never tell another story, shall I go there?” I do not remember her answer, but I know I did make a promise how good I would be, and never tell another story, for I thought *that* was the greatest sin; but this was soon forgotten. Another time my eldest brother began talking about Jesus Christ coming down to die for sinners, and he said if he had not, that none ever could be saved from hell; and I remember what an anxious kind of feeling I had to know who would be saved, for I believed some would go to hell. Time passed along, and I often had many anxious thoughts about my end, how it would be. I did often hope it would be well, and that I should have time given me to prepare for death. But, however, these thoughts were gone again, and as I got out a little in the world I had one or two companions. One in particular was a great favourite. We adopted some plans which we could not carry on without some money. The devil very soon showed us how to get it. I took mine from two of my brothers; it was not more than two shillings. But, however, I soon lost it in the same way as I got it. As it was a fair at our place I took my money out with me, (this was the only pleasure I had to look forward to, as I was never allowed to go out from home pleasure seeking,) but when out in the fair I found, to my astonishment, my money was gone, which I supposed had been picked out of my pocket. I was very sorry, but did not name it to any one. I had many thoughts about it after this. I often used to dream the devil was running after me, but could never catch me. I was often troubled about it, and began to think all was not right. I found I had a guilty conscience for taking the money. I was much grieved one day, and resolved to go and confess it to my

brother, and as he was in his bed-room I went up stairs, but was obliged to turn into my own room instead of his, and there I burst into tears, and thought my heart would break. I would have given anything if I could have told him, but could not. After this it quite wore off for a time; but I had a dream which caused me many anxious feelings. I dreamed the end of time was come, and judgment was passed on all but me, but about me not a word was said. I however said to one, "Shall I come with you?" But I received no answer. I then caught hold of one of their dresses, and we all passed through blood, and came out clothed in long white robes, singing,

"Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever."

Never shall I forget the sweet feelings! I thought much of this dream, sometimes with pleasure, at other times with fear.

I often wished I was more like those that were, as I thought, very religious; they always appeared to be happy, whilst everything I did seemed to be wrong. I thought very often, "O that I was religious and happy, and knew what peace of mind was!" But how to obtain these things I knew not. I thought perhaps if I could get away from all my companions I should be more religious. The Lord then removed me away, and I was placed in a gentleman's family as nurse. I was then only sixteen years of age. I gave the family satisfaction. I was in this family five years, and never received an angry word from them the whole time. But I soon forgot all the promises that I made before I left home, and very sweetly did I roll sin under my tongue as a sweet morsel. Not that I committed myself in any way immorally; far from it; for I was highly respected by all that knew me. Thus I went on for two or three years, not without stings of conscience, and often thought I should at some future time live otherwise, and of commencing the new year differently. This I had often made up my mind to do, but when the new year began, I was not ready. But the time came when I did begin to live differently. I took to reading more, and attended to prayer more regularly. At this time one of my fellow-servants left, and another of course took her place, and I well remember how delighted I was when I saw her take her hymn book out of her pocket. Well, I thought, I have got a companion now; and we soon made friends. She attended the Independents, but there was no chapel in the village where we lived, so we attended church, unless we had an opportunity, which sometimes we had, of going to a Baptist Chapel, about two miles distant. We were both quite delighted with the minister and people, began to take in their magazines, took sittings, and were received by the people with warmth and affection. I really thought I was all right now. I had found at last the happiness I had been seeking. How glad I was to think I had chosen religion, for it was all pleasure. I was quite now satisfied; and thought how foolish it was that everybody did not take up religion.

Soon after this I wrote home, and told my friends what I felt in

soul matters; they were very glad to hear it. Some time had passed away, and my eldest brother came to see me. I invited him to go to our chapel; so we went. I said to him, "How did you like the minister?" I forget his answer, but I know he said but little. He has since told me he felt quite sure, if the work was of the Lord, I should get dissatisfied with that kind of preaching. As I said before, we were received with much warmth by the people, and to a few of them we were very much attached. Some time passed, and one or two of our friends proposed baptism to us. My companion, being an Independent, had no wish for it. I had often wished it, but never spoke of it, as I believed the Scriptures to be true, and this passage had come to my mind, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." But I dared not presume, and I was very glad to get away and put it off till some future time.

I then began to get tired of this religion and people. I was destitute of a knowledge of the plan of salvation. I was dissatisfied with all around me. I had three brothers whom I believe the Lord had at that time made manifest as chosen vessels of mercy. But I was most attached to the eldest, and to him I opened all my heart. He wrote me some very encouraging letters, and sent me some of the "Gospel Standards" to read. I read them with pleasure, and especially the accounts of some characters who had had a most blessed end, and I desired to die their death. But I was still uneasy and miserable. I found much guilt and sin; and had a little knowledge that I had no power to deliver myself out of these feelings, nor did I know where my help must come from; but I began to feel and believe in my own mind that there was a people that would be saved, and others that would be lost, and I believed it was an elect people; but anything more about them I did not know. I never could hear anything about such a people at church or chapel. All that I heard there was to do the things that are right, and your end shall be peace. Well, I thought, I am not worse than others; nay, I thought I was a little better than some, for I said my prayers three times a day, and attended church and chapel as regularly as possible, and read my Bible, and gave alms to the poor, and did some other good deeds. But at times I was not satisfied with these things. In everything there seemed to be something wanting. A person whom I employed came to see me, and in conversation we began talking about preaching, and he invited me to hear a person who was going to preach at a place near where I was then living. One of my fellow-servants went with me. Neither of us knew our way, but we were directed aright. Before we got to the chapel, to my astonishment I saw my eldest brother, and a young man, a very great friend of my brother's, and one I believe that is chosen of God, with many other friends that I knew. I think that I shall never forget the time, though at this time I knew but little about spiritual things; but I never heard such preaching before, for it searched my heart, nor could I refrain from tears during the whole sermon. After it was over, I went to a friend's house with my brother. We had supper, and then I took leave of

them with a heavy heart. O, I thought, that I was like them ! for I did believe that there was a secret enjoyed by them which I knew nothing of. I felt very miserable, and could find no rest or peace. I thought perhaps if I were at home with my friends, and could hear the same preaching, and be with good people, I should be happier ; so I wrote home and told my brother I wished to leave, and come home, for I would rather "suffer affliction with the children of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." By this I meant to be with those that were religious, as I should not have so many temptations there as I had in service. I had now made up my mind to leave, though I had a good situation, and every kindness shown me by my employers ; still it was rather a trying place, as there were eight children, though I had another servant to assist me, and a governess ; yet the whole care lay on me, and the wretched state of mind I was in and the care were too much for me. I told my mistress I wished to leave, as I thought I should be better at home, as I was not very strong. She was very sorry to part with me, as I had been with her so long, and said she would raise my wages if that would induce me to stop. But no, I said I could not. Then she wished me to take another situation with a cousin of hers, where there were but two children, as that would be much less care and anxiety for me. But no, I knew I could not hear the same preaching in this place as at my home.

I then went home, and was there a month. In the meantime I had several situations offered me ; but I found, alas ! there was no happiness at home or abroad for me, and what to do or where to go I did not know. I found being at home could give me no peace, nor being with religious people, nor could I tell where to find it. One morning when I was in bed, my mother came up with a letter from an old fellow-servant of mine, telling me of a situation, as she thought it would be a nice easy place. It was to take charge of one little boy, three years of age, and attend to the lady. She pressed me to take it. She said the lady was going to write ; and I think it was on the next day that I received a letter from the lady offering me her situation, and wishing me to go and see her. She was living in C—. At the time appointed I went, accompanied by my brother and his friend Mr. —. I was quite a stranger in C—, but my brother had some friends, where we stopped at ; they were God-fearing people. Here we received every possible kindness. At the hour appointed, I went to the lady. We got on very well, and agreed in everything but one ; she wished me to attend church, and I refused. However, I felt a wish to take the situation, and came to this conclusion, that I would sometimes go to church and sometimes to chapel ; so after a long consideration she agreed, and I went on the 6th of November, 1846. At first I was very miserable after I got to my new abode. I found I must have much patience and humility, or I could never stop. I gave every satisfaction, my mistress told me, but I soon began to smart for agreeing to go to church. I trembled when there, and often shed a tear. O how bitterly did I repent that I did not stick fast to my colours ! O

what a fool I was ever to come to such terms as these! Many months passed away with these feelings, when one morning, as I went out for church, I thought, Well, I will not go this morning, so I went to chapel; for there I find most comfort, and I love the people I meet with. But there I spent my time in weeping, and thought all the people would think I was a hypocrite for so doing. Ah! I felt I would not care what they thought if I were not one. One morning, as I was coming home from there, I cried, "O Lord, if I am a hypocrite, never suffer me to enter that place again." It was the very breathing of my soul; I did not feel tried by this so much after.

The family travelled about a good deal, and we were now preparing to go to Scotland. I was a very bad traveller, which was very unpleasant to my employers, and a trial to me, as I was so ill, and fit for nothing, and nothing could I get to prevent my illness. I had advice, but to no purpose. But however, I felt there was One that could help me. Though I did not know much about praying, yet I was led to ask God to grant my request, and I said, "Thou alone canst, I know; and if thou wilt, I will praise and thank thee every day very much." Yes, I thought, I would every day. And so I did for some time, and the desire was granted. This was the first time that I felt assured God answered prayer. After we had been in Scotland some time, I had a great wish to write to some of the friends at C—. I knew but few, but one family, the friends whom I came to with my brother, and as Mrs. — had asked me to write to her, I was glad to do so. I told her my feelings, and she soon wrote me back a very encouraging letter, being confident it was the Lord's work. I think I shall never forget altogether what I felt, when the enemy came in, and said, "You have written to your friend, Mrs. —, and told her your feelings, and made her believe you are a child of God, and you are nothing but a hypocrite!" O how this led me to cry for mercy! I was on my knees two or three hours entreating the Lord to appear and show me whose I was; but no answer did I yet receive, but was led to cry on for some time with a little hope and much fear. Again my old sins began to rise with greater force, and the devil told me it was of no use for me to cry, for the Lord would not answer me, for my sins, he said, were unpardonable; and at times I believed him.

Sometime after this, it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand on my youngest brother. This brought the money that I had taken to my mind again. O what I went through on this account! When I heard he was not expected to live many days, I wrote to my eldest brother and told him what I had done, and sent a sovereign, or a half, I am not sure which it was, to pay them for what I took, and begged they would forgive me. After this I felt much more comfortable, as this great sin seemed to be removed. Yet this was not enough to satisfy me, for I was sensible that I had an immortal soul, and that it must live for ever, either with God in everlasting glory, or with the devil and his angels; and I did believe there was some secret manifestation which must be known, which must come from God, and this was what I wanted to know for myself; and at times I

was sweetly encouraged to draw nigh unto God, and was enabled to tell him my whole heart. "O-Lord," I said, "I know I am a vile, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and if thou dost send me there, thou wilt be still a just God!" And at times I was encouraged to hope the Lord did care for vile me sometimes under his preached word. The first time I felt a sweet hope under the word was during the week before this Sabbath. I often said to myself, "Now, my soul, is there anything on earth, if you had whatever you wished; that would it satisfy?" O no, I said; nothing but a manifestation of pardoning love and mercy to my guilty soul. I there heard a dear minister say, after describing poor sinners, coming sinners, "Now," he said, "hold Christ up in one hand and the world in the other, the poor soul says, Give me Christ." How this did encourage my poor soul, as I had not spoken of these feelings to any creature, and this confirmed me of the truth of it. After this I heard a sermon preached from these words, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." This again was a time not to be forgotten, for I felt strengthened. At this time I assembled with the family morning and evening, as they used a form of prayers. Now this became a trial to me, and what to do I could not tell. Still I continued for some time, often trembling as I went in. I often felt, "O that the Lord would enable me to give it up," and at last I was obliged; for the last night I went I was full of fears and trembling, but was fully determined it should be the last time, though I felt assured I should lose my situation. But after prayers were over, I went up to my bed-room, and took my Bible, and if ever I breathed out my desires before the Lord I did at this time, that, if it were his will, he would direct me to some portion of his word. I looked the Bible through, but nothing could I see. At last my eyes were fixed on these words, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?" (Ps. cxviii: 6.) My mistress came up to bed at her usual time, and I went into her room to do what she required, these words still sounding in my ears, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear." I tried to begin, but was a long time before I could. I had done all that was required, and I really felt that I must leave the room without telling my mistress my mind; when once more these words came, "The Lord is on my side; why should I fear?" and strength and power came with them: I began thus, "I wished to speak to you about my not joining you in your forms of prayer." My mistress was struck with astonishment. I told her I had a guilty conscience in doing it, and I could not come again; and I said I was made willing to give up my situation, or anything else. She said I had been with her some time, she knew well I was what she wished to be, and she would be very sorry to part with me. Indeed, she said, if it were any other servant in her house she should leave her service if she refused to attend their prayers. I felt like another person. My load was gone, and I felt much encouraged, and had a sweet hope that the Lord was on my side, and I felt as if I cared for no man.

(To be continued.)

LIKE PRECIOUS FAITH.

Dear Brother in the "faith which was once delivered to the saints," delivered to them in ages that are passed, and still manifested now, and will be in the ages to come, until the consummation of time. It is indeed precious, because it comes from a precious Christ, the Author and Finisher of it. "Unto you that believe he is precious. Unto whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious." This precious jewel is unknown to the natural man, but is known to all the quickened family of God in a greater or less degree. And God the Holy Ghost alone works it in the heart, by a wonderful operation, quite contrary to the wisdom of man; which none can thoroughly know but such as have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. The furnace of affliction and path of tribulation is a most blessed one, though very painful to the flesh. Love is the source whence it flows; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." While the process is going on, O what sighs, and groans, and moans go on in the soul! How dark! scarce a glimmer of light! The way hedged up with stones; the enemy permitted to ransack; the whole frame in the most awful rebellion, which he instils into the heart; unbelief prevailing; misgivings; a remembrance of past sins; so that the whole frame is feelingly ready to burst asunder with agitation, confusion, and distress. Now is the hour of deep searchings of heart; now is all dissatisfaction; all creature comforts prove abortive, and the whole soul pants after God; yea, for the living God. "Lord, have mercy upon me; search me and try me, O God!" I am in deep waters, where there is no standing, for the "enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within is desolate. I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands. I stretch forth my hands unto thee; my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land."

And is this, my dear brother, a profitable place to be in? Most assuredly; and an evidence that we have the faith of God's elect. How could we possibly prize the rock for want of a shelter if we were not thus exercised? How could we expect to be filled with the righteousness of our dear Immanuel if we never hungered and thirsted after it? How could we love him above all things if we were not made sensible of our fallen state, and his love, his great love, that was displayed, at the cost of such a price, in rescuing us from the jaws of death and hell? Oh! matchless love and grace beyond expression! Thought is poor, the comprehension of the mind fails, and all human tongues languish in explaining such an unparalleled subject. Well may the poet exclaim,

"O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!"

My dear brother, we do sympathise with you. Your trials are great; but, amidst all, you will have no cause to sorrow, as those without hope. We hope and pray that the dear Lord will still support you. He has promised, and you have proved him to be faithful. We consider you to be highly favoured indeed in his displaying that good hope in your dear afflicted partner now in the hour of trial; and may he continue his loving-kindness in sanctifying every dispensation through life and death!

I have written thus far what flowed from my mind under great opposition from the enemy, and now I will leave my beloved wife to fill up the paper. May the God of all grace comfort, strengthen, and establish you. I have been very unwell lately with biliousness, but am now better. All is well. Yours in love and truth,

B. G.

Dear Brother and Companion in Tribulation,—I find that the daily cross is never wanting. However things may go on without, the inward conflict is still carried on. But, blessed be his name, who now and then holds in view the Conqueror's crown, enabling us to triumph in Christ, and anticipate eternal triumph over every enemy. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly;" and then "this corruptible shall put on incorruption," and this vile clog of earth shall be laid down, which that wily and ever-vigilant adversary has such easy access unto, and we shall be like our altogether-lovely Lord, and see him as he is. With such a prospect in view, how trifling do the things of time and sense appear! and how light the sorrows of the way! "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment," &c.

I rejoice to find the Lord is so good to you and your beloved wife in this affliction. May she be enabled to cry unto Jesus in the last conflict, and say, "O death, where is thy sting?" &c.

The Lord has been pleased to keep me of late walking tremblingly under a sense of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of my heart, and desirous that he would show me more of the great and mighty things of Jesus which I know not, and I feel that a state of carnal security and departure from him is most to be dreaded of anything. Though my poor weak flesh covets ease and quiet, I would say, "Choose thou the way, but still lead on," although, while my earthly cares are increasing, I am ready to say, "All these things are against me." The Lord give each of us to say from our hearts, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." All is ordered there "according to the counsel of his will;" and all things "work together (there) for good to them that love him."

My little rude ones want my attention, so I must conclude, with Christian love and sympathy to you both,

S—, April 6th, 1850.

M. E. G.

If I am, or fancy that I am, endowed with will and power to help myself, it seems a needless thing to beg of God to give me grace; as needless as to ask his help to light my candle.—*Berridge.*

“I AM A WORM, AND NO MAN.”

Dear Friend,—I believe the Lord is amongst us, and blessing the word of his grace, which quite astonishes me, seeing and feeling my ignorance, blindness, and unfitness for so great a work as to speak in the name of God, who fills vast immensity, whose ways are in the whirlwind, and his footsteps in the great deep. Oh! how my poor soul trembles at times for fear I am presumptuous in attempting to open my mouth to speak from the word of the Lord! I feel and seem at times as if I had not one spark of knowledge in the word of God. My soul cries out, “O Lord, I am but a child; I know not how to go out and how to come in; and can such a worm, and no man, feed thy people with knowledge and understanding? O Lord, send out thy light and thy truth, and let them lead me unto thy holy hill; leave not my soul destitute, for thou art the God of my salvation; open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.” And here my soul is kept from day to day; and I hope in a measure that the Lord does bless his word to the poor and needy. But, my dear friend, it is cutting, trying, and mortifying work to flesh and blood to be kept poor and needy; yet blessed moments when a supply comes to set all right; nothing then is out of its proper place. O that the dear Lord may ever keep you and me looking to him, hanging upon him, sheltering in him as the Rock in this weary land; for rest and peace are in him alone! O that we may have more of the mind of Christ in our souls, for who can harm us if we are followers of that which is good? and “if your ways please the Lord, he will make even your enemies to be at peace with you.” That the Lord may bless us is my soul’s prayer, and that he will keep us from all evil, that it may not grieve us.

Trowbridge.

J. W.

THE ROD OF THE COVENANT.

My dear Friend,—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, from Jesus the Prince of Peace.

Your affectionate and sympathising letter came to hand on Thursday night, and I most heartily thank you for your kind remembrance of your affectionate brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. And verily such shall not be forgotten, but shall have their reward: “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,” says our glorified Head.

Particulars I cannot write to you at this time, for my heart is a fountain of sorrow which God has sealed up from every man. I am compelled to dwell alone, because of the Lord’s hand; not that I sorrow as one without hope for myself or the dear deceased; no; eternal thanks be unto a covenant God in Jesus, although he has (to me) shaken the earth and made my life as a chased roe and as a sheep that no man can take up, yet his tender mercies constrain me to say that things remain with me that are not shaken.

You say the Lord tries the righteous. It is true, my dear friend, and there is no trial like this; for God's rebukes, though merciful, make "our beauty to consume away as a moth." "Surely the people is grass." The covenant and the rod God has laid up together; and why should a living man complain while passing under the rod, since it is our gracious Father's own way to bring us into the living enjoyment of the bond of the covenant?

It is a solemn thing, my dear friend, to be put into the balances of the sanctuary by God's own hand, while he himself interrogates the trembling soul with, "Lovest thou me more than these?" O what loss has been suffered here; and verily we are saved as by fire!

You say again, "It is the Lord!" My heart responds, "Amen! Blessed be his name!" for I know that judgment will return to righteousness, and am persuaded it will be my happy lot to follow it. I should love to let out unto you a little of the secret of my heart, but the well is deep, and, alas! I seem to have nothing to draw with; therefore wait, my brother, until he cause it to spring up; then we shall sing unto it.

I should be most happy to see you with my unknown, yet well known, friend; but you say you do not know how I am situated. I shall therefore inform you that the affliction, or disease, with which the Almighty has been pleased to visit us with is a fever—whether typhus or not I cannot say, as the doctor is not decided, but if not, he asserts it is equally infectious—and of which my dear partner died. Myself and two eldest children have had it, and my third is now very ill of it, and has been confined to her bed a month. The Lord in mercy restore her, if it be his blessed will! Another of my dear children is this afternoon very unwell. The Lord knows what it will terminate in. May he give me patience and submission, that after I have done his will I may receive the promise.

These are the outward circumstances, my dear friend, under which I am placed, but the inward must remain a secret, until the voice says, "Cry!" And now I must get me on the tower and watch, to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.

If you can see your way through this cloud to visit me, it will cheer my heart to see you any day next week. My love to all that are beloved of God.

I remain, your afflicted brother in great tribulation,

Walgrave, Sept. 13th, 1844.

J. N.

Lukewarmness is the best natural, but the worst spiritual temper a man can be in.—*John Mason.*

When Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit, he fled and hid himself from God. Why? Because he was naked; that is, he was alienated from the life of God, the due punishment of his disobedience. Now we are all by nature naked and void of God, as he was at that time, and consequently, till we are changed, and clothed upon by a divine nature again, we must fly from God also.—*Whitefield.*

“HE THANKED GOD AND TOOK COURAGE.”

Dear Sirs,—I have for some time past been thinking of writing to you, but writing is always a task to me; and another thing which has kept me from doing so is, that I have been afraid lest I should write what I had not experienced in my own soul. I have been for the last two years where the gospel is not preached as advocated in the “Standard,” and as we seldom know the value of our privileges until deprived of them, I knew not the real value of the “Gospel Standard” till I was deprived of the word preached. When I first came to reside in this part of the country, I wandered from place to place in search of truth, but in every place found poor food for a hungry soul; so returned home, sick at heart. But, ever blessed be the Lord, he will never suffer the soul of the righteous to famish; he can prepare a table in the wilderness. I am a witness to that; for when I have been seemingly in a famishing, disconsolate, and desponding state, I have taken up your magazine, and read there to the comfort of my desponding soul; for as face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man. I have been led to see some of the dear children of God as myself. I have been led to see I was in the footsteps of the flock, though but a feeble one. But the dear Lord will not despise the day of small things. I have found great comfort in reading the Extracts from Owen’s “Communion with God,” also the experience of J. R. Watts, of Hitchin.

Another thing which has induced me to write to you is this. I received a letter from a friend the other day, to whom I have lent the “Standards” for some months past, who has also reason to bless God that she ever read them. I will give it you in her own words: “Dear A—,—According to your wish, by the help of the Holy Spirit, I will now endeavour to give you a brief account of what I have recently experienced. You are aware I have been for several years a professor of Christianity, but never felt so much of the realities of true vital godliness and experimental religion as I have during the last three or four months. I was brought up, as you know, where Calvinistic principles are almost unknown, and totally untaught; and until the time I have already stated, I was perfectly satisfied with what I believed. But I trust the Holy Spirit has revealed to my mind things which before I was a stranger to. Reading your magazines has been greatly blessed to my soul. Often when I have been cast down I have read some experimental work there, and I have been enabled, by the Holy Spirit’s application, to see my evidence more clearly. Dear A—, it is quite unknown to you what has passed in my mind since you have lent me those books, neither can words be found to express my feelings. I have been at times almost ready to despair. I have tried to pray, but the heavens have been as brass, and my heart as cold and hard as an adamant stone. I have feared that I was a vessel of wrath, and that God had given me up to hardness of heart; and my having professed to love Christ only increased my misery here, and, I thought,

would surely increase my terror hereafter. I have thought I would give it all up. I would not pray (or attempt to do so) again. Truly the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. But, blessed be God, he has again revealed himself to my poor soul. On one occasion, when in a very desponding state, I read the 'Humility of God's People,' by Mr. Warburton, in the August Number, and I derived much comfort from, 'The Lord will not suffer the least, no, not the least, of his beloved children to perish; he loved them with an everlasting love; he has said, 'My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.' There is one expression in that sermon which has led me to examine myself by the word of God. A man may be converted a thousand times from one thing to another, and yet not have conversion of soul and the new birth.' Who is sufficient for these things? Nothing short of the power of God. O may the grace and love of God reign and rule by the Holy Spirit in our hearts, leading us into all truth. My love to yourself, and I remain, Yours in the best of bonds, ———."

Dear Sirs, I hope you will excuse the great liberty that I have taken, but as you said in your Address to the Readers to edit such a publication as the "Standard" was by no means an easy or pleasant task, therefore I thought that if you knew that the blessing of God rested on its pages, it might encourage you in your undertaking; and that the God of all grace may still continue to bless you, is the prayer of,

Yours affectionately, though unworthy,

Near Stroud, Gloucestershire, Oct. 21st, 1851.

G. A. S.

OBITUARY.

MRS. FOOT, OF RAMSGATE.

In the 6th chapter of the Gospel of John, we read that when the Saviour of sinners caused a miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes to feed the multitude, he afterwards commanded his disciples to gather up the fragments, that nothing might be lost. Acting upon this principle, I have gathered together some of the proofs and evidences of the Lord's superabounding goodness towards the late Mrs. Susanna Foot, of Ramsgate, as manifested in the latter part of her life, and in her triumphant departure from this world of sin. She was a person that had made a profession of religion for some few years previous to her death, and possessed a tolerable knowledge of the doctrines of truth as revealed in the word of God. But, alas! in her case I see another striking instance of the worthlessness of a mere profession of religion, when the grand essential, "life," is wanting.

It was not until within about twelve months previous to her death that she was observed to manifest any particular concern about the salvation of her soul. At the time above named, her natural vivacity forsook her; she appeared gloomy and dejected. It was evident her spirit was oppressed, though by what, at the time, neither friends nor relations knew. All this time she was anxious to hear

the conversation of the Lord's people, and was greatly interested with several Obituaries published in the "Gospel Standard;" but as it respected herself, her lips were sealed; she said nothing, for fear, as she afterwards informed us, she should be acting the hypocrite in the sight of the Lord. However, the fire within continued to burn; and being taken ill with a bad cold, which terminated in a rapid consumption, her distress of mind was greatly increased. Being visited one evening by a sister, who knows the truth, she ventured for the first time to open her mouth, and give vent to the grief pent up in her heart. "You know," said she, "I have a knowledge of the doctrines of truth, but what does that avail me if I do not feel my interest in them? I see election plainly revealed in the inspired volume, but am I elected? I know there is a vast difference between seeing these things and feeling them, and I am afraid I do not feel them aright." With a countenance bespeaking the grief of her soul, she then added, "I feel myself to be so vile that I am afraid to hope, lest I should be presumptuously laying claim to those things which do not belong to me." Shortly after this, on one occasion her distress of mind increased to an alarming degree. In the bitterest anguish she cried out, "I feel sinking; my sins, like mountains, stand before me. What will become of me? I fear there is no hope. What will my end be?" After she had for a time endured this paroxysm of grief, the Lord was so far pleased to appear for her that her distress was considerably abated. This pleasing alteration was effected by the application of the following words to her soul: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) These words comforted her for the time being, but the power attending their application was not sufficient to thoroughly break the galling chains which sin and Satan had entwined around her soul.

She continued for some time after tossed backwards and forwards between hope and fear. On some occasions for a time her hope was bright and her prospects cheering, but more frequently she was greatly distressed. She was oftentimes sorely harassed with Satan's temptations, and her sins and transgressions repeatedly caused her to mourn and weep like one desolate and forlorn. Frequently would she exclaim, "O did I but know my sins were pardoned, I could welcome death this night! I feel fully weaned from the world; but I am so great a sinner that I am afraid the Lord will not have mercy upon one so vile as I."

Two days previous to her death, her distress of mind increased to a fearful degree. The Lord's past dealings with her were so far hid from her sight that her mind seemed unable to lay hold of one encouraging circumstance; and when anything of a cheering tendency was suggested by the friends present, she put it away, believing the blessings and mercies spoken of could have no reference to her. Promises repeated and promises read all alike fell powerless on her ears. Despair was so visibly stamped upon her countenance that she was terrible to behold. "Here I am," said she, "upon the point of death, and I know not what will become of me. I am abandoned

by the Lord; in wrath he has forsaken me. He refuses to hear my cry. What shall I do? whither shall I flee?" Those present who knew the truth endeavoured to comfort her by speaking of the Lord's mercy and faithfulness to the poor, the despised and the out-cast, when driven from human hiding places and refuges of lies; but all that was said produced no effect; her grief continued unassuaged. It required the same divine hand that gave the wound to apply the remedy. The balm of Gilead is in the hands of the Physician of Israel, and he applies the life-giving panacea to the sin-sick sinner at the moment his infinite wisdom eternally ordained. "It is the Lord's work, and is marvellous in our eyes." In this instance, all praise to his name, when the appointed time arrived, the Lord was pleased to deliver the "prey from the hand of the spoiler, and strengthen the spoiled against the strong." (Amos v. 9.) All at once her distress was seen to abate, and immediately she exclaimed, "My Saviour and my God!" This was the first time she had been heard to use such appropriating language. Previous to this, when speaking of herself, she never advanced beyond a hope; but now she spoke with confidence of her interest in those things which contain all that a poor guilty sinner needs. With joy beaming on her countenance, (for her deliverance was visible,) she repeated the following:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless look to thee for grace;
Black I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

And the following:

"Yes, I to the end shall endure;
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in heaven."

She then added, "David said, when he passed through the valley of the shadow of death he would fear no evil; is this the valley? It is a bed of roses to me; my sins are all gone. I have no fear of death; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Ps. xxiii. 4.) My Saviour has come, and he has brought me into the banqueting house, and his banner over me is love." (Song of Sol. ii. 4.) Her soul was full of the Lord's Christ, and her invigorating conversation raised the drooping spirits of her friends and relations present. In conversation, alluding to the friends who meet together for spiritual worship, she said, "I have for some time past been with you in spirit, though I could not be bodily present; and I have earnestly entreated the Lord to be with you, and bless you with the manifestations of his love." She continued for some time conversing in the same heavenly strain of mind, and then, in an animated strain, repeated the following lines:

"The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view."

And the following :

“There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”

Her great exertion in speaking of the Lord's goodness and mercy towards her quite overpowered her exhausted frame; her voice faltered, and then entirely failed. To all appearance her sun was fast setting, in order to rise more refulgent in eternal day. Her death was momentarily expected; and all present thought her voice would never more be heard on this side the promised land; but, to our astonishment, she again revived; her speech was restored and her mouth opened, to praise and glorify the Father of all her mercies. She called her sister to the bed-side, and said, “I wanted to tell you before, but could not, I had not strength. Three times the Lord said to me, ‘Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, I have a reward for you!’” She then added, “The Lord is very merciful to me, and I shall assist you to sing a hymn before I depart.” Shortly afterwards, she commenced singing the following lines :

“Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.”

To a Christian friend who was present, she said, “All our graces come from the Lord, and they flow back to him again, but they must first come from him.” Her husband being present, weeping, she exhorted him not to weep; “for,” said she, “there is more cause for joy than sorrow.” He replied, “It is not all sorrow, for it affords me great pleasure to witness the effects of the Lord's goodness manifested unto you.”

She continued for some time to converse with all present about the glorious prospect she had in view. She crowned Jesus Lord of All, and depreciated self in all its bearings. The Saviour of sinners was so precious to her soul, that she was quite at a loss for language to set forth his felt excellency and worth. She realized the precious contents of the following lines, which she repeated with great feeling :

“His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.”

Nature again sank exhausted under the accumulated weight of an inveterate disease. She seemed sensible her departure was approaching; still she manifested no fear at the advance of the king of terrors; indeed, she welcomed him as the stepping-stone to the mansions of everlasting bliss. From the time of her deliverance to the moment of her decease, no cloud was seen to rest on her brow; her mind was serene, her countenance cheerful, and every feature placid. We now observed the eye, which was once animated,

to grow dim; the film was gathering, the silver cord was loosed, the wheel was broken at the cistern, the appointed and longed-for moment was arrived, and the Lord, in mercy, without a struggle or a sigh, took her home to himself, January 30th, 1851, in the 38th year of her age. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Amen.

Ramsgate, February, 1851.

W. S.

POETRY.

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

Another year has run its round,
And fled, for ever fled away;
Come sing, my soul, in solemn sound,
And mingle, too, the joyful lay.

Sing the long-suffering of the Lord,
And his amazing acts of grace;
Attuned be every golden chord,
To celebrate Jehovah's praise.

Thousands have left this sinful world
Since the last year began its course;
Thousands have been to Tophet hurl'd.
To drink an everlasting curse.

But thou (tho' vile as they) art spared,
Spared as a monument of grace;
And hast of mercy largely shared,
And in the smiles of Jesus' face.

Think of thy numerous crimes, & then
View the rich mercy of thy Lord
In saving thee from misery, when
That which he took not he restored.

When he the holy law fulfill'd,
And honour'd every precept well;
Perform'd whate'er the Father will'd,
And saved thee from the depths of hell.

His great long-suffering favour see,
In bearing with thy crooked ways.

Matfield Green.

'Tis all of grace, my soul, for he
Has form'd thee for his lasting praise.

Thro' sins, temptations, storms, & foes,
He's guided thee with matchless skill;
And each unnumber'd blessing shows
He does his promises fulfil.

O Lord, forgive my unbelief,
And pardon every doubt and fear;
Let thy strong arm bring me relief,
And thy free love divinely cheer.

As fleeting days and years increase,
May I in faith and knowledge grow;
Grow in thy holy way of peace,
And more of thy salvation know.

Arm me for conflict with my foes,
With helmet, breast-plate, shoes, and sword.

O may I every lust oppose,
And trust thy ever-precious word!

O may I daily pray indeed,
And watch with perseverance too!
And in my every time of need
Rely on what thy power can do.

Thus, Lord, I sum up my request,
And unto thee commit my way;
Blessing, do make me truly blest
In time and in eternal day.

R. S.

As touching the providences of God, observe them, and submit to them. Look not on them as empty things; the least may yield you instruction, as also the most unlikely. "Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness;" (Judges xiv. 14;) though the thing be a riddle to a heart uncircumcised, plough with his heifer, and ye shall find it. Neither look on them as things impertinent; but say rather, "Is there not a cause," though I see it not? The Lord does nothing in vain. Neither yet look on them as things contingent; a sparrow falls not without his will, and "the hairs of your head are all numbered." (Matt. x. 29, 30.) "David was dumb, and opened not his mouth;" why? "Because thou, Lord, didst it; (Ps. xxxix. 9;) and Shimei's cursing he bears patiently on the same account, "The Lord hath bidden him."—*Elisha Coles.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

"If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."—John xii. 26.

There is much talked of in the present day, as there has ever been by hypocrites, of serving God; but two things will comprise the whole of their service; the first is, the moving of the body, which Paul calls bodily exercise, and the other talking; as God says, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouths, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me;" and therefore "in vain do they worship me."

Now what I aim at in this discourse is,

I. To show how incapable we are by nature to serve God.

II. What we must receive from him to make our service acceptable.

III. That this service, whatever it is, is confined to God's elect. And,

IV. We will treat of the honour: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

I. By nature we are all incapable of serving God. Now what would you think of a person offering to come and serve you, if you were a person of property, when this man was stone blind, lame, deaf, filthy, and, to crown all, hated you with perfect hatred? Why, say you, I should think such a one out of his mind. Yes, but would you not be more astonished if he were to boast of his sight, his strength, his hearing, his cleanliness, and tell you how he loved you? Now, as it is literally, so it is spiritually; and this you may see in the Revelation: "Because thou sayest I am rich, and in-

creased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Rev. iii. 17.) Now more particularly.

1. We are stone *blind*. This you may see in Isa. lx. 2: "For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." But, say you, is it possible that such people can boast of their sight? Yes; they said to Christ, "Are we blind also?" But, said he, "Because ye say, We see, therefore your sin remaineth." Now these people were so blinded by the devil that they condemned Jesus for working a miracle on the Sabbath day; and the moral law, that they were so strenuous for, that expressly says, "Thou shalt do no murder," they thought they kept, and yet they murdered the saints; they likewise thought that they thereby served God; as Christ says, "The time cometh when whosoever killeth you will think he doeth God service."

2. They are *lame*. But it may be asked, What is a lame person? Why there are six things that a child of God is supposed to walk in,—In love; by faith; in peace, which is wisdom's ways; in truth, as John says of his children; in the light; and in Christ, who is the Way. Now, if this be real walking, then what is a lame person? Why, I do not think it is the reverse of all these, because such a one, though lame, is hobbling on—that is, a sensible sinner; but I think it is these six things counterfeited by the devil,—a feigned faith, such believe for a while; a dissembled love; a false peace, as you read, they said they should have peace, and yet walked in the imaginations of their evil hearts; and as for the truth, they held it in unrighteousness; the light that was in them was darkness. Now, I think such are lame in the same sense as you read in Lev. xxi. 18—21, where the lame is commanded not to offer the bread of his God. Then service from such lame ones is refused. But, say you, did they ever attempt such service after God had so expressly commanded them not? Yes, you read plenty of it in the prophet Malachi; and not only were they lame that offered the sacrifice, but they even brought the worst they could get; for, says the prophet, "Ye brought forth that which was torn, the lame, and the sick; thus ye brought an offering. Should I accept this at your hands? saith the Lord." Now, says God, "A servant honoureth his master; but if I be a master, where is my fear?" and then he tells them they are cursed with a curse, &c.

But 3. Another branch of inability to serve God is, they are *deaf*; as Isaiah says, "Their ears are dull of hearing." Now, if you would wish to have a great deal in a little respecting this deaf servant, you may take it as follows, namely, a wilful resisting of the Spirit's work, as you may see in Stephen's account: "Ye uncircumcised in heart, and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." The same when Paul told his experience; "Away," said they, "with such a fellow from the earth;" and the same when Christ preached up election to them; they were going to break his neck. But you may say, Did these people think they served God? Yes, and called themselves priests; as you read also in Malachi: "And

now, O ye priests, this commandment is for you;" and then you have it: "If ye will not hear," &c.

4. The fourth branch of inability to serve God is, they are *filthy*; and this filthiness consists in purity. I know you will stare, but take it from the Proverbs of Solomon, where he says, "There is a generation, pure in their own eyes, but are not washed from their filthiness." And this is one of the most awful states out of hell. "Stand by thyself, come not near to me, I am holier than thou." And another says, "Thank God, I am not as other men." Why, God says one man's heart answers to another's. No, says this pharisee, "neither am I like this publican."

5. Once more upon this part of inability, namely, *enmity*, or *hatred*. The Jews all boasted that God was their Father, yet Christ told them that they had seen and hated both him and his Father; and how people could think that they obeyed God's commands in his holy law, which requires nothing but love, when they hated God, his dear Son, and all his followers, is a wonder; but so it was, for Satan reigned and ruled in them, as Christ said, "Ye are of your father the devil, and his works ye do."

II. Having just hinted at the inability to serve God by nature, I shall pass on to a more pleasing part of our subject, namely, what we must receive from him to make our service acceptable. Now, do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that we are to receive anything from him to add to anything we have; no; for I believe with all my soul that there is as much in Satan as there is in any man living by nature; but my meaning is, that this work that God does in our hearts is pleasing and acceptable to him; and, as such, our service, or everything in us that serves God, first comes from him.

1. The first thing I shall mention is *making us willing*. (I shall keep on still showing the inability.) By nature we are unwilling; as you read, "Son, go, work to-day in my vineyard." "I go, Sir." He was a free-will monger, "but he went not." He said to the other, "Do thou go;" but he answered in the true language of his wicked heart, "I will not." You read of others who said, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Now here we all are; and even if we could work ourselves up into a willingness, what does the Scripture say then? Why, that "it is not of him that willeth." Say you, "That is hard." Yes, but if you were made willing to serve God, you would not say so. Joshua had some of these free-willers to deal with; for when he said, "Choose you this day whom you will serve," said they, "We will serve the Lord." But, replied Joshua, "You cannot serve the Lord, for he is a jealous God," &c. (Josh. xxiv. 19, &c.) But then, another question naturally arises, which is this; seeing by nature we are unwilling, and that free will is rejected, where do we get this will from? Why, you have it in Psalm cx. 3. It is a promise of the Father to his Son, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." But then it may be asked, "What is it to be made willing?" Nothing will help you better on this head

than turning over in your thoughts the various difficulties you have come through. Election is a thing we hate by nature. Are you brought from your heart cordially to embrace it? If you say, Yes, what do you think of giving up your choosing God for his choosing you? O, say you, if I were but sure of that, I would not care what I suffered. Again, what do you think of an imputed righteousness, and parting with your own, esteeming it but dung and dross? Again; can you submit to divine revelation, or are you kicking at it to this day? Again; when you hear of mystically feeding on Christ, do you say it is a hard saying? or is his name precious to you? Again; have you ever with Moses been brought to choose affliction with the people of God? What do you think of the despised Nazarene, of a daily cross, of living by faith, of parting with father, mother, houses, land, and even your own life, and being despised, set at nought, looked upon as the off-scouring of all things, parting with the religion of your forefathers, with all forms and ceremonies, of being stripped of all your good performances, and having nothing but beggary before your eyes if you persist, and plenty if you turn your back upon Christ? Do you think you could leave all for him? Say you, "I have found some small things that you have mentioned, in my little way, and have found my heart heave at the trial. But every little visit the Lord has paid me, for that time I have thought I could lose all for him; but afterwards the cross has been heavy. Still, upon the whole, thanks be to God, I think my will is inclined with Rebecca to go with this man." If this be your experience, I must say, so far you are made willing; and though you may have many trials to wade through, yet remember, the promise is, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Now, when we come here, it is called serving God with a willing mind; and this comes from the Holy Ghost, for he is called the Spirit of power, and it is in the day of God's power that we are made willing.

Having shown the first branch of real service, I pass on to the second, which is,

2. *Putting his fear in our hearts*, that we might not depart from him. But what are we by nature? Why, we have no fear of God before our eyes. Now this fear is a filial one, for a slavish fear of God wicked men have, as you may see in the Egyptians when God troubled them. They said, "Let us flee, for God fighteth for Israel against the Egyptians." And we read of fearfulness surprising the hypocrites, and also of a fearful looking for of judgment, &c. But I think it means that the wicked have no *filial* fear of God before their eyes.

But how shall I know whether I have the real fear of God? In answer to this question, I think the first rise of it is in considering our latter end. We have a discovery of our lost and undone state, and we are taught by the blessed Spirit that there will be a day of reckoning. We are taught that God is just as well as merciful; and as mercy at this time seems hid from us, and being enlightened more and more to see our own sins and the holiness of God in his

righteous law, our hearts sink at such consideration. Now, though this is hard work, yet it ends well; for it is "a prudent man that foreseeeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the wicked pass on and are punished." This passing on is dreadful. According to Scripture this then is the fear of God; for Solomon says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and to be wise is to consider our latter end.

But again. To have the fear of God is to be led for refuge to Christ Jesus; and, in general, it is a work of time, before we can venture our eternal all upon him. This is owing to a legal spirit; for though we hear of the suitableness of Jesus, his willingness, his ability, the many that have been saved, the accounts in Scripture of his saving to the uttermost such as Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, Paul, &c., yet our judgment runs one way and our hearts another; our head being at Sion and our heart at Sinai. Nevertheless, what little faith we have will work its way, till at last, sink or swim, we venture on him. But after this he withdraws; now Satan says we have presumed, and we think we will not attempt such a thing again; but the least sounding of his bowels towards us makes us move out of our holes; and thus we go up and down for a long time before we are established. Now, all this motion is the fear of God. Hence the Scripture says, "Noah, being moved with fear, prepared an ark," &c. This ark is Christ, and the reason it is called preparing is because we cannot find shelter in him, so as to enjoy it; for a long time. There is many a groan, sigh, confession, reading of books, asking one another questions, hearing the word preached, &c., before we get at it; and as to have Christ is our aim, I think this may be called preparing the ark. But mind, Noah was moved with fear.

But again. We now come into a different way of living. We forsake our old companions, and the gains and pleasures of this miserable world. We can no longer be at home in the flesh as we used to be. We are now of the number of them that walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, &c. Holiness is what we are looking after, only we are so long before we can find where it is. We look to ourselves, but Jesus is "made of God to us sanctification." Now, all this is the fear of God; as you read, "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil, and depart from it."

Once more on this head, and that is, when we have been some time in the school of Christ, we find our faith strong, and he that believes has everlasting life; our love strong, God having circumcised our hearts to love him that we may live; we abound in hope, which is a lively hope; we have continual access to a Saviour's blood, and thus drink it and live; we are enabled to hold fast an imputed righteousness, which is justification unto life; the living God, Father, Son, and Spirit, we are enabled in humility to claim as our covenant God. Solomon says, "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life." Thus I think I have given a little Scriptural and experimental description of the fear of the Lord, which no hypocrite ever had; and this is serving God, agreeably to our text, and as you read in the Psalms, "Serve the Lord with fear." For, says Christ, "if any

man serve me, him will my Father honour," which brings me to the third branch of service, namely,

3. *Cleaving to the Lord.* Now, it is a long time before we can believe that we really cleave to the Lord, though others may see that we do. If I cleave to a person, there must be some love to that person, for I shall never cleave to one my soul hates. The way that this is first brought about, I think, is this. A man shall go to hear the word, and it shall be attended with a softening, sweet, and comfortable power to his heart. The man is delighted, and his heart so goes after that preacher, that he could almost lose his life for him; yet ask him if he is convinced of sin, of righteousness, or of judgment, he does not know very likely what you mean. Well, it is often the case that, after a while, this sweetness wears off, and the person that had it does not seem so zealous, he thinks, as he used to be. He goes Sunday after Sunday, and in the week, to hear the word, but in general his complaints are, "I am so dead, so lifeless, so careless, so carnal, so worldly. I once thought how diligent I would be in God's ways, and what a progress I would make; but, alas! I fear all is wrong. I never had a law work. I am like the wayside hearers. I have received the word with joy. O I wish I was right! I would not mind if I went ever so deep into trouble to be right at last." But a question may be asked here, which is this: What is the difference between a wayside hearer and such a one as you have been speaking of? A great deal; I say a great deal; for the wayside hearer springs up to the highest attainments in a short time. Watch him, and you will not find him fearing all is not right; but the other is soon damped, and soon robbed of his little joy. Again. The wayside hearer will hate the light; he will not like to be searched, but the other will. You cannot offend the hypocrite more than to suspect him, and you cannot offend the other more than to think well of him, he is so afraid of being built up before God's time. Lastly. The saint will cleave to them of the deepest experience, even if they reprove or rebuke him ever so sharply, or tell him he is wrong, that they think he is deluded, &c.; and if Providence runs against the experimental saint, yet this one will cleave to him, as Ruth did to her mother-in-law; for it is said, "Ruth clave to her;" but Orpah was a wayside hearer. It will do with such, as Bishop Bunyan says, when religion goes in silver slippers; but, it says, "Orpah kissed her mother" and departed. You may see this cleaving in those people called companions in the Hebrews. Thus there is a difference in the two characters.

Now, this cleaving will discover itself in various ways. The person that has it may find hard thoughts of the preacher, and think he is too narrow-eyed to them he believes to be friends; he will mutter it out; but let an enemy say half so much, and he is fit to strike him. Again. If any man speaks lightly of the truth, he is touched; or of the name of Christ, he feels himself injured. He loves the Scriptures, though he cannot understand much of them. He loves prayer, though he often thinks he never prayed aright, yet he cannot wholly drop it. He cleaves, at times, to all these things.

Though, as he pursues the heavenly road, he meets with much opposition, yet every distant view of Christ ravishes his heart, and his language is, "I am sick of love;" by which he means he is afraid he is an injured lover; but not so. We can never be first in this; for Christ loves them that love him, and his love is from everlasting, if you can tell when everlasting began. Thus he cleaves to the Lord; and this is real service, and is accepted.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS OF A PILGRIM.—III.

Dear and faithful Friends, for such I esteem you,—I hope you will pardon me for troubling you so often. I am not able to get out at present, but hope my dear indulgent Lord will enable me to get out a little when the weather gets warmer. Dear friends, I return you my sincere thanks for all the great kindness and faithfulness you have shown to me. I do desire to bless and praise my dear Lord for raising you up to comfort me in my affliction. I have no other friend that I can trust in this Meshech where I dwell. I do trust Israel's God will repay you. Although the precious manifestations of his love, which, I trust, he has favoured me with, are so often hid under clouds of darkness, yet, ever adored be his dear name, he does not leave me in these solitary and trackless places to sink, but often comes to my relief, and sweetly whispers, "Fear not; I am still thy God." "I will surely do thee good." And, O infinite love, infinite condescension, wondrous grace indeed! He sometimes shows me that I am safely sheltered under his blood and righteousness! Sweet shelter there! He causes his dear people to pass safe through every storm, and shout, "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb?" O, dear friends, when I get on these spots, I feel as if I should never be moved, and as if I could

"Tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great."

When I get a sip of these living waters, they greatly refresh and cheer my poor longing soul, when fighting under the dark valley of conflict where I so often get.

Dear friends, I feel as if I could tell you more of the dear Lord's dealings with me, but I have not time now.

I now conclude, with my sincere love to you, and thanks for your great kindness to me. May the dear Lord shine upon your path; may he bless you and your dear family in providence and in grace. This, I can truly say, is the sincere prayer of a poor pensioner, hanging upon Jesus, and looking to him for every supply spiritual and temporal.

Kettering.

ELIZABETH CLARKE.

[In our February Number, 1851, will be found two letters by the poor old woman (now gone home) whose tottering hand penned the above simple lines.—ED.]

"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME."

(Continued from page 28.)

I was much exercised about joining the church. I had a very great desire to do so, and hearing the 428th Hymn given out at chapel, commencing,

"Humble souls, who seek salvation,"

it increased my desire, nor did it leave me till I was baptized. All I wanted was to have some plain manifestation from the Lord, for I did not wish to presume or be deceived. This was often the breathing of my soul, "O that I may not be deceived; but, Lord, if I am thine, I wish to follow thee in the ordinance of baptism!" And the words were often brought to my mind with power and sweetness, "The Lord is on my side!" Well, I thought, if the Lord is on my side, I must be his, and he my God. Yet I dared not presume without something more than this. I was much led out to the Lord, entreating him, if he were on my side, that he would give me some plain token, so that I might not be deceived, and might be baptized. For some weeks this was my continual cry. At the set time he heard and delivered me, and set my soul at liberty. As I was busy engaged with my daily employment, (the spot I shall never forget,) these words were brought with power and much sweetness, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, for I have loved thee with an everlasting love." O the joy I felt! My heart was filled with the love of God, and tears flowed apace. Yes, such were my feelings, that I felt, as I stood in the dear Lord Jesus, as perfect and as pure as he himself, and I thought if all the world said it was not from the Lord I never could believe it. O no; I had the blessed witness within now. I was satisfied I was saved for ever, and nothing could ever harm me. I told the friends what great things the Lord had done for me, and I believe they did rejoice with me. There were a few words said about baptizing, which I was very glad to hear, and told the friends it was my wish. So it was settled I should come before the church and give in my experience. But before I went before the church, the enemy came in like a flood, and tried hard to drown me in despair. Thus he began: "Now you have committed the unpardonable sin, and you are past mercy. The words you had brought to your mind were not from the Lord; no; you took them yourself, or I applied them, just that you might creep into the church." And I really feared it was true. This made me search the word of God and cry for mercy; and as I was reading one day, my eyes were fixed on these words, "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" (Acts xiii. 10.) "Now," said the devil, "this is from the Lord. You know it is the work of the Spirit to take of the things of Jesus, and show them to sinners; but this is the very work you have done yourself, and it is called the unpardonable sin; so that there can be no mercy. O no! Now if you had waited, and not been in such a hurry to have crept

into the church, the Lord might peradventure have saved you, but now you are lost for ever." "O," I said, "what a fool I must have been!" and then these words would come like thunder: "Be not deceived, for God is not mocked." This led me to cry day and night, "O that the Lord would have mercy upon me;" and if the words that were brought to my mind were not from him, I was deceived, for I believed at the time they were from him. But one time, when pouring out my heart to the Lord and earnestly entreating for mercy in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, while I was thus pleading, I found I was in a sweat. "O," I thought, "if my sins are such a weight to bring me into such a state, O what must have been the weight that fell upon the Lord when he bore the sins of the whole elect!" I was then led to see him in the garden, and to see his sweats were not as mine; no; but drops of blood. My feelings I could not well describe. This seemed to give me a little ease; yet my burden was not gone, and I ventured to open my mind to some of the friends, and told them the words I had had brought to my mind, but that I was afraid I had deceived them and myself. "Ah!" one of them said, "it is a temptation from the devil; he knows which is the tenderest part." And then my friend began to ask me what I felt when my deliverance came, if I did not believe it was from the Lord. "Yes," I said, "I did at the time." "Well, it is not your wish to deceive us or yourself?" said my friend. "No," I said, "I would rather suffer anything than be deceived, and I know I cannot deceive God." This conversation I found good, and I went home, and fell upon my knees, and said, "O Lord God Almighty, I know I cannot deceive thee, nor do I wish to deceive any one. No, Lord; and if I am deceived, O do undeceive me, for I would rather suffer anything, Lord, than be deceived." And all my desire was before the Lord. After this, my mind was more calm, and I did hope the Lord was on my side.

The day was fixed that I should go before the church and give in my experience. I was much tried the whole week before I was to go, which was on the next Lord's Day. I got up in the morning, and felt it was of no use for me to think of going, for if I did I should not be received; so I dressed, and went to a young friend's house, and told her I could not go. She talked for some time, and then repeated the 376th Hymn, beginning thus:

"Lord, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case."

Well, at last I was willing to go, trusting in the Lord to help me. After service was over, I was called upon to speak, but I felt so full of darkness and confusion, that I thought I could not open my mouth, but I was enabled to do so; and after it was over I felt assured that what I had said was of the Lord, and was satisfied in my soul that I was a chosen vessel of mercy. I was received with much warmth and affection, and one of the friends said to me, in giving me his hand, "Well, I can say, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,' to

you." I was waiting for baptism, but we had no stated minister at this time; so that once or twice when the time was fixed for it, something occurred that prevented it. One time when the day was fixed, I had a letter in the morning at eight o'clock to say I must leave C— by the twelve o'clock train for R—; and so all our plans were frustrated, but I was quite composed, and felt it would be all right in the Lord's time. The time was fixed again to be on the next Lord's Day after my return. At the appointed time I left the house, with a feeling that I could not be satisfied in my own mind, and I said, "O Lord, I do not want to mock thee in this ordinance; if it is not of thee, prevent it even when I am at the water." My brother and his friend were present. I found when I was by the water that I should not have been ashamed if there had been thousands of people there. O no; I was not ashamed to follow the dear Lord in his ordinance. Never will that time be altogether forgotten. As I stepped down into the water, it seemed too much for me, and I said, "Dear Jesus!" O yes, I thought, he was bathed in floods of wrath. Yes, I was led to see a little of his sufferings. In the afternoon, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered, and I found it good. "O," I said, "and was thy dear body broken to pieces, and thy precious blood shed for me?" Yes, I believed it was. At the close, this hymn was sung:

"Lord, hast thou made me know thy ways?

Conduct me in thy fear;

And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

"Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm;

I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.

"Be thou my all-sufficient Friend
Till all my trials cease;

Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace."

This hymn I found very sweet and suitable, and in it was my very desire.

At the close of this day I expected to find things not very pleasant when I got home, and I thought something would go wrong with my mistress; but it was not so, for she met me at the door, and asked me if I was not cold. I said, "No." She was in a good humour, and fetched me a glass of wine. O how this made me to see the goodness of the Lord; it melted me down to nothing at his dear feet! I went to bed, and had a comfortable night; and when I awoke in the morning, I felt a wish to die rather than go amongst the world again. Yet "not my will but thine be done," was my desire. I felt I was willing to die. I had often wished that I might live to once partake of this ordinance. This was now done, and I felt that there was nothing else that I wished to live for.

I went on my way rejoicing for some time, but as I was naturally of a light and cheerful disposition, I was sometimes caught joining

my fellow-servants in vain and trifling conversation. This was a sore trial, and often have I felt so ashamed of this conduct, that I could not approach the Lord for some time. But I could not go on long in this way, and was obliged to venture once more; and sometimes, when I have been confessing my sins, and telling the dear Lord that I could go nowhere else, for he alone had the words of eternal life, he has sweetly drawn me; and then my heart could again run and not be weary, and I could say,

“He meets me with a kiss
And with a smiling face;
I taste the dear enchanting bliss,
And wonder at his grace.
“The world now drops its charms;
My idols all depart;
Soon as I reach my Saviour’s arms,
I give him all my heart.
“A soft and tender sigh
Now heaves my hallow’d breast;
I long to lay me down and die,
And find eternal rest.”

After such pardoning love and mercy have been manifested to my soul, truly I have desired that the dear Lord would take me to his dear self, so that I might never sin against him again. I often asked the Lord to remove me away from service, so that I might not meet with the temptations I then had. I said, “Lord, I know thou canst not err. Thou knowest what is best for me, and if thou seest fit, thou canst remove me. And, Lord, do not grant me anything that I want but what shall be for thy glory; and do keep me from doing anything of myself, but guide my every step.” And I have felt a sweet willingness to continue in my situation till he should see fit to remove me, as I believed he would. Some months passed away, when one day my mistress told me it was likely they would go to India, and if they did, would I go with them, as she wished to take the little boy with her for two years, and then she would send him back with me. But I said at once, “No; I could not give up my privileges of hearing the truth preached, and be separated from the Lord’s people.” When she found I would not go, she asked me if I would stop with the child if she left him with her friends. I said I would. The time was now fixed for their departure. The family the little boy was to be placed with was, I believed, a very nice one, and, of course, only having the little boy to attend to, it was likely to be very comfortable. Now I was much pleased, for I did believe the Lord was answering my prayer. Though this was still being in service, yet I had nothing to do with the other servants, and had rooms to myself, with the little boy, and everything to make me comfortable. Now I thought I would serve the Lord better than I did before, as I should have so much more time. I went to my new abode in September, 1849, and for some time I went on pretty comfortably, and could say,

“My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.”

My path now being pretty smooth, I found I had not many earnest desires going out to the Lord, as in past days. It is true, I felt it a duty as well as a privilege to offer up a thank-offering for the Lord's care and preserving mercy over me during the day; but often my face was covered with shame and confusion. I felt that I had no power to pray, and my mouth was often stopped, so that I dared not open it, but went to bed with a heavy heart. At other times I uttered words and had but little feeling. Then I have felt this was nothing but a solemn mockery, and have been on my knees for hours, entreating the Lord that he would not suffer me to mock him, and I thought I would not get off my knees till he appeared; so that I have been in this position for some hours, and sometimes have dropped off to sleep. One time I remember I did so, and when I awoke my jaws were fixed, so that I could not open my mouth for some time; and then came in my accuser, the devil: "Does this not prove it was a solemn mockery? for if you had been in real earnest about the things you have been telling the Lord, could you go to sleep? No," he said, "it could not be so." But notwithstanding these accusations, the words of the dear Lord to his disciples, "The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak," (Mark xiv. 38,) were some little comfort to me. Thus I went on for a long time, sometimes hoping, and often in much fear.

It was the rule of the family to have their form of prayer night and morning. At night the doors were all fastened before they assembled, which was at ten o'clock; and if any of the servants were out at this time, they had to wait outside the doors till their prayers were over. Sometimes when I got out and met with some of the Lord's people, I forgot how the time was going, and once or twice I was locked out. It so happened one night that I went out without asking leave, when I met a young female friend, who was my only companion, and one I was very much attached to. We got into conversation, and time passed on, till I found the time was up, and the clock had struck ten, and I felt sure I should be locked out. I felt as sure of it in my own mind as that I was then walking. However, to my astonishment, when I got there I found the door open; and just as I got inside the door, my bell rang. I took off my things, and when I got up stairs, I found my new mistress with the little boy, who had been just taken ill. My heart was so melted down at the Lord's goodness, that I scarcely knew what I was doing; for I believed it was of the Lord, that even the lock could not be turned till the Lord saw fit, and the child only taken ill just as I came in. I went in the strength of this many days. After this, these words were brought to my mind with power, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die, and not live." And again: "Prepare to meet thy God!" Now, as I was not very strong and healthy, I thought I was going to die; and as I was pretty comfortable in my mind, I had no fear of death. I set to work to get a few things in order which I had to do, and was very busy, and had a sweet hope that I should soon be with the Lord. But the Lord's thoughts were not as mine. No; I did not meet God in heaven, as I thought I should,

but at his judgment bar. Nor was it the death that I expected to find. I found that my house was not set in order, but was all out of order.

In March, 1850, I had a very singular dream. I thought I was in bed with a young person; and as I lay in bed, I thought I saw the devil peeping through the door, as I thought the top part of the door was glass. I began to tremble, for I thought now he would be sure to have us; and then I heard him come with the greatest force against the door, and I thought I heard his chain rattle against the door as plain as ever I heard anything in my life, and it was with such force that I thought he had smashed it. Here I lay trembling. All at once I said to the young person that was in bed with me, "Why, the devil is chained for a thousand years!" As I spoke it, these words sounded in my ears twice, "Precious blood of Christ!" The words were no sooner spoken, than my fear was gone, and I was assured he could not destroy us. Then I thought I saw him fetch a quantity of red hot irons, and throw them at us, but none came near us; and when I awoke, behold it was a dream. However, it made me rise before my usual time, to pour out my desires before the Lord. It was that I might feel that precious blood applied to my heart and conscience in reality, as I had it in my dream, and I found it good.

After this, as I was talking to one of the servants, we got into conversation about the Catholics, and my fellow-servant said it was thought they would reign again. O, I thought, what a mercy it would be to have a God to go to! After I left her, I went into my own room, and fell upon my knees, and felt it a mercy to have a God to go to. Then I was sweetly led, and had such a view of the Three Persons as I never had before. I entreated the Lord to keep me if such days came in my time, and desired that he would keep all his people, that they might be more united together in love while in this wilderness below.

After this, I had many doubts and fears whether I was really a child of God, and whether my religion was of that sort that would stand the trying day that was expected by many. This led me to cry in secret to the Lord very much; yea, night and day, that he would give me some sure token of this, by manifesting his pardoning love and mercy once more to my guilty soul. But it appeared to me that the more I cried, the darker I got; yet day and night I was compelled to cry, "O Lord, do appear once more! O Lord, once more!" In this way I went on, labouring for life, and nothing appeared but death and destruction, and truly my soul did cry out, and say with the hymn,—

"When my dear Jesus hides his smiling face,
Nor lets me feel the unction of his grace,
I feel my loss, nor can my spirit rest
Till with his lovely presence I am blest.

"I mourn like one bereft of home and friend,
And often wonder where the scene will end;
Tortured with anxious care without repose,
I feel as one immersed in gloomy woes.

"The means of grace afford no sweet relief,
But often tend to aggravate my grief;
I cannot rest without my resting place.
Sweet Jesus, come, and let me thee embrace."

And truly I could say that the means of grace often tended to aggravate my grief; for whenever I had an encouraging sermon, the devil would come in and rob me, and would say I never came in at the door, but climbed over the wall; and that, notwithstanding that I had feelings something like a child of God, yet I did not know the secret of the Lord. This made me cry more earnestly, "O Lord, if I am deceived, do undeceive me, and teach me by thy Holy Spirit. O Lord, search me and try me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Nor do I think ever any poor soul had acuter feelings of being deceived than I had; and here the devil took a great advantage of my weakness. In this way I went on for about two or three months, but what to do or where to go I knew not. I read the Bible daily, but everything appeared to be against me. As I was reading one day, I came to these words, "Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning; and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil." (Joel ii. 12, 13.) This was precious indeed to my distressed mind. I was encouraged again to hope, and I never felt the value of the word of God, I believe, so much as at this time. I well remember telling my young friend that I believed I was the vilest creature on the earth, for I believed there was no sin that I had not committed in thought, word, or deed; but notwithstanding this, I believed the Lord would pardon me, from the comfort I had received, and I was much encouraged for some time. But, alas! my fears began to rise again, and lower and lower I sank every day, till I thought sink in utter despair I must; and one morning I awoke, I think it was about three o'clock, and I felt to be on the very borders of hell. I threw off the clothes, and I said, "And must this body burn in hell for ever?" O the horror and distress of my mind I cannot describe! No more sleep for me. O no; the minutes seemed hours, and the hours days. Every one looked at me with an eye of pity. I could not eat, drink, or sleep, so that I soon began to look a complete object of pity. Some said I ought to get advice, as I must be very ill; others said if I continued as I was then going on, I should soon be in my grave or go out of my mind; and in this state I continued.

(To be continued.)

You may force your lips to say a prayer, and say it often, but cannot force your heart to like it. The work is irksome, mighty irksome; it drags on heavily, like a jaded mill-horse that is whipped round and round, but longs to be released from his gears. A manger suits him better than a collar.—*Berridge*.

**"THE LORD IS KNOWN IN JUDAH; HIS NAME
IS GREAT IN ISRAEL."**

My dear Brother,—I hope and trust that you are not much worse for the dangerous fall which you had last week. It might have been very serious indeed. This is another token of the Lord's preserving care over you.

I thank you for your kind letter, and should have written to you before this, but was called from home so suddenly that I had not an opportunity. I was glad to see the manner in which you notice the Lord's dealings with you on your journey to P— and home again. Those who mark God's dealings shall never be without something worthy to remark. O how sweet it is to be able to plead with God for the church at large. As you express it, it is indeed a blessed work; and here it is we work *out* what God the eternal Spirit works *in*.

I am happy to inform you that, on my return home, I found my family all in a fair way of recovery, though very weak, and all looking very ill. This I expected. We still continue to improve; and, O how grateful I feel to the Lord for his restoring mercies! I am not able to express my thankfulness, but he can read it in my heart; and he has put it there, and knows all about it. I am humbled before him, and melted into contentment, satisfaction, and total acquiescence in the divine will. And how good the Lord is to give me, sinful me, such sweet resignation! Ah! my dear friend, there is a God, and a God in Israel too! He "is known in Judah, and his name is great in Israel." And as religion is a secret thing, wrought in the heart by the Lord the Spirit, its enjoyments are in secret also; not in the street, to be seen of men, but in the closet; and he "who seeth in secret shall reward openly," one day, when God shall openly acknowledge his dear despised ones in the face of angels, men, and devils. Then the world (the wicked men of the world) shall know that God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost has loved, with an everlasting love, poor sinful mortals, and you and me in that number, "and has redeemed us to God by his blood." "And that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." (John xvii. 20.) This is beyond all mortal understanding. It is revealed by God the Spirit now to his elect; and at the day referred to there will be a revelation by the same Spirit, not a revelation of love and mercy, but a revelation of truth, in vengeance upon those who have hated Christ and the members of his dear body in this wilderness world. Then let us not care, though the world hate us. We know it hated Christ before it hated us.

Thus I speak at present, and thanks to God for the power, though, before to-morrow, I may be very different in feeling, and sink very low indeed; but, let me not invite the tempter. Thanks to God for his enlivening grace.

I had a good day yesterday. It was a high day. We attended to the ordinance of believer's baptism, and also the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. We had large congregations, and the anointing

oil by the blessed Spirit of the living God. In the morning I spoke from 2 Cor. v. 14: "The love of Christ constraineth us." In the evening from Zeph. iii. 17: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty." And, my dear friend, he has shown himself mighty in our midst, even at Manchester. Surely the dear Lord has been a "place of broad rivers and streams" in our midst.

Time is passing swiftly away; eternity will shortly open upon us, even the youngest of us; and, O what an opening, what a scene, to a saved, disembodied spirit, freed from a body of sin and death, to mingle with the "spirits of just men made perfect!" To behold him of whom Moses and the prophets did write; him who was the Babe of Bethlehem; him who sweated in Gethsemane; him who stood at Pilate's bar, and was mocked and spit upon, crowned with thorns, and led to Calvary, and there nailed to the cross! O what a scene, to see him in his own glory and in his Father's glory, smiling on the objects of his redeeming love, whilst they bask in rays of bliss and beams of love emanating from his divine Majesty; and grow mighty in their power of worship and adoration as they inhale the strengthening breezes of the heavenly land.

Pardon my hasty scribble. May God bless you while you remain in Meshech.

Yours in the truth,

Manchester, Nov. 4th, 1850.

A. B. T.

Any child of God who reads the attributes or perfections written on the twelve foundations of the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, will easily see that God actually exercised each of them in saving him. It was divine sovereignty that chose him and left others. Love moved to make the choice of him, dominion over him was necessary to conquer him, and divine power to secure and keep him. Wisdom drew the plan of his redemption, and Goodness made provision for him. Life quickens him, and Immortality is his hope and his end. Righteousness justifies him, and Peace reconciles him. Justice forgives and cleanses him, and by Judgment executed on the Surety he passes from death to life. Faithfulness keeps him from falling, and Truth makes him free. Light gives him understanding, and Perfection in Christ renders him complete. Riches are found in his ransom, and Honour in his adoption. Beauty adorns the meek with salvation, and Holiness makes him all glorious within. Pity redeems him, and Compassion leads him to repentance. Glory is the inheritance promised to his hope, and Majesty presents him a King and Priest unto God. All these, Christian reader, harmonized together in the Saviour in raising thee to a lively hope, and have hitherto kept thee standing in despite of all thy corruptions, devils, and men. And I tell thee that thou wilt have no other foundation or standing than these even in heaven. Therefore I may warrantably ask thee, Which of these attributes, which altogether make so complete a foundation, canst thou part with? Every seducer will try to obscure, misrepresent, or plunder thy faith of some one or other of these foundations, therefore "hold fast," for, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"—*Huntington.*

**“AND WAKED ME AS A MAN THAT IS WAKED
OUT OF HIS SLEEP.”**

Dear ———,—You will be surprised to hear from me, especially in such a strain as I am compelled to write in. You, who have hitherto thought me a steady believer and a consistent walker in the ways of God, will indeed marvel to hear that all my religion was nothing. I had been pleased with a round of duties and outside performances, and even gloried in my diligent attendance on the means, zeal for the cause of God, as I thought it, and strenuous exertions in writing, reading, and talking of those blessed truths which I fear I never really had applied to my own soul and conscience; but, poor fool as I was, I did not know that while the fountain remained corrupt, it could not send forth pure water. I appeared pure enough in my own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and vainly thought, fool that I was! that I was right enough, and going full gallop to heaven, on the ground of human merit and attainment. “What can I do for God and my fellow creatures, and how much can I do?” was my cry; all the while neglecting the searching of my own heart. The fountains of the great deep had not been broken up; then how could I discover the depravity of such a den? I was at ease, and rich in goods, but he, the blessed Breaker-up of iniquity, has broken me asunder. I had need of nothing. He has made me feel I had nothing of my own worth a straw, could do nothing of myself or for others without him, am nothing, and worse than nothing; and instead of pluming myself on my doings, am obliged, and glad, to hide my guilty head, and cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” This is the work of him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.

Now I remember how the word of God used to follow me into all my false refuges: “Ye must be born again!” but I could not take it to myself. I was so sure of being right, that I would reply, “I am born again, if any man is;” still the word would attend me, “Marvel not that I say unto you, ye must be born again!” and very frequently when pillowing myself up into being a more than ordinary Christian, Pharisee that I was, these words would sound like thunder to me, “I am the way, the truth, and the life; if any man come in by any other way, the same is a thief and a robber.” But till the word of God came by the mouth of his prophet, “Thou art the man!” I did not feel or plead guilty.

As God would have it, one Tuesday evening as usual I went to hear Mr. W. If I recollect right, he preached from these words, “Not by works of righteousness which we have done.” When he spake of how far a person might go in the attainment of knowledge naturally, and yet not know the true and living God for himself, I felt great searchings of heart whether or not after all I was a deceiver and a deceived one. All my past career came rushing to my view, and I could now see that it was not love to God which had influenced me in all my doings, but love to self. The veil was rent from my heart, and I could now see many abominable ills lurking there that I had never before perceived. Pride, self-righteousness, deceit, and fraud (for I was cheating my-

self) appeared to view; and, by the Spirit's enlivening light, at this time I was enabled to see, what I never so saw before, that I was one of the vilest of sinners, and hell-deserving. O! I shall never forget my feelings on this discovery. I seemed like one awaked out of a dream to experience a dread reality. All my supposed goodness fled, and left me bare before the penetrating glance of an all-seeing God. Sins, damning in their nature, stared me in the face. In vain I strove to take shelter beneath some good deed that I had done or would do. I found no hiding-place from the storm—no covert from the hail that was pouring on—no refuge from the blast. There I stood, not daring to look up, a guilty, condemned criminal and impostor, nor had I a word to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me.

O! I could now see God as I never saw him before; a sin-avenging God, a just and terrible as well as a loving Saviour, who appeared to be frowning angrily on me; and go where I would I could not escape his frown. I dared not look up as I was wont to do and thank him I was not as other men, but I must cower down like a thief, for I felt my heart was all open before him, and he could see its vileness, the sight whereof I could not bear. This terrified me, fearing he would cut me down as a cumberer of the ground, as one who bore nothing but brambles and briers. I tried to look up and ask his pardon, but could not do even that, guilt so effectually stopped my mouth; and the dread of that Being whose frown I would evade but could not, made me tremble and quake to such a degree that it seemed as if body and soul must part there and then. Hell appeared to have her mouth open to receive me, and only waited the terrible sentence from my Judge, "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness." All the hypocrisy, lies, and deceit that I had ever been guilty of, appeared spread out before the sight of God and angels, and whither could I flee from their presence? O how I trembled! I saw indeed I had no covering. Gladly would I have shaken off all these fears, and been once more as happy as I was before; but the terrible frowns of offended justice followed me as a bloodhound through all the intricate paths of my soul's journeyings.

Beneath this weight I kept sinking lower and lower, till I hardly knew whether I was out of hell or not. Presently such an overwhelming darkness, "a darkness which might be felt," came over me as these words fell on my mind, "If thou hast begun to fall before him, thou shalt surely fall." Again, "Though thine excellency mount up to the heavens, I will bring thee down;" "Hew him down, leave neither root nor branch till he know the Most High liveth." Surely that must be to hell, I thought, I am going. O wretched being that I am! would I had never been brought into the world; would I were a beast, then should I be no longer responsible for guilt, or exposed to future misery. O wretched soul that I am! where can I go? O that I had never sinned against him, that I had died when a child! What shall I do to escape his frowns? where can I go for mercy? I dare not look up, I dare not look down; hell seems in reality

moved to meet me at my coming. I cannot look to a fellow creature, for none cares for me. I, whither shall I go?

I continued thus bewailing my condition and sinfulness till the afternoon of the next day, and was wondering if there could be mercy for such a wretch, when these words met me, whilst on my knees wrestling in groans and moans for mercy, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Oh! such light, and life, and joy attended this word "whosoever" as I shall never be able to describe. Blessed words! I could see through them; there was mercy for such a wretch as myself. If they had said, "Whosoever is righteous," or, "Whosoever is without sin," I could not have had hope in them; but "whosoever" was made to blaze with such glory in my poor tempest-tossed soul, that whosoever was guilty might call and he would be saved. Blessed "whosoever!" I exclaimed; there is room then for me. "O no," said the devil, "your sins are past common; there is no mercy for such as you; there might have been if you had not done so-and-so. It is impossible God can ransom so vile a sinner. Just look at your life through, and see if it does not correspond with a Judas, a Cain, and others who died in their sins." But such a spirit of prayer came upon me as put to flight the old adversary of my soul. "Lord, help me!" I cried, "Lord, save me! Lord Jesus Christ, thou Son of David, save me, have mercy on me, vile me, unworthy me, black me! Thou canst if thou wilt save me, and thy word gives me encouragement to cry unto thee, for thou hast said "whosoever," which implies, I believe, the vilest may come. Do, then, give my soul a word of encouragement if I am not altogether deceived." Presently these words flowed sweetly on my mind, and brought liberty, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Again, "I will, be thou clean;" it shall be as thou hast said. Some days after, these words were renewed on my mind, and when sunk down, fearing my hope was the hope of a hypocrite, I was blessedly surprised by these words taking hold of my mind, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." The word son seemed so blessed. What! such a wretch as I a son? I call God Father? Is it true? Am I not in a dream? I, who so lately saw myself lost, ruined for ever, now entitled to a home in the skies, a part with the saints, and, instead of hell, everlasting happiness! O, blessed Jesus! whose great name has wrought all this for me, whose blood and righteousness has plucked such a brand from the burning! Ever blessed Friend! I am not worthy of the least of thy mercies, yet thou hast laid up for me of thy goodness pleasures for evermore. O, surprising mercy, wondrous love, adorable grace, which could take such knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger!

Since then my soul has known many ups and downs; but all the storms and tempests have not been able, blessed be God! to dash the hope out of my soul which I believe God has implanted there.

I have omitted many things in this narrative of God's dealings unto me, which would have increased the bulk of my letter to too great a size, but you have the sum and substance of what passed.

LITTLE FAITH.

“THEY ALL ESCAPED SAFE TO LAND.”

My dear Friend,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God the Father, through God the Son, and by God the Holy Ghost, to comfort your heart, to raise your spirit, to encourage your soul to press on through the crowd to touch the hem of the Saviour's garment, and to rejoice in his salvation. This will give you a desire to be with him where he is, to behold his glory.

My dear friend, what a dreary wilderness have I to pass through! Beset with indwelling sin; tempted by a legion of devils; with many pits digged for my soul; besides nets, traps, and gins, laid to catch and entangle my feet! But some little time ago, just as my eyes were open early one morning, these words dropped into my mind, “Watch thou in all things!” These words opened my eyes, ears, and heart, so that all the powers of my soul were on the watch. Thus my heart has been awake to many things. For some months past I have had a trying path, not only on one hand, but on every hand, and on every side; and at times have felt quite bewildered, confused, cut up, cast down, harassed, and plagued by day and by night. Still I need not complain. The Lord has hitherto been my support, a very present help in every trouble, and has not left me wholly to sink in one.

At times indeed I have feared that I should not stand or bear up against the waves and storms; but the Lord Jesus, who in the days of his flesh rebuked the wind and the waves, has done it again, and again, and again, for my soul; for “he maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.” But, my dear friend, it is hard sailing against wind and tide, when one seems to have nothing in the vessel but wood, hay, and stubble, and is tossed upon the waves of the sea, without any discovery of Jesus at the helm, with a fainting heart, a dark mind, a barren spirit, cold affections, hope at a low ebb, faith buried, and confidence shaken. And yet what a mercy to have a faithful God, a covenant Jesus, and a free Spirit to lead, teach, guide, direct, and comfort my cast-down soul; and also to hold me on and carry me through all my troubles, trials, crosses, difficulties, temptations, sorrows, sinkings, distresses, and persecutions.

O, my friend, to be a follower of the Lord is no small mercy, but to be led in the path of self-denial, which is so strait, so narrow, so close, so low, with so many mortifications, with such heavy weights to carry, and all up hill too, makes it indeed and in truth a tribulation path. Yet every trial, hill, pit, mire, slough, ditch, dungeon, and prison-house into which my soul is led, and out of which my soul is brought, makes one the less; so that I hope to reach my port, and be landed safe at last. “And the rest came on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship; and so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land.”

The Lord bless you and yours, is the desire of,

Yours in the hope of eternal life,

Woburn, Beds, July 18th, 1851.

T. G.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. GOLDING TO A FRIEND IN TEMPORAL DIFFICULTIES.

My dear Friend,—Peace be multiplied unto you through Jesus Christ our Saviour. I have had you much in my mind, and a constant remembrance of you in my poor prayers, since I was last at Leicester. We are exhorted to bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ; and the promise of God descends very low in encouraging prayer for one another. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" and, "If two of you agree upon earth touching anything that shall be asked, it shall be done (said Christ) for them of my Father which is in heaven." And again: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Further we are directed in the word of God "in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, to let our request be made known unto God." Thus the rule that the Lord has revealed in his word, when we are in any trouble, is "*Prayer*." And this applies to both spiritual and temporal blessings. Your present distress lies in the latter. In Christ our heavenly Father has given us every temporal mercy: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." This you have. "And all other necessities shall be added." This is what the truth and faithfulness of God encourage you to expect; and I do most humbly hope the good Lord will condescend in his tender mercy to be your counsellor and your guide in your intricate situation. He is infinite in wisdom, and therefore can easily contrive the means how deliverance is to come. He knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, trials, or troubles. And it is therefore your privilege to show him your troubles, and to leave it to him to use his own means; and as he is almighty in power, so, when he is pleased to work, there can be no obstruction to your deliverance. All hearts are in his hand. As rivers of waters, he can turn them in a moment whithersoever he pleaseth. The gold and silver are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. All his creatures are under his control. They are all his servants, that at his word must fulfil his commandments. When necessary, the ravens brought the prophet Elijah bread and flesh twice a day to sustain him, and the water of the brook quenched his thirst. When God withheld from his prophet further sustenance at the brook Cherith, and shut up that door, as his servant's will lay straight with God's, so he opened another door for him at Sarepta, having commanded a widow woman there to sustain him. The barrel of meal wasted not, nor did the cruise of oil fail till the Lord sent rain upon the earth; and thus three were supported a whole year. God knows *how* to supply the wants of his people. Both the means and the proportion necessary are alone of him; and if he feed the ravens that cry, which we are exhorted to consider, if he clothe the grass, if he array the lily, if not a sparrow can fall to the ground without God's leave, nor is forgotten before God, if the hairs of our head are all numbered, and not one can perish or be lost

without our heavenly Father's permission, O Lord, increase our faith stedfastly to believe in thy gracious providence, for he has declared that we are of more value than many sparrows, and better than the fowls.

When we are brought to our wit's end, and know not what to do, and are led by prayer to ask direction and wisdom of God, then is the time that he condescends to glorify himself. We have a wonderful instance of this in 2 Chron. xx. When Moab, Ammon, and Mount Seir confederated their forces, and went against Jehoshaphat, he directly assembled Judah, and called upon God by prayer; and their confession was this, "We have *no might* against this company, neither know we *what to do*; but our eyes are upon thee." And in answer to prayer in this time of trouble, the Lord told them that they should stand still, and sing his praises, while the enemies of Judah destroyed one another. Think also of the salvation of Israel, and the destruction of Pharaoh at the Red Sea. Verily our God is the God of salvation, near unto them that call upon him; a present, yea, a very present help in the time of trouble. But he tries the righteous, and through much tribulation we are appointed to pass to heaven. Think over the case of Job, the greatest man in all the east, a perfect man, an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil. Satan procured divine permission to first destroy all his substance, and then to afflict him in both body and soul; and all this for Job's good. *After it was over* it yielded to him, as afflictions shall do to all God's family when sanctified to them, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. His afflictions terminated in stripping him of self-righteousness and self-sufficiency, and in bringing him sweetly to enjoy communion and fellowship with Christ, and to know God as his own covenant God and loving Father in Him. When afflictions are the means of bringing about such glorious ends as these, or are productive of such blessed effects, they are profitable, and the cause of joy indeed. But to return. One part of his sore affliction was upon his substance. 1st. The oxen and asses. For he had five hundred yoke of oxen and five hundred she asses. 2ndly. Seven thousand sheep. 3rdly. Three thousand camels. 4thly. All his family and all his servants. All these were destroyed except a few messengers. O what a stroke was this; but with what patience did the Holy Spirit furnish him for the occasion! "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" But when this severe furnace had answered the ends for which it was sent, (and if what tradition says is true, he was in it seven years,)* then God blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning. He made him rich and prosperous the second

* We must receive with great caution the traditions recorded in the Rabbinical writings, for they are stuffed with falsehoods. Their traditions about Behemoth, for instance, are most ridiculous, and little better than fairy tales. In this present case the internal evidence is almost decisive that Job's trials did not last seven years, for in the last chapter his friends are represented as still with him, and is it probable that they continued in his company seven years?

time, with double stock; for he had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, one thousand yoke of oxen, and one thousand she asses, and the number of his family returned to him again.

Thus, my dear friend, the Lord tries the righteous; but trials are a part of the all things that work together for our good and God's glory; and though in the time of severe exercise the blessed effects that are to arise out of our afflictions are hidden from our view, yet *afterwards* we are brought to know the benefits arising therefrom. The Holy Spirit, by James, has left upon record a very sweet and encouraging word to his children: "Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction and patience. Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." (James v. 10, 11.) The words of the hymn press sweetly upon my mind:

"Why through painful paths we go
We may know no reason,
But we shall hereafter know,
Each in his due season."

As God made all, being the Parent of all creatures, so he preserves all his creatures, in their being and in their kind. He is likewise the universal Governor of them all, and the Supplier of all their wants. It is agreeable indeed to carnal reason that the Lord should bless his own dear children with the greatest abundance of the things of this life. But, alas! it is not so; for in general God has given this world into the hands of the wicked. They prosper in it, and have more than heart can wish. They increase in riches, thrive, flourish, and prosper like a green bay tree; but are nourished up unto the day of slaughter, and are set in much temporal prosperity, as in slippery places, that at the end of their race they may be cast down into everlasting destruction, and be consumed as in a moment. These receive their good things in this life. It is their portion. But the elect of God are thus spoken of: "I will leave in the midst of them a poor and an afflicted people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." He has chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. And when we take a view of the experience of Bible saints, what a path of tribulation has it been! Let Paul's suffice for a sample of the whole: "Who through faith stopped the mouth of lions; quenched the violence of fire; were tortured, not accepting deliverance; had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword, wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts and on mountains, in dens and caves of the earth;" and, wonderful to observe the words of the Holy Ghost, "of whom the world was not worthy." (Heb. xi. 33—38. Compare also 2 Cor. xi. 21—33.) Here is a specimen of what some of the favourites of heaven experienced as they journeyed through the world; and add

to the list the rich man and Lazarus; who was denied the crumbs that fell from the rich glutton's table.

O, my friend, how sweet will the heavenly country be after the "much tribulation" in this! Here we have no continuing city. We are strangers and pilgrims, as all the saints were that are gone before. This world is not our rest, and it is not a little furnace work that is sufficient to keep us submissive to the will of God, little in our own eyes, so little as to esteem every child of God better than ourselves, and to keep us diligent in the means of God's appointment, and in all our heavenly privileges. A daily cross we must have if our souls thrive and prosper. Our troubles are appointed of our heavenly Father; their number is with him. Strength for us to go through them is also appointed, and with all our anxious care we cannot make any alteration. He only knows what is best for us, and oftentimes we cannot tell what will be the issue of all our trials. He is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working; but frequently his way is in the sea, and to our view his footsteps are not known. And O, in these times, for resignation to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." In his own time he will make darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." And remember that our heavenly Father afflicts us not willingly, nor grieves the children of men without a cause. His dealings with us are all in love, and though he afflicts he also comforts us. May your faith mix itself with the following hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way," &c.

I hope and believe that the good Lord will appear for you. As he caused Israel to be pitied by them that carried them captive, so, if it be his will, he could so manifest you in the heart of your landlord and landlady. But this is chalking out a way for the Lord to walk in which does not become us. The *how* must rest with him.

Mrs. G. unites with me in every good wish. Remember us to all friends; and that the Lord may open his bountiful hand, and fulfil the desires of your heart, is the prayer of,

Yours very truly,

London, Oct. 6th, 1818.

C. GOLDING.

When patients came to Jesus, miserable, helpless, and believing, they never would and never did depart without a cure. Sometimes they were apparently neglected at the first application, and sometimes much discouraged by a seemingly rough answer; but at length their request was granted. And when any met with much discouragement before they gained a blessing, they were dismissed, not with huge encomiums on their honesty, sobriety, and charity—very needful things in their proper place, and which might have belonged to the patients—but they were sent away with rare commendations of their faith: "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." (Matt. xv. 28.)—*Berridge*.

A LETTER BY JOHN RUSK.

Dear Friend,—As I believe our souls are bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord our God, having heard you about five times, and you being manifested in my conscience as a servant of God by the word being blessed to me so much the night you preached from “The Lord shut him in,” this is the cause of my troubling you with this affair, for I assure you I have sorely suffered by it. Though I had such a conspicuous deliverance the night after I heard you, yet I have since been near despair; and such texts as these have come on my mind: “Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach unto the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever like his own dung. They which have seen him shall say, Where is he? He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night.” (Job xx. 6—8.) Again: “A certain fearful looking for of judgment.” (Heb. x. 27.) Again: “Surely he shall not feel quietness in his belly.” (Job xx. 20.) It would take up too much of your time to tell you what I have suffered from it. I should be glad to know, by a few lines, whether you ever found anything like it. I am sure by your preaching that we are exercised very much alike.

I was first brought to hear Mr. Huntington with great prejudice, being in a profession; but after a while God was pleased to strip me of it all, and I then thought I had committed the unpardonable sin. I went on, sometimes a little encouraged and then cast down, till about six years ago. I came home very miserable. We read a chapter, and I gave out that hymn,

“Gold in the furnace tried,”

and before it was done I found a remarkable softness of affection. I knelt down, and all my distress, torment, guilt, misery, bondage, and slavish fear was gone. I was melted into nothing, and was enabled to claim God as my covenant God and Father. I could believe that he loved me with an everlasting love. I found such peace, under the witness of the Spirit, could hold fast an imputed righteousness, and was so little in my own eyes, that I could compare it to nothing but the breaking up of a long frost. This continued with me some time. I have enjoyed such sweet times, going to Providence Chapel and Monkwell Street,* my soul has so sweetly fed on the promises, that I thought really God was intending me for the ministry; yea, I have prayed for it; but O the dark trying time I have had since, none but God knows! How near despair, as if my very hope was going altogether; but he has raised me up again and again, and when delivered, it has been more firm than ever. But O, my dear brother in tribulation, the trial is the trial, and sharp it is.

I have been and am greatly tried, both inwardly and outwardly, and sometimes think I shall not stand an hour, such hardness of heart, dislike to prayer, to the Bible, to good books, &c. How sure

* Mr. Huntington's chapel.

am I that by nature we hate everything of God! But here I am to this day, and am encouraged to believe I shall be more than conqueror through him that has loved me.

May the blessed Spirit guide you into all truth, that you may be led to give a clear answer, as before the Judge of quick and dead. God bless you, keep you faithful, crown your labours with abundant success, and at last may we be brought to join them that are gone before, when sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Yours in the bond of an everlasting covenant,

Saturday, July 9th, 1808.

JOHN RUSK.

MERCY AND JUDGMENT.

My dear A.,—Through rich mercy I am well, hoping it is the same with yourself and family. I am, God willing, going to T—this evening, and hope to be favoured with divine help to preach the gospel of my ever-blessed Saviour, who has done so much for you and me. Could we but feel towards him as we wish, we could then speak more freely of his love. Now we see through a glass darkly, but by and by it will be face to face. We do find many clouds now, which place darkness between us and him. What a mercy it is that he does most sweetly shine again in his former glory. This mercy is found in proportion great as we discover our own darkness and misconstruction of the dealings of God towards us, and they only make way for a fresh opportunity for the good and gracious Lord to work for us. The Christian's life is a compendium of real difficulties and real deliverances. We see David setting it forth: "I will sing of mercy and of judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing." Zion's travellers only can sing Zion's songs, their composition being so very mysterious. What makes them so melodious is, the Lord their God teaches the song. He brings subject and matter. It is from the mountains of Zion, where God commands the blessing, even life for evermore. When we compare our liberty with the bondage state of Hagar's children, we shout for joy; we likewise are melted down with rich, free, and discriminating grace.

I do hope a sight of such rich favours will support you under your present trials, and cause you to look to him for patience. You know he freely bestows his favours.

Love to all friends.

Yours in truth and love,

Brighton, July, 1823.

W. S.

When you pray to Jesus Christ to save you from the guilt and power of sin, remember, he asks you by his word the same question now which he asked then, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" Not you and I together; no; but, Believest thou that I—I without you, I alone, am able to do this? And till you can answer the question truly, and say, "Lord, I do believe it," your petition will draw down no blessing.—*Berridge*.

A FRAGMENT FROM A DEPARTED ONE.

My dear Friend,—I write a line to say that, through mercy, I arrived home in safety last evening, and found the friends all well, except —, who has been complaining since last Thursday, but I hope she will be better in a few days.

On the whole, I think I may say I am better in health after my visit to L—, and I can say I never had a more pleasant visit to it, in point of preaching. I had nothing to complain of but my own bad and wicked heart, which is a plague to me wherever I go, and almost whatever I do. And yet I believe the Lord even overruled the painful exercises of my vile heart, to put me in a proper frame to preach several times when at L—. “How wondrous are his ways, and his judgments past finding out.”

While I was preaching at B— on Tuesday evening, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 15, 16, the Lord very sweetly delivered a poor woman who was in great distress, and so blessed her soul, that she could not speak to me for weeping. I think I never saw a poor creature so heart-broken and full of joy before. It gladdens my heart to see the Lord work; and strengthens my hands to know he uses such a poor polluted instrument to accomplish his designs.

I am, yours very sincerely in the truth,

Preston, April 20th, 1848.

J. M'KENZIE.

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—A few friends in Exeter are desirous of knowing the most scriptural way of breaking bread at the Lord's table, as practised by the early or primitive Christian churches. Is it by breaking the bread in small pieces previously to passing the plate, or should the bread be passed round, and each member break a small piece for themselves?

I remain,

Yours in the gospel of Christ,

E—, Oct. 31st, 1851.

E. R. F.

ANSWER.

The distinguishing feature of the new covenant in contradistinction to the old is, that it prescribes no ritual. The Lord instituted two ordinances, Baptism and the Lord's Supper; commanding in the one immersion in water in the name of the Trinity, and in the other the use of bread and wine. But beyond this neither the Lord nor his apostles went in actual prescription. We have, therefore, to gather up, as we best may, what was the apostolic and primitive practice. In the providence of God, the disorders of the Corinthian church drew from Paul some remarks which, compared with other Scriptures, have thrown a light upon the primitive mode of observance of the Lord's Supper. From 1 Cor. xi. 20, compared

with Acts xx. 7, it is evident that the disciples "came together," *i. e.*, met as a church, "to break bread." It is evident also from I Cor. x. 16, that prayer or thanksgiving, imploring the blessing of God upon it, was offered up. And it would seem that in apostolic times the Lord's Supper was more of a meal than now; in other words, that the bread and wine were more largely eaten and drunk. But now comes the inquiry, "How was the bread broken? By one of the disciples for the rest, or by each of them individually? Here we have general things to guide us. 1. The general rule: "Let all things be done decently and in order." This rule the Corinthians violated. They scrambled as it were for the bread and wine. "For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken." (1 Cor. xi. 21.) Now it seems more decent and orderly for one to break the bread, and hand it round when broken, than for each member to break a piece off for himself. There is less confusion and disorder thereby. But 2. we may gather from Acts xx. 11, that it was Paul's practice himself to break the bread; for we read that when "*he* was come up, and *had broken bread,*" &c. It was clearly he that here broke the bread for the disciples, not they for themselves; and by implication it would appear that it was the practice of the apostles themselves to bless the cup. Paul calls it "the cup of blessing which *we* bless," not *you* bless; *i. e.*, we apostles, not you disciples. Arguing, too, from analogy, though we dare not for a single moment put any one in the place of the Lord Jesus, yet it is evident that the Lord Jesus himself, in the institution of the holy ordinance, broke the bread, and gave it to his disciples. He did not hand it to them for each to break a piece off for themselves, but brake it for them. Now this is certainly a divine pattern, for he has left us an example that we should walk in his steps. Had it been his holy will that the disciples should have broken it among themselves, he might have given it them to break it so, at the first institution of the ordinance.

Taking all these points into consideration, we have no doubt in our own mind that the scriptural and more acceptable mode is to break the bread, and hand it round to the members, than for each to break a piece off for himself, which might be called rather a breaking off bread than breaking bread.

We have nothing that we can properly call our own, but what we have reason to be ashamed of.—*John Mason.*

All that seek to Jesus Christ, with a due sense of their misery and helplessness, and with a single trust in his power and mercy, will obtain what they seek. They may wait awhile at mercy's gate, and meet with some discouragement, but at length it will be opened. The mourners will be comforted with pardon, and weary sinners will find rest unto their souls. Thus the promises, which are only gazed on by others as a fine picture, prove a heavenly feast unto them.—*Berridge.*

REVIEW.

An Exposition of the New Testament; in which the sense of the sacred text is taken; doctrinal and practical truths are set in a plain and easy light; difficult passages explained; seeming contradictions reconciled; and whatever is material in the various readings and several oriental versions is observed. The whole illustrated with Notes, taken from the most ancient Jewish Writings. By John Gill, D.D. In Two Vols.—Vol. I. London: WILLIAM HILL COLLINGRIDGE, Long Lane, Aldersgate Street. MDCCCLII.

COMMENTARIES upon the Scripture are by many persons much objected to. That there is some ground for these objections must, we think, be admitted. Let us, then, examine some of these objections.

1. They are considered *unnecessary*. The Scriptures, it is urged, are written so plainly and simply that he that runs may read. To overlay them, then, with human explanations is not only superfluous, but is to darken counsel by words without knowledge. If God speak to men, he must speak plainly and intelligibly. "All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward* or perverse in them. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge." (Prov. viii. 8, 9.) To need, then, human explanations and learned commentaries, it is urged, would argue *imperfection* in the revelation itself.

2. Besides which, the same blessed Spirit who revealed the Scripture alone can give a spiritual understanding of it. To study commentaries, therefore, it is argued, is to *slight the teaching and work of the Holy Spirit*, and to trust to the wisdom of the flesh.

3. Most commentaries, too, it is objected, are *written by carnal, unregenerate men*, who are necessarily blind to the spiritual meaning, and therefore can only adulterate the pure truth of God.

4. Ministers, too, it is especially urged, should *get everything immediately from God*; and therefore all they get from commentaries is but dead, dry, useless lumber, unprofitable to themselves, and starvation to the living family.

That there is great truth and force in these objections, especially the last, cannot be denied. The tried and tempted, exercised and distressed children of God do not want a sermon nicely picked and culled out of books, but something warm and dewy out of the preacher's soul. Nor do they want sermons dished up out of a commentary, nor a cold hash of dead men's brains, but something hot from the spit. Take away all the scraps that they have picked up from old authors, all the explanations which they have culled from Dr. Gill, all the anecdotes that they have borrowed north, south, east, and west, all the hum-drum common-places which form their general stock of trade, and leave them nothing but what has been made their own by divine teaching and experience,

* Literally, "twisted;" i. e., intricate, confused.

and it is to be feared many ministers would cut as poor a figure as David's messengers when Hanun had shaved off half their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle. There is no ministry worth a straw which does not come out of the heart and conscience of the minister. All that is pillaged out of books falls dead and dry upon the hearts of the exercised children of God. If there be *light* in the understanding of a minister, it must be from "the entrance of God's word, that giveth light." "God," says the apostle, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. iv. 6.) If there be *life* in his soul, it must come directly and immediately from him who is "the Life," and who has said, "Because I live ye shall live also." If he have *utterance*, it is the gift of God: "Ye are enriched by him in all utterance." (1 Cor. i. 5.) The Apostle Paul, though so deeply instructed into the mysteries of the gospel, yet so sensibly felt that God himself must teach him how and what to speak, that he begs the prayers of his fellow-believers, "that utterance might be given unto him, that he might open his mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel." (Eph. vi. 19.) "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds, that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak." (Col. iv. 3, 4.) If there be *liberty* in the minister's soul, it is from "the Spirit of the Lord," for "there (and there only) is liberty." (2 Cor. iii. 17.) If there be *power* resting upon his spirit and testimony, it is the power of God. Stephen was "full of faith and power." And why? Because "full of the Holy Ghost." (Acts vi. 5.) "Truly," says the prophet, "I am am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord." (Micah iii. 8.) The possession of this power is the only true foundation of the gospel ministry. "Whereof I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of his power." (Eph. iii. 7.) And the apostle expressly testifies that his "speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." (1 Cor. ii. 4.) If there be *wisdom* in his heart and mouth, it is not the wisdom of the creature and the flesh, but "the wisdom which cometh from above." If there be *savour* in his ministry, (and without it what is all preaching but an empty sound?) it is only so as his speech is seasoned with salt; and this is only by grace. (Col. iv. 6.) And if there be a *blessing* attending the word preached, if the dead are quickened, the distressed delivered, and the saints built up on their most holy faith, though a Paul plant or an Apollos water, it is still all of God, that giveth the increase. God is expressly "against the prophets that steal his words, every one from his neighbour." (Jer. xxiii. 30.) And the Lord has promised to give his servants in the needful hour "a mouth and wisdom which all their adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist."

If these positions are founded in Scripture and experience, as we believe none will deny who have any experimental knowledge of the

truth, it is very evident that a ministry grounded upon natural abilities, hard study, acquired learning, and upon such materials as are usually found in Commentaries, is not the ministry of the Spirit. Were it so, the spruce academics of Hoxton and Cheshunt would be stars of bright lustre in the firmament of the church.

"Temptation, prayer, and meditation," says Luther, "make a minister." These, too, we may add, make the only true Commentary upon the word of God. By temptation and conflict the experience of the Bible saints is entered into and realised; by prayer, and in answer to it, its spiritual meaning is opened up; and by meditation it is turned into sweet and solid nutriment. The heavenly wisdom, the unspeakable majesty and beauty, the divine savour and power, the richness and fulness, the certainty and faithfulness, the suitability and blessedness that are stamped upon the Scripture—these prints of the hand of God can only be felt and recognised as the Holy Spirit shines upon the sacred page. He is the only true Commentator, for he alone can reach and melt the heart; and he is the only true Preacher, because he alone can seal the truth upon the soul.

But giving these scriptural positions the fullest weight, and we do so from our very heart and conscience, may not something still be said on the other side of the question? Because the Spirit of God is the only Teacher, are we to set our face decidedly against all human learning, all commentaries of every kind, and everything written by the pen of man? Does the Lord never sanctify to his own use, to his own honour and glory, and to his people's good, natural or acquired abilities? We did not learn the English language by grace, and yet we preach in English. So it is impossible to say how far God may not use natural abilities in the ministry of the gospel. Gold, silver, and brass, blue, and purple, and scarlet, fine linen, and goats' hair, rams' skins dyed red, badgers' skins, and shittim wood, (Exod. xxxv. 57,) were all freely given to the tabernacle in the wilderness, were all accepted and sanctified by the blood sprinkled upon them, (Heb. ix. 21,) by the anointing oil, (Exod. xxx. 25—29,) and the divine Shechinah that filled the sanctuary. Nay, the very laver of brass was made of the brazen mirrors of the women. (Exod. xxxviii. 8.) All these were severed thereby from common uses, and dedicated to the worship and service of the sanctuary. May we not apply this to the ministry of the gospel? The servants of God undoubtedly differ in natural as well as in spiritual gifts. But may not both be employed in the service of the sanctuary? Thus, if a man's natural or acquired abilities be gold or brass, rough and close as the skin of the badger, refined as the fine linen, or strong and wiry as the hair of the goat, if sanctified by the Lord for the service of the tabernacle, they may all be used for his glory and his people's good.

Apply this view of the case to the Commentary before us, written by a man possessed not only of great learning and abilities, but of grace and divine teaching, and well instructed into the truth of God. May there not be something edifying and instructive,

something establishing and profitable in the remarks made by him upon the Scriptures? Because ministers without a conscience may pillage from this fund, and pass off the Doctor's explanations as their own, it does not make the remarks themselves less valuable. A stolen sovereign is good gold still, though the pickpocket has filched it, and spent it as if earned by honest labour. In this, as in most other circumstances, it is not fair to argue against the use of a thing from its abuse.

Because worldly wisdom is out of place in the preaching of the gospel, we need not canonise ignorance. If it be "the foolishness of preaching," God does not send fools to preach. Bunyan, Huntington, and Gadsby were not men of learning and education, but they were no fools. On the contrary, they were men of original minds and natural powers which would have made them conspicuous in any sphere. Augustine, on the other hand, Luther, and Calvin were men of deep and varied learning; and in modern times, Romaine, Berridge, and Toplady were hard students. Nay, to come to Scripture instances, Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; Daniel was skilled in all wisdom, knowledge, and science; (Dan. i. 4; v. 11;) and Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Learning, therefore, abilities, and study are only so far hindrances, and great hindrances too, as they are made *substitutes* for the teaching and wisdom of the Spirit. This is their great danger, and most of all in the self-instructed and half-learned, who have not got so far on the road as to know their own ignorance. With such tall masts and spreading sails, a deal of heavy ballast is needful. But with that there may be less risk of toppling over. There is one test that they are kept in their place—*when they never appear*. Hart earned his daily bread by teaching languages. Where is there a trace of his knowledge of languages in his hymns beyond the admirable propriety and clearness of well nigh every line? Romaine was a thorough master of Hebrew. But where do we find him, beyond a passing hint, in his writings digging up Hebrew roots, and slicing them up hot or cold? Berridge was a tutor of his college, and a hard student. But where in his beautiful hymns are his Clare Hall researches visible? Luther was one of the most learned men of his age; but his German writings are so addressed to the popular understanding, so homely, pointed, racy, and expressive, that they are models of simplicity and strength, without the slightest tincture of pedantry or display, but gushing out of his heart clear, sparkling, and forcible as a mountain stream.

If a man possess natural or acquired ability, it should make him all the more plain and simple, and only enable him, like a skilful mechanic, to turn out his work more sharply and finely. It is only bunglers, that can't handle their tools, who make a parade with the chisel. A man's knowledge should be wrought into his mind, as the mechanic's skill is wrought into his eye and hand. Let the work show the workman, not the tools flourished before the eyes.

If thus kept in its place, if sanctified to the service of God, if used only with a single eye to his glory and his people's good,

human learning is not to be despised. It is the application that decides the value. Gold was given to make the golden calf, and gold was given to make the golden candlestick; the one was an idol, the other gave light to the sanctuary.

We may ask this simple question, "Where would have been our English Bible but for human learning?" The Scriptures are written in what are called the learned languages. To translate these into English, required an accurate and extensive knowledge of those languages, only to be acquired by long and patient study and labour. So far, then, learning has been used as an instrument in the hand of God for the benefit of thousands. The poorest man, with the Bible in his hands, may say, "Were it not for human learning I should never have read a line in this blessed book." To despise, therefore, human learning in itself, and apart from all the abuse of it, is to despise what has been made a signal blessing to the church of God. And we suspect that its greatest depisers are those who do not possess it. Pride is of so subtle, accommodating a nature, that whilst one man is proud of his knowledge, another is proud of his ignorance. A Commentary, therefore, which explains the meaning of the original, where the translation is obscure, may be no more worthy of contempt or disregard than the translation itself.

Again, there are many ancient customs and rites which may, to ordinary readers, present matter of difficulty. Or there may be types, figures, and ceremonies, the spiritual meaning of which is, perhaps, not very apparent, but which, when explained, may throw a sweet light upon gospel truth. Thus Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews is a Commentary upon the Book of Leviticus.

Again, there may be real or apparent difficulties, even contradictions in the word of God, which may much perplex the mind, and which Satan may make much use of to harass and distress the soul.

Or there may be profitable and edifying remarks drawn from different texts of Scripture, such as Hawker's "Morning and Evening Portions," or Mason's "Spiritual Treasury," and similar works, which, in fact, are but a Commentary on different parts of God's word.

But we may take a wider view still. A minister takes a text, shows its connexion, explains its literal meaning, traces out from it the experience of the soul—in other words, makes a Commentary upon it. If his words were taken down, and printed, and read, what are they but an extended Commentary upon a text of Scripture? There was a period in the history of the church when sermons were preached without texts at all; and when the practice was introduced of taking a text and preaching from it, it created much stir in the churches, and great opposition.* But the practice

* "This century (the 14th) was marked by the introduction of a novel mode of preaching, (in our days the most common,) that of taking a single text. The recent division of the Bible into chapters and verses, and the method common in the argumentative writings of the schoolmen, led to the first adoption of this plan; and it was long warmly opposed. The older methods of preaching were those termed declaring and lecturing. In the former, the preacher began by declaring the subject on which he intended to

eventually prevailed. When, then, a minister takes a text to preach from it, all that he says, so far as it is connected with his text, is but a Commentary upon it. Dr. Gill, we believe, preached a series of sermons on the Song of Solomon, which he afterwards published in a separate form as a Commentary upon that book, and a most excellent Commentary it is.

Now, if souls were blessed in hearing those sermons preached, why might not souls be blessed in reading those sermons when printed? The late Thomas Hardy had a remarkable gift in exposition, and his hearers often preferred what he said on the chapter to the Sermon. What was this exposition but a Commentary?

There is, then, if these arguments be worth anything, nothing objectionable in Commentaries themselves, that is assuming, as we here do, that they are written by gracious and enlightened men. It is the abuse which renders them justly objectionable.

5. But one objection remains which we have not touched, perhaps, the most formidable of all, and one which especially regards the Commentary before us—the impossibility of one man having such a spiritual knowledge of the whole Scripture, as to enable him to write a Commentary upon the word of God from Genesis to Revelation. God the Spirit never opened up, it is urged, the whole of the Scripture to one man; and if he attempt to unfold what he has not been spiritually taught, what is it but dead dry human wisdom at best? This is to say, in other words, what is certainly most true, that the best Commentary must be very imperfect, that there are depths in the word of God which no one pen can unfold, and that the spiritual, experimental meaning of a large part of the Scriptures must be left wholly untouched.

But may there not be a little confusion of ideas here? And may not persons confound two things certainly distinct? What is applied with power to the soul is one thing, and a general light upon God's truth is another. A servant of God may not have had fifty portions of Scripture applied with power to his soul, but in his whole life time he may preach from several thousand texts. May a minister preach only on those texts which have been applied with power to his soul? May he not have light upon others, and life, and liberty, and power, and sweetness too?

Mr. Huntington published a little work, in two volumes, called "Light Shining in Darkness," which we may call a Commentary upon certain dark passages of Scripture. But though, of course, he had light, and, it may be, life and feeling upon these passages, he does not profess that they all came with power to his soul for his personal deliverance or consolation. And is not this in accordance with

discourse, something in this manner: 'To-day I shall address you on the holiness of God;' in the latter, it was more in the style of exposition, being a kind of running commentary on some book of the Bible. The preachers from texts were at first greatly complained of as wordy triflers, whose almost interminable divisions of their subject perplexed, instead of edified, the hearers. Chrysostom was referred to as a model preacher, who had never confined himself to a text."—*Universal History on Scriptural Principles*, Vol. IV. p. 506.

Scripture precept and practice? What says the apostle? "Having, then, gifts according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion (or analogy) of faith;" *i. e.*, the preaching must be in strict accordance with the general drift and tenor of God's word. Paul does not confine a minister here to those texts only which have been applied with power to his soul, but requires that his preaching should be in strict agreement with the general tenor of inspiration. "If any man speak," says Peter, "let him speak as the oracles of God;" *i. e.*, in strict accordance with them. He does not limit him to a few portions of Scripture, but binds him to speak as they do.

Now apply this to a Commentary such as Dr. Gill's. If the Doctor had written no more upon the Scriptures than from the texts which had been opened up and applied to his soul, his Commentary would never have seen the day. But he might have much light upon the Scriptures generally, might have a clear judgment upon the truth of God revealed therein, distinct from certain portions particularly applied. Indeed, his experience of the truth of God in these particular passages would open up the meaning of others, as a master-key opens different locks. "The rain cometh down and the snow from heaven to make the earth bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater. So shall my word be." (Isa. lv. 10, 11.) A distinction is here made between personal enjoyment and a ministerial gift. There is in God's word bread to supply the seedsman's soul, and corn to supply his seed-basket. He may sow a sack of corn before he has eaten all his loaf. The Corinthians were enriched by God in all utterance and in all knowledge, so that they came behind in no gift; and yet they were, as regards grace, still babes in Christ, who needed milk rather than meat. A man, then, like Dr. Gill might possess a great gift in expounding the word of God who in grace might be inferior to many private Christians.

Besides which it should be borne in mind that the cases of ministers and expositors of God's word and of private Christians are widely different. A private Christian needs no more light upon the Scripture than serves for his own comfort and edification. A minister may have to feed thousands, and therefore needs supplies of wisdom and light for others as well as himself.

A commentator, therefore, might have much light upon God's truth, for the benefit of others as well as himself.

Again, all the objections which we have adduced go upon the ground that the *only* use and object of a Commentary is spiritual edification. This, of course, should be the *main* object, but there are other things looked for as well, and certainly very desirable; such as the literal meaning of a passage, the solution of apparent inconsistencies and contradictions, the explanation of ancient customs, and many things which, if not understood, render a passage obscure.

Our limits warn us abruptly to close. We must therefore defer to a future Number our remarks on the particular Commentary before us.

POETRY.

CHRIST DEAR TO THE SOUL.

"To you which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

Let misers count their golden ore;
 Let earth and seas add all their store;
 No good therein my soul can see;
 Jesus is dearer far to me.
 Let life bring all its glittering toys,
 Let worldlings add all their best joys;
 My soul counts all but vanity;
 Jesus is dearer far to me.
 I feel a tender parent's heart,
 Piercing me through with weeping
 smart;
 Part of my flesh, grace sets me free,
 And makes my Christ dearer to me.
 Thanks to my God for temporal things;
 My soul in tears his goodness sings;
 But though I had all eyes can see,
 Jesus is dearer far to me.
 Thanks, 'midst his saints, there for a
 place,
 For proving Christ the God of grace;
 But nought compared to him can be,
 Endear'd for evermore to me.
 Dearer than all the hosts above,
 Dearer below than mortals' love;
 Dearer than life e'ermore is he,
 A precious Christ is dear to me.
 And as my journey's end draws near,
 Christ is to me increasing dear.
 Without his smiles I cannot live;
 For him I sigh, at sin I grieve.
 But why so dear? some ask; O why?
 Because for me my Lord did die.
 How can you tell? His blood I've felt
 Purging my conscience of her guilt.
 His name I've pleaded, and prevail'd,
 I ne'er have found his promise fail'd;
 I've proved him God, my God, e'er blest,
 And can upon his merits rest.
 In straits he's answer'd oft my prayer,
 The Spirit helping me when there;

Communion with him I enjoy,
 O what a sweet, a bless'd employ!
 I am his special care and charge;
 He sets my oft-bound soul at large;
 And says where he is I shall be;
 O what a Friend is Christ to me.
 How can I but believe in him?
 Precious to me, my darling theme;
 I'll crown him now, and when above,
 I'll crown him there, the God of Love.
 Most precious now, beyond compare,
 What will he be to me when there?
 Heart can't conceive, but I can guess;
 I've seen his glory, felt his grace.
 Believing, hence I now rejoice,
 I know my heavenly Shepherd's voice;
 He calls me midst his sheep to rest,
 And lets me lean upon his breast.
 Though devils tremble at his name,
 It does my soul with love inflame;
 The hope o'ercomes me quite, to be
 With Christ to all eternity.
 Grace made the difference, grace my
 theme;
 Dear Christ, my soul now sings of him,
 And waits to join the choir above,
 The song I know, redeeming love.
 This long'd-for boon, Lord, first give me,
 My soul's desire, that's known to thee:
 Then let my dying bed proclaim
 Thy faithfulness, thy love, thy fame.
 Then, when this favour, Lord, is given,
 I feel I'm seal'd a heir of heaven;
 Call back my breath, and let me be
 With Christ, from sin for ever free.
 This thou wilt do, the hope I feel;
 Good is my Lord's dear righteous will:
 That grace which makes him now so
 dear,
 Will prove me his in triumph there.

Bedworth, Aug. 7th, 1851.

G. T. C.

Once I went to Jesus like a coxcomb, and gave myself fine airs; fancying, if he was something, so was I! if he had merit, so had I. And I used him as a healthy man will use a walking-staff, lean but little upon it, and flourish with it in the air. But now he is my whole support; no foot can stir a step without him. He is my all, as he ought to be, if he becomes my Saviour; and bids me cast not some, but *all* my care upon him. (1 Pet. v. 6).—Berridge.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 48.)

I therefore proceed to the fourth branch of real service, which is *to serve him, under the influence of a pardoned or purged conscience*. Indeed, till this is the case there is but little delight in his service; because, all the time my life hangs in doubt, I shall be more driven on in his service than drawn; and therefore I cannot say that his service is perfect freedom. But it may be asked, "How shall I know whether I am in my sins, or whether I am in a pardoned state?" I will answer these two questions as well as the Lord shall enable me. If you are in your sins, and any share of conscience has fallen to you, you may know it by these nine things:

1. You will be in possession of a guilty conscience, which Paul calls an evil one. You may struggle as hard as you like to please it, by setting what you (falsely) call good works against your bad ones; but Paul calls it the sting of death.

2. God has concluded all men in unbelief, though there is not a man on the face of the earth who will acknowledge this but the convinced sinner, for they all talk of faith. "Yes," say you, "and that has often puzzled me; because, how am I to know the right faith?" If they talk of faith till doomsday, if destitute of one thing, it cuts them clean off. What is that? Why, the forgiveness of sins; for Paul says, all faith short of this is vain. "Your faith," says he, "is vain; you are yet in your sins."

3. All men are in a hopeless state, as the apostle says, "Having no hope, and without God in the world;" not that every one is without hope, but then it is a false one.

4. All men by sin are in a condemned state; for "by the offence of one man, judgment came upon all men to condemnation," and, as such, are under God's wrath; for "he that believes not is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on him."

5. All men in sin are at an infinite distance from God, but they do not feel it; for the devil has a rattle of some sort or another to amuse them with. Hence the Scripture says, "We are far from God by wicked works."

6. All men hate God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, his service, his ministers, his word, and his people. "But," say you, "they do not say so." No; "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." But I am sure, say you, that there are many fair-speaking people that will say they love God. Yes; so says the Scripture, "Thou art unto them as a lovely song, or as one that playeth well on an instrument; but their heart goeth after their covetousness." They love money, the root of all evil, and hate God, the root of all good. Now, though such speak fair, believe them not, for there are seven abominations in their hearts.

7. All men by nature are unthankful to God for everything he gives them, whether health, strength, friends, honour, or riches. Hence it is said "he causeth the sun to rise on the just and the unjust," on the evil and thankful; which may mean, not only the natural sun, but the smilings of Providence; for "he loveth the stranger in giving him food and raiment."

8. All men are sensual, and care for nothing but sensual gratifications, walking after their own lusts, and, as Paul says, "fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind;" as one who had a discovery of his own heart said, "I am more brutish than any man;" and another, "I am as a beast before thee." Thus they are sensual.

9. But the last I shall mention is, they are devilish. It is an awful expression; but a true one; as Paul says in Eph. ii. 2: "Wherein in times past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." This prince of the air is called in another place in the plural, the fowls of the air, which means devils; and in the Revelation, the last vial that is to be poured out is to be poured out in the air.

Thus I have answered the first of your questions by these nine things. I will now, by the help of God, show you in twelve particulars, what we enjoy when in a pardoned state. Here all our happiness lies; and take particular notice, for these things are weighty, and not to be trifled with.

1. *We are delivered from a guilty and an accusing conscience.* As the apostle says, "God has sprinkled our hearts from an evil conscience." So that, sin being gone, which is the sting of death, and being now a partaker of the precious blood of Christ, which has cleansed me from all sin, I can say, "My conscience bears me a witness in the Holy Ghost." This is the first proof that we are in a pardoned state. But though this is the case, and we often rejoice in it, yet this pardon or deliverance does not set us out of the reach of

temptation, neither are we delivered from indwelling sin. No; but let it be remembered, that the same fountain that cleansed at first, is by every act of faith to keep us clean. Do not expect to get pardon any other way. You were up to your eyes in filth when he first said to you, when in your sins and in your blood, "Live;" and to this day he purifies the heart by faith. Remember, it is a continual act, for Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin. And this promise from our Saviour's mouth we may plead; for he says, "I have declared thy (covenant) name, and will declare it;" which shows plainly that we shall stand in need of it. Thus the sting of death is removed by the precious blood of Christ.

2. Another thing we enjoy when our pardon is sealed is *peace*. Now God declares, and he is the best judge, that there is no peace to the wicked. But when we are pardoned, though at first our faith being weak and our doubts and fears strong, we shall often cast away our confidence, yet, after a while, having many deliverances, and finding the same peace come again, we shall get stronger in faith. Paul says, "There is peace in believing;" and says Peter, "Seek peace and pursue it;" seek it of God the Father through his dear Son, for he made peace by the blood of his cross; seek it in Christ by union with himself: "In me ye shall have peace;" seek it through the blessed Spirit by obedience to him, or sowing to the Spirit, watching his motions in your soul. Sometimes he will urge you to prayer, at other times to debase yourself before God, at other times to gratitude; and at other times you will find the fruits of the Spirit, one of which is peace. Learn to be thankful for a little, and not to murmur because your experience is not so high as that of others; but still do not rest in any attainments. Choose for your companions those that are most lively to God, not in shaking hands and always in high glee, but those that have enjoyed this purifying faith. We are commanded to seek peace with all them that call upon God out of a pure heart; and if they call upon him, one of their prayers is for the prosperity of the church of Christ. They love to see it increase; therefore the Scripture says, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee." Now this peace comes always with pardon; as Christ says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."

3. We enjoy a *good hope*, through grace. This hope is in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus. Stand fast on an unconditional promise; and this, Mr. Huntington says, may be seen in David, for he says, "Remember the word to thy servant, on which thou hast caused me to hope;" and this promise was, "I will never take my mercy from David as I took it from Saul." Hence it is called "the sure mercies of David." Then, says David, "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him and in them that *hope in his mercy*." Now this mercy is the Holy Ghost; as you read in Isaiah, "I will make an everlasting covenant with him, even the sure mercies of David." This covenant is called his Word and Spirit, which is never to depart from his seed; and then Paul tells you what this covenant, or Word and Spirit is: "Of his mercy he saves us, by the washing

of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," which Saul never had, for he was a sworn enemy to David, which enmity, if mercy in regeneration had come to him, would have been subdued. This is our hope. It first arises from a consideration that our experience is something like that of Bible saints; and thus, "through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, we have hope." But afterwards, after many tokens for good, answers to prayer, and various changes, we get pretty strong, and then we sometimes abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost. Though this, under temptation, may appear to shake, yet the deeper we go down the higher we shall rise; yea even to a full persuasion that the Object of our hope is in our heart; as Paul says, "Christ in you the hope of glory." Now, this is the rise and progress of hope. And mind one thing more; we hope in Christ as God; our hope must centre in him as Jehovah. Let this one thing go, and your hope will go with Simon Magus's money; that is, perish with you. Mind what Paul says, "Which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast." But what makes it so sure and stedfast? Hoping in Christ as a creature? No, says Paul, "it enters into that within the veil, whither our Forerunner has for us entered," &c. Where he is entered is heaven, as he told the thief; and the veil, Paul says, is his flesh; that within it is the Godhead; for "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." But more of this afterwards. Now, this hope comes from pardon; that is, a forgiven soul enjoys it; for John says, "Every man that hath this hope in him purifies himself even as he is pure." Take notice, there is the fountain opened. Have I slipt into evil? Then do not lie down in it, but humbly confess what is amiss, and plead a fresh pardon; and thus we are said to purify ourselves; but I know, and so do you, that the blessed Spirit is at the bottom of it all, and prompts us to it.

4. But, we pass on to the fourth thing we enjoy when pardoned, which is, an *imputed righteousness*; and this is a blessed proof that we are pardoned. In this lies our meetness for heaven: "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready; and to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white;" and this white linen is the righteousness of the saints. Now, say you, "How shall I know whether it is upon me or not?" To which I answer, One thing will sufficiently prove this; you will hate your own with perfect hatred. Zion says, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Paul calls his "dung and dross;" yet both could rejoice in an imputed one. Our own will stink in our nostrils as a Pharisee's does in God's. In a measure, this imputed righteousness we have when pardoned. "Much more being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him."

5. Another thing we have when pardoned is, we have a *healthy countenance*. Before this, we are like the publican, who dared not to lift up his eyes to heaven, but smote on his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But after this, we can say with David, "Thou, Lord, art a shield for me, my glory, and the lifter up of my

head;" "Thou art the health of my countenance and my God." This is our Father's name in our forehead.

6. When this pardon is sealed, we find *rest in our souls*, which is what we never found before. Now, let it be observed what we rest from and what we do not; and do not jumble things together. First, then, we rest from the Spirit of bondage in a broken law; as Paul says, "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear;" and, secondly, we rest from the burden of our sins: "Come unto me," says Christ, "all ye that labour (at the law) and are heavy laden, (with that sore burden too heavy for you,) and I will give you rest." Before this, David tells you he had no rest in his bones because of his sins; but when pardoned, then we find rest. "Yes," say you, "I have found these things, but I do not always enjoy them." No, I know that; but still this rest is always to be enjoyed by virtue of union with Christ Jesus; and so says David, "Return to thy rest, O my soul;" but where is your rest? He tells you: "Rest in the Lord;" and let it be ever so often disturbed, yet here it is always the same. But never expect to rest from trials, temptations, afflictions, crosses, or oppositions from the world, hypocrites, &c.; yet from all these, at times, we rest, and shall rest to all eternity; for we are to rest in our beds, which, I think, is the love of the Three Persons in the Blessed Trinity. "There the weary are at rest."

7. When you are pardoned, you will *loathe yourself*. Take notice; Solomon says, "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." This is the view a Pharisee has of himself; but how does one appear that is really washed? Why, the Lord tells you by his prophet Ezekiel: "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities." But when is this to be? "When I am pacified toward you." "But," say you, "what enjoyment is there in this? for you said we were to enjoy these things." I say, a good deal, for it is a thing mingled. As Mr. Hart says,

"A Christian can repent and sing,
Rejoice, and be ashamed."

None but those who have felt it can tell what it is for the long-suffering mercy of God to meet our misery. This I well know by blessed experience; we never sink lower in our own eyes, and never rise higher in Christ Jesus.

8. You will enjoy much *spiritual life* in your soul. Christ says, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." You will know it by this; for when under convictions, when hearing the word preached, you never, I think I may venture to say, could find a whole sermon in your favour; but, since pardoned, you have often heard sermon after sermon, and been all life for it. The same in reading. What a heavenly chain of truth! How sweet to view all the steps he has led you, and reflect upon the tender regard he has manifested in your behalf. In Christian conversation likewise. You

can say, "O come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Now, here is life. The same also in every grace of the Spirit, which at times you will find all in exercise, and will be able to discover them in your own heart. Now, if you can follow me thus far, then let us come to the ninth particular, which is,

9. *Freedom of access to God*, so as to make free with humble boldness. And this is very astonishing, that the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, should look to and dwell with the humble and contrite heart; but you will know it by losing your cares, burdens, complainings, &c. When everything goes bitter every way else, you will find him One that loveth at all times. You will find freedom of speech, of spirit, and boldness of access by a humble confidence, even when pinched to the uttermost.

10. You will *enjoy God's love*, so as to say with David, "My cup runneth over." This running over is joy. You will rejoice in God's love to you from everlasting; in Christ's love to you in wading through such a scene of sufferings for you; in the Holy Ghost's love to you in crossing, trying, searching, stripping, emptying, and pulling you down; and then in comforting, strengthening, supporting, and raising you up, and in bearing his witness in your conscience that you are justified. You will love his word, his family, and all that in the least favour his righteous cause. This you will find so strong as to cast out every idol; and it will so crucify you to this world that you will long for death, and have a strong desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. I do not know how it may be with you, but this I can say myself, that having enjoyed this love in my soul, it has so deadened me to everything else, that when the Lord hides his face, I do find myself the unhappiest creature that ever lived; like a fish out of water; so dead to this world that my lawful calling is a sore burden. But this is the cross. Lord, help us to submit. Now, this love always attends pardon; as you read, Mary's sins were forgiven her and she loved much; and where little is forgiven the same will love little.

11. Where pardon is fully enjoyed, you will find a *grateful heart*. Did I say fully? I might say, ever so little enjoyed; for you may perceive it in every distant view of pardon. I remember myself before I fully enjoyed this, that at times, from a persuasion that I should have it, I have found gratitude; but when it is fully enjoyed, there is every faculty of the soul grateful to God; as the Psalmist says, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and (mark!) *all* that is within me, bless his holy name." But what is it, David, that makes you break out thus? Why, "he forgiveth all my iniquities, and healeth all my diseases." This will so completely gain your heart over to him, that in a little time the world and its vanities, the people of it, &c., will be so out of your heart, that you will say with David in another place, "Woe is me that I dwell in Meshech."

12. Lastly on this head. You will find as you go on in the divine life the Lord will give you *an understanding to know* what a treasure you have in your heart. You will find your path shine more and

more; and remember, he has promised that if we wait on him he will bring forth our righteousness as the light, and our judgment as the noonday. John says, "He hath given us an *understanding*;" and Paul says, "He hath given us the spirit of revelation and understanding in the *knowledge* of Christ." Then go to John, and he says, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye *know* all things." Thus we *know* what is freely given us of God; and this is real service.

(To be continued.)

A VOICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Fellow Traveller in the Bonds of the everlasting Gospel,—I was very thankful to receive your kind epistle, and glad indeed am I to hear of the dear Lord's great goodness to you in your affliction. It does my soul good to hear of his mercies to his poor tried family, and that he takes knowledge of such sinful worms as we feel ourselves to be, deserving nothing but wrath and indignation. Ever blessed be the dear Lamb, though we have merited eternal ruin, he has not punished us according to our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities, but has, in tender mercy, spared us, and not cut us down as cumberers of the ground.

O may it be your happy lot and mine to be found arrayed in that glorious dress wrought out and brought in by a crucified Saviour, the Lamb without spot; and may we be kept humble at his footstool, ever pleading that all-prevailing name of Jesus. I am so helpless now myself, that unless the Lord of life and glory did keep me in my affliction and trials, I should sink into utter despair. Lover and friend has he put far from me. I am as a sparrow alone, and the world and all that is in it, without God, is a cheat. But, blessed be his dear name, he suffers me to want no good thing; and at times he does give me a little sweet peace in him. Then I can leave the world and all its gaudy toys, and rest in the dear Lamb, who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." O what glorious news for poor perishing sinners! Does not this suit your poor soul? It does mine right well. What a boundless ocean of love did that fountain open when the dear Lord of life and glory cried out in agony of soul, "It is finished!" What is finished? Let us ask the question. Why, the church's transgression. He made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting salvation for poor sinners, his dear family; and the gates of hell shall never prevail against them. But what faithless watchers we are! We are so weak and helpless, and have so base a heart of unbelief, though the Lord has so often blessed us. At least I feel I have, and I doubt not you do also. But, blessed be the eternal Three, God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither his ways as our ways, for who could hear with such wretches? who but a loving, affectionate, dear Redeemer, who poured out his soul unto death, that poor rebels might go free?

I am glad to find you feel a little sweet resignation to his will at

times. It is the same with me. O that I were more resigned to his heavenly will, and could lie humbly before him,

“Live near his heart, upon his bosom lean.”

Ever blessed be his name, he has been a God of love to my poor soul; and though he has deprived me of my strength, and sorely afflicted me, yet sin procured me these things. He has wonderfully appeared for me in providence, by sending me sums of money, thus keeping me entirely dependant on him for every mercy I receive. My complaint is my lungs. I have had two or three relapses of spitting blood. But, bless the Lord, he has sustained me till now, and I think it is now seven weeks since the last relapse. I have a cough, and my breathing is very bad. I went home for two or three days, but I could not stay, for if I walked only a few yards I was completely knocked up, and could not get my breath for some time. My breath is not so bad in the country, but I feel I gather no strength. I am now a complete pauper on sovereign grace, and have nothing only what I receive out of the Lord's fulness, and he only knows what he is about to do with me.

I do indeed need the prayers of the faithful to plead for me with the dear Lord that my faith fail not, for I am a poor weak worm, and at times cannot get a prayer heavenward; but, ever blessed be God, the eternal Spirit makes intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Give my kind Christian love to your dear partner, and may God bless her in her soul, with sweet patience in every trial she may meet with, and sanctify your trials to your soul's good, and his honour and glory. Amen.

Yours for the truth's sake,

July 24th, 1851.

J. G. SALMON.

[Poor Salmon, the writer of the above, was a member of the Church at Eden Street, well known, and much esteemed and loved as a humble exercised and gracious man. Since this letter was written to the friend who has forwarded it to us he has gone home. Well do we remember the last time we shook his poor emaciated hand, looked upon the sunken eye filled with tears, and heard the last accents of his trembling voice. We both knew we should not meet on earth again. —Eds.]

But while I am writing these things I cannot but conceive an indignation against myself, and heartily wish I were filled with shame, sorrow, and grief of spirit, that having read and heard so often of the surpassing love of God the Father, in giving his Son; and so often of the unspeakable love of Jesus, yet to be no more affected with it, no more sensible of it, to have my affections no more stirred and moved, no more quickened and warmed. Alas! my dead heart, my adamant heart! Lord, sprinkle it with the blood; Lord, shed abroad that love of thine upon my heart abundantly by the Holy Ghost; Lord Jesus, manifest thy love to me, that I may love thee. I am ashamed and pained for want of love to God, to Jesus. O that I could believe thy love to my soul, then I could not choose but love thee. Lord, I believe; help my unbelief.—*Bunyan*.

A NEEDS BE FOR TRIALS.

Dear Friend,—I received yours, and thought of writing before I left home, but was not able, so I embrace this opportunity of sending by Mr. Warburton.

Be assured, my friend, that there is no getting at truth to any good purpose but through tribulation; and even tribulation will do no real good but as the blessed Lord sanctifies it; but when his glorious Majesty brings divine truth to the conscience, as suited to our trying cases, and as designed for us by an all-wise and gracious God, we “rejoice in tribulations also,” and adore the Lord for graciously proving that his grace is sufficient for us, and that his strength is made perfect in our weakness. A real Christian must have trials, for “the Lord trieth the righteous.” The grace he communicates to his people must be put to the test and well proved up. An easy path bloats us up, and we are prone to swell like a blown-up bladder; but the first thing that the devil buffets us with lets out all the wind, and all our show sinks to nothing. Then we prove that “all flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field,” and we feelingly cry, “I am a worm and no man,” yea, we “say to corruption, Thou art our mother;” we become a stench in our own nostrils, and feelingly cry out, in deep humility, “Behold, I am vile.” Then the blessed Spirit, as a sweet Messenger and Interpreter, the glorious “one in a thousand,” is graciously pleased to open the mysteries of divine grace, and say, “Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.” This applied to the heart sets the soul at large, and makes the flesh fresher than a child’s, and the poor sinner returns to the days of his youth. “He will pray unto God, and he will be favourable unto him, and he shall see his face with joy.” Then has tribulation worked patience indeed.

There is a needs be that we should be “in heaviness through manifold temptations;” not *one* fold merely, but *many* fold. I believe that God’s people, and especially his ministers, must be deeply and often tried; and when the Lord is fitting them for the work, they are often sin-hunted, world-hunted, and devil-hunted, yea, and *friend*-hunted and *foe*-hunted too; and the Lord often hides the light of his own countenance and appears to shut the Bible against them, and yet keeps a something living in their souls that cannot give up the point. However it may be oppressed, live it does and live it must. Business must be done in deep waters, hot and cold waters, yea, and hot fires too. By these things men live, and there is no living to good purpose without them. This is God’s college, and the Holy Ghost teaches the deep things of God therein, and in his own time brings forth the man to be a true witness for God, speaking of “the things which he has heard, which his eyes have seen, which he has looked upon, and his hands have handled of the word of life.” Christ is made exceedingly precious and becomes his all in all. He is then able ministerially to “comfort others with the same comforts wherewith he himself has been comforted of God.”

Faint not, my friend, in the day of trial. Your God cannot err, and in the end you will prove him a most glorious and blessed Theological Tutor. None can teach like him. May he keep you at school till he makes you a burning and a shining light.

Give my love to Mr. —, and all the dear family of God. The Lord direct you in all things. If I never see your faces again in the flesh, I hope now and then to meet you in the spirit of my dear Lord, at his glorious throne. Bless his precious name, he has, in the riches of his grace, made his family one in himself, nor can any part of this glorious one be perfect without the other. (Heb. xi. 40; 1 Cor. xii. 12, &c.; Eph. iv. 16.) In God's blessed family, there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female; for they are all one in Christ Jesus; and if they be Christ's, then are they Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise. O that the wells of living waters may spring up in your souls, and that you may live in Christ, upon Christ, to Christ, and for Christ, and give demonstrative proof that in you "grace reigns through righteousness," and that the eternal Three-One God is your God.

I hope that the dear Lord will go with my brother Warburton, and that it will be a blessed repast for you all.

I think if Mrs. — were to write an account of the dealings of God with her soul, for insertion in the "Gospel Standard," it might be useful to the family of God. I should like you, or any of God's dear people capable of doing it, to write upon the dealings of God with you or them. You might be useful in this case.

Pray for me, that God may keep me and bless me, and enable me to sound abroad his glorious fame while he gives me breath and being. I have been nearly dead with the spasms, but my Lord has spared me.

Yours in the Lord,

Oct. 3, 1835.

W. GADSBY.

Thus it is a threefold mystery: a gospel published in the midst of an ungodly world; a little church preserved in the midst of devils; and a little grace kept alive in the midst of corruptions.—*John Mason.*

If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead, and humbled before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.—*Newton.*

If God be my God, and the God of my salvation, he is worthy to be waited on, and waited for. But how may I know that he is such? By what he has done for me. Has he opened my once blind eyes, and given me to see the infinite evil of my sin in the light, and by the spirituality, purity, and holiness of his law? Has he made Christ, and the knowledge and enjoyment of his dear name, the chief and only desire of my heart? Then God is mine, and salvation mine; all in the covenant is mine, and every promise in the Bible is mine; and heaven at last shall be mine, for ever to enjoy.—*H. Fowler.*

"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME."

Continued from page 50.

In June the family left as usual for travelling; and never can I forget what I went through. We went to the North of Wales, stopping at an hotel the first night, which was very full, so that we could not be very well accommodated. The room in which I slept was very small and close, the weather being very hot. When I got to my room, and had shut the door, I thought what with the heat and the dreadful state of my mind, I must die. In the morning we went to look for a house, as we were going to stay some time. O how I looked at every person I met and wished I was they! I thought there was hope for them, but that I was past hope; and such feelings now came over me that I thought my spirit was just being separated from my body. One time in particular, when I went to a shop to give orders for my mistress, I had this feeling come over me, and such a heat that I really believed I was then dying, and that in a few moments I should be in eternity. Never can my soul forget this time; but the Lord's thoughts were not as my thoughts. I left the shop, and felt a little thankful that I was spared a little longer; and I went about crying, "O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon me, for Christ's sake." I had nothing to plead for but mercy, for the sake of Him who died for the chief of sinners. Truly I felt it was a bitter and hateful thing to sin against such a great and holy God. I fell before him as a condemned wretch, and was assured in my own conscience that condemnation was my just reward. Sure I was that if the Lord did have mercy on me, it must indeed and in truth be an act of free and sovereign grace; and I thought when I appeared at the Judgment day I should receive my sentence, and my mouth would be shut; but I did hope I might never blaspheme the name of God, even when I sank down to hell. Notwithstanding all that I felt and believed at times, yet I could no more help crying for mercy than I could help my existence.

One day, as I was out walking alone in the most distressed state a poor soul could labour under, I saw two poor dejected creatures, a man and a woman. The man was blind and, I think, had but one leg and one arm, and of all the objects of misery, they appeared to be the most miserable; but such were my feelings that had I had a thousand worlds in my possession, I would have given up all to have been in their place; for surely, I thought if they go to hell they will not have to suffer for making a profession of religion as I shall; and who can tell but the Lord may have mercy upon these poor wretches? but, fool as I am, I have taken up a profession and it was not of the Lord, and now I am past mercy. O that I had never been born! O that I had no soul to save! The house we were in was called Mount Pleasant. It was a new one, and rather high; and many times was I tempted to throw myself down, but was not suffered. I had but very little work to do, and what I had I could not do as I ought, for I spent hours together on my knees; and

when I was not on my knees I was searching the word of God. Sometimes I saw a precious promise, which I would have given all I possessed if I could have claimed; yes, I could have given up my life. "But nay," said the devil, "that is for the elect and not for those who take up a profession of their own, which you have done. You know you are a hypocrite, and there is no promise of pardon to them; no, not throughout the word of God." And whenever I came to threatenings of God against sinners, "That is for you. You are just the very character," said the devil. These words sorely troubled me, "But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isa. lvii. 20, 21.) Now as we were facing the sea, I sat and watched it, and I thought surely this is just the truth of the words, for indeed the furious waves did cast up mire and dirt; such did I feel within my own breast, and thought I was the very character here spoken of.

I generally went to bed as soon as I could, for I seemed only to be a misery to those around me; but, alas! now my sleep was taken from me; and here I lay hour after hour, in such agony of mind that I wished for death, for my sufferings were such that I knew not how to bear them, and I wished to know the worst of my pains. While in this dreadful state, one morning my little boy came into my bed; and as he looked at me he said, "H—, what is the matter with you?" I said, "O, I am unhappy." "Why?" he said, "because you have not got a Saviour?" I made him no answer, but thought it strange he should thus speak, for such were then my feelings. "But," the dear child said, "the Lord Jesus Christ will save you; yes he will." I thought much of what he said, as he was only six years old.

We now were going to leave this place, for we could see little but mountains. I can never forget our journey to the next place. There was no conveyance but a coach, and this was crowded. I sat outside with seven or eight gentlemen. They all appeared in the greatest height of enjoyment, admiring the beautiful scenery, and talking of all the pleasure they had had in different places, and what they then were going to do; and some of them looked at me with an eye of pity, for I was ill in body as well as mind.

We arrived safe at our appointed place, and stopped at the hotel. It was a very large, and also a very grand one. There was music playing all day in the hall, and it appeared to be full of gay people. After dinner, my mistress went out to seek for lodgings, and left me with the little boy, as he was too tired to go out again. I was in such a dreadful state that I thought I should not live until night. The hours seemed days. I was tired, and my poor body was almost worn out. After tea we went to our lodgings, but I was now quite unable to attend to my work. I did little but lie down on my bed, groaning and longing for death, yet fearing it greatly. I still read the word of God much, and felt glad at times that there were such words written as these: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my

ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." (Isa. lv. 8, 9.) Perhaps for a moment this would comfort me. I knew if the Lord's ways were not as mine, he might have thoughts of love towards me, for I was sure I had nothing but thoughts of misery and woe towards myself.

I had now a heavier trial to pass through than any I had ever had before. It was this, comparing the Lord Jesus Christ to a mere man, heaven to earth; and this was done in such a way that I could never describe it to any living mortal. Go where I would or do what I would, these things rushed into my mind that I trembled and was so distressed that I said, "Lord, I would rather sink down into hell than have such things in my thoughts;" for I did not want to do, feel, or say anything against his dear Majesty, though I believed I should never see him but as my Judge. I often used to go out on the Lord's day and sit down with my Bible on the hills, where no eye or ear perceived me but that God that heareth and seeth all things. I looked around me and beheld the great works of the Lord, for there was nothing but rocks and mountains to see. Here I sighed and groaned many hours away. I received several letters from the friends at C—. They tried to encourage me, but nothing could reach me but the great and mighty God. I wrote a few lines to my young friend and companion and told her just what I felt. Whatever was represented to my mind by the devil, I believed was true.

Now the time was fixed for our return to C., but I could not look forward with the same pleasure as I had before in meeting with the friends, for I felt I could not go with them as I had done in days that were past; so I made up my mind not to meet with them any more. On returning, the people all gazed at me, for truly I was an object of pity. Ah! I thought, little do you think what I am and what I feel. None but he that knows all things knows what my feelings are!

The friends were all glad to see me, and tried all they could to encourage me, and for a little while I seemed a little calm; but this lasted only a short time, and then I sank lower and lower every day. Every sermon I heard seemed to convince me more and more that I was deceived. For a long time I had a fear on my mind that I had taken up my religion to gain the affections of a young man. It was the young man that I spoke of as being my brother's friend. And now it was brought powerfully to my mind that this was the real cause of my taking up my religion, which seemed to be confirmed by an event which took place four or five years back, just at the time when the Lord was deepening his work in my soul. I went home for a week, and it happened that a relation of this young man's was with my mother. When I went into the room she said to my mother, "I think our So-and-so would be a good match for your S—." My mother's reply was, "She is not religious enough for him." "Now," said the devil, "there was the beginning of your religion;" and though at the same time I could appeal to God that I never felt any more natural affection for this young man than I

had for the greatest stranger in a foreign country, yet I thought he was a good young man and had plenty of money; and if I were to say the thought never struck me that it would be a good chance for me, I should lie; but nothing further. However, everything was so plainly represented to my mind that I fell under it, and was left to believe that this was the foundation of my religion, and that the Lord had never even convinced me of my sin. Indeed, I was left to sink so low that I really believed I had never known there was a heaven or a hell; I told the friends what I felt. I told them I knew I was nothing but an awful hypocrite, and that I took up my religion for the sake of this young man; and I wished them to believe that I was a hypocrite, for I thought I would not deceive any one any more. I thought I never had been honest before, and now I would be. I thought I would not act the hypocrite any longer, and would give up everything. So I gave up taking in the "Gospel Standard," and paying a small sum monthly for the support of the cause; and I scarcely ever went inside the chapel, but sat on the stairs, for I thought it was a solemn mockery to enter the house of the Lord, though I could not stop away.

I now became worse than ever. I could not attend to the child, nor to any of my work; and what to do or where to go I could not tell; so one morning I asked my mistress to let me go home for two days, and she consented. The conveyance did not leave until two o'clock, and it made it late before it got in, and then I had seven miles to walk. It was getting quite dark, and though it was not safe for me to walk alone at that time of night, I said, "My soul is lost, and I do not care about my body;" so I walked two or three miles, when it became quite dark, and it was a very lonesome place. Soon afterwards I came to an inn, which was just half way, and I saw a conveyance at the door with S— upon it, so I knew it must pass close by my home. I agreed with the carriers to take me, and in conversation I told them where I had come from, and I soon found out they knew my friends, but I did not make myself known.

When I reached home, my friends were frightened to see me at that time of night. I then had some supper and went to bed with my mother. Never can I forget the feelings I had. "O," thought I, "that ever you should have conceived me to be lost for ever! and my misery was such that I could not rest anywhere. So in the afternoon my brother and I walked the seven miles to the place where the conveyance was; but I could not go that night, so I and my brother slept at a friend's house; and in the morning I said to my brother, "O! I am in utter despair!" I believe if ever any one shared another's trouble he did mine; and we parted with heavy hearts. I got back safely, but knew not how to contain myself. Now again, I thought I must give up everything. I will read no more, pray no more, nor ever go to chapel again. Nor did I enter inside of the chapel many times after, but could not stop away; so I thought if I sat outside it would not be quite so great a sin. Nor could I give up reading, nor attempting to pray; though often, when I have got up off my knees, the devil would say how awful it

was to mock God as I had done; and he would bring this passage of Scripture to prove the truth of it, "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." Well, I knew I was wicked, and I thought surely it would be better that I never attempted to call on God any more; and yet, when, my sins, death, and judgment stared me in the face, I could no more help crying to the Lord than I could help my existence. But the devil knew well, I believe, the word of God, and here he held me fast, bringing to my mind all the cutting passages of Scripture he could; and I believed they came from God, for I did not believe the devil could handle the Scriptures in such a way. I thought as I had acted so deceitfully and taken up my religion, surely it was from the Lord, that he was opening my eyes to see how awfully I was deceived. I told many of the friends how I had been deceived and had deceived others, and that had I a thousand worlds in my possession, I would give them to call back all I had ever said. It was this that grieved me, that ever I had made a profession, and now it was being made manifest that I was nothing but a hypocrite. I could not feel a pleasure in being in company with the Lord's people, but felt envious and jealous that the Lord should have chosen them and not me, and I felt as if I hated the Lord. "Now," said the devil, "if you were one of the Lord's people, you could not hate him or his children, but would love him because he first loved you; so this is a proof that you are not one, for if he loved you you would love him;" and my mind was in such a state of darkness that I believed every lie the devil brought, and felt that I was the vilest wretch on the earth. "O," thought I, "that ever I presumed to take up a profession of religion, and even to speak of the teaching and drawing of the Holy Spirit, and professed to have had a manifestation of pardon, and to have felt the witness of the Spirit within!" O! it was cutting, for I could not think how I could have acted so base a part. This did sting me afresh daily. I thought the Lord might have had compassion on me, but he would not; yet I was compelled to cry to the Lord, trembling before him, and saying, "O thou great God! Do not cut me down for coming before thee; but, O Lord, wilt thou permit me to tell thee what I feel? Lord, I do feel that I am the vilest creature that ever existed; but, O Lord, O Lord, I do believe thou art able even now to reach me, if thou wilt. O do Lord, do Lord." And sometimes I had such a feeling, while saying, "Do Lord, O do Lord," for Jesus Christ, that I could say no more. My heart was in a measure melted, and sometimes I have wept myself to sleep; but when I awoke in the morning, my misery was still the same; yea, it seemed increased more after I had anything like a good feeling towards the Lord.

Now, at this time we had a minister who preached at our chapel once every month. He was a very humble man, and one I highly esteemed, for his work's sake. He had talked to me several times, and tried to encourage me, but could not. No; the Lord had broken and he alone could heal. I think it was the first Lord's Day in December that I ventured inside the chapel to hear this minister,

I felt a little encouraged, and after it was over I went to a friend's house where he was stopping. He there read the 107th psalm, and afterwards engaged in prayer, and entreated the Lord to rebuke the devourer and to deliver me. Truly I felt it good, and a little hope sprung up while there; but as soon as I got home, the devil came and drowned all my little hope, and the next morning I was in a most awful state, so that after breakfast I was obliged to go and tell the minister that I was sure I was a hypocrite, and that I could not rest till I had told him, after the prayer he put up on my behalf the previous night. Acute indeed were my feelings, and daily did I grow worse; so that at times I thought I should go quite out of my mind; and sometimes I wished it, so that I might be dead to my present misery. I cared nothing about myself, how I looked or what others thought of me. I never undressed myself to go to bed, but sometimes would lie on the bed, sometimes on the floor all night. For ten weeks I went on in this way till I had so neglected myself that my body was beginning to be quite offensive. Every one that saw me observed the change in me, because I was generally thought particularly neat and clean in my appearance; but, alas! the scene was now changed, and I felt determined I would never alter or do anything to change my appearance, unless there was a change in my mind, which I believed there never would be.

I had now made up my mind to destroy myself; and as the little boy went out to spend the day on Wednesdays, I thought this would be a good opportunity to do it; so I went out with the intention of throwing myself from a very high hill near, but could not. As I came back, I called to see an old man, and told him I was quite sure I was lost; "yes," I said, "I am lost for ever;" and I said to him, "Do you think the devil has power to torment one more than another?" "Well," he said, "he is the king of the pit and can do as he will." Well, I believed this to be true from what I had read in the "Visions of Hell." Now, I thought, I will go home and pray to him that he may not torment me so much; for I thought if I pray to him now, perhaps he will have mercy hereafter; for I felt assured the Lord would not; but in this hour of temptation was God very faithful, and suffered it not to be, but made a way for my escape. Blessings on his dear name for ever. But now I could not stop in my situation any longer, for I could not attend to the little boy, so I made up my mind to go home. Therefore, one morning, just before chapel time, I went out of the house with the intention of walking home, though I knew I could not reach it that night; but I thought I could stop out under some hedge all night, and as soon as it was light in the morning, I would start again. It was five and twenty miles I had to walk. But the Lord's thoughts were not as mine were. However, I walked about three miles out of the town, when a man and woman passed me. They were very low-looking people, and often looked back, as I thought, to see if I was coming. Well, I stood still and looked around me, but could see nobody passing. It was a very lonely road, and I thought perhaps these people would insult me and strip me of my

clothes, and perhaps kill me. What to do I could not tell. I stood some time considering what I should do; so at last turned back.

Another Sunday morning I went out and took a bottle of poison in my pocket, and my hymn book and Testament, with a full determination to destroy myself; and I felt as if no power in heaven or on earth should ever bring me back; so I went on the highest part of L— hill, thinking to drink the poison and then throw myself down. I sat down under a row of trees, for this was the spot from which I had fixed to throw myself, as it was the most rugged, so that I thought I should be sure to be dashed to pieces. While I was sitting down, I read several chapters out of the New Testament. One was the 10th of John. Satan was close at hand. "Now," he said, "there is a voice spoken of in this chapter which you never heard. You are one of them that did not come in at the gate, but climbed over the wall. You know the awful reality of climbing over the wall. There is no more hope for you than there is for the lost souls in hell." Such I believed, and the power of these things was so great that I can never forget it. As I looked around, and was led to meditate what state of sufferings I should be in in a few moments, I thought it will be *for ever*. . *O! for ever!* Eternity sounded in my ears. Now I turned and looked around me and saw two men coming towards me. I began to fear they would insult me; so the devil whispered in my ears, "Now is the time to throw yourself down, for these men will be certain to insult you; and as you are sure there can be no way for you to escape, it would be better to accomplish it now." So I took out the bottle of poison, and was taking out the cork, but could not put it to my mouth; and I can at this moment fancy how I felt the devil close behind me pushing me on. Yes, I believe he thought he should now gain his point; but he that never slumbereth nor sleepeth was watching over me. None but he could have kept me in this hour of severe trial and strong temptation, for there was but one step between me and death; but, blessed be his dear name, he loved me, therefore he would not suffer me to destroy myself; and he has declared that his sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of his hands. (John x.)

(To be concluded in our next.)

Christian graces are like perfumes,—the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; like stars, that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take and the more fruit they bear.—*John Mason.*

The word does not return void; therefore we must ever preach, hear, and use it, waiting for the Holy Ghost. To sit in a corner, folding the hands, and gazing toward heaven until thou seest him return is all idle work. The word is the only bridge or stile by which the Holy Ghost comes to us. We read in Acts x. 44, that as Peter preached how Jesus died and rose again, the Holy Spirit fell upon all who listened to the word. There was no work there; it is the *hearing* only that brings down the Holy Spirit.—*Luther.*

"FOR HOW GREAT IS HIS GOODNESS," &c.

Dear Friend,—May the best of all blessings, *love*, be felt and enjoyed by thee, in some measure, even the love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; to be interested in which is to be blessed beyond all description. Every token and manifestation of it is an earnest of, and participation in bliss never ending, joy ineffable, and enjoyment everlasting; yea, where are known in perfection light, love, and life. 1. Light, which shall never go out. Why? Because God is their light and glory in heaven, where all the saints shall surely arrive: "But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." (Isa. lx. 19, 20.) 2. Love, which can never alter, decrease, or subside. Why? Because "God is love." (1 John iv. 16.) Again, it is everlasting love. (Jer. xxxi. 3.) 3. Life, which life can never end. Why? Because it is eternal life: "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son." (1 John v. 11.) It is everlasting life into which the righteous shall enter, (Matt. xxv. 46; Luke xviii. 30,) whose righteousness is of the Lord. (Isa. liv. 17.) By virtue of which perfect and complete righteousness, the Lord views his people without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing, and calls them righteous. (Isa. xxvi. 2; lx. 21.) O what infinite condescension, wonderful love! far surpassing language to describe the thousandth part of it. Ages upon ages will fail to tell the least part of such amazing love. God himself is the Fountain of Life. (Ps. xxxvi. 9.) David, when delivered from the hand of all his enemies and from the hand of Saul, could say, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." (Ps. xviii. 46.) To enjoy these unspeakable blessings, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," (1 Cor. ii. 9,) shall be the portion of all the redeemed throughout a long eternity; (Ps. cvii. 2,) and sometimes the Lord favours the writer with a blessed hope that he is among that highly-favoured number, though in and of himself the vilest sinner upon the face of the earth.

O my friend, how was my heart warmed to hear thee tell out the Lord's great goodness to thee, in so especially manifesting himself to thee. I was enabled to bless and praise him for his great mercy and loving-kindness, that he should look upon and bless such worms of the earth, so unworthy of his notice and regard, as all the living family are brought to feel themselves to be by the divine operations of the Spirit of all truth, who, in these seasons of felt unworthiness, manifests and shows to the soul the freeness, fulness, and efficacy of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ,—a salvation without money and without price. I could rejoice with them that rejoice, and glory with them that glory only in the Lord. I had been for some days previously in great darkness, lifeless and shut up in soul-feeling; but when coming along the Deptford Road yesterday, I seemed to desire to pour out a cry to the Lord that, if consistent with his will, he would shine upon my soul, favouring me to feel his healing beams as the Sun of Righteousness, reviving me again, and enabling

me to still hope in his mercy ; that he would go with me, and order my steps in his word, and let not iniquity have dominion over me ; that he would open my mouth to speak to his glory ; that he would keep me from vain conversation and foolish talking ; that those to whom I was then going, and who I believed were God's children, might be led to be a profitable meeting together, for the better and not for the worse, as is too often the case. I have been so very much blessed while walking on that road, by being favoured with access to a throne of grace, that I cannot pass along that way without having more or less a remembrance of God's mercy to such an unworthy, helpless sinner, especially on two or three occasions.

But, to return. I say, when you were enabled to speak of the Lord's goodness and mercy to you, it gave me a sweet revival. I thought of David's prayer, "Let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let the Lord be magnified." For we do in heart love Zion, and are at times enabled to pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; and there are times when we feel our hearts knit together as the heart of one man, more especially when the things experienced by the one bear such a resemblance to those the other has felt and passed through, proving that "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." (Prov. xxvii. 19.)

I dare say you find it a rare thing to meet a companion. The Lord by this keeps his people looking alone to him for the supply of all their needs : "For the needy shall not alway be forgotten ; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." (Ps. ix. 18.)

The time when the Lord first manifested his love to me, not indeed the first *display* of love, for all that falls out to the living family is in love, and for real good to them ; but the first manifestation that I can speak of with satisfaction, was at a time when I seemed almost near despair, for I have looked at myself as a Cain, bearing the marks of reprobation even in my countenance, so that I have thought beholders might see it plainly. I was going to Zoar one evening, as I thought for no good, as I was shut out from the favour of God. I thought I could not possibly be one of his children, or I should not be as I then was. I felt so that I could not ask God to bless his word to me. I thought it would be mocking him to attempt to do so. These were some of the feelings under which I laboured, as I stood at the entrance of the chapel, and after I had gone in, until Mr. M'Kenzie rose to speak. I then had a hope, with a "Who can tell," with a cry to the Lord that he would speak to me something that would raise up a hope of his mercy ; that he would extend it to me, the vilest sinner upon the earth. When he read the text, "For how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty ! Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wipe the maids," (Zech. ix. 17,) I was enabled still to hope that there would be something for me in the discourse. "For how great is his goodness !" It was amazing to think that he should have spared me still in the land of the living literally, and now and then raised up a hope, which kept me still looking to him from whom alone I felt salvation for such a base rebel could flow, that I was and should

ere long be manifested as being among the living in Jerusalem, whose names are written in heaven. When Mr. M'Kenzie commenced by dwelling upon the goodness of God in *creation*, this I could agree to in some feeble measure, since the Lord had preserved me alive, though the worst of all his creatures. He then spoke of God's goodness in *providence*, in providing food, clothing, and habitation for man in particular. This I could to some extent feel the truth of, and of which I have had some experience, unworthy, vile, and sinful as I was in my own feelings, oftentimes standing amazed and astonished to see the fact of God's goodness in providence, by his still feeding, clothing, and housing such a rebellious monster as I. I could acknowledge it to his glory. O that he would make me more and more thankful! But the dear man, for such you will allow me to call him, went on to tell out God's goodness in his *gracious dealings* with his children; of his goodness in eternity, in fixing his love upon them; of the great goodness of Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, contriving a way by which he would be glorified in saving them from the sad and tremendously awful effects of the fall, which he foresaw would take place, and to bring them safe from sin and all the afflictions, trials, temptations, and persecutions of the way, (for these are still the lot of God's children in one way or other,) up to a participation of glory with him in heavenly places by Christ Jesus; how the Father gave his only-begotten Son freely for all the elect, who were given to the everlasting Son, who is made Heir of all things; how the Son of the Father willingly gave himself as the Surety of his people, willingly and freely leaving the glory he had with the Father to take upon him flesh, and to suffer for his dear church, which he had betrothed unto himself, and became responsible for all her deep contracted guilt, by which she merited endless punishment; how that her Husband fulfilled the law, satisfied justice, brought in an everlasting righteousness, in which his bride shall be adorned, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he (the Father) has made her accepted in the Beloved (Son); and how the Holy Ghost seals home these blessed realities in the hearts and consciences of all the beloved family, who, though but one as viewed in their covenant Head, are many, yet are all taught by the self-same Spirit, all of which family shall sooner or later know the Father and the Son, concerning whom the blessed Spirit testifies, taking of his (the Son's) and showing them to the elect, thereby leading and guiding into all truth; these things, and many more, did the good man dwell upon to set forth the greatness of God's goodness. And then went on to speak of God's *beauty*, how great that was, shining in the face of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, and reflected on his people. The sight of Immanuel's beauty makes the soul cry, "He is the Chief among ten thousand, yea, he is the altogether lovely." And notwithstanding all her felt deformity, he tells her, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." He then went on to speak of the effects of the manifestations of these most blessed things in the soul, even making young men (the Lord's family who have known something of Satan's devices as a vile tempter, and also

something of victory, so that they feel they "overcome by the blood of the Lamb," and by the word of the saints' testimony) cheerful by the corn which is dealt out to them in due season. Thus are they reapers, the Lord letting handfuls drop on purpose to nourish, feed, and strengthen them, keeping them alive in famine. For "man doth not live by bread only, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." (Deut. viii. 3.) Jeremiah says, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and they were to me the joy and rejoicing of my soul." It was this same corn which made him cheerful. Again, "And new wine the maids,"—the virgin souls who love the Lord because of the ointment poured forth. (Song . 3.) To these wine is to be given, because they are of heavy hearts, (Prov. xxxi. 6,) because they are of sorrowful spirits. (1 Sam. i. 15.) This new wine is the wine of the kingdom, even a taste of the love of the Three-One God, giving with it earnest and repeated pledges of the same, while here upon earth, to cheer and comfort them.

O how blessedly did the Lord condescend to bless the hearing of these exceeding blessed things to my unworthy soul! How I wept tears of joy and sorrow, crying, "He raiseth up the poor from the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill." My soul was full, and overflowing with Almighty power. O how I felt and cried out in ecstasy,

"Who of mercy needs despair,
Since I have mercy found?"

But I wanted to be alone, (though I was walking in company with my dearest earthly friend,) to vent out the blessed realities in praises and thanksgivings to my dear Lord. I was compelled to go along the retired streets, for I could not be silent, nor refrain from shedding tears. How I longed to tell the dear family of God of the blessed deliverance of my soul into the liberty of the gospel; for I had light, life, love, and liberty. O how astonished was I, yet rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, being enabled to draw water out of the wells of salvation. This is the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

My pen fails me in telling out the half of that which the Lord so copiously gave me at that time to enjoy. For some days I so enjoyed the blessedness of it, that my soul wanted to testify of God's goodness to me, such a vile, worthless, ungrateful worm, that he should tell me "he had put away my sins!" I then could long to depart and be with him, for ever safe from all the assaults of sin, Satan, and the world, and rest for ever in his embrace, singing the song of the redeemed: "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, and we shall reign with him. To whom be glory, power, and dominion now and for evermore. Amen."

London, Jan. 7th, 1845.

I am, yours,
J. H. D.

It signifies nothing to say we will change our religion, if our religion change not us.—*John Mason.*

"WHO IS A GOD LIKE UNTO OUR GOD?"

My dear Friend,—I have to thank you for your letter of this morning, which treated of matters in which I trust we are both concerned; and feeling their importance, I decided on answering while the reflections produced were fresh on my mind.

You speak of your feeling unfitness for writing. Now, however mortifying to the pride of our hearts it may be to acknowledge this fact, it is, I believe, a fact known and felt by every child of God. Indeed, a child of God begins and finishes in unfitness, and will enter heaven unfit, as regards *himself*, but as fit as God requires him in Christ: "But ye are complete in him;" "Not having on my own righteousness, which is of the law." This is the self-humbling doctrine that is taught the child of God, while the mere professor goes on, confident in his own strength; unregenerate, unhumiliated, unsanctified, with no other hope but what he draws from the supposed merit of his own work, combined with false and confused notions of a share in the redemption work of Christ, viewed in a universal light, despising the special and discriminating grace of God, as set forth in its purity in the gospel, and looking upon those who hold such doctrines as bigots, dangerous persons, and Antinomians. But, blessed be God, we know these charges are false. We know the grace of God has a direct contrary effect. We know we can do nothing to merit God's favour of ourselves; but "it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure," "teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lust, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." And so every child of God has the principle in him to do, and does as far as God gives him grace to do; and for his own honour he will have them so to do, that their good works shall be made manifest in the consciences of those by whom they are evil spoken of.

I was truly in a dark place when I wrote to you last, and found it hard work for faith; but in all the battles of faith, (if it be true faith,) she will come off victorious, through the blood of the Lamb. Romaine is very sweet on this subject. The Author of faith will surely maintain it, and he also will be the Finisher of it in all those who have obtained like precious faith. How important it is to have this faith. Indeed, if we have it not, we are out of the secret; but a child of God may possess it, I am aware, for a time, without being fully confident that he has it; but he may have a good hope, which is a proof that he has it, although not yet perhaps manifest to his soul's satisfaction. But, fear not; it will be in God's own time. It is as certain to follow as that God's word is true. He cannot deny himself, and he will never deny his word, for "he hath magnified his word above all his name." Christ himself is the Word, and all the promises of God are yea and amen in him; and as the poet says,

"Never were forfeited yet;"

for he "has sworn by himself, because he could swear by no greater," that the heirs of promise might have strong consolation. What kind-

ness and condescension in the great Jehovah to poor wretched sinners! O that I could feel it more, that I might be melted at his blessed feet in love, gratitude, and praise! O when shall I see his blessed face again, as I have seen him in the sanctuary? O that I could love him more, and serve him better! He knows the desire of my heart, and the longing of my soul.

I am glad I commenced this letter, for it has brought up (or rather the Spirit has by it) the most blessed feelings. Were I in private, I could weep at this moment before him in gratitude for the mercy I have found. It is passing strange that I, so unworthy a creature, should be made the recipient of such goodness. I can truly say it is all of free grace. Others may boast of what they have done, but I will from my heart boast of what God has done for my soul. I would not cease to praise him. Who is a God like unto our God? O my soul, bless his holy name for ever and ever.

My dear friend, may God in his mercy, if it be his blessed will, grant you the same feelings in reading as I now have in writing these few lines, and then you will be blessed indeed. Neither business, family, nor any other concerns will then trouble you. But why, O God, should I, so base, so vile, be thus favoured? It shows me that thou art indeed a Sovereign; sovereign in thy operations, sovereign in thy power and purposes, sovereign in thy will and pleasure. None can say, "What doest thou?" None can hinder when thou wilt; none can perform when thou sayest, Nay. Then let me ever fall into thy hands, dearest Lord, to do with me as seemeth thee good. Fashion me as the clay in the hands of the potter, that I may be anything or nothing at thy will, for I know that I am safe there. No evil shall befall me in that blessed spot, guarded by omnipotent power, guided by omniscient wisdom. "Who is like unto thee, O Israel?"

What shall I say more? My heart is full, my eyes are full, and I am truly happy at this moment, and can say from my heart, "My God hath done all things well. Praise him, O ye people." I would not exchange these feelings for all the world calls good or great. This sip by the way, this foretaste of joys to come, has been as unexpected as it was unsought for. Indeed I have been peculiarly favoured in writing my letters of late. In a letter to Mr. W—, in referring to the blessed manifestation I had experienced soon after my coming to Ireland, I found the same blessed feelings. Indeed; I never could refer to that sweet visit without in some measure experiencing the same feelings. You may, therefore, take this letter as one given me for you to press on toward the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus; for I can testify that this prize is not a mere notion, but a valuable reality, a substance felt and enjoyed, a prize awarded to all those who strive lawfully, but not for their striving. What is all religion short of substance? We want something that can be tasted, handled, and felt, to supply the cravings of our spiritual appetite, enduring substance that satisfies our hungerings and thirstings; and what is that but Christ himself, who has said, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink in-

deed." The word, "indeed," is a beautiful addition to that sentence, as much as to say, in very reality; and he that eateth and drinketh Christ in this way, by faith, shall never die. The word of eternal truth has declared it.

What I have given you here, I have received, I believe, from above. My heart's desire is that the dear Lord will make it a blessing to your soul. With kind love, believe me to remain,

Your affectionate friend,

Cork, Aug. 20th, 1851.

B. B.

REVIEW.

An Exposition of the New Testament; in which the sense of the sacred text is taken; doctrinal and practical truths are set in a plain and easy light; difficult passages explained; seeming contradictions reconciled; and whatever is material in the various readings and several oriental versions is observed. The whole illustrated with Notes, taken from the most ancient Jewish Writings. By John Gill, D.D. In Two Vols.—Vol. I. London: WILLIAM HILL COLLINGRIDGE, Long Lane, Aldersgate Street. MDCCCLII.

(Continued from page 71.)

Our own experience, we confess, is not much in favour of Commentaries. Like many others of inquiring minds, we have in times past consulted them. But we must acknowledge, for the most part, with but little profit. The truth, in vital, heartfelt experience, we never attempted nor desired to draw from them; and as far as regards the ministry, we never dared and indeed were never tempted to derive from them the slightest aid whatever.

Every minister, we believe, whom God sends, owns, and blesses, has given to him not only an experience of the truth, but a door of utterance to set it forth. Gifts may widely vary in extent and degree, but if a man have no divine gift for the ministry, he has no business with the ministry. Many gracious men have brought trouble upon themselves, trouble upon the churches with which they are connected, and trouble upon the churches among which they have gone, for want of a divine gift for the ministry. They can preach *one* good, often one excellent sermon—their *own experience*. There they begin and end. They cannot open up the Scripture, nor trace out the work of God upon the soul, nor describe the in and out path of a Christian, nor take up the stumbling blocks, nor bring out of their text the treasures of experimental truth stored up in it, nor speak to the conscience, nor separate between the wheat and the chaff, nor handle the promise, nor enforce the precept, nor, like a good householder, bring forth things new and old to feed and edify the household of faith. The Lord's people, humanly speaking, are much dependent on a gospel ministry. They need to be instructed, fed, encouraged, comforted, reprov'd, warned, admonished, led on, humbled, raised up, and the whole work deepened and strengthened in their soul.

To do all this is the end and object of the ministry of the gospel. Jesus, we read, "is ascended up on high to give gifts unto men," and all "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." (Eph. iv. 7—16.) One little thinks how many of the Lord's people are looking anxiously forward to the ensuing Lord's Day, hoping to hear something to comfort and encourage their hearts; and how disappointed they are when nothing comes with power to their souls. A man may be truly gracious, have a good experience, and love and live the truth, have a desire for the glory of God and the good of his people, and by this feeling be led into a pulpit, and kept in it, and yet be rather a plague and a burden than a benefit to the exercised family of God. He may be esteemed and loved as a gracious man, but not heard with any profit; and the consequence too often is coldness and deadness, or perhaps divisions, in the body of the church, and disappointment or jealousy in the bosom of the minister. There is an electric wire between the pulpit and the pew; but what is the wire without the influence? What is the ministry without the power of God passing through it to the soul? If the Lord then send and furnish a minister, according to his experience and gifts will the Scriptures be opened up to him, will texts be applied with light and life to his soul, will matter spring up in his heart, will thoughts be communicated, feelings be inspired, words supplied, liberty of speech imparted, and an ability, sometimes surprising to himself, given to handle the truth as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Such a ministry as this will be commended to the conscience of God's people, will fall with weight and savour on their spirit, and, as God is pleased to bless it, will carry life and feeling into their heart. A ministry of this kind, gushing out of the preacher's heart and mouth as a spring of living water, is as different from a hard, dead, cut and dry ministry, based on study and premeditation and commentaries, as a living breathing man from a cold withered skeleton. Cold, dry learning is not wanted in the pulpit. What is wanted there is experience in the heart, life and feeling in the soul, and such a measure of divine power resting on the spirit as shall clothe the ideas that spring up with clear, simple, suitable language, level with the comprehension of the most uneducated hearer. A ministry of this kind will be fresh, original, stamped with a peculiar impress, and will carry with it a weight and power which manifest its divine Author.

Of what use, then, it may be asked, are commentaries to a minister of truth?

As regards the ministry, none. Nor will any minister, with a tender conscience and the fear of God in his soul, dare to use them for that purpose. But may he never, then, look into them or consult them at all? Never with a view to the ministry, or to supply himself with matter for the pulpit. But suppose he cannot preach without them? Then he has no business in the pulpit at all, and had better at once leave it for the pew. But may he never read them for private information or edification? If something in a

passage perplex his mind, and Gill is at hand, may he not take the volume down and consult it? Or may he not for the instruction and edification of his own soul read what Gill says upon a psalm or a chapter of Isaiah? May he not, if he possess them, read Owen's Commentary on Psalm cxxx., and that upon the Hebrews, or Leighton on the Epistles of Peter? "Give attendance to reading," says Paul to Timothy. May nothing be read but the simple Scriptures? To say "No," would, we think, be tying him up too tightly. This leads us, then, to two cases in which it would seem hard to deny a minister the use of a commentary. For by parity of reasoning it might be argued that as Romaine, Hawker, Bunyan, or Huntington might furnish ideas for the pulpit, he should never look into "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Grace Abounding," the "Contemplations on the God of Israel," or "The Kingdom of God taken by Prayer," lest there be ideas and expressions suggested by them. And some good men, feeling how almost involuntarily the ideas and words of authors mingle with their own, and that it is a species of hypocrisy to let them escape their lips, have for that reason renounced reading all books but the Scriptures.

We do not wish any one to attach the least value beyond what it is worth to our own feelings on this subject; but as persons can speak best from experience, we will just mention how we have felt in this matter. Were we in possession of a copy of Gill's Bible, which we are not, though we well know the book, we should feel it allowable to look into it under two circumstances:

1. Suppose some verbal difficulty in a passage perplexed our mind, we should feel no more scruple in examining what the Doctor said upon it than we should in taking down our Hebrew or Greek Lexicon to investigate the meaning of a difficult word. In nine cases out of ten, the difficulty might not be solved by either the commentary or the lexicon so as to satisfy the judgment, but we might, we think, as legitimately see what the Doctor had to say upon it as the dictionary. So far, then, we think we could, without scruple, examine a commentary like the one before us.

Here let us diverge for a moment to give our view of what a really good and useful commentary should be. It should be, for the most part, but one extended translation. What we mainly want is the literal meaning of a passage—a strictly accurate translation from the original. Now in this very point, which is the main want, commentaries are almost always sadly defective. What we require is not the opinion of the commentator, but *what God has really said*, what is the strict literal meaning of the passage. When the commentator gives *his* interpretation, he almost always darkens counsel by words without knowledge.

But we read sometimes for our own edification; and therefore, 2. We see no objection, *with that object solely in view*, to reading Owen on the Hebrews, or Caryl on Job, or Lampe on John, or Gill on the Canticles, supposing we possessed them. A minister's soul is to be edified, instructed, fed, like that of private Christians; and as he cannot be always reading the Scriptures, we see no objection to his

reading, for that purpose only, the writings of gracious men. We read sometimes, for instance, Owen on the Spirit, and other of his writings, and have often found our soul sensibly edified, instructed, and fed thereby.

An observation which we heard Mr. Warburton make some years ago completely fell in with our own feelings and experience. He said that he could and did read the works of gracious men, as Mr. Huntington's, for his own edification, but never found them, nor wished to find them, of the least benefit as regarded the ministry. In the pulpit, he had only what God gave him at the time. This is exactly as we have felt ourselves.

But if for the above reasons we have tied up ministers somewhat tightly, there is no cause why we should rein up hearers in the same gear. And as we presume none would restrict them from reading the writings of gracious men, we might justly plead for this liberty to be extended to their reading what gracious men have written upon the Scriptures. Nay, of all writings a spiritual Commentary on the Scriptures ought to be the most profitable. In all human writings there ever will be an admixture of infirmity; but there should be less of this in a commentary than in any other, for it is nearest the word of God. It should, therefore, be more simple, more scriptural, more weighty and powerful than any other writing, because it confines itself to pure truth. Supposing, then, in which supposition indeed lies the whole pith and marrow of the question, that a really spiritual and gracious commentary could be found, to debar a private Christian from reading it merely because it is called a commentary, would be to do homage to a word or a prejudice at the sacrifice of his profit. The difficulty is to find such a commentary. We may look far and wide to find it. Scott and Henry are often unsound, and generally very superficial. Whitby is a thorough Arminian and as dry as a chip. Adam Clarke is tainted to the very core with Wesleyanism. Barnes, though his Isaiah and Job are useful books in their way, might be distilled to the very bones without getting a drop of oil out of him. Of all commentaries Gill's is confessedly the best, but it is scarce and dear, and beyond the reach of most purses.

Under these circumstances, we believe it is best to read the Scriptures without any commentary whatever. Dark and difficult passages may indeed occur which we should be glad to understand; but for the most part the Scriptures are so simple and so beautiful, when read with life and feeling in the soul, that a commentary does but mar them. Our own practice is to read them without any explanation or illustration whatever, in their own beautiful simplicity, and scarcely once a year do we look into a commentary at all.

Our long preamble demands an apology, but upon a subject so difficult and delicate we have thought it not amiss to throw out our ideas at some length.

But now to the Commentary before us. Dr. Gill's is confessedly the best Commentary on the Bible in the English, or perhaps in any other language. The Doctor was a man of great research and

learning, a most indefatigable student, and a thoroughly good scholar. But he knew also the truth, and all through his Commentary has never lost sight of it. He believed that the Scripture was a consistent, harmonious revelation of the mind and will of God; and the gospel of the grace of God he believed to be the grand key to both Old Testament and New. This gives his Commentary its chief value, that the Doctor is not a Calvinist in one page and an Arminian in another, building up and pulling down, and neither consistent with truth nor himself. The Doctor, therefore, explains every passage in conformity with the analogy of faith. Here he is confessedly very great, and usually very successful. The Doctor had a clear head and an able pen, which made Toplady apply to him what was said of the famous Duke of Marlborough, that he never besieged a town that he did not take, nor fought a battle which he did not win. Dr. Whitby and the Arminians had no more chance with the Calvinistic Doctor than Marshal Tallard and the French with the conqueror of Blenheim. We will not say of Dr. Gill's Commentary what Toplady thus said of his controversial writings, but this at least may be said, that the Doctor never slips by a hard text without attempting to take it, or attacks a difficult passage without struggling to master it. If there be no satisfactory explanation in Gill's Commentary, we are not likely to find it any where else. The Doctor, too, is generally very candid in acknowledging difficulties, and sometimes, from his very desire to explain a passage, gives so many explanations, that he rather perplexes than satisfies. One main point with the Doctor was his Rabbinical learning; and sometimes, it must be acknowledged, he has overlaid his Commentary too much with it, though often his quotations from the old Jewish writers throw light upon the Scripture. Before we conclude, we will give an instance or two of this. But sometimes the good Doctor steps out of his Rabbinical learning, and writes in an instructive, edifying, and savoury manner.

His Commentary had become scarce and dear, and Mr. Doudney who, before he became a minister in the Church of Ireland, was a printer, has formed a determination to bring it out in a cheap form. It can scarcely, we believe, be procured, according to the edition, whether folio or quarto, small or large paper, under from six to eight or ten guineas. Mr. D. purposes to bring it out in six volumes, octavo, at a cheap rate. How far it accords with his present position to edit the commentary of such a decided and unflinching Particular Baptist as Dr. Gill, and how far passages as explained by the Doctor must rise up as witnesses against him,* we must leave, for to

* "Matt. iii. 6. The manner in which they were baptized by him was by immersion, or plunging them in the water. This may be concluded from the signification of the word βαπτίζω here used, which in the primary sense of it signifies to dip, or plunge; from the place in which they were baptized—the *River Jordan*; and from John's constant manner of baptizing elsewhere, who chose places for this purpose where and because there was there much water. (John i. 28, and iii. 23.)"

"Matt. iii. 16: '*And Jesus, when he was baptized, &c.*—Christ when he was baptized by John in the River Jordan, the place where he was baptizing,

his own Master each must stand or fall. We have his guarantee, which, as far as we have seen, he has scrupulously observed, that there shall be no alteration or tampering with the commentary as it now stands. What literary qualifications, too, he possesses to edit a book full of Hebrew and Greek passages and much miscellaneous learning, seems exceedingly questionable. There are many errata in both the Hebrew and Greek of the original editions, and though this does not affect the ordinary reader, if they are preserved at all they should be given correctly. Apart from these circumstances, which we have felt it right to allude to, we wish the undertaking every success. It is undoubtedly a useful, valuable, excellent work, and at present almost unattainable. He is doing this under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, being in a remote part of Ireland, and having no regular compositors or pressmen, but obliged to avail himself of the services of raw Irish lads, whom he is kindly instructing into the mysteries of the printing-office; thus conferring a great benefit upon them at a great inconvenience to himself. The work appears in half-volumes, and the part that we have seen (Matt. i.—xxiii.) appears to be, considering all circumstances, very correctly printed. We give three extracts, the first of which will show the consistent line of truth which the Doctor moves in, and the other two the way in which his Rabbinical learning sometimes throws light on the Scripture. Our second extract refers to Jesus going on the Sabbath-day through the corn, and his disciples plucking and eating the ears. (Matt. xii. 1.)

“MATTHEW. XIII. 23 : ‘*But he that received seed into the good ground,*’ &c.—The hearer, compared to ground into which the seed fell, is *he that heareth the word, and understandeth it*; has a new and spiritual understanding given him, feels the power of it on his heart, enlightening and quickening him; has an application of it made to him by the Spirit of God, can discern the work and excellency of it, and distinguish it from all others; and, as Mark says, *receives it*; as the word of God in faith, and with the love of it, and with all readiness and meekness; and, as Luke observes, *keeps it*; holds it fast against all opposition with great struggling; will not part with it at any rate, nor depart from it in the least, nor entertain any doubt about it; but abides by it, stands fast in it, and is valiant for it; and this he does *in and with an honest and good heart*; which no man naturally has, nor can any man make his heart so. This is the work of God, and is owing to his efficacious grace. This is a heart of flesh, a new and right heart and spirit; a heart to fear God, to love him, and to trust in him; in which Christ dwells by faith; in which

went up straight away out of the water. One would be at a loss at first sight for a reason why the Evangelist should relate this circumstance; for after the ordinance was administered, why should he stay in the water? Every one would naturally and reasonably conclude, without the mention of such a circumstance, that as soon as his baptism was over, he would immediately come up out of the water. However we learn this from that, since it is said that he came up out of the water, he must first have gone down into it; must have been in it, and was baptized in it; a circumstance strongly in favour of baptism by immersion; for that Christ should go down into the river, more or less deep, to the ancles, or up to the knees, in order that John should sprinkle water on his face, or pour it on his head, as is ridiculously represented in the prints, can hardly obtain any credit with persons of thought and sense.”

the Spirit of God has his temple ; and in which every grace is implanted ; and such a one, as he hears with a strict and an honest intention and in the exercise of grace, so he holds fast the word he hears, understands, and receives, with all faithfulness and honesty. *'Which also beareth fruit and bringeth forth, some a hundred fold, some sixty, and some thirty.'*—The fruit borne and brought forth by such a hearer is the true fruit of grace and righteousness, and is all from Christ, under the influences of the Spirit, through the word and ordinances, as means, and issues in the glory of God ; and though not brought forth in the same quantity in all, yet is of the same quality, and is brought forth, as Luke says, *'with patience ;'* constantly and continually, in all seasons, in old age, and even unto death ; and is at last brought forth to perfection, holds, and remains to the end."

"MATTHEW XII. 2: *'But when the Pharisees saw it,' &c.*—Who went along with him, or followed him, being employed to make observation on his words and actions. *'They said unto him.'*—Luke says, *'unto them,'* the disciples. It seems they took notice of this action both to Christ and his disciples, and first spoke of it to the one and then to the other, or to both together. *'Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the Sabbath day !'*"—They mention it with astonishment and indignation. What they refer to is not their walking on a Sabbath day ; this they might do, according to their canons, provided they did not exceed two thousand cubits, which were a Sabbath day's journey ; nor was it their passing through the corn fields, though, according to them, *'it was not lawful for a man to visit his gardens or his fields on the Sabbath day, to see what they want or how the fruits grow ; for such walking is to do his own pleasure.'* But this they knew was not the case of Christ and his disciples, who were not proprietors of these fields. Nor was it merely their plucking the ears of corn, and rubbing and eating them, which were not their own, but another man's ; for this, according to the law, in Deut. xii. 25, was lawful to be done ; but what offended the Pharisees was, that it was done on the Sabbath day, it being, as they interpret it, a servile work, and all one as reaping ; though, in the law just mentioned, it is manifestly distinguished from it. Their rule is, *'he that reaps (on the Sabbath day) ever so little, is guilty (of stoning) ; and plucking of ears of corn is a derivative of reaping, and is all one as its primitive, and punishable with the same kind of death, if done presumptuously ;'* so Philo, the Jew, observes, *'that the rest of the Sabbath not only reached to men, bond and free, and to beasts, but even to trees and plants ; and that it was not lawful to cut a plant, or branch, or so much as a leaf, on a Sabbath day.'* And it may be, what might make this offence of the disciples the more heinous was, that they plucked these ears and ate them, and so broke their fast before morning prayer ; for a man might not eat anything on a Sabbath day until morning prayers were ended in the synagogue, nor indeed on any other day ; for they used not to eat bread until after they had offered the daily sacrifice, which was about the third hour of the day, or nine o'clock in the morning, nor did they eat till the fourth hour, or ten o'clock."

"MATT. xxiii. 24: *'Ye blind guides, which strain at* a gnat, and swal-*

* It is a great pity that it stands in the authorised translation "*strain at*," instead of "*strain out*," which the word literally means, as well as the sense requires. As in the Geneva translation it is "*strain out*," it was probably in the first instance a misprint, which has been servilely perpetuated. The figure is not of a person opening his mouth wide, straining himself, as it were, to catch a gnat in the air, which has little or no meaning ; but of one so scrupulously fearful of defiling himself by partaking of unclean food as not even to drink until he had passed the liquor through a strainer, lest there might be a gnat in it, and he inadvertently swallow it.

low a camel,' &c.—It is in verse 16, 'who strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.' The Syriac and Persic versions read the words in the plural number: 'gnats and camels.' The Jews had a law, which forbid them the eating of any creeping thing, (Lev. xi. 41,) and of this they were strictly observant, and would not be guilty of the breach of it for ever so much. 'One that eats a flea or a gnat they say is an apostate,' one that has changed his religion, and is no more to be reckoned as one of them. Hence they very carefully strained their liquors, lest they should transgress the above command, and incur the character of an apostate, and, at least, the penalty of being beaten with forty stripes, save one; for, 'whosoever eats a whole fly, or a whole gnat, whether alive or dead, was to be beaten on account of a creeping flying thing.' Among the accusations Haman is said to bring against them to Ahasuerus, and the instances he gives of their laws being different from the kings, this is one: that 'if a fly falls into the cup of one of them, he strains it, and drinks it; but if my lord, the king, should touch the cup of one of them, he would throw it to the ground, and would not drink of it.' Maimonides says, 'He that "strains wine, or vinegar, or strong liquor, and eats *Jabchushin*, (a sort of small flies found in wine cellars, on account of which they strained their wine,) or gnats, or worms, which he hath strained off, is to be beaten on account of the creeping things of the water, or on account of the creeping, flying things, and the creeping things of the water,"' Moreover, it is said, 'a man might not pour his strong liquor through a strainer by the light, (of a candle or lamp,) lest he should separate, and leave in the top of the strainer, (some creeping thing,) and it should fall again into the cup, and he should transgress the law in Lev. xi. 41.' To this practice Christ alluded here; and so very strict and careful were they in this matter, that to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel became at length a proverb, to signify much solicitude about little things, and none about greater. These men would not, on any consideration, be guilty of such a crime as not to pay the tithe of mint, annise, and cummin, and such like herbs and seeds, and yet made no conscience of doing justice, and showing mercy to men, or of exercising faith in God, or love to him."

Whatever constrains the believer to pray tends to his good; and nothing drives a man to pray like deep adversity; it is then he wants help from his God. Creatures lose their charm when a man is troubled on every side; he must have his God to hear and help him, and that right early.—*H. Fowler.*

In trouble one runs to this place, and another to that, seeking for help and succour divers ways; as in David's time, some ran to Bethel, some to Gilgal, some to Bethaven, as mountains from whence they looked for help and succour. Even as in Popery, they run to every stock and block, as to their only patrons and helpers, with kneeling, knocking, creeping, kissing, and licking. For the reliefs and comforts are infinite which the heart believes and seeks after when it is in trouble and distress. And it is a wonderful thing to see how ready it is to receive help and comfort any way else, saving only in God. This is then the praise and commendation of faith, that it looks only towards the healthful and comfortable mountain, which is in Jerusalem, and refuses the succour of all other mountains.—*Luther.*

POETRY.

"Without were fightings, within were fears."—2 Cor. vii. 5.

O what a trying, thorny way
The Christian has to go!
Oppress'd, distress'd from day to day—
At least I find it so.

Fightings without and fears within
Oft sink me in dismay;
And sin, that plague, indwelling sin,
Oft makes me sigh and say,

"Can e'er my spot be like to those
In whom God deigns to dwell,
Whom God the Father lov'd and chose,
And Christ redeem'd from hell?"

"If so, why is it thus with me?
What means this inward strife?
These groans & sighs to be set free?—
Does this proceed from life?"

I of the Lord inquiry make,
As one we read of old,
"For me, dear Jesus, undertake
This mystery to unfold."

But he that does true prayer indite
Has told me by his word,
That every saint's a Shulamite,
A soldier of the Lord.

Hardness they must and shall endure
While in this world they stay;
Tho' foes engage, the victory's sure;
Their Captain leads the way.

The righteous shall hold on their way,
Tho' faint, they shall endure
Their weighty cross, from day to day,
Grace does the crown ensure.

"Call," says the Lord, "when trouble's
near,
I will thy soul defend,
I will thy faint petitions hear,
And kind deliverance send."
Sutton Benjer.

He's heard my cry, and brought relief
In every deep distress
Through which my soul's been sunk in
grief
Since in the wilderness.

Tho' tribulation's mark'd the way,
Sweet peace at times I've found
In Christ, my soul's support and stay,
And then my joys abound.

But ah! how soon these joys are gone,
My comforts disappear,
And clouds and storms again come on!
Then I begin to fear.

My foes again my soul distress,
And boldly me withstand;
And vow I never shall possess
The sweet, the promised land.

Still Christ, my Captain, leads the way,
And, in the darkness night,
On me bestows some cheering ray,
And puts my foes to flight.

He hitherto my help has been,
(For help in self I've none,)
And by his arm, though oft unseen,
Or were my soul undone.

Though oft I change, he'll still remain
Unchangeably the same;
Comfort in this I oft obtain,
Through faith in Jesus' name.

He knows the way my soul does take;
When tried I forth shall come;
And him who says, "I'll not forsake,"
I trust to bring me home.

Then at his feet I'll cast my crown,
And join the ransom'd throng;
Ascribing honour and renown
To Jesus in my song.

A SMOKING FLAX.

Never let us reckon that our work in contending against sin, in crucifying, mortifying, and subduing of it, is at an end. The place of its habitation is unsearchable; and when we may think that we have thoroughly won the field, there is still some reserve remaining that we saw not, that we knew not of. Many conquerors have been ruined by their carelessness after a victory, and many have been spiritually wounded after great successes against this enemy. David was so; his great surprise into sin was after a great profession, manifold experiences of God, and watchful keeping of himself from his iniquity. And hence in part has it come to pass, that the profession of many has declined in their old age or riper time.—Owen.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 79.)

5. I shall now come to the fifth branch of real service, which is, the *Christian warfare*, or self-denial, call it which you please. This service we don't like. We are very well pleased with peace, righteousness, comfort, strong faith, and the love of God; but alas, the trial, O the trial of all these goes to the quick; and in this we differ from every hypocrite that ever was in the world; for they are declared to be at ease in Zion, without chastisement and the rod of God on them.

To the point in hand. First. If you are in this secret, you must have two natures, which will try you not a little. One nature is set upon God, and loves him dearly; but the other is set upon idols. Hence you shall know what it is to serve other gods. Your nature shall lust after forbidden objects again and again. Likewise faith is a part of the new nature. You wish to live a life of faith on the Son of God; but, alas! unbelief cannot trust him for a loaf of bread. This will try you sharply. One nature thinks no evil, therefore does none; but the other thinks and does nothing else. James says it lusteth to envy; and Asaph says, "I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked," &c. However strong you may be, long, heavy, and lingering trials will bring you down.

Again. One nature is of a liberal turn, noble, generous, like its Author; but the other is of a mean, lowlife, and beggarly turn; covetous, overreaching, taking advantage, &c. Now this will try you greatly. Your heart shall be set upon heavenly things, bent to

the people of God, to read, write, meditate, pray, &c., but this will be crossed with a love to the very contrary, and sometimes with a being compelled to get your bread through the fire. Hence our Saviour says we are to deny self daily, take up our cross, and follow him. O this wretched nature, that is continually calling out for one gratification or another.

Now this self-denial can only be rightly performed by the power of God; as Paul says, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God." You will find times when you will in your own eyes appear nothing but self, and be as miserable as you can well bear. Now this is serving him; for Christ says, "If any man serve me, let him follow me." How? Why, through all opposition, all persecution, all temptation, &c., till death comes, and then farewell to all.

I might enlarge here on what Christ waded through, but I proceed, 6. To the sixth branch of real service, which is, to serve him as *Jehovah*, or, *God in our nature*. You may talk what you please; if this be lacking in your faith, the devil is in you, and you are to this day in full possession of all your sins. Christ says himself, "If ye believe not that I AM, ye shall die in your sins." Now, if you believe he is a good man and no more, then "no man can redeem his brother from the grave," &c. If you believe he is less than the Father, then all the gods that have not made heaven, earth, and the seas, shall perish. But the Father says, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever," &c.

I will now mention a few things that belong to God the Father, and you will find them applied to Jesus Christ. God is Omniscient: "Known unto God are all his works from the foundation of the world." Now this is applied to Christ. See Proverbs viii. Again. God has a knowledge of the human heart. Says Christ to the Pharisees, "You appear outwardly righteous, but God knoweth your hearts." Then read Acts i. 24, and you will find that the disciples prayed to Christ as the omniscient God: "Thou, Lord, which knoweth the hearts of all men," &c. Again. God the Father is Omnipotent; and Christ says, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." Again. God is Omnipresent; and Christ says, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Paul says he is the God of all grace, and grace comes from Christ's fulness. In another place we read that God is "a God of truth, and without iniquity; and Christ says, "I am the Truth." David says, "Our God is the God of salvation;" and Christ is God's salvation to the ends of the earth. Peter confessed him to be Christ, the Son of the living God. Christ says, "Upon this Rock I will build my church;" and David says, "Who is a Rock save our God?" Again. You read of the only wise God our Saviour; and Christ is the wisdom of God and the power of God. Again. God is "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful," &c.; and the sure mercies of David are in Christ. "Now the God of hope, fill you with all joy," &c.; and the same apostle calls Christ that blessed hope. Once more. David says, "God is Judge himself;" and Christ says, "The Father judgeth no man, but

hath committed all judgment to the Son, that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father;" and you never can have it stronger than in the Revelation, where Christ says, "I am the first," (then none was before him,) "and the last," (then none after,) "the Almighty."

Now you must serve him as Jehovah, as Paul says, in his Epistle to the Colossians, (iii. 24,) "Ye serve the Lord (or Jehovah) Christ;" and I know that all other service will be rejected. It is Immanuel, God with us.

Then says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." The service of all Arians falls to the ground here.

7. This brings me to the seventh branch of real service, which is, *yielding submission to Christ as a Sovereign*. "Yes," say you, "you are right; we ought to submit. I have seen this a long time, for the Scripture is plain upon it." Yes, but I can speak from experience that to be submissive to Christ's will is very hard to the flesh; still, though the flesh pulls very hard, for it lusteth against the Spirit, yet I have found it wonderfully brought down and kept down. If you wish to serve Christ here, you will be brought to part with your good name, and be despised of all men, (but the real saints,) and they will oppose you in almost everything for your singularity, because you run not to the same excess of riot. You will also find them take advantage of you when they are in authority over you, and this is what Solomon means by one man reigning over another to his own hurt; for their eyes are privily set against the poor. Add to this, bodily weakness, getting in debt, and in everything your purposes broken; then Satan will set before you how these people thrive in everything. "Ah!" say you, "and that puzzles me." Yes, and it used to puzzle me; but take notice of the following things. Would you not wish to have God as a deliverer to you? "Yes," say you. Well, then, you must know that you stand in need of his delivering hand before that power is displayed. God says to Jeremiah, "They show fight against thee, but they shall not prevail, for I am with thee, to deliver thee," &c. Again. Do you not wish to be strong in faith? "Yes." Then you read of the trial of faith. Do you not wish to walk by faith? "Yes." Then sight must be out of the question; for if you can see everything it is not faith. Do you not love an imputed righteousness? "Yes." Then when that is not enjoyed, you will have nothing but filthy rags before your eyes. Do you not wish Christ's blood to cleanse you? "Yes, I certainly do." Well, then, you will often feel a guilty conscience, that you may have a fresh pardon applied to your conscience. Finally. Do you not wish Christ to be all? "Yes." Then you must be brought to know yourself to be a very devil, in the feeling sense of it.

Now, when you are brought so down in, and so crucified to, this world, by being drawn by the love of God to his dear Son, the trials will drive you, and, under the management of God's good Spirit, will be like physic to the soul, and his comforts will draw, till at last you will yield to him, and so take his yoke (mark, yoke) upon

you; and this willing service will so go on, that you will say with Paul, "Neither count I my life dear to me;" for "I am just ready (mark, *ready*) to be offered up." This service is well pleasing to the Lord, and agreeable to his truth; as Paul says, (Rom. xii. 1, 2,) "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world," &c. And this is in our measure following our dear Lord; for it is said he became obedient unto death; and we are brought first to say with David, "Into thy hand I commit my spirit," and then to present with Paul our bodies also; so that I think we know a little of what it says in the Revelation: "They counted not their lives worthy unto the death."

This is reasonable service. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

8. Which brings me to the eighth branch of real service, which is, the *grace of God*. We must serve him under the influence of grace. I firmly believe there are thousands that talk about grace who are utter strangers to it. First, we will take notice of the fountain from which it comes; then the channel of conveyance; and then the blessed effects to the happy partakers thereof, viz., eternal glory.

I purpose dwelling largely on this part of our service; therefore take notice, the first cause, or the fountain from which it springs, is God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Father is called the God of all grace; by the Son, grace and truth came; and the Holy Ghost is called the Spirit of grace and supplication. Now this is the fountain of grace. "But," say you, "what is grace?" I answer, *favour*, as you may see in Moses. Says he, "If I have found *grace* in thy sight," or if I have found *favour*. Now favour is love, and God is love. There was nothing foreseen in us to procure this love; far from it; for we, as fallen creatures, were haters of God; and this God knew would be the case. Then it was nothing but God's everlasting love, which never had a beginning, which from all eternity was set upon a set of the worst of beings, and never will have an end. This is the fountain of grace, as sure as there is a God. But four things stood in the way of making this grace known; two of them are against us, and the other two in the way of displaying this love is in God. "We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" this goes against us; and then there is a broken law that stands in the way. Now God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" (eternally;) and "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." So there is no way, you see, to show grace to us. But in this state, (and this brings me to notice the channel of conveyance,) in steps the Lord Jesus Christ, and says, "Have they sinned? Then I will make my soul an offering for sin. Have they broken the holy law? I will magnify it, and make it honourable." Thus then the way is open; and therefore Christ says, "I am the Way;" and this was a free gift of our heavenly Father: "God so loved the world that he gave his Son," &c.

Every grace we receive comes through Christ by the Spirit to us. And now for the blessed effects; the first of which is, *quickenings us*, that we may feel our true state, and have a spiritual appetite for Christ crucified; for "his flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed." This is grace, which Peter calls the grace of life. Then trace it up to glory; and grace is to reign through righteousness unto eternal life.

Again. Another blessed effect is *pardon*, or what John calls "cleansing us from all sin," which is first discovering to us what sinners we are, and letting us feel the burden long, and then fully pardoning us all we have committed, and all we shall commit. We receive the forgiveness of our sins according to the riches of his grace. Then trace it up to glory, and we find that they "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" therefore are they around the throne, &c.

Another blessed effect is *raising us to hope*. By nature we are without God, and have no hope in this world; but now, having life, and being pardoned, says Paul, he hath given us "a good hope through grace." It is Christ in us the hope of glory.

Another blessed effect is *salvation*; salvation from the wrath to come, from our sin, from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us; as Paul says, "By grace are ye saved." Then trace it up, and their song in heaven is, "Salvation to God and the Lamb."

Another blessed effect is, *being a partaker of the Holy Ghost*, agreeable to the promise, "I will pour upon the house of David, (What was David's house? Why, Christ Jesus; and so David says, for he calls him a House of Defence to save him, and the Spirit was on Christ without measure,) "and the inhabitants of Jerusalem." (Jerusalem is the covenant of grace, and the inhabitants are God's elect in that covenant.) Well, then, on Christ and his elect is poured the Spirit of grace and supplication. Grace was poured into his lips, and we are to have grace to help in time of need; which is having the Spirit, for he is to help our infirmities, &c. Now trace this up to glory, and in doing this, compare these two texts: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" and "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water;" (then mind where this water comes from;) "but this spake he of the Spirit." Then trace it up, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall lead them to fountains of living water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The next thing I shall mention, or blessed effect of grace, is the *love of God*, which is understood by us in two things; in chastening us for our sins, ("As many as I love I rebuke and chasten,") and in shedding his love abroad in our hearts. Abroad signifies influencing the whole soul, so as to say with Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth me, that I am ready to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Now, says the apostle, "the grace of God was abundant upon me, with faith and love, that is in Christ Jesus." Then trace this love up, and we are without blame before him in love; or, to be more plain, we are without fault before the throne.

This grace is to influence our conversation while we live: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." It is opposed to all dead works, or all service in the oldness of the letter. "If it be of grace, then is it no more of works," for it is a free gift: "The Lord will give grace and glory," &c. If we go astray ten thousand times, grace brings us back: "I will receive them graciously;" and the completing work in finishing the building of living stones will be this, namely, to bring the last soul to the foundation, which is Christ, and then to endless glory: "He shall bring forth the top stone with shoutings, (or acclamations of joy,) crying, Grace, grace unto it." Now we serve Christ with that grace which we receive from his fulness: "Out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Take this service to Paul, and he will explain it. Now, Paul, what service is that which will meet with acceptance with God? "Wherefore we receive a kingdom which cannot be moved. Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."

Now this, as far as I have mentioned, is real service. The Scripture bears me out in declaring that all other service will be rejected. Then says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

Moreover, another blessed effect of grace is *justification*, or an imputed righteousness, which was wrought out by the Lord Jesus Christ, and placed to the account of all God's elect, which they sensibly feel the moment they are enabled to exercise faith in him as their Surety, in that they find all guilt, condemnation, and accusation cease, and peace with the Spirit's witness take possession of their hearts. Now Paul tells you that this is grace: "Being justified freely by his grace," &c. Thus we stand complete in an everlasting righteousness, called the righteousness of God; for "This is the name whereby he shall be called, Jehovah our Righteousness." Now trace it up to glory: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the glory of their Father's kingdom for ever and ever."

(To be continued.)

The heart in the Scripture is variously used. Sometimes for the mind and understanding; sometimes for the will; sometimes for the affections; sometimes for the conscience; sometimes for the whole soul. Generally it denotes the whole soul of man, and all the faculties of it, not absolutely, but as they are all one principle of moral operations, as they all concur in our doing good or evil. The mind, as it inquires, discerns, and judges what is to be done, what refused; the will, as it chooses and refuses, and avoids; the affections, as they like or dislike, cleave to, or have an aversion from, that which is proposed to them; the conscience, as it warns, and determines. These are altogether called the heart. And in this sense it is that we say the seat and subject of this law of sin is the heart man.—Owen.

LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO A SON.—No. V.

Beloved Son,—For whom I have never yet ceased to travail in birth, till Christ be formed in you the hope of glory; nor have I ceased to make mention of you in my poor prayers, that the Lord would guide you with his eye, keep, protect, prevent, uphold, instruct, and teach you to profit; and never leave you nor forsake you, nor disappoint me of the hope which I have in you. Although men and devils have striven, with all their “Buts, ifs, and hows,” they have hitherto strove in vain; for, last week, my labour, pains, and mourning for and after you came on as fresh as ever, nor would I be comforted. As I was going along the streets, I think on Friday, O, I thought, where is my poor boy got? I can hear nothing of him, or at least nothing of his poor soul’s concern. Are the consolations of God small with him? Is there no secret thing with him? Is there a possibility after all of its being a dry breast and barren womb? I will not believe it; at least, if it be so, I will believe nothing any more; I will care nothing about my own religion or anybody’s beside. I will call on no one, nor trouble myself anything about them. So foolish and unbelieving are we, that we are as beasts before him. “O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that” is written, shown, or said unto you.

I assure my dear child such a poor snail have I been almost all through this winter that it would have been next to a miracle to have seen one little horn peep out of the shell. And if it were so, the devil and sin seemed almost ready to pounce upon it at once, and dash one’s very hope, till the poor snail draws itself up into its shell, and thinks it will never venture out any more; and often wishes it, instead of being so susceptible of the devil’s darts and sin’s assaults, were a dormouse to sleep away this wintry season, until the winter be over and gone, the time of the singing of birds come, and the voice of the turtle be heard in this barren dismal land. O how true do we find the Lord’s promises and declarations: “He has set the day of adversity against the day of prosperity, to the end that men should find nothing after him;” and, “Day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, shall not cease.” But though we dread the adverse side of this subject ever so much, yet have we no control over it. If the Lord make his sun to go down, it is night, and all the beasts of the forest do creep forth, to the distress and dismay of our poor souls; yet have we no control over them. If he make the sun to rise, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their den, and man goes forth to his work and to his labour till the evening; and then he may

“Tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn,
And be but barren still.”

O, blessed be God, the darkness, the light, the summer, and the winter, are all alike with him:

“He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his works, the cause conceals;

But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne."

To him be glory and dominion, in time and through a never-ending eternity. Amen and amen. And although with me it is such soul discouragement because of the way, "against hope believing in hope," yet "I am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him,"

"Though sin and Satan daily strive,
To quench the sacred flame."

Blessed Jesus,

"Thy power and mercy first prevailed,
From death to set me free;
And often since my life had failed,
Had not it been in thee."

He has delivered, does deliver, and in whom we trust he will yet deliver, both as the God of providence and grace; and though

"His judgments are too deep,
For reason's line to sound;
His tender mercies to his sheep,
No bottom know, nor bound."

Well, dear child, I know this to be a truth, though it should take twenty years in doing:

"When our dear Master would bestow,
Much patience on his friends,
He loads their shoulders well with woe,
And thus obtains his ends."

I myself, in my spiritual childhood,

"Fancied patience would be brought,
Before my troubles rose;
And by such granted help, I thought
To triumph o'er my woes."

"But Christ has cleared my misty sight,
And, taught by him, I find,
That tribulations, working right,
Produce a patient mind."

"And in your patience possess ye your souls." O what a patience of hope and work of faith it requires, amidst all the crosses, losses, trials, changes, and war, which seem to be against us, to be kept in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ to be revealed unto eternal life! "Ye have heard of the patience of Job," said James, when he was wont to buoy up the minds of the poor sinking souls of the people of God in the path of tribulation, "and the end of the Lord with him, how that the Lord is very pitiful." Yes, and so he is, and very faithful too, for he declared he would turn to the people a pure language. And moreover, he said, "Though I make an end of all nations whither I have driven thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee; but will

correct thee in measure, and not leave thee altogether unpunished.”
O, my dear child,

“They who the Lord’s corrections share,
Find favour in his eyes;
As kindest fathers will not spare
Their children to chastise.”

O what a pure language did Job speak at the end of his book to what he did at the beginning! O how did the proud helpers stoop under him! No more Christ and Co. in any way; no more “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men,” &c. But God sat as a refiner and purifier of silver till he had purged away Job’s dross, and taken away his tin; and poor Job, being well taught, for none teaches like God, began to renounce all his errors, and said, “Once have I spoken, yea, twice, but I will proceed no further.” Nor did he, except to make an honest confession of his errors, sin, and depravity, and the wonderful wisdom, power, and holiness of God. O what an honest confession! “Behold, I am vile! I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” O Lord,

“Then help us by thy grace to bear
Whate’er thou send to purge our dross;
If in the crown we hope to share,
Why should we grudge to bear his cross?

“Though thou severely with us deal,
Still will we in thy mercy trust;
Accomplish in us all thy will,
Only remember we are dust.”

Behold, then, with me, if thou canst, the end of the Lord’s chastisements, the patience of Job, and the great pity of the Lord towards him in now and then visiting his soul in the worst of times. “Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy visitations have preserved my spirit,” said the poor man when passing through the fire. And here, dear Comforter, I do desire to give thanks unto thee at the remembrance of thy precious name and person, for thy sweet visits, and momentary support, in visiting and preserving my spirit, when it appeared I could bear it no longer; or, in other words, it was more than flesh could bear alone.

O how dear is the Trinity to my poor sin-weary soul! O these precious wells of salvation, out of which I have drawn water when my tongue was failing for thirst! Thirsty I am still, and hope yet to draw; for “there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved, for God shall help her.” So, then, the poor have hope, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth, without and within. And all death shall he swallow up in victory, and wipe away all tears from off all faces, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.” When the Lord turns the captivity of Zion, then we are like unto men that dream. So poor Job found it, for the Lord blessed his latter end more than his beginning. Mr. — said last night, when speaking of Jacob, it was a good bit sometimes between the grey hairs of an old saint.

and the grave; but the greatest mercy was, as the good old man said, "The God which redeemed my soul from all evil bless the lads." O how good does a return from captivity of any sort seem!

On Sunday morning mother came and put a letter into my hand as I was sitting down to breakfast, which I covered over for a time with my handkerchief for gladness, declaring my son, who was dead, to be a living sensible sinner, coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon and seeking after his Beloved, with an "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat." "Would he plead against me?" said one. "No; but he would put strength in me. There the righteous might dispute with him, so should I be for ever delivered from my Judge." A precious Jesus is the only meeting or finding place. And here to every heavy-laden, sin-sick soul the "Spirit saith, Come, and the Bride saith, Come; and whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters of life freely." And so says the poor old worm that is scribbling. Come, dear son, and welcome, to Jesus Christ,

"Since sinners black as hell by Christ
Are saved I know full well;
For I his mercy have not missed,
And I am black as hell."

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you from the Lord.

Bath, April 10th, 1842.

J. B.

"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME."

(*Concluded from page 89.*)

The men passed me without noticing me. I then took out my Hymn Book, and opened upon this hymn:

"A crumb of mercy, Lord, I crave," &c.

With this I had a little hope; so I went down the hill, thinking I would go back again; but before I had reached home, as I had a long distance to go, the devil set in upon me again, telling me what a fool I was not to have done as I vowed before I left home, for I knew I never could be saved, and I could not have had a better opportunity. He then told me of another way. "Now," he said, "all the ladies and servants want to go out to-night to hear a particular clergyman that is going to preach; so you can say you will stop at home, and thus you will have it all to yourself. Then you can drink the poison, and fasten such a cord to the balustrade of the staircase, and hang yourself. You will not feel it much, if you drink the poison first." When, however, the time came for church, some of the ladies would not go. I then thought what a fool I had been not to do it in the morning. I had it continually on my mind that I would do this horrid deed, and was always studying how I could perform it so that no one could tell how I came by my death; for I did not want to bring a disgrace on the cause. I thought if I took

poison it would be better than using other means; so I thought I would take it when I went to bed. For several nights I locked my door, and poured the poison out in a glass, and tasted it, but could not drink it. Sometimes I have held it in my hands for a long time. I then thought I would try another plan. I would lie down on my bed, and have the glass by my bedside, so that I might awake up in the night and drink it without thinking so much about it. But I could not drink it. I had no power. Even when I had it up to my mouth and tasted it, I could no more drink it than I could have made a world.

I then thought I would try something else, that I would stop out in the garden all night and be frozen to death. Another plan I thought of, which I felt would be a very easy death, was, to go in one of the rooms down stairs, which was very damp; and in which a charcoal fire was made once a week; for I had heard if the door was shut, this would cause death. So one day, when the fire was made, I went in for a minute, and thought that at night I would go and lock myself in, after I had put the little boy to bed, as I should not then be missed; but something always happened to prevent it.

Thus I sought for death in various ways, but could not find it. I had a continual whispering in my ears, go where I would, "Lost, lost for ever! Lost, lost for ever!" Hours and hours have I scarcely breathed, listening to these words; and sometimes I thought it sounded like, "Redeemed, redeemed for ever!" but I could not believe it. Sometimes a passage would come: "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;" and such a feeling would come over me that my soul would melt within me, and tears would flow apace. "Ah, Lord God, I would not care what afflictions I had, though they were a thousand times heavier than I now have, if I knew I was thy child." And sometimes I could not help saying, "Dear Lord;" for I did want to love him. Then would Satan come in, and say how awful it was that I should presume to say, "Dear Lord." Such I always found when I had a glimpse of hope arising from the word of God, when I thought again, "O that I knew what to do not to sin against thee." Sometimes I would cry out, "I do not want to mock God, or presume in anything; but I cannot help telling the Lord my troubles when such feelings come." I wandered about, not knowing whither to go, crying out, "O Lord, O Lord, look upon a poor wretch, for Christ's sake. O save me, for his sake. If thou wilt save me, Lord, I will praise thee to all eternity." Then it would come into my mind, "Yes, you would praise him to all eternity if he would save you, after all you have done against him. Suppose you that the lost souls in hell would not praise him if he would save them? Yes, they would; but they are past mercy, and so are you." Then Satan would raise such rebellious feelings in my breast that I could hardly help blaspheming the name of God; and to prevent it, I have kept saying, "Lost, lost for ever," as fast as I could; and when I have been out, I have run that I might not utter it till I could run no longer.

O these are deep waters to sink in! None but God and the

soul can know what it is to pass through them; but truly he has been with me in six troubles and in seven; and I now believe that he will never leave me nor forsake me. As I was now unable to attend to the little boy, I thought I would go home; so I told my mistress I wished to leave for a little time. She was quite willing, but wished me first to see my doctor who had attended me before; so I went, and he gave me a prescription for some medicine for my body, but I wanted it for my poor sinking soul. He told me the change of air would do me good. So it was settled for me to leave on the morrow. I went by the train within two miles of my home. My brother met me, and we walked home together. He felt much for me, and tried to encourage me; but no; I said, "I am lost for ever." We reached safely home, tired and weary. After supper I went to bed, and prepared myself to lie in bed all the next day, for I had made up my mind that when I got home I would go to bed and never get up again, but would lie there, and neither eat nor drink till I starved myself to death. In the morning my friends wished me not to get up to breakfast, but to lie and rest myself. I was glad to lie, but rest there was none for me. When dinner time came, my friends were anxious about me, and would not allow me to go without my food. The next day I lay in bed all day, though in such a state of mind that I could scarcely keep in the bed. Some of my friends really thought I must be going out of my mind, especially those that did not know what soul trouble was. The dear children I was always particularly fond of, and they were always delighted to see me come home; but, alas! now the scene was changed. I could no longer smile as in past days, but felt the terrible fear of death and judgment, and the frowns of an angry God.

Here again I found I could not die from starvation while with my friends, and I think I was, if possible, worse at home than I was before. I used to cry, "O death, death, where art thou? O that I might find thee!" I heard many very solemn but encouraging sermons, but all seemed to add to my condemnation, and I every time made up my mind I would never go to chapel again. Still, when the time came, I could not help going, with a "Who can tell?"

Thus I went on for a month, and many times I felt a wish that I could take the poison, as I took it home with me. Sometimes for a few minutes, when I have been talking to my friends, I have felt a little hope; but again I sank.

At this time there was a young man lying very ill. He was a bad character. I knew what he was very well. He died; and never can I forget the day. These words thrilled through me: "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." Now, as there was no hope whatever of this person before he died, it really appeared to me that I could see the devil, and hear his voice, saying, "As sure as I have got this soul, so sure are you coming to this place." This again made my soul to shake. O how many times that day, and the day on which he was buried, did I go into my room, and try to pray. Sometimes I could say nothing, and at other times I could only say, "O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, have mercy, have mercy!"

And then I have burst out, and seemed as though my heart must break. Sometime after this, I seemed to have a little hope, and to be more calm, and these moments were very precious to me indeed, though they were but short.

While I was at home, there was one of the Lord's family taken ill, so ill that he required attendance night and day. I had before this been in his company several times, and he, knowing my state of mind, had tried to encourage me to hope in God, that he would hear and deliver me out of my distress. I called to see him, and offered my service, if they would accept it, which they did; and it was agreed I should go and sit up with him the next night. I did so. In the night he often broke out in praising and blessing the Lord for all his goodness to him. He was much favoured of the Lord while on the bed of sickness; but O the horror I felt through the night I cannot describe. I thought that this, as well as other things, added to my condemnation.

Another day I had made up my mind to go to the prayer meeting, but my brother could not go. As, however, I did not know what to do with myself, I thought I would go up stairs and try and ask the Lord that it might be a time to be remembered, if it were his heavenly will; when these words came while on my knees: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." So I went, hoping the Lord might appear. But no; the set time was not come. Though I think I shall never forget one of the prayers that was put up, yet no real comfort did I get. As I saw no way for me to escape from, or get rid of my trouble, and as I was tired of home, I thought I would go back to my situation, and do the best I could till the Lord saw fit to grant me a change, which I did not expect till death.

I awoke about half-past three in the morning on which I was to leave, when these words came with much sweetness: "I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." I got up soon after four, then had breakfast, went seven miles in a conveyance, and then got in a carrier's cart, which took me to C—. When I got in the cart, it was dark, so I could not see who was there. As it began to get light, I found six or seven people in it. They were soon merry enough, joking one with another. There seemed to be a sweet feeling come over me that there was a difference between them and me, for I felt I could not enjoy their pleasure. I had my Bible with me, and another book, "Little Faith." I took them out, and read some part of them. I felt resigned to the Lord's will, though he sent me to black despair.

After I had returned, the devil tried hard to get me to give up going to hear the truth preached, but I could not give up, though I dared not venture inside the chapel, but sat on the stairs. One day the minister read the chapter, or part of it, where it speaks of the woman with the box of ointment. He spoke of it in such a way that I longed once more to go inside, for I loved to hear of the Lord's pardoning love and mercy to poor sinners, though I could not believe at this time that he would pardon me.

One time I cannot forget. As I was alone in my own room, my heart began to melt within me, and I burst into tears. I thought I saw the Lord Jesus Christ standing by the Father. Then I could see the great Sacrifice for sin, and cried, "O that I could see him standing there for me!" This was what I wanted to see. My heart was so melted at the sight, that I hoped it was a token for good; and I could not help telling some of the friends of it. During all this time, I scarce ever awoke in the morning but I had the dreadful fear of death and hell. One night I thought if I could have a sweet feeling of love to the Lord Jesus Christ, if I could awake up in the morning with such a feeling, I should believe it was of the Lord; and I thought I would pray for these feelings before I went to bed; but I found I could not pray for this or anything else. Well, I thought, since there is no way whatever I can escape, surely I may as well enjoy myself while I am this side of the grave. But again I thought I must have some people to call mine, so I would go amongst the Catholics, as they were likely to reign again. But I soon found I dared not to venture amongst them, for I had a conscience that could not be stifled. One Lord's Day, while I was standing on the stairs, several of the friends came, and asked me to go in; but I refused. At last my young friend came, and I was constrained to go in with her. While I was there, such a feeling came over me, that I felt in my heart if I did not love this people there was none that I did; but I did believe I loved them. After service was over, I went with my young friend, and had some conversation with her, and then returned home. I went into my bedroom, and seemed to have but little feeling and little desire; for I thought I would now go to bed, and give it all up. So I lay down in my clothes,

The little boy not being very well, I had to get up very early in the morning to give him some medicine, and a fire was required. Little did I think the dear Lord was going to set my heart on fire. Never, never can I forget that time of love. I awoke about half-past three, and was so full of love to the Lord Jesus Christ, that I looked around me with astonishment; for instead of hell, I had heaven; and these words flowed into my heart, not only the words, but great sweetness and power followed:

"O thou bleeding Love divine,
What are other loves to thine?
Theirs a drop, and thine a sea;
Ever full and ever free."

I then made a fire, and sat down by it, wondering at the great and blessed change. While thus musing, these words came with such sweetness and power to my heart, that it seemed too much for my poor body to bear: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." And I had faith to believe I was the very character. Now I felt a pardoned sinner; and truly I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of the body. The change was so great, that I have often thought that the change

which takes place when a soul is delivered from the body of sin and death, and enters eternal glory, cannot be greater than that which I then felt. After lying at the very mouth of hell for ten months, taen to be carried to the gate of heaven; after, as I had thought, hearing the very groans of the damned, and now to hear, as I thought, the host in heaven shouting; O how my soul longed to change my precious faith to sight! I now believed that the precious blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed me from all sin, and that he would never cast away one poor sensible needy sinner. The change was visible to all. I was up and ready for breakfast long before my usual time. After breakfast, I went into my bedroom, and had such a time of communion with the Lord, that I can never altogether forget. It seemed as though I was in his immediate presence. Truly was I let out of prison; and I could no more believe but that it was of the Lord than I could that I was not in existence.

Satan now came in another way, and said, when the Lord had delivered his people out of very great trouble, he so filled them with his love that they could do nothing but be in their closets all day; they could do nothing but bless and praise his holy name. I knew this temptation was from the devil, and these words confirmed it, which were brought to my mind with power: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." Now that the dear Lord had delivered my soul, I was desirous of showing to those around me that religion was not always a melancholy thing; and as I had so neglected myself and my worldly duties in every way, I now wished to show them what the Lord had done for me. So I began to get my clothes in order, and again appeared neat; and truly while my hands were engaged in these things my affections were in heaven, enjoying that love and communion which I had so long been panting after. I did not want to waste my time in bed now, but to rise early, so that I might have a few moments with the Lord before I went down. I felt that he was my Father, and I his adopted child. My soul had many a feast while others were asleep.

A few mornings after this, I awoke, and felt rather cast down, and my heart seemed ready to break, for I thought the dear Lord was going to leave me; but he came, and sweetly assured me he would not leave me comfortless, and again kissed me with the kisses of his mouth.

I was now longing for the next Lord's day to come, that I might boldly enter the chapel. It was the first time for nearly ten months that I had entered without fear that it was the greatest presumption for such a wretch as I. As I sat down by one of the friends, she said, "You have found him?" "Yes," I said, "that I have," and she afterwards told me she could see it in my face. The second hymn that was given out was the 242nd:

"Good hope, through grace, the saints possess," &c.

This was my very soul's experience, and truly I found it good.

In the evening I went again, and again found it very good. After

I got home, I sat down by the fire, meditating on divine things, when these words again came with such power and sweetness that words cannot express:

“O thou bleeding Love divine,” &c.

Never can I forget the view I had of the love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. I was led back to the different parts of the world I had been to; sometimes on the sea, where nothing but water could be seen. Well, I thought, what would a drop of water be dropped there? Why nothing, I thought; yet I felt even this would be more than any other love could be compared to his who shed his own heart's blood to redeem me. But I little knew why he was so sweetly showing me how little all other loves were compared to his. No; but he was preparing me to know it in a painful way, which was little expected by me at this time. I told the Lord I did not want to presume, but I felt assured in my own soul that he had pardoned me and saved me for ever; and entreated him that he would keep me, and never suffer me to have one rebellious feeling against him, after his wonderful goodness to me. “O,” I said, “I do hope, Lord, thou wilt keep me from this, let my trials be what they may.” And I was enabled to commit my body, soul, and circumstances into his hands, to do with me just as he pleased, whether sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, “Thy will be done.”

I went on my way rejoicing. I was singing about the house all day long. My fellow-servants used to say, “Why, we cannot believe it is you;” but I felt if I held my peace the very stones would cry out, and I was obliged to tell them what the Lord had done for me. “O,” I said to one of them, “I am just like a person who was over head and heels in debt, and believed he never could get out of debt, though he worked night and day, and who had found a friend who had come and paid his debt, promising at the same time that he would ever supply all his needs.” This, I said, was just my feeling, and my desire was to

“Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
To point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.”

To some of the elect, the spirit of adoption, or the knowledge of their adoption, is granted sooner than to others of the same family; nevertheless, “every vessel shall be filled.” My soul, canst thou say, “My God,” with humble confidence? and, even though he slay thee, art thou still determined to trust in him? Then why art thou cast down under thy manifold and daily infirmities? Surely, if he be thy God, he cannot but watch over thee every hour, and that for thy good; wean thee from the creature by every dispensation; teach thee caution by every fall, slip, and mistake; hear thy cries out of the low dungeon, and most graciously deliver thee.—*H. Fowler.*

“I WILL BE INQUIRED OF.”

My dear Friend,—I felt much obliged by your last letter, but am sorry to observe that your path still continues very rough. You know him that has said, “Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.” (Isa. xl. 4.) This is a very gracious promise, which he has pledged himself to fulfil in the experience of his people. Observe the words, and particularly remark the cluster of the Almighty God’s “*I wills*” that appear in these verses: “*I will* make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight;” “These things *will I* do unto them, and not forsake them.” (Isa. xlii. 16.) And all this is to be done in answer to prayer, and in no other way that I know of: “For all these things I will be inquired of, that I may do these things for them;” “Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” We have also the promise of the Holy Spirit’s influence as a Spirit of grace and supplication, by which alone we can prevail.

Now this way you have pursued, and this inestimable blessing you have in a measure felt. I am pleased to observe in one part of your letter, that in answer to prayer almost half of your trouble and burden has been removed; and if you have been enabled to glorify him by offering him praise for what he has done, I believe he will in his own good time wholly remove your present trouble. You also observe that you have had seasonable support, and not altogether at times been denied his presence, which shows how faithful he is to his own promise. My Bible lies open at a sweet part: “But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel; fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.” Bless him! this is the thing that secures our salvation in every time of trouble; for being redeemed, we are called by his name and are his. He then goes on, “When thou passest through the waters (of troubles and afflictions) I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee;” and soon adds, “I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour;” “Fear not, for I am with thee.” His presence is as much with us in supporting us in trouble, and in giving us power and ability to wrestle with him in prayer at a throne of grace, as when we are filled with joy and comfort. Only the latter experience is more comfortable to us, and gives us a more full satisfaction that we do enjoy his presence, or that he is with us.

“I will deliver thee.” Dwell upon this; take his own words with you; “put him in remembrance;” tell him that his faithfulness is bound to make his promise good; that it is impossible for him to lie, and that “I will deliver thee” are his own words. Having thus pleaded with him, and encompassed him with his own promise, then keep upon your watch-tower; and though you stand on your watch-tower whole nights, depend upon it, “the vision will speak and will not tarry” one moment beyond God’s appointed time. It is very worthy

of remark that when the time draws near for any mercy to be made known, or for any blessing to be communicated, the Lord's family will be first quickened to feel their need of it, will be enlightened to see it freely promised to them in Christ, and then be led to call for it by prayer. And the power of prayer will be the greatest immediately before the enjoyment of it. Hence we are stirred up earnestly to pray for those blessings given in Christ from everlasting when the set time comes to favour Zion ; and these are enjoyed only in answer to prayer.

The truth of my remarks upon this head will be manifest if you consult Acts i. ii. and iv. Christ bids his disciples not to depart from Jerusalem, but there wait for the promise of the Father, which is explained in Acts i. 8: "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." After this, Christ went up to heaven in a cloud, and they saw him no more. Now, having this great promise, and as it was near to be fulfilled, they went up into an upper room, and all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication; and in answer thereto the Holy Spirit was given or poured forth when the appointed time arrived, as we read in chapter ii.: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," &c. (See also Acts iv. 31.) Thus they prayed for the fulfilment of the Lord's promise, and the Holy Spirit was given in answer. Another instance is that of the deliverance of the children of Israel from the Babylonish captivity, which was for seventy years; but only just at their close was the Spirit of grace and supplications poured out upon Daniel to pray for it; and in answer to prayer they were delivered and returned to their own country. Till the time was up, Daniel never appears to have had the subject impressed upon his mind; which proves what I am endeavouring to set before you, namely, that just before a mercy is to be given or a blessing communicated, the elect of God are led to particularly pray for what the Lord designs to give, and which he will only give in answer to prayer, nor in any other way.

I dwell upon this because I think it important and encouraging; for if we are led by the Spirit, and are attentive to his work upon us, it is a proof of our being the elect of God, and sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Consult Daniel with reference to my observations. (Dan. ix.) Upon this subject I cannot refrain from giving an extract from a worthy author, who puts a question and gives the answer, which run thus:

"*Question.*—If God's providence ordains all things to come to pass according to the immutable law of his purpose, then what necessity is there of prayer? We cannot by our most fervent prayers alter the least circumstance or point in God's decrees. If he

hath so laid the method of his providence in his own counsels as to prepare mercies and blessings for us, our prayers cannot hasten nor mature them before the time; or if he determine by his providence to bring afflictions, our prayers cannot prevent nor adjourn them beyond their prefixed time.

Answer.—The divine Providence does not only ordain what effects shall come to pass, but also by what means and causes, and in what order they shall flow. God hath appointed, as the effect itself, so the means to accomplish it. Now prayer is a means to bring to pass that which God hath determined shall be. We do not pray out of hope to alter God's eternal purposes, but we pray to obtain that which God hath ordained to be obtained by our prayers. We ask, that hereby we may be fit to receive what God hath from all eternity determined to give by prayer, and not otherwise. And therefore when we lie under any affliction, if we languish under any pain or sickness, if we are pinched by want or poverty, if we are oppressed by the injuries and persecutions of others, prayer is necessary, because, as God by his providence hath brought these things upon us, so likewise the same providence may have determined not to remove them till we are made earnestly and fervently to pray for our deliverance from them. And therefore, when God had promised great mercies to the Jews, he tells them by the prophet Ezekiel, (xxxvi. 37,) 'Yet will I for all this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.' Prayer therefore doth not incline God to bestow that which before he was not inclined to give, but capacitates us to receive that which God will not give otherwise." So much for a good old author.

As our good God is the Creator of all things; as he is the Sustainer and Upholder of all things in their being which he has created, so he governs and provides for all his creatures according to that proportion or stature which he has determined and fixed according to his sovereign will and eternal purpose. Hence, is one rich? God makes him so. Is another poor? God himself makes him so; for "He maketh poor and he maketh rich." Under this divine disposal, it is therefore asked, "Which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?" It is impossible to make any change in the Lord's appointment. As therefore all things are of God in number, weight, and measure, whether adversity in all its branches, or prosperity in all its branches, latitude, or meaning, may our heavenly Father enable you and enable me to set him always before us; to lie passive in his hands; to be resigned to his will; to submit to all his dispensations without murmuring or repining. For as he is infinite in wisdom, he alone can guide us in a right way to heaven; as he is almighty in power, none but he can save us from all our enemies; as he is full of compassion, he can sympathise with us; as he is abundant in goodness, and has loved us with an everlasting love, he will most assuredly make all things work together for the eternal good of our souls; and having given us his best gift, even his dear Son, and blessed us with communion and fellowship with him, by life, by light, by love, by pardon, by righteousness, by peace, by godly sorrow, by repentance, by joy, and by the witness of the Spirit of

adoption in our hearts, how "shall he not with him also freely give us all things" pertaining to this world? His word is, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This is "the word of our God, which shall stand for ever." God grant, therefore, that your faith may be strengthened, that you may not cast away your confidence, but that it may be strong in the promises as suitable to your case; and that the needed blessing contained in them may be granted to the joy of your heart. You have an interest in my poor prayers. We are all exhorted to pray for and love one another, and so to fulfil the law of Christ. This is one branch of the communion of saints, is a proof of our love to each other, and manifests us to be the children of God: "For by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." May this increase in us more and more, if the Lord's blessed will! And may we have that real spiritual humility which teaches us to esteem all others in the household of faith better than ourselves. Blessed with such principles and influences as these, we shall be preserved from that "pride" which "goeth before destruction," and from that "haughty spirit" which precedes "a fall." Those that I ever wish for my companions and friends are such as are little in their own eyes, mean in their own opinion, sensible of their own insufficiency for everything that is good, and who really take the lowest room. These are my favourites, and such as I esteem the excellent of the earth; but, alas! how few their number! The strife among professors now is who shall be the greatest; which proves to me beyond any doubt that the church is low and in a low state, and that there is but a very small portion of the Spirit of God enjoyed by the favourites of heaven. And things will get worse and worse. Popery must prevail; and till that is over, there will be no truly glorious times for the church.

I have often had thoughts of replying to two letters sent forth from the press against me upon my publishing the Doctor's* farewell sermon; and, if time permit, I mean to offer my opinion upon several things in a series of letters to the friends at Grantham, which if I do, you will probably see them.

Let me hear from you soon that I may know your state. One passage of Scripture so hangs upon my mind that I must mention it: "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them. How much more are ye better than the fowls!" (Luke xii. 24. See also Job xxxviii. 41, and Ps. cxlvii. 9.) How wonderful the providence of God, which is over all his creatures! and therefore how much more over the objects of his choice and the subjects of his everlasting love! O! of what little faith are we! Ravens that are supplied by the daily bounties of heaven have no storehouse nor barn to lay up a store for the future, so as to become independent of their Creator. No; they live upon the continual bounties of heaven, and God provideth for the raven its food; God feedeth them; and if so, "How

* Mr. Huntington.

much better are we than the fowls!" In meditating upon this, how ashamed I feel of my unbelief, of my anxiety, and distrust in the providence of the Almighty. Though he feedeth the ravens that cry, yet at times I cannot believe that he will feed me, though so much better than the fowls. How dishonourable to God is an evil heart of unbelief, and how injurious to the peace and comfort of our souls!

I have lately been reading thirty-seven letters of an old divine that have pleased me much. Speaking of strength being given equal to our day, in one letter, he says, "He will not send thee into a wood to fell an oak with a penknife. When he calls thee to the work thou never *didst*, he will give thee strength thou never *hadst*." And with his words I conclude my letter: "Now the Lord of his infinite mercy put his Spirit into this dead letter for the quickening of your soul; and I beseech him to make it effectual for your eternal good." I commend you to God and the word of his grace, and rest,

Yours very affectionately in Christ,

London, Dec. 20th, 1820.

CHRIST. GOLDING.

[Mr. Golding was a friend and hearer of Mr. Huntington, and was generally considered a man of choice experience and spirit.—Ed.]

"IRON SHARPENETH IRON; SO A MAN SHARPENETH THE COUNTENANCE OF HIS FRIEND."

My dear Friend,—Great grace rest on you, my beloved aged brother in the Lord. Whereas it has now been some considerable time since I received an epistle from you, my soul begins to feel stirred up within me, with a desire to know how it still is with you, in the best sense of the word. I hear from our D— friends that you are still alive; but to be alive in Christ and lively also is most blessed. A soul may be alive and not lively. I have proved this. That my aged brother is alive in Jesus I feel no doubt. O, my dear friend, my very heart and soul now weep, while I am writing, with joy for the blessedness connected with this favour; for the dead cannot quicken their own souls; and to live and die "dead in trespasses and sins," is awful indeed. As the tree falls, so it must lie; but who can bear to lie in everlasting burnings? Therefore does my soul rejoice, in hope that my brother is quickened and called of God, as was Abraham. I think I may speak for him, and say he is not so lively, in the best things, as he could wish. Where is there a quickened soul that is? I am sure I am not, and never shall be, till I am free from sin and all its effects for ever, and safe with Christ above.

This is the summing up of the whole matter in every epistle of mine, to be with Christ and sin no more. Because my whole soul, with all her powers, desires it, and is pressing forward still, with an "if so be I may, by any means, attain," to obtain the blessedness of this blessed end. Therefore I cannot help bringing every subject to this conclusion. And the more blessed is this theme, this thought,

this hope to my soul, the more precious I feel Christ to be, and the more of the joys of heaven I enjoy. The heavier I feel sin to be, the more I pant to rest therefrom for ever. The more I know of Christ, the more I want to know, and the more I long to be with him above. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man the countenance of his friend." This my soul can testify with a witness.

None can call Jesus Lord (aright) but by the Holy Ghost. He dwells in my heart, and inspires me so to call him. How do I know the Holy Ghost dwells in my heart? By the blessed effects I feel therein produced. What are those effects? The following are a few of the effects thereof, among many others too numerous to mention. 1. *The life of God felt within.* The life of God it proves to be. His power alone bade and made me live, and my soul lives on and in God, the Christ of God, and upon all the faithful sayings that proceed out of his mouth; nor without him, the enjoyment of his love, his presence, himself, can I live. 2. *My life, my soul's affections are bound up in Christ;* and the life of his love, blood, and grace felt within is the life of my spirit. 3. *The mystery of iniquity felt working within my heart.* As it is written, "What shall ye see in the Shunamite but, as it were, the company of two armies?" "But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ; so that with my mind I serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin." Blessed be God for enabling me to make this distinction. This mystery of iniquity now revealed within, once I felt, and knew not; but now I feel it working in my heart; and it will work there till God takes the old man of sin out of the way. Hence are my groanings, and sighings, and cryings, and repentings, and bitter bewailings, and lamentations, and sorrows daily increasing. But now and then a look to yonder promised rest above gives me most wonderful relief, and breaks my heart outright in hope, and melts and crumbles me down in the dust before him in love. 4. *The mystery of faith in a pure conscience.* Divine faith wrought within my heart, felt there, apprehending a precious Christ, the sum and substance of all things I hope for here and above, and flying to the fountain of his blood. My soul and conscience lose all their guilt, and misery, and woe beneath that pardoning, cleansing, healing flood, and read the mystery of love therein, made plain in tears of holy triumph and joy. And thus I prove what the mystery of faith in a pure conscience is. 5. *The mystery of godliness,* the mystery of redeeming love of a living faith in exercise, of godly repentance, of Christ revealed in my heart the hope of glory. 6. *The divine help afforded me,* and the consolations of the Spirit which do so often comfort my soul; together with his many quickenings, and enlightenings, and revelations; these, and a thousand other witnesses, testify within my breast that the Holy Ghost does in very deed dwell in my heart. I need not the testimony of man; the testimony of God is greater.

Therefore am I still encouraged to call this dear Man my Jesus, my Lord, and my God. Therefore do I feel assured that this is the same Jesus who died on Calvary for me, and for you, my brother,

and for the whole election of grace, and not for one beside, let men say what they will; the self-same Jesus who, as the eternal Word, the great I AM, left his throne in glory, and became incarnate, God and Man in One Person for ever, the Babe of Bethlehem, Immanuel, Jesus, He who lived, and died, and rose again, and who ascended, in sight of his astonished disciples, to his glory, and who will descend ere long to judge the world, and to be admired of by my wondering eyes and soul, and thine, and by all who believe. These things my soul does really believe. In him, with weeping, I now believe with joy. My soul loves, admires, and adores him below, and covets communion with him above all things beside, and esteems it far sweeter than life itself, and craves the like favour above. Nor do I feel any fears of being disappointed.

"My Beloved is mine and I am his;" "Thy voice is sweet, and thy countenance is comely;" "therefore do the virgins love thee;" "He is all over and altogether lovely." So sang the church of old, and so sings my soul now. I have heard his voice, and know the sound when I hear it again. I have felt his pardoning mercy and blood, and do well remember the feelings it brings, and the effects it produces. I have seen him by faith, and can bear witness now for myself with holy writ, and say, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

He says, "Henceforth I call you not servants but friends." O what condescension is this! The Lord of life and glory to call us his friends! to be a guest with sinners! And what a mercy it is to be enabled feelingly to make the claim. He that would have friends must first show himself friendly. Many acts and tokens of his loving-kindness have I proved, both in providence and in grace, and do still prove, and receive at his dear hands, and am often permitted to be very free and familiar with him withal. Therefore do I begin to believe I am his friend, and I know he is mine. O how blessed to prove him to be a Friend in trouble, a Friend in time of need! That is a friend indeed. And that the Lord has been and still is to me. Bless his dear name, I love him for it, and hope to praise him for ever, and to sing his love in death and to all eternity.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so does his countenance my soul." Sin often flattens, and dulls, and wounds my spirits; the cares of the world often flatten, and dull, and wound my spirits; the anxieties of an affectionate partner and parent often depress me to the extreme; my manifold infirmities flatten, and dull, and wound my spirits sore; but when by faith I can look to Jesus, and commit all my cares and concerns to him, and trust in him, and catch a glimpse of his glory withal, all things are presently put right and straight, and my soul and countenance wear a different aspect. Gloom is turned to cheerfulness; sadness to holy joy; my mourning into comfort; my tears of sorrow into tears of solemn pleasure and sacred joy; and all the powers of my soul are sharpened with love to Jesus afresh; and I sing, as I press forward, "A precious Christ is mine, and I am his, and heaven is mine; the covenant is ordered well; all things are ordered well, and sure."

Thus my unbelief is put to the blush, my faith strengthened, and Christ again becomes the health of my countenance. O blessed spot this to arrive at! But O the soul travail and hard labour that is endured before one reaches that sacred place, the feeling embraces of his love, no tongue can tell nor pen can describe! And when there arrived, how soon the heavenly vision is gone, through the deceitfulness of sin and my wicked heart! Then down I come, thus to travail and labour hard again to obtain the like favour, and roar aloud with bitter bewailings and anguish of spirit, and refuse to be comforted, because my best Beloved hides his face. At length he appears, and says, "It is I; be not afraid." Then my soul, again catching a sight of his smiling countenance, flies through hosts of cares, and woes, and sins, and sorrows, and men, and devils, into his arms; and weeps and tells him all about the matter, how it wounds and pierces my heart thus to sin against him, and yet I cannot help it! And how it is worse than death to me for him to leave off to commune with me, and to hide his face from me, and I beg of him not to deny me this favour again, nor to let me sin against him again, henceforth and for ever!

Thus are my days spent, and my years slide away as a tale that is told; and I am not satisfied. Mine is a groaning, sorrowful life; but I would not have it otherwise if I could; for I feel such sacred solemn sweetness mingled with the pain that often makes my very heart to dance and sing for joy, and my eyes to overflow with tears. And the more does this comfort my soul the nearer I feel my latter end to be approaching, to find my feelings so exactly correspond with the mind, and word, and will of God. The Spirit says, "There is no other name given among men," (but the name of Jesus,) "whereby a sinner must, or can, be saved." And I want no other. His name, and Person, and work, and honour are dear to me beyond expression. And my soul can completely rely upon and trust my eternal all in and on him, his finished work, death, and merits alone for salvation. He assures me there is no other sacrifice for sin but his. And I am sure I do not want, nor am looking for or to any other. His one, all-sufficient sacrifice I have felt, and now feel is for ever sufficient for me. Faith in his atoning blood still removes all guilt and fear from my conscience, and proclaims peace, and pardon, and liberty therein, and proves I am sealed up to the day of redemption, and thereby witnesses that his sacrifice is sufficient for me, without any other. And God says there is no other. So herein we are agreed. Jesus says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace." The peace of God enjoyed in my conscience makes my soul rejoice that it is so, and causes me to be patient in tribulation, and bear and endure all things with joy, in hope of the promised rest above. The Lord says, "Ye" (namely, the heirs of glory) "must enter the kingdom." My soul, with weeping, says, Amen; and cries, "Come, Lord Jesus, fulfil and accomplish all thy will in, by, and through me below, and take me to thyself, to live and reign with thee and thine in thy kingdom above for ever, to sin no more."

Suffice these few instances to show you, my brother, that my feel-

ings do accord with the mind, and word, and will of God. O how this does comfort and melt my heart! and the more so as I feel my trembling tabernacle to give way. It is written, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." My soul was made willing many years ago, and still feels willing the same, to accept of salvation in the way that God designs to give it; have really received, felt, and enjoyed it in my heart; and do now really receive it, feel it, and enjoy it on those terms, all of grace, and not of works; and do now also feel willing to bear the cross, in hope of wearing the crown, to spend and be spent for Christ and his cause; to serve, love, and honour him with all my powers below, and do rejoice in hope of glorifying him for ever above.

Pardon me for this ramble, for I do not know how far yet my feelings would still lead me on, had I time sufficient. May the presence of Jesus sharpen our countenances, and comfort our souls, amidst the sorrows of the way; may many tastes of the Paschal Lamb sharpen our appetites to crave more of the sweet enjoyment thereof; may faith's views of the heavenly communion above deaden us more and more to things below; and his love mingled with all the trials that here we endure sharpen our hatred to sin, our love to Jesus, and our desires to be with him, to rest from sin and all its effects for evermore at his dear feet, there to behold his glories without a veil between, and praise him as our souls do crave to all eternity.

Bedworth, April 3rd, 1847.

G. T. C.

REVIEW.

A Warning to Ministers; or, The Dangers incident to the Ministerial Office. A Fragment, by Jonathan R. Anderson, Minister of Knox's Church, Glasgow.

A Day in Knox's Free Church, Glasgow; being Notes of Lecture and Sermon Delivered 12th Oct., 1851, by J. R. Anderson.

John Knox Tracts.

Many circumstances have concurred to stamp on Scotland a peculiar character, both naturally and religiously. Its northern position, isolating it from the great centres of civilisation; the free, valorous spirit of its natives, generated and maintained by its long struggles in ancient times to preserve its independence against England; its division into two originally distinct nations, speaking two different languages, and occupying two physically distinct districts, the Teutonic race being settled in the Lowlands and speaking Scotch, and the Celtic occupying the Highlands and speaking Gaelic; its wild mountainous scenery in the north, and its fertile vales in the south and south-west—all have concurred to render the Scotch a peculiar people. Shrewdness and thrift, industry and perseverance, have long favourably distinguished them from the natives of the opposite isle.

But nothing has so stamped a distinct character on the Scottish people as the Reformation, which in Scotland was far more sweeping, general, and complete than in any other country of Europe. From this dates Scotland's glory. Till the light of truth penetrated her mountains

and dales, she lay a rude chaos of strife and confusion, war and bloodshed. But since that period she has been, as regards the things of God, in many respects, a highly-favoured country. John Knox, Rutherford, Halyburton, the two Erskines, and many others less known by name, were, each in his day and generation, burning and shining lights; and the torch of truth, borne aloft in their hands, has cast its rays far and wide.

But Scotland has, for many years, far departed from her ancient glory. The lamp in the sanctuary burns dim; the salt has lost its savour; the body retains its shape and proportions, but, struck with paralysis, lies helpless on its death bed. Religion has still its name and place in Scotland's head, but it has much died out of Scotland's heart.

It has struck our mind that it might not be uninteresting, in connection with the little works at the head of this article, to present a slight sketch of the present religious state of Scotland. But as its present state is inseparably connected with its past, we trust we shall be excused if we first enter into some historical details, as it is well nigh impossible to understand the peculiar features of Scotch profession without some little acquaintance with its religious history.

The abuses of Popery before the Reformation were perhaps greater in Scotland than in any country of Europe. Full half the wealth of the nation was in the hands of the clergy, who were characterised in the higher ranks by pride, ambition, profligacy, and sloth, and in the lower by the densest ignorance and superstition. Besides the *secular* clergy, as the bishops, vicars, and curates were called, the land swarmed with *regular* clergy, the monks and friars of more than a dozen orders, many of whom lived on mendicancy, and wandered about the country preaching the most absurd and ridiculous legends. ⁽¹⁾ Besides the amount of alms thus obtained by the mendicant orders, the exactions of the secular clergy who occupied the parishes, were particularly obnoxious; for besides the church lands and tithes, the latter of which were particularly felt in a poor country like Scotland, claims were continually made by the incumbents of parishes which were most galling and oppressive. As one instance, we may mention that, when a farmer or labourer died, however small his property might be, the vicar could demand of the widow or surviving family what was called a *corps-present*; ⁽²⁾ i. e., the best cow which belonged to the deceased, and the uppermost cloth or covering of his bed, or the uppermost of his body clothes. Besides this, there were fees for interment, and the sums necessary to offer masses for getting his soul out of purgatory. A volume indeed would be required to describe the abominations and corruptions of Popery, with their attendant exactions and oppressions, under which Scotland groaned. But soon after Luther had, with the blessing of God, lighted up the blazing torch of the Reformation in Germany, some sparks were wafted to the Scottish shore: No sooner, however, did the doctrines of the Reformation begin (about A. D. 1526) to penetrate that country, than persecution started up, as an armed giant, to stifle the rising flame. Patrick Hamilton, Scotland's first martyr, was burnt by Archbishop Beaton at St. Andrew's, Feb. 28th, 1528. ⁽³⁾ From his funeral pile, however, as from that of Latimer and Ridley afterwards in England, a fire burnt up which soon illuminated the whole of Scotland. ⁽⁴⁾ But from 1530 to 1546 the flames of persecution fiercely raged. Henry Forrest was burnt at St. Andrew's, 1530, for possessing a copy of the New Testament, and for asserting that Patrick Hamilton was a martyr. Norman Gourley was burnt at Greenside, near Edinburgh, because, being a priest, he was married. At a somewhat later period, Cardinal Beaton burnt George Wishart at St. Andrew's, in

defiance of the Regent and the civil power;⁽⁵⁾ hanged at Perth four men for eating a goose in Lent; and had a young woman drowned (Knox says with her babe at her breast) because in childbed she did not pray to the Virgin Mary and the saints.⁽⁶⁾ Many to save their lives fled. Still the Reformation grew and spread far and wide, till about 1540 many of the nobility embraced it. A struggle now commenced to throw off Popery altogether, which, with many alternations, ultimately proved successful. The Reformation in Scotland was much more sweeping and complete than in this country. Not only was Popery put down with a high hand, but the very frame of the episcopal church, as a national establishment, was overthrown, root and branch. Not to weary our readers with historical details, we will merely observe that John Knox was the chief instrument employed in this work, which was singularly favoured by the providential dispensations of God. In the year 1557, John Knox, then residing at Geneva, was invited into Scotland by the Protestant nobility.⁽⁷⁾ In May, 1559, he arrived at Edinburgh, and, in the following June, made his memorable visit to St. Andrew's, where he preached for four successive days against the errors and abominations of Popery with such power and effect, that the parish church was stripped of its pictures and images, the monasteries pulled down, and the reformed worship unanimously set up. From this point, as a spiritual focus, in the course of a few weeks, at Stirling, Cupar, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, the monasteries were demolished, and the reformed worship established. It is not our purpose to dwell on these points, except as bearing on our subject. We shall, therefore, merely observe that the reformed worship was, in the year 1560, established by the Scottish Parliament, and Scotland became thenceforward a Protestant nation.

John Knox was undoubtedly a most eminent man, possessed of a large measure of gifts and grace, but he and his coadjutors seem to have committed one great mistake, which has had a wonderful influence on their native country. This mistake, we believe, was the identifying the Kirk of Scotland with the Church of Christ. Churches are assemblies called out of the world—not the world Christianised. The Kirk of Scotland was set up on the Presbyterian model, first adopted by Calvin at Geneva. Knox was in that city several years, and brought thence to Scotland the pattern of the Geneva church. Those who know the history of Calvin's troubles at Geneva need not be informed of the difficulties that he had to encounter in his endeavour to mould an ungodly city into the semblance of a church of Christ. But when this system was applied to all Scotland, when parishes were considered branches of the Kirk, and therefore little churches of Christ, it is evident that a mistake was made at the outset. Considering the peculiar features of the times, it was perhaps impossible to act otherwise; but it has produced singular effects, both for good and evil.

To bring this more vividly before our mind, let us take an English parish. Put down the episcopal service, place in the pulpit a minister who can pray and preach consistently with truth; nay, advance one step further, let him be a man really possessed of grace, and let him deal with his parishioners as if they were a part of the flock of Christ. The whole of the New Testament must be distorted and perverted to make such a system work. We are well aware that the Scotch ministers were sensible, deeply, painfully sensible, of the unconverted state of the greater part of the flock; and that, holding as they did so firmly the doctrine of election, they must have been convinced that the majority would live and die so. But viewing, as they did, the Kirk of Scotland as the Church of Christ, whereas, with all its purity of doctrines and forms, it was after all but a National Establishment, they were

entangled at every step with this dragging chain. The Scotch ministers were, for the most part, men of unequalled devotedness, and the greatest precautions were used to have none but godly men. But how could they turn a parish into a church of Christ? They might warn, threaten, excommunicate, preach, and pray with the greatest fervour and zeal, and might reap a rich harvest of souls, but they could not wash the Ethiopian white, nor make the leopard change his spots. This they deeply felt; and the singular consequence was, that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, generally speaking, is administered in Scotland but once a year. ⁽⁸⁾ For this every preparation was made, and necessarily so; for what an amount of warning and exhortation was needful to bring up the parishioners in a fit state to receive it! ⁽⁹⁾ It was not with them as it is with the gospel churches in England—a church gathered from a congregation, but the congregation, with certain exceptions, gathered into the church. ⁽¹⁰⁾ What an amount of sifting was therefore needful to bring out the pure wheat. We understand that in Scotland, even now, before the Lord's Supper is administered, the warnings from the ministers not to approach the table unworthily are most fervent. All this may be inseparable from the system; but one thing is evident, that, as far as the Lord's people are concerned, it must generate a great spirit of bondage, and make the Lord's Supper rather a duty to be performed with a burdened conscience than a blessed privilege, where the Lord himself sits and says, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;" and that, with every precaution, hundreds sit down who are dead in unregeneracy.

It may seem presumptuous in us, so far inferior to those gracious men who bore the burden and heat of the day, to censure their views; but that which is wanting cannot be numbered, and what is not according to God's revealed word must be censured. A foundation error once established necessarily ran through the whole of their ministry. Thus the sweet sound of gospel grace, though, in the doctrine of it, none could be more clear, was almost necessarily mingled by them with the harsh tones of the law. One mistake involves others. Infant sprinkling was the universal practice, and the law as a rule of life the universal doctrine. ⁽¹¹⁾ The assumption that a minister's flock was his parish necessarily leavened his ministry; and as, of course, the far greater part were unconverted, it became viewed a part of his duty to labour till they were brought to repentance.

This mingling in the same fold of sheep and goats, and considering the whole as one flock, has singularly affected Scotland. It has made it, at least till of late years, the most religious country professedly in the world. It has moralised the land in a most remarkable manner, spread one creed all through the country, inculcated and effected a habit of attending public worship to a degree elsewhere unknown, sanctified the Lord's day almost into the literal strictness of the Jewish Sabbath; in a word, made religion so popular, and at the same time so universally indispensable, that a person with any character to maintain dares hardly not be religious. A correspondent from Scotland, in a private letter, speaking of the general profession there, lately made use of this expression, "*We are all church.*" Doubtless wonderful good was done in restraining open evil, and shaming down gross transgression, though, with all this outward reformation, in numberless instances the banked up stream would flow into the hidden channel of hypocrisy and self-deceit, and in others would swell all the higher in secret indulgence. But admitting all this, there is every reason to believe that from generation to generation a harvest of souls has been gathered into the kingdom of God.

The Kirk, too, in former days, had to pass through the hot fires of persecution. The unsuccessful attempts of Charles I. to force the English liturgy upon the Scottish nation, and the dreadful persecutions of the Covenanters in the reign of Charles II. are well known. But her sufferings only the more endeared the Kirk to the hearts of the Scottish people, till she became almost the national idol.

One bone of contention, however, has always existed in Scotland since the Kirk became a National Establishment—what is called the right of *lay patronage*; that is, the right claimed by the landed proprietors to appoint their own nominees to the vacant livings. In the first Scottish Parliament which met after the Revolution (A.D. 1690), the right of lay-patronage was abolished; but it was revived in 1712, and though for some years both patrons and ministers were disinclined to avail themselves of the resuscitated law, the face of matters soon changed. A strong party among the clergy favoured the claims of the lay-patrons; and to such an extent were these claims frequently carried, that instances occurred where the nominee of the lay patron was inducted into the living under a file of soldiers, and, when the parishioners barred the door, has been introduced into the pulpit through the window. This siding of a strong party in the General Assembly (as the highest Ecclesiastical Court in Scotland is called) with the lay-patrons, combined with their defection from the truth and their worldly spirit in other matters, has produced, at two different periods, separated from each other by somewhat more than a century, two most important disruptions, that have, in their issue, torn the Kirk asunder. The first was the secession of Ebenezer Erskine, with three other ministers, in 1733, laying thereby the foundation of what is called "The Secession Church," which from that time went on increasing, until, in 1839, it numbered 357 ministers and more than 260,000 persons. The other event took place about eleven or twelve years ago, when Parliament having decided in favour of lay patronage, a secession from the Kirk took place, embracing, we believe, more than two-thirds of the ministers in quantity, and undoubtedly the best and most devoted in quality. These formed themselves into "The Free Church." Many and great have been their privations and sufferings. They had to leave their comfortable *manse*s (as the parsonage houses are called in Scotland) and preferments; and as the great landed proprietors almost universally refused them sites to erect new churches upon, they had to meet, like the ancient Covenanters, under hill sides, and beneath the shadow of tents. The last grievance has, we believe, lately been much diminished; but it is certain that the salt of Scotland is in the Free Church, for the best of the people seceded with their ministers.

Yet Scotland is in a singular position. Two events have indeed sadly marred her ancient religious character in her once most favoured districts, the Western Lowlands, where the Covenanters were anciently most strong. These are 1, the amazing increase of trade and manufactures at Glasgow and on the banks of the Clyde; and 2, the immigration of the low Irish into the manufacturing towns, who here, as elsewhere, have brought with them, undiminished and undiminishing, their Popery, their drunkenness, their quarrels, and their dirt. Glasgow, the second town for population in the British Isles, is said to be the most drunken city perhaps in the world.

Experimental truth is, generally speaking, in Scotland at the lowest ebb. A sound creed, at least of dry, hard Calvinism, generally prevails, but of experimental truth there is little or none. Mr. Anderson, of Glasgow, is an exception, as we hope to show when we notice his works; but a friend of ours, a man that well knew and loved the truth, some years ago assured us that he had wandered from church

to church, and from chapel to chapel, both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and could find nothing, absolutely nothing, to feed his soul. We have heard also our departed friend, J. M'Kenzie, himself a Scotchman, express the poorest opinion of Scotch profession. A dry, cold, hard, metaphysical religion has frozen up the people. The corpse is well dressed, and laid out in its satin-lined coffin; but it is a corpse still; and if there be occasionally twitches, as though life were in it, they are but the result of pulpit galvanism. All is soon motionless as before. What life there is, is, we understand, chiefly in the Highlands, among the population who speak Gaelic, miserably poor as regards worldly things, and widely scattered. They are men singular for their fervent prayers, such as in England we have little conception of. But, with these exceptions, torpor and death reign under a general profession, and Scotland's ancient glory has departed.

We have been struck with the little works of Mr. Anderson at the head of this article, and hope, in a following number, to give some extracts from them. An apology meanwhile is required for introducing so much mere historical and preliminary matter; but we were desirous to show a little of the religious state of a land so intimately connected with our own, by way of introduction to the works named at the head of our Review.

NOTES.

(1) The bishops in Popish times never preached, and the secular clergy very rarely. The preaching, such as it was, was almost wholly confined to the monks, and those chiefly of the mendicant orders, who went about the country, relating from the pulpits legendary tales of the saints, and especially of the founder of their order, such as his long fasts, bodily conflicts with Satan, innumerable miracles, severe flagellations, and corporeal austerities, interlarded sometimes with jokes and mirthful anecdotes, and generally winding up with sending round the begging box for the good of the monastery and order to which the preaching friar belonged.

(2) Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, whose writings had an immense effect in Scotland in overturning Popery, thus satirises the practice of *corpe present*. We have somewhat modernised the spelling:

"Sir, by what law, tell me wherefore, or why,
That a vicar should take from me three kye, (cows)?
One for my father, and for my wife another,
And the third cow he took for Mald, my mother.
* * * * *
And as to the vicar, as I trow,
He will not fail to take a cow
And upmost cloth, though babes thame ban (there be),
From a poor *seely* (simple) husbandman,
When that he lies for til de (to die),
Having small lairns two or three.
And his three kye, withoutin mo (any more),
The vicar must have one of tho (thera),
With the gray cloak that happis (covers) the bed,
Howbeit that he be poorly clad;
And if the wife die on the morn,
Though all the babes should be forlorn,
The other cow he cleikis (steals) away,
With her poor coat of roplock gray;
And if, within two days or three,
The eldest child happens to de (die),
Of the third cow he will be sure.
When he has all them under his cure,
And father and mother both are dead,
Beg must the babes without remeid (remedy)."

(3) To show what in those days it was death to hold, we make the following quotation:—"Patrick Hamilton was accused of teaching 'that the corruption of sin remains in children after baptism; that no man by the power of his free-will can do any good; that no man is without sin so long as he liveth; that every true Christian may know himself to be in a state of grace; that a man is not justified by works, but by faith only; that good works make not a good man, but that a good man doeth good works, and an ill man ill works, although these ill works, if truly repented, do not make an ill man; that faith, hope, and charity are so linked together that he who hath one of them hath all, and he that lacketh one lacketh all; that God is the cause of sin in this sense, that he withdraweth his grace from man, and grace being withdrawn, he cannot but sin; that it is devilish doctrine to teach that, by an actual penance, remission of sin is purchased; that auricular confession is not necessary to salvation; that there is no purgatory; that the holy patriarchs were in heaven before Christ's passion; that the Pope is Antichrist; and that every priest hath as much power as he."

(4) The effect of the martyrdom of Patrick Hamilton was so great, that it is related "one John Lindsay, a plain man, who attended the bishop, gave his advice to burn Forrest in some hollow cellar, for 'the smoke,' said he, 'of Mr. Patrick Hamilton hath infected all those on whom it blew.'"

(5) It is reported that, when Wishart was in the middle of the flames, he looked up to a window where the cardinal was sitting, and expressed himself as follows: "This fire hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit; but he, who from yonder place beholdeth us with so much pride, shall soon lie in the same as ignominiously as he is now seen proudly reposing."

(6) After Cardinal Beaton had burnt Wishart, he proceeded to the Abbey of Arbroath to celebrate the marriage of his eldest daughter by Marion Ogilvy, with whom he had long lived in scandalous concubinage, and there with infamous effrontery gave her in marriage to the eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, and with her 4000 marks of dowry. But Wishart's prophesy soon came to pass. On May 29th, 1546, just two months after the death of Wishart, Cardinal Beaton was put to death in his own chamber by a party headed by Norman Leslie, and his dead body was hanged out of the same window from which he beheld Wishart's execution.

(7) John Knox preached in Scotland before this, as the following interesting letter of his to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes, shows:—

"The wayis of man ar not in his awn power. Albeit my journey toward Scotland, belovit mother, was maist contrarious to my awn judgment, befor I did interpryse the same; yet this day I prais God for thame wha was the cause external of my resort to theis quarteris; that is, I praise God in you and for you, whome he maid the instrument to draw me frome the den of my awn eas, (you allane did draw me from the rest of quyet studie,) to contemplat and behold the fervent thirst of oure brethrene, night and day sobbing and gronyng for the breid of lyfe. Gif I had not sene it with my eis, in my awn contry, I culd not have believit it! I praisit God, when I was with you, perceaving that in the middis of Sodome, God had mo Lottis than one, and mo faithful dechteris than twa. But the fervencie heir doth far exceed all utheris that I have seen. And thairfoir ye sall paeientlie bear, altho' I spend heir yet sum dayis; for depart I cannot unto sic tyme as God quenche thair thirst a litill. Yea, mother, thair fervencie doith sa ravische me, that I cannot but accūs and condemn my sleuthful coldness. God grant thame thair hartis desyre; and I pray you adverteis (me) of your estait, and of thingis that have occurit sence your last wryting. Comfort yourself in Godis promissis, and be assureit that God steiris up mo friendis than we be war of. My commendation to all in your company. I commit you to the protection of the Omnipotent. In great haist. The 4th of November, 1555. From Scotland. Your son, JOHN KNOX."

(8) The Secession Church has been accustomed to celebrate the Lord's Supper in many of their congregations four times a year, and in the remainder twice.

(9) "Some time before the Lord's Supper takes place, it is announced from the pulpit. The week before, the Kirk session meets, and draws up a list of all the communicants of the parish, according to the minister's examination-book, and the testimony of the elders and deacons. According to this list, tickets are delivered to each communicant, if desired, and the ministers and elders also give tickets to strangers who bring sufficient testimonials. None are allowed to communicate without such tickets, which are produced at the table. Those who have never received the Lord's Supper are instructed by the minister, and by themselves, in the nature of the Sacraments, and taught what is the proper preparation thereunto. The Wednesday or Thursday before, there is a solemn feast, and on the Saturday there are two preparatory sermons. On Sunday morning, after singing and prayer as usual, the minister of the parish preaches a suitable sermon; and when the ordinary worship is ended, he, in the name of Jesus Christ, forbids the unworthy to approach, and invites the penitent to come and receive the sacrament. Then he goes into the body of the church, where one or two tables, according to its width, are placed, reaching from one end to the other, covered with a white linen cloth, and seats on both sides for the communicants. The minister places himself at the end or middle of the table. After a short discourse, he reads the institution, and blesses the elements; then he breaks the bread, and distributes it and the wine to those that are next him, who transmit them to their neighbours; the elders and deacons attending to serve and see that the whole is performed with decency and order. Whilst these communicate, the minister discourses on the nature of the sacrament; and the whole is concluded with singing and prayer. The minister then returns to the pulpit and preaches a sermon. The morning service ended, the congregation are dismissed for an hour; after which the usual afternoon service is performed. On the Monday morning there is public worship, with two sermons; and these, properly speaking, close the communion service."

(10) In 1839, the Secession Church embraced a population, young and old, of 261,345. Of these there were 126,070 communicants. The average number of the congregations was 730, and the average number of communicants was 349. Now deducting children (and the number of scholars in the Sabbath schools was 37,802) it would make at least two-thirds of the congregation attendants on the Lord's Supper, and this in the Secession Church, confessedly much stricter than the Established Kirk.

(11) In the Confession of Faith drawn up by John Knox and adopted by the Kirk is this article on infant baptism: "We assuredly believe that by baptism we are engrafted into Jesus Christ, to be made partakers of his justice, (righteousness,) by the which our sins are covered and remitted." This does not much differ from the second answer in the Church of England catechism.

I find that the saints in the sorest troubles have been constrained to make the boldest claims on their covenant God and Father. Like the man who has property in the bank, when large demands are made upon him, he is obliged to draw from his bank to answer his present demands; but perilous is the situation of that man who, when large and lawful demands are made upon him, has no resources. More perilous still the situation of the man who has no God to fly unto in trouble. "The sorrow of this world worketh death." Alas! how many have we known, who, notwithstanding a long and blazing profession, have sunk under some sore trial, and have given up the Ghost without any apparent hope in God. My soul, above all things see how matters stand between thee and thy God. Build not upon the deepest knowledge thou hast had of thy sin; no, nor upon any lively frame, unless that joyful frame arises from a faith's view of thy interest in the rich grace of Christ Jesus.—*H. Fowler.*

OBITUARY.

MR. G. BROADBRIDGE, OF FAVERSHAM, KENT.

My dear Friend,—I write to communicate to you the intelligence of the death of our mutual friend, Mr. Broadbridge, which event took place yesterday morning at twenty minutes past three.

His constitution, as perhaps you were aware, had been breaking up for the last two years, and though it was the opinion of myself and others that his departure was nigh at hand, yet we did not expect it so suddenly as it eventually came. The bursting of a blood vessel terminated his life in six days.

His medical adviser having ordered that he should be kept as free from disturbance as possible, I had but one interview with him while he lay on his death bed. This season, I trust, I shall never forget. He was quite calm and resigned, and said that he knew it would be well with him. I never, in all my many years' intercourse with him, heard him express himself so confident before. My soul was joyful at this testimony. I could believe him, as I knew he was in earnest, and uttered it without guile or hypocrisy. In prayer with him, I was indulged with an unusual enlargement of heart, and great liberty of access to the throne of grace on his behalf, mingled with thanksgiving to the Lord for this signal display of mercy in the article of death.

He was, as you well know, the subject continually of doubts and fears regarding his personal interest in Christ; but, I rejoice to record it, that in this, his last illness, Satan was not permitted to worry him. The fear of death was removed, and he was blessed with a sweet reliance on Jesus as his God and Saviour. The Lord lifted up upon him the light of his countenance, and comforted his soul by the application of many precious portions of his word.

I hope you will excuse my being so brief, but I have many similar letters to write to his numerous friends.

I remain, affectionately yours,

Faversham, Feb. 2nd, 1852.

J. D.

[The above was a private letter written to one of Mr. Broadbridge's friends to announce his decease, and the following is an answer to it. Neither was written with the remotest view to publication; but being favoured with a sight of them, we were glad to embrace the opportunity of inserting them; the first as containing so interesting an account of his last days, and the latter as being, in our judgment, so faithful and accurate a character of him.]

My dear Friend,—After my long silence, in not answering your last kind favour in forwarding the tidings of the death of our dear and much-esteemed friend, Mr. Broadbridge, I now take up my pen, and will try and send you a few lines.

At my first sight of yours, I was much struck, fearing what tidings it might bear. But when I read it through, and saw that his end was peace, my soul began to respond and rise within me with thanksgiving and praise "to him who hath destroyed death, and him

who hath the power of death, that is the devil; and to deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage." I know that our dear departed brother was one who was doubting and fearing continually from time to time, when his poor mind was in darkness and under the cloud, and the old enemy of his soul and unbelief used to get him down under foot, and trample upon his little faith, and confute and confound his little hope; so that his eyes were often wet with tears, for fear he was deceived and deluded altogether. Poor dear heart! I have often seen him in deep trouble for fear he should not get safe at last. The work was never thought deep enough to satisfy his soul that there was a real vital beginning by God the Holy Ghost in his heart and conscience. But I ever felt satisfied of this one point, that the fear of the Lord was put within his heart, and that God had blessed him with a tender conscience; for the fear of the Lord and a tender conscience always go together in its actings and operations within. When the fear of God is in lively act, under the teachings and operations of the Holy Ghost, the conscience must be tender in God's fear.

I have had a great deal of conversation with him, and many letters from him. When he came to see us in November, 1849, and stopped ten days with us, I sat with him the greater part of the time, and when he walked out I went with him, so that he told me, I believe, all his heart; and the more I saw of him and heard from him, the better I liked him. We so enjoyed his visit, that we greatly missed him when he left us. He was the greatest man in stature we ever had to visit us, but the least in mind and spirit; nay, he was so simple and childlike, that he told me his temptations, his trials, his exercises, his doubts, his fears, his gloominess, his sinkings, his fearful forebodings, and how death in its various forms tried him. Then again he would tell me how sweet such a passage of Scripture was to his soul, and how well he heard this and that minister; also how P.'s Sermons had been blessed to him, and how his heart had been softened in reading them, and how his soul had been encouraged, fed, and comforted in hearing them read at your meetings; how many sweet moments he enjoyed at your house in conversation with Mrs. D— and yourself, and that he has often gone home with his soul refreshed, hope revived, and his faith strengthened, so that he hoped it would be well with him at the last. He was one of the most tender-hearted and simple men that ever I met with in all my travels; and truly the Lord does preserve the simple from many things which others run into who have a greater portion of wisdom and judgment, and, in appearance, have a greater experience in divine things. But O, my friend, to have grace in the heart, humility in the soul, meekness in the spirit, and uprightness in the life and conversation, and a love to Jesus, his truth, and people, is a true evidence and work that there is eternal life in the soul.

I am sure you must greatly miss him, he being the chiefest friend

you had to visit and commune with. When I saw that his end was peace, my soul could but rejoice to see that his end was blessed, and that he was delivered from the evil to come, and landed safe, and out of the reach of all his enemies. I lost by death a close friend about twelve months ago, one of my warmest friends, but still I never wanted him back again, because I knew his trials, temptations, and conflicts were great, and to be delivered as he was out of them all, although he was a poor doubting, fearing soul, but blessedly delivered at the last. That sweet portion which our friend B. had at the last, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!" was sweet indeed. May the Lord prepare your soul and mine for that solemn change.

My love to your wife and Mrs. B. Yours in the truth,
Woburn, Feb. 16th, 1852. T. G.

From a personal knowledge of the late Mr. Broadbridge, we can testify to the truth and accuracy of the above description. He was one of the most simple-minded, sincere, tender-hearted, consistent men with whose friendship we were ever favoured. We never knew one less disposed to worldly conversation. In fact, the things of God so seemed his meat and drink, that he was out of his element upon any other subject. He had been in business in early life, but when we knew him was living in retirement at Faversham, Kent. Favoured beyond most of God's family in worldly things, his heart and hand were ever open to distribute. A more liberal man, one more loose to money and the spirit of covetousness we never knew. He was singularly kind and affectionate, and a lover of good men and of experimental truth beyond what is often seen. His outward man and his inward man were singularly disproportionate—the one that of a giant, the other of a little child, as our friend T. G. has well remarked. His bodily stature and dimensions were indeed remarkable, standing, we believe as he did more than six feet four inches high, and of a person singularly stout and broad, weighing, we have heard, when in health, twenty-four stone; but of frame and limbs so well proportioned as to interfere very little with his personal activity. But O what a tender, childlike spirit dwelt in that gigantic frame! what a warm, feeling heart beat beneath that broad chest! Often have we seen the tear standing in his eye when speaking of the trials and exercises of his soul, and of the helps and deliverances that he had experienced. What he spoke he spoke with feeling; what he knew he knew for himself. He had by nature a sound understanding, but not a particularly capacious or cultivated mind. What interests hundreds had little or no interest for him. This was his mercy. The salvation of his soul, the waymarks that he could set up, the application of the word of God to his conscience, the meditations he had in secret, the blessings received under the preached word, the doubts and fears whether his spot was the spot of God's children, formed almost all his conversation. But there was nothing in him canting, morose, Pharisaical, or gloomy. We never heard him slander or backbite a single person. He knew too much of his own heart to shoot arrows at any one. Like *Mr. Fearing* in the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," whom in his religious character he much resembled, his chief concern was his own soul, and how it would be with him at last. How comforting and satisfactory to his friends who loved and valued him to learn that the Lord was with him in the trying hour! None of his friends that know the work of God upon the soul doubted the reality of his religion, and that he had a faith which worked by love and purified the heart; but he often doubted it

himself. It is a sweet satisfaction, then, to learn from the letter of his most intimate friend, one with whom he had walked for years in uninterrupted union, that his end was blessed.

We could not forbear inserting the above letters, and, perhaps somewhat superfluously, adding our feeble testimony to them both, not only as a slight mark of our affection, but in the hope that it will both gratify his friends, and also help to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees of some of our readers who are called to walk in our departed friend's tried and exercised path.—*Ed.*

Every wicked temper that is found in a fiend I can find in myself, and discern in others. And I could as soon suppose that God created fiends, as believe that he created man in his present state. Before the fall man was pronounced good, very good; but after the fall he became bad indeed; bad enough to be called of God the devil's child and the devil's subject. Surely Beelzebub must grin to hear his vanquished subjects preach of the dignity of human nature; and, if such dignity be found in the subject, how much more in the prince!—*Berridge.*

O, my brethren, my heart is enlarged towards you! I trust I feel something of that hidden but powerful presence of Christ which I am preaching to you. Indeed it is sweet; indeed it is exceeding comfortable. All the harm I wish you that without cause are my enemies is, that you felt the like. Believe me, though it would be hell to my soul to return to a natural state again, yet I would willingly change states with you for a little while, that you might feel what it is to have Jesus Christ dwelling in your hearts by faith. O do not turn your backs; do not let the devil hurry you away. Be not afraid of conviction. Do not think worse of the doctrine because preached without the church walls. Our Lord, in the days of his flesh, preached on a mount, a ship, a field; and I am persuaded many have felt his gracious presence here. Indeed we speak what we know.—*Whitefield.*

Formerly, when I had asked help in prayer, instead of looking for that help, and relying on it, I strove to help myself, and stripped to fight my adversary. Many of these battles I have fought, but never gained any credit by them. My foe would drop his head sometimes by a blow I gave him, and seemed to be expiring, but revived presently, and grew as pert as ever. I found he did not care for an arm of flesh, but made a very scornful puff at human will and might. Often, when a fire broke out in my bosom, the water I threw on to quench it only proved oil, and made it burn the faster. The flame of anger would continue in my breast till its materials were consumed, or till another fire broke out. One wave of trouble passed off, because another rolled on and took its place. One evil often drove another out, as lions drive out wolves; but in their turns my bosom was a prey to every wild beast in the forest. Or, if a quiet hour passed, it proved but a dead calm; my heart had no delight in God, being yet a stranger to heavenly peace and joy.—*Berridge.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

By JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 110.)

Having shown a little about grace, and that it is essential to real service, let us pass on,

9. To the ninth branch of real service, which is, *worshipping Christ*. I might mention many things concerning this worship, but I shall confine all to four, and that briefly.

First. If I am a real servant or worshipper of Christ, I must worship him as that God who searches the heart, tries the reins, and is privy to all my life, in that he lays it open. Now, says Paul, "If there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all; and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth." (1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25.) Now mind; this young beginner is no Arian. He worships God. "Yes," say you, "God the Father." I say, God the Son; for the same person that convinced and judged this man is the same as you read of in the Revelation: "All the churches shall know," says Christ, "that I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts." Now this is worship.

Secondly. If you worship Christ, you must be a partaker of the Holy Spirit. This Christ enforced on the woman at the well. She thought herself a worshipper of God; but Christ told her she did not know what she worshipped; and after he had told her all she ever did, he spake to her of living water. The first of the Spirit's work is enlightening us to see our danger, and quickening us to feel it; then giving us some distant views of Jesus as one suited to our case; then

raising us to hope in his mercy, &c. All this is his work, and likewise applying now and then a promise when we sorely need it. Thus we feel a love to the Saviour, being, by the descent of the Spirit, sure that God the Father has accepted him in our room and stead.

Thirdly. If you worship Christ, you must have his truth, not in your head only, but his word must have a place in you. Two things will prove how it is with you on this head, and two will condemn you if you are without them. Has the truth made you free, free from the bondage of a broken law, the reigning power of sin, and the slavish fear of God? If you can truly say, "Yes," then you are one of them whom Christ speaks of as having received the truth, and whom the truth has made free. In every fresh discovery of Scripture do you really love it? "Yes," say you. Then you receive the truth in the love of it, and it is that you may be saved. But, on the other hand, if you are still in bondage, and boasting of your knowledge, you hold the truth in unrighteousness; and the more light you have the more your enmity works; as Christ says, "Ye have seen and hated both me and my Father." But if you have received the truth and it has place in your affections, then says Christ, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." "Yes," say you, "God is a Spirit. That is confined to the Father." I say, No. "The first Adam," says Paul, "was made a living soul; the Second Adam a quickening Spirit;" and this quickening Spirit is Jehovah, or the Lord from heaven. Thus he is to be worshipped in truth.

Fourthly. It is the everlasting love of God enjoyed under the quickening influences of his Spirit, and the dying love of Christ feelingly known in your hearts, which, when discovered, is called seeing the King in his beauty. This is called the beauty of holiness: "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." We put on his righteousness, called our beautiful garments. This brings peace, and "how beautiful are our feet with shoes." We rejoice in his salvation, and "he beautifies the meek with his salvation." And as we are holy and without blame before him in love, and as it all comes by the Holy Spirit which testifies of the King in his beauty, it is plain that we worship the Lord in the beauties of holiness. Now this is real service, and acceptable to Christ, as you may see in Rev. xix. 9, 10, where the angel told John to write, "Blessed are they which are called," &c. John fell at his feet to worship him; but he told John he was his fellow-servant, and, as a servant, he should worship God; so that worship belongs to a real servant; and in heaven above both angels and the spirits of just men made perfect worship Christ. Read the whole book, and you will find they worshipped Christ from the beginning to the end. (v. 12, 13.) "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," &c. "And every creature in heaven, earth, under the earth, in the sea, the four beasts and four and twenty elders, &c., fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever." Well then, says Christ, if any man serve me, him will my Father honour.

10. Another branch of real service is, *with humility*. There

is nothing so contrary to proud nature; for where God takes us first in hand, though he is pleased to touch our hearts with love, yet how many hard lessons have we to learn before we leave off dictating to God. Now the heaviest afflictions that ever were alone will not do this. What I am speaking of appears plain enough in King Pharaoh, for never was one more afflicted with judgment upon judgment than that man was; but what is there said of him at the end of all? Why, he "hardened his heart, and would not let the children of Israel go." This dictating they carry to hell with them, as you may read in the parable of the rich man; for when he spake to Abraham of his five brethren and his fears of their coming to the same place of torment, Abraham answers, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." Then the rich man dictates, "Nay, Father Abraham, but if one went from the dead they would repent." But it may be asked, "How does God humble his people?" I answer in the following way, namely, giving them his Spirit. This, and this only, is the difference in the elect and reprobate.

I will now mention several things which always go with humility, real humility. When God is pleased to lay open all our lives, and let us see and feel what we are, and, as David says, "set our secret sins in the light of his countenance," we, being convinced of all and judged of all, fall down. Thus he brings us down in full conviction of his holiness and justice and of our vileness. But how come we to know these things? Why, "the Spirit searcheth all things." Then, if he searches all things, and if under this searching we fall down, this must come from the blessed Spirit. But again it is said they shall come after him in chains; "They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them." This you may see in the publican, for he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and it is said he humbled himself; but it was by being a partaker of this most Holy Spirit. Now observe, he prayed. Then says Paul, "The Spirit maketh intercession for us, for we know not how to pray as we ought;" but he confessed himself a sinner, and Christ says the Spirit shall convince of sin. Thus we are humbled under convictions, fall down in humility, and cry to God for mercy.

But again. At length God is pleased to turn our captivity; and I think it is done in the following manner. He crosses us in providence, that we may know whence our temporal supplies have come from all along; for before this he says we knew not that it was he that multiplied the corn and oil. No, we thought it was our diligence and industry, for we sacrificed to our own net; and he also suffers every one to lord it over us, even those whom we once despised. "Whose fathers," says Job, "I would have disdained to set with the dogs of my flock." But why, Job? And what makes you speak so? Are we not all alike by nature? You see this pride must come down in the best of men, for a fall comes after a haughty spirit. Yet all this has a mixture of mercy in it, and we reason as follows: "I have been a sinner all my days, and have done all I could to destroy myself. I have, by nature, no claim upon God for any one thing; and what a mercy it is I am yet spared. I might have

been given up altogether to hate the power of God, and if I should get safe at last, if these things I feel should be, although but in a small sense, such as Bible saints feel, O then let all this world go. To be a real saint! is it possible? What! I?" And then we turn over in our minds little and sweet times that are past. Well, say we, in such a street, in such a room, in groaning at such a time in secret before God, under that blessed sermon, and once in talking with that poor dear though much despised child of God, I have certainly found something so delightful, a secret sweetness, and while it lasted, I could have gone through anything; and finding a little of it now I can justify God in all his dealings towards me. Now, then, we begin to hear and kiss the rod. We accept the punishment of our iniquity, and say, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins." We make choice of affliction. Having a spiritual appetite, we find these bitter things sweet, and then the Lord remembers the covenant, and nearness of access takes place; and what are we then? Why, humble; "Dust and ashes," says Abraham, and Job says the same, and all Daniel's comeliness turned into corruption. But how does this come? Why, through him both Jews and Gentiles have access by one Spirit unto the Father.

I shall mention two things more on humility, both of which come by the Spirit. Take notice, Christ Jesus is evidently set before us as our Saviour. This we see by the eye of faith, and this does most effectually humble us, which you may see in John: "And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead; and he laid his right hand on me, saying, Fear not; I am he that liveth and was dead," &c. Nothing brings us down more than this. But mind, it is the Spirit that testifies of Christ.

Lastly. When his love influences us powerfully, O then we are humble. "Charity does not vaunt itself, is not puffed up;" but this love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost; and thus we differ in humility from all others, by having this blessed Spirit. Then the best way is to venture our all upon Christ Jesus, sink or swim. This is not presumption, if we feel our need, but humility attends it; but stand it out, fight against this only way of salvation, debase, despise, and ridicule him, and on whomsoever this stone shall fall it shall grind them to powder. The great Captain of our salvation, our Pattern, says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." He humbled himself; for though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. And we read of "all lowliness of mind," and "condescending to men of low estate." In this lies true spiritual poverty, and such Solomon says hear not rebuke. These are the last that shall be first in God's time. This is taking root downward, and Paul enforces it: "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," &c.; and "a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price" This is the real service he requires, as the apostle of the Gentiles tells us he found in himself. "Serving the Lord," says Paul, "with all humility of mind," &c. Then, says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." Which brings me

11. To the eleventh branch of real service, which is, having on us an *imputed righteousness*. I say, if we are Christ's servants, and hope for acceptance with God, or, as the text says, to be honoured, we must have this righteousness placed to our account. But you may ask what I mean by the righteousness of Christ. To this question I will answer, first, negatively; secondly, positively. First, then, I do not understand by his righteousness that it means if we follow his example, then we are righteous: No; neither can we follow it, for we have a body of sin and death; but he was holy, harmless, and undefiled, and separate from sinners. Again. I do not understand it to be keeping the moral law, nor yet obeying Christ's commands, nor yet the new man of grace. Now mind; I am not speaking against following Christ's examples, his commands, nor the new man; but I say all this is not what is meant by an imputed righteousness. If you make it any of these, the Scriptures will oppose you. If it is taking him for our example, we must have no old man. If it is obeying his commands, it must be our righteousness and not his, which is a gift. "We," says Paul, "receive the abundance of grace and the gift of righteousness." If you say it is the new man, that righteousness, Mr. H. says, is created, but this is wrought out.

I come now positively to show what it is. It is, then, the righteousness of God, God and man in one Christ. The Person that wrought it out was the Second Person in the Godhead, who took our nature into union with his own, and obeyed in our room and stead every command of God. As man he obeyed, and as God he merited; it was nothing but his Godhead that *could*. As God knew he would work this righteousness out in time, before the world was made he placed it to our account, and accepted us in it from everlasting, and viewed us obedient to every law he gave in his dear Son. If you say, No, then tell me how Abel could be righteous, seeing Christ was not as yet become incarnate? Now this I understand to be the righteousness of Christ. The effect of it is peace, and it is attended with the Spirit's witness. When we have it, we hate our own, and count it dung and dross. It will bring upon us much hatred from the world, and we shall separate from them, and endeavour to shun them as much as possible. We shall be hated by hypocrites, as Abel was by Cain, for he was a professor; but though we have much to encounter, yet once having it we can never lose it, for "Where were the righteous cut off?" Answer that, if you can. I know you cannot. Without it, you may in the eyes of man shine like an angel, and appear outwardly righteous, as the Pharisees did and as the man did at the feast; but, alas! he had not on the wedding garment, which in the Revelation is called the righteousness of the saints. This will enable you to wade through all manner of troubles. Nothing can hold you long. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." And Solomon says, "The just shall come out of trouble." This will do in a dying hour, "for the righteous hath hope in his death." Ah, say you, but after death?

Then we have it, "Open the gates that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in." Whom God justifieth, them God glorifieth.

And now take a poor worm's advice. As we are still in a miserable world, remember that this peace, this witness, this quietness, will not be maintained but by following hard after the Lord Jesus, and giving up many things; having much self-denial, a daily cross, and many bitter things that will cut us to the quick. Therefore be much in reading, searching the Scriptures, prayer, and meditation; and let your delight be with the excellent of the earth. Hold this world with a loose hand, and cleave to the Lord our righteousness. Your path is the path of the just, and it will shine more and more to perfect day. Say you, "This is legal!" You may call it so, but I call it scriptural; for as peace is the effect of righteousness, "they that make crooked paths shall not find peace," but, on the contrary, "Thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith," &c., with all them that call upon God out of a pure heart. Now all dead works will be rejected in the great day; and though people short of this righteousness may dream as Paul once did that they do God service, yet hear Christ's own words: "I was an hungered, and you gave me no meat; thirsty, and you gave me no drink; naked, and you clothed me not; a stranger, and ye took me not in." But what do they say? Why, dictate to Infinite Wisdom, by making God a liar, or telling the Judge of quick and dead what they had done; but he sent them into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

But now, say you, is it scriptural that a righteous person (made so by Christ's obedience) really serves Christ? Yes. Read Malachi iii. 18. Speaking of the great day he says, "Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked;" (and then it is explained, and serving God is placed to the righteous;) "between him that serves God, and him that serves him not." Now this righteousness you must have if you serve Christ, and this is real service. Therefore our text says, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

(To be continued.)

What think ye, Sirs? Did Naaman *feel* when he was cured of his leprosy? Did the woman feel virtue coming out of Jesus Christ when she touched the hem of his garment and was cured of her disease? So surely wilt thou feel, O sinner, when Jesus Christ dwells in thy heart.—*Whitefield*.

The outward poverty and persecution with which the saints are often exercised brings forth many solid prayers from their hearts to the God of their mercy. And how conspicuously is their Father's hand often seen, in so disposing human events to work for their real good. Poverty and reproaches have, at the first, a lion-like appearance—we cannot bear the sight, we are afraid they will devour us.—*H. Fowler*.

TWO LETTERS BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear Sir,—When God designs any for special service he prepares them for it by special trials. Joseph must be hated by his brethren, banished his country, villainously accused, and then imprisoned, before he becomes the ruler of Egypt. David must be despised by his brethren, banished the court, and hunted like a flea in the wilderness, before he takes Judah's sceptre. I look upon your present trials as a happy omen of future service, and if you continue waiting and praying, a door will be opened by and by. Be not solicitous about orders. As soon as they are wanted they will drop into your lap. In the meantime, be the Lord's running footman, a gyp* of Christ's college, ready to run at every man's call; and perhaps you may find more pleasure in this rambling service† than in any other. Jesus loves his scouts dearly, for he was once such himself; and all that can perform the office of a gyp cheerfully shall have many a kind look and many a good bit from their Master. The spaniel that has been hunting all day is allowed to come between his master's legs at night, and gets kissed, and stroked, and fed; while old Sly, the house dog, is kicked from the fire, and goes to bed supperless.

I observe further concerning your present situation, it may possibly grow more dusky before it clears up. The darkest moment in the whole night is just before the break of day. Be not, therefore, discouraged if your sky becomes more dark and cloudy. Your affairs must come to a crisis, and at that crisis the Lord comes. Abraham must go to the summit of the mount, bind his dear Isaac, take the cruel knife in his hand, and point it at the poor child's throat, and then the Lord appears. "In the mount he will be seen." O for faith and patience! The Lord has good reasons to delay his coming; and blessed are they that wait for him.

How kindly has Jesus stopped your journey to Scotland, and shown, I think, that you have no business there, at least not for the present. Perhaps Lady Glenorchy has been your prop of late; if so, it is very friendly in Jesus to kick away that wooden leg; and when he has dried up all your earthly cisterns, and your own pitcher of water is spent too, he will conduct you to a spring as he conducted Hagar. Fear not, only believe. Stand still, and let the Lord work his own work and take his own time, and you shall see his salvation.

I have had a miserable summer; Jesus flogging and poor Jack pouting and snarling. I am now better, and can preach once a week, blessed be God! and have some hopes that the Master will

* A gyp is the Cambridge name for the man who waits as a general servant upon the young men in the colleges. He is generally a terrible pilferer, and has hence borrowed his name, which is a corruption of the Greek word for a vulture.

† Berridge was himself a thorough itinerant—a mission specially needful in those days, and one which the Lord had much honoured in the case of Whitefield. It is to this itinerant service he is encouraging his correspondent, as distinct from a settled ministry.

send out his old ass once more to alarm the devil and the minor prophets of Canaan with his bray by and by.

Give my dear love to Mr. B. He must be honest and bold for Jesus if he can welcome you. What a mercy it is there are some left who are not afraid of the cross, nor ashamed to receive a stigmatized pilgrim! Go on, dear Sir, and may your coat be more bespattered for Jesus. "The more muck the more money," says the farmer; and so says the Christian. Nothing so scandalous in his eyes as a clean coat, clean shoes, and a flannel nightcap. The Lord bless you both, and be gracious to

Everton, Oct. 31st, 1770.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear N.,—The first pages of your letters are usually much illuminated with compliments. I wonder where you pick them all up, and how you find storage for them. Indeed the old ass of Everton cannot discern his own features when you have cropped his ears and tail, and powdered and spruced him up in a letter. I am daily praying to know more of my blindness, helplessness, and vileness, and you are kindly contriving to put a mask on my face. Is this Christianity, or have I provoked you to it by sweetly begriming your own face? Leave this varnish, dear N., to the world, who love to gild a base metal and make it look like gold. Henceforth, when you write to me, consider yourself as a poor frog who is croaking to a poor toad, and then your frogship may compliment my toadship as much as you please.

The uncovenanted mercy mentioned in my pamphlet was not an inadvertent mistake, as you politely call it, but a mere blunder, resulting from gross ignorance. I wrote without illumination. It was a relic of Arminian dregs, and, as such, would not be overlooked or maltreated, but caressed by the Vicar of Madely.* In the second edition of my pamphlet the whole paragraph where uncovenanted mercy appears is left out, but in the first edition it must stand as a public cryer to proclaim my foolishness. I did not like the cryer's bell at first; it sounded mighty harsh, but grows much more melodious by frequent ringing, and seems now more melodious and mellow than the pretty set of chimes in the preface of your letter. Our Jesus shows his wisdom and his mercy when he leaves us to ourselves at times, and lets us blunder on that he may fetch our crests down, and rub our noses well with our ignorance. A pot of ointment with no putrid flies in it might refresh the public much by its fragrance, but would make the author smell and stink like a polecat.

I am glad to hear of your frequent preaching. It is with preaching as with praying; the more you do preach the more you may preach, and the easier you will preach. Thrice a week is all that I do, and sometimes not even that; and because I preach but seldom, I think a little more than usual about my sermons. But I find it to my sorrow, the more I think about my sermons the less liberty and power I have in preaching. Indeed, my disorder so relaxes my

* Mr. Fletcher.

body, and weakens my memory, and eats up my faculties, that I am little more than the stump of a methodist parson. I have no thought of publishing anything more, except a few hymns, and that is uncertain. Writing so shatters my frame, that I seem as glad when a letter is finished as a naughty schoolboy does when a whipping is over.

Improve your health, dear N., while it lasts, and your sands while they run, and make the best of them both for Jesus. Be not anxious to lay in a stock beforehand for the pulpit; it shall be given you in the hour. Hot bread from the oven and roast meat from the spit are better far than old cooked victuals from the pantry.

Grace and peace be with you, and with

Your much affectionate Servant,

Everton, near Potton, Jan. 15th, 1774.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

[The quaintness and humour of the eccentric Vicar of Everton must, as Cowper says of Bunyan, "make the gravest smile;" but what a fund of real experience of his own heart and of the kingdom of God is couched under his witty and singularly original similitudes! When they express so much, who would wish them altered and softened down into tame commonplace? Berridge said of himself that "he was born with a fool's cap on his head;" but he had, when taught in the furnace, a wise heart beneath it. Let those who aim to wear his cap mind that it covers as much wisdom and grace; or what in him excites a smile of admiration may in them excite a smile of contempt.—Eps.]

LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—I thankfully received, and I gladly read your acceptable, cheering letter, and I humbly thank my gracious God and most merciful Father in Christ Jesus our Lord for his unspeakable mercies to you and me; to you, in that he has brought you safely through the valley of humiliation and the shadow of death; and to me, in moving you to send me the good news and glad tidings, that I might rejoice with you, whom I have mourned and sorrowed over, and laboured for so long time by his assistance. And, blessed be our God, we have not laboured in vain in the Lord.

I trace the secret strivings of the Holy Ghost with me when I was a boy of eight or nine years of age; but my effectual calling was in the year 1784; then I was apprehended and tried in the court of conscience, condemned by the holy law of God, feared death, and dreaded damnation, having departed from God by original sin and actual transgression. On the eighth of February, 1795, being the Lord's Day, my bonds were loosed, and the Lord's poor servant was made free. Pardon and peace were sealed upon my conscience, and Jesus Christ was exceeding precious to my soul. I sang,

"How high a privilege 'tis to know,
Our sins are all forgiven," &c.;

but I am sorry to say it was with me as Bunyan describes it. After ascending many difficulties, I fell asleep in the pleasant harbour, until I was awoke, that I should not sleep the sleep of death, but receive new

life, to enable me to go on from this vain world towards our heavenly and eternal home. But in my further troubles, like Christian, I felt in my bosom for my roll, by which I had often been refreshed; but, alas! it was gone, and I was obliged to travel back in sorrow, confusion, and prayer, to the same place in order to find it; and as God would have it, I found it again, so that, with many tears of sorrow and joy, I journeyed in darkness and fear, and then was admitted into the Interpreter's house, was shown some rare things, and was much instructed and comforted. But in the years 1809 and 1810 I passed and was preserved through the valley of humiliation and the shadow of death, in which I feared much evil. Indeed, my brother, we have been "broken in the place of dragons, and covered with the shadow of death." I cried, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul;" but could not say, "I will fear no evil," &c., the which I think I shall never fully forget unto my dying day. Therefore, I come in spirit and by letter to join my brother in praising the Lord, who "hath remembered us in our low estate, because his mercy endureth for ever." He has brought us up out of a horrible pit and the miry clay, set our feet upon the Rock, Christ, and well established our goings in him. O bless his name, he suffered not the pit to shut its mouth upon us. He never forsook us, although he justly hid his face behind the wall of our disobedience, backslidings, and base ingratitude. It is true we felt ourselves as enclosed with hewn stones, in darkness, and in the deep, and our mouths we felt, as it were, filled with gravel stones, where pomegranates and apples had sweetly been enjoyed; but, we strayed far away upon forbidden ground. Darkness came on, and giant Despair held us, by permission, in his Doubting Castle. But, God be praised for hope and help, succour, support, preservation, and deliverance. He has restored our soul for his name's sake. He has brought our feet out of straitness, and set our feet in a large room, and we can say with the Psalmist, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

"The heavens resound with songs of praise
To Jesus, for his sovereign grace."

I thank you, my brother, for your welcome epistle and kind invitation; hoping you are all well, looking to Jesus, who can hold us up, keep us on, and at last receive us unto himself.

Your sincere friend in Christ,

Dec. 9th, 1827.

W. MOORE.

It is no strange way that some deny the fall. This is part of the spiritual blindness which has crept upon the understanding; and is just what happens to delirious people in a fever, who fancy they are well, and mock at physic and physician. I make no doubt but the devils, through that pride which accompanies sin, think as highly of themselves as of the elect angels. And, since they never can repent, they will rather charge their misery to the undeserved wrath of God than to their own iniquity.—*Berridge*.

GROWING IN GRACE.

I am now going to advance a doctrine which I pray may be blessed to others, for I know, through the grace and Spirit of Christ, the value of it, the unspeakable value of it; and, if I die unexpectedly, a load of memorandums, for the last twelve or fourteen years, would show my poor though sincere attention to it. It is this. Considering, regarding, and observing, through enabling grace, the inward operations (and outward, too) of the Spirit of God; more especially in me, as well as outwardly around me, I build this doctrine on this: "Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor consider the operations of his hands, the Lord will destroy them, and not build them up." Therefore building up, or growing in grace, is annexed to being enabled to consider God's workmanship in the kingdom of God within us in all its minutiae, or lesser as well as greater parts. "He that is faithful in that which is least will be faithful in that which is much." As says the proverb, "Take care of farthings, sovereigns will take care of themselves." If "God makes the place of his steps to be glorious," as Isaiah says, then every hint, the smallest of his operations, has a tincture of glory in it. What wisdom, what glory, therefore, there is in being enabled to wish and strive to consider the smallest of God's operations in us, seeing, through regeneration and renewing, we are God's workmanship inwardly, his husbandry, or tillage, and, as it were, thus his farm. Ploughing, harrowing, clod-breaking, weeding, nights, days, clouds, sunshine, rains, storms, overcastings, dimness, brightness, changes; all these, and the ten thousand parts and minutiae of spiritual husbandry in the soul, have, through enabling grace, to be *considered* by the child of God. Otherwise, the promise is, God will not build him up, but destroy him. That is, not destroy him eternally, (for that never is to be with any of the elect,) but that they will get into a sickly state of soul. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and some sleep." As if God would take such vengeance of the inventions of his people that they should be saved as by fire; and should thus suffer, pine away, and die in their feelings, to know experimentally that God is a jealous God, and that he will scourge with stripes and rods his own people. I myself have often been afraid I should be cut off for my goings on. But swift, daily, and, through grace, longed-for repentance, has many times made up the quarrel between God and me.

"Whoso is wise, will observe;" "The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way." To know whereabouts we are in divine things is the wisdom of true spirituality. To be sober-minded; not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; to search, try, and examine ourselves; not to be permitted to grieve the Spirit; when we do grieve him, to have swift repentance given us. For we cannot walk with Christ except in the same degree as grace enables us to be in perfect agreement with him. Two cannot walk together otherwise. Hence real spirituality forgets comparatively the things that are behind, and hastes and stretches itself that

it may stand complete and perfect in all the will of God, wanting nothing. Hence saving religion is called running a race; the further we are enabled to get on in it aright the better; the goal or end brings the prize; better is the end than the beginning.

"Happy is the man that feareth alway;" that is, who is enabled to be perpetually occupied in considering the operations of God's hands in his soul. "If God leave me for one moment, it is a moment too long." And if I am permitted to leave God for one moment it is a moment too long; for I am sure to be after some foolery or other, like Hezekiah when he was left. I know all things are to work together for good (even sin itself) to a child of God. But I do not wish, in the least imaginable degree, to hold the truth in unrighteousness, or to sin that grace may abound. And God knows that I have many times had this feeling that I had rather have my head cut off than sin maliciously, in thought, word, or deed against God. "Be not merciful unto them who sin in malicious wickedness;" which therefore is the great transgression; and happy is it for the children of God that love, and not malice, in thought, word, or deed, is their reigning characteristic towards God and towards men.

To grow in grace; to be feelingly built up; what is it but to be enabled to sow to the Spirit; or, in other words, feelingly to be enabled to consider, regard, and observe the blessed Spirit's operations in us? Are we his workmanship? He gives us a fear and trembling, enabling us to work out what he works in us. Thus it is "effectual," as contra-distinguished from head-knowledge or mere letter-knowledge. Thus the fear of the Lord is God's secret and God's treasure. And as one said, with this treasure, or "*capital*," God's children carry on their heavenly merchandize.

"And whoso wants this fear is poor,
Whatever he possess beside."

Increasing with the increase of God; departing from iniquity; and being made, through grace, fit recipients for the Sun of Righteousness, with all his glorious beams, is annexed to this glorious fear. And by this fear we are led to consider, regard, and observe all God's operations in us; otherwise there is, in the same degree, no genuine edification, or being built up, or growing feelingly in grace; there is not, indeed, whatever men may say. It is feelingly being enabled thus to sow to the Spirit that we can alone reap life everlasting; that is, have Christ revealed manifestly in us. I know it is a tender point. How I have wept and sighed, in the same degree as I have ever been permitted to grieve the Spirit.

"I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one, whose comfort's gone."

Gone, alas! leaving the soul like the inconsolable turtle moaning for the loss of its mate. If we are builded in Christ for a habitation of God through the Spirit, we cannot be too careful, through enabling grace, not to grieve this Spirit; otherwise the building, edification, and growing in grace feelingly, is proportionably stopped. O what I and every child of God suffer herein! Woe is me that I dwell in Meshech! O wretched man that I am!

“Death, that puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin,”

in those who are the real children of God! But am I a child? There is so much allowed backsliding in heart in me, as well as backsliding more or less outwardly; so much thus of regarding iniquity in my heart; so much of lukewarmness; so much, alas! of carnality and worldliness, that I have to be like the woman sweeping the house to make diligent search for the lost piece of silver! O has Christ given me repentance, confession, and gospel amendment? “O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart! I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes!” Thus, in the same degree as we are godly, we narrowly, carefully, and fruitfully are enabled to consider, regard, and observe the operations of the Spirit in us, that we may grow in grace, be built up, and that we may thus reap feelingly everlasting life, or Christ revealed in us, by our being enabled thus in godly tenderness to sow to the Spirit.

This sort of religion is far different to the brightest letter-Calvinism. It is different to holding the truth in unrighteousness. It is different to the puddle of self-righteousness! It is through the Spirit, growing in grace! and how can we grow in what we have not? Therefore we must have grace to have this sort of religion; we must have possession of it. We must have the Spirit, or else it is all a blank and nonsense to talk of being in the fear of the Lord all the day long, that we may consider all his precious operations in us.

I am solemnly convinced there is no other genuine growing in grace, or being built up, but by thus being enabled to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes, and growing up into Christ in all things, by being enabled thus to sow to the Spirit in these things! I have narrowly considered it, and I cannot find any other way, solid and lasting, of growing feelingly in grace, by God’s enabling power in me, and to which God and the drift of Scripture will put their broad amen, and will enliven and awaken my conscience to feel a broad amen also, as a *felt* salvation; God, and Scripture, and conscience each mutually testifying thereto.

Let no man deceive himself with vain words. Though God is found of them that sought him not, yet, generally speaking, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Hence the gospel advice, “Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye *know* that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.” When he checks, I stop. When he encourages, I go on. When he smites, I am clothed in sackcloth. When he is angry, everything is gloomy to me. When he frowns, I droop. When I drop into slavish fear, the besom cleanses away the rubbish, and I am enabled thus to search for, keep my eye on, and effectually stone every Achan. When God smiles, I rejoice. When he whispers I am his, I smile and am inwardly glad. And in *all* the varied and ever-changing dealings of Christ with my soul, I am like a weather-glass, sinking and rising.

At one time high, at another time low. "Changes and war are against me." If my heart condemns me, my confidence is wounded. Through ten thousand changes I have had to go. Can I not say, Behold, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ knows that I lie not? O what is dead doctrine compared to this sort of religion, that has "springs" in it! "My springs are in God;" ebbing and flowing; always on the move. "In thy light we see light." Christ's imputed righteousness and a tender conscience thus meet. Imputed sanctification and grieving most bitterly and most painfully for a sinful thought here meet. Full assurance, and having one's confidence wounded even by a sinful thought. The extremest tenderness and the most dauntless courage. The being enabled to stand on the heights of Zion, and yet to feel one's self to be the vilest monster that crawls on the earth. Feeling there are better (moralised) persons in hell than we *have* been, and yet, through electing and triumphing grace, seeing experimentally, feelingly, and scripturally, our names glittering in the Lamb's Book of Life. Repentance and faith, and every branch of solid godliness in faith and its effects; godly sorrow and godly joy; every seemingly contrary yet really harmonizing quality, as set forth in the Scriptures, and realised by the Spirit in the soul of a child of God, are thus possessed by him. No one working in a stone quarry has wrought more earnestly than my soul has strove, through the Spirit, to be perfect and complete in all the will of God, wanting nothing. To grow in grace, or, in other words, to wish to be instructed of God; to eat bitter herbs, or the Paschal Lamb, or both of them; to ponder the path of my feet; to be weighed up in God's balances; to be enabled diligently to attend to and seek instruction from every bitter and sweet dispensation; thus and similarly am I occupied. I call it the likeliest way, through the Spirit, to grow in grace, to walk, or be striving, through enabling grace, to walk gospelly, cleansing thus one's way in repentance and faith solidly. I acknowledge, it is not the *harum-scarum* view of some, in unscripturally growing in grace; but as I had rather have a small slice of gold than a cart-load of mire, so I had rather have a little of growing in grace, hardly worked out in experience, in accordance with the tenor and drift of God's word, than a very great deal of fancies, for

"Fancy's never fix'd."

And if any one says he grows in grace, I ask him, in conclusion, this question, as one said, "Is your growing in grace death-proof, eternity-proof, devil-proof, and damnation-proof?"

Abingdon.

I. K.

[The narrow line between presumption and self-righteousness is, as Hart observes on a similar subject, such as "the vulture's eye hath not seen." Whether our friend I. K. has exactly hit this narrow line we leave to our experienced readers to judge. Admitting as we fully do the truth of his general drift, it strikes us that there is a side of the question, and that a very important one, which he has but slightly touched.

There is a growth downwards as well as a growth upwards; and these

two kinds of growth are in grace as in nature usually proportionate. To grow in grace implies an increasing knowledge of the sinner's depravity and helplessness, as well as of the Saviour's suitability and blessedness. "He must increase, but I must decrease," said John the Baptist. "I will be more vile than thus," exclaimed David. In this way grew Job, Asaph, Hezekiah, Paul, and other saints whose experience is recorded in God's word.

There are evidently two extremes alike unscriptural and contrary to gracious experience. If I say, "It matters not how I live, nor whether I watch, read, or pray; God will bless me, of his sovereign grace, irrespective of all my doings," that would clearly be Antinomian presumption. But is there no danger of the opposite extreme? May I not practically, if not actually, say, "I will read, pray, watch, and *then* God will certainly give me more grace," just as if there were some procuring; meritorious cause in reading and praying. The true experience, we believe, is this. God does not give *for* these things, but usually does not give *without* them. I shall not have a blessing unless I pray for it. But who gives me that spirit of prayer? I shall fall if I do not watch. But who shall give me that watchfulness? If I walk contrary to him, he will walk contrary to me. But who enables me to walk in concord with him? To say, "If I perform the precept, God will perform the promise," is to invert the gospel, and to dash the pure wine of Zion with the water of Sinai. The silver trumpet rather sounds thus: "When the Father reveals the promise, the child obeys the precept. When the Bridegroom draws, the bride runs. When the Head wills, the members move."

Togrow in grace is to grow also in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This implies an increasing knowledge of his Person, blood, righteousness, suitability, and preciousness, none of which can be known without a corresponding sense of our own wretchedness and misery. Grace is the free favour and mercy of God to sinners. Therefore a growth in grace is a growth into the knowledge and experience of this unmerited favour. But this can only be realised through a sense of our own vileness as opened up by trials and temptations. To think that I can grow in grace by reading the Scriptures, prayer, and watchfulness, without an experience of trials, temptations, and afflictions, is a delusion. I must have my heart circumcised and laid open with deeper and deeper discoveries of the depths of the Adam fall till I see myself the vilest of the vile. Then as grace reaches my heart, and spreads itself down to the roots of the malady, grace grows in me; or at least I grow in the apprehension of its sovereignty, freeness, fulness, and suitability. All other growth in grace, we believe, is contrary to real experience, and differs only in name from meritorious obedience and progressive sanctification.

In our judgment, no writer with whom we are acquainted handles this point in so scriptural and experimental a way as Rusk. No man insists more upon reading, praying, watching, &c., than he, (see, for instance, what he says on this point in this very Number,) and how clear he steers of legality and self-righteousness!

It is through deep, heavy, and prolonged afflictions for the most part that the Lord's people grow in grace. Jesus himself, though he was a Son, learned obedience by the things which he suffered; and if we are to walk in his steps we must learn it in the same way.—Eds.

Love begets love. It is a flame that communicates itself. Those that have much forgiven them, much done for them, much laid out for them, and much laid up for them, will love much.—John Mason.

“WAR A GOOD WARFARE.”

Brother S.—According to your request I write to you. I see you have entered the field of action; therefore you must expect to know what the word *war* means. All Christ's field officers must expect to know what Paul means when he says to Timothy, “Thou must war a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience.” I can tell my brother it is no small matter to hold these things in the field; that is, faith and a good conscience. They are good things in the work of the ministry. Sound in the faith a man ought to be who has to preach the faith of the gospel to poor perishing sinners; and to have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men is a great matter indeed. If my friend can keep these two things, he will be sure to have enemies both within and without; for the devil hates both of them, and so do ungodly men. I can tell you a secret which very few like to acknowledge. There is something in me that does not like them. My unbelieving heart opposes my faith, and sometimes Satan suggests to my mind that it would be better to keep back some things that would be offensive to men; and he will make it appear very plausible too. “There is no need of being so nice in this or that matter; there are some who are not so close upon matters, yet they have great success in their work, much more so than you have. Try the matter, and see if it will not answer.” And if he can gain his point in this, then he suggests to my mind, and that strongly too, that the faith I have been preaching about, and the truths that I have been delivering; I never had the experience of in my own soul. This is a sore temptation to labour under, that after I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away; for if I am not a partaker of faith nor of the truths I have been delivering, it follows I must be a cast-away. On this ground my poor soul has been cast down a great number of times; for when my mind has been overwhelmed with trouble and darkness, I have given credit to this father of lies, to the wounding of my own soul, and to the dishonour of my Lord, and should have lain and perished there, for aught I could do; but the Lord has passed by at such times, and said, “Fear not; I am thy salvation; I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.” This has strengthened me, and set me upon my hands and feet. Then I have said in my heart, I am determined, in spite of Satan, to declare all I know, and keep nothing back of the counsel of God. And I know the devil is a liar, for I know that I have experienced the power of the truths I have delivered, and am in possession of the faith I have been preaching. Thus the Lord's strength is made perfect in our weakness; so that we have reason to rejoice in our infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon us.

You say M— has gone among the rest. You need not be alarmed at this. This is no new thing. Paul tells Timothy that all men forsook him; but there is one thing he did not forget to mention, “The Lord stood by me.” This is no small matter, to have the Lord stand by us, to strengthen us when men forsake us, which my brother

may expect. I have had these things to struggle with ever since the Lord opened my mouth in public. And although they are sore trials, yet the Lord has given us to see there is a real necessity for it, because there is in us a naturally cleaving to man; and this appears to be part of the furnace.

These things, I believe, are intended to wean us from men, that our trust might be more fixed on Jesus, our Master, who tells us we should call no man our master but him only; and I can say from happy experience he is a good one too. I have been in his public service more than fifteen years, and have met much opposition to the work; but Jesus, my Master, has stood by me, and strengthened my soul with the bread and water of life, and equally provided for the outer man, to the grief of some neighbours. But stand I do. The Lord has stood by me in this dark hole almost ten years, and has never suffered me to want food nor raiment. He has kept me fast to the truth, and has not suffered me to deny his name, for fear of losing one hearer. But I believe the opposition I have met with has been the means of many precious truths being brought forth, which otherwise perhaps would not have been. Thus it must work for good. He will work all things after the counsel of his own will, nor will he give any account of his matters to man. It is enough for me to stand by and see him work. But sometimes I have a difficult matter to do this. He tells me it is my strength to stand still; but one thing is wanting here, patience; for I find after I have spent all my strength, &c., I am obliged to sit down; for the Lord says, "I will work, and who shall let it?"

You tell me the place is all in a smoke in consequence of the Lord having opened your mouth. If I might give you my advice, I should say, Go on in the name of the Lord; and while you have ten persons to attend, I should say give it not up. You will find the storm will abate after a little while, when it has spent its strength. He is a poor sailor that runs into harbour at the first storm after he gets to sea. If a viper should come out of the heat and stick to your hand, as it did to Paul's; it may affright, but it cannot hurt. If you have gone forth in faith and a good conscience, the Lord tells you you shall tread on scorpions, and over all the powers of darkness, and nothing shall by any means hurt you.

I wish, brother S., we could always stand upon this ground; it is firm and good. Heaven and earth shall pass away before this ground shall give way. It is a common case for earthly friends to leave us in time of trouble. But Jesus is a friend that loves at all times. David says that his familiar friends left him. He complains of their standing aloof, &c. "Then cried I unto thee, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." This sometimes is the effect of men forsaking us; and a blessed thing it is when the Lord thus works to secure the glory to himself, and our affections too, that we may know him to be our refuge and strength in times of trouble. Job found the same; when trouble came, his friends made themselves strange to him. If friend S.'s friends were to pass him in the street, and not know him, I should not wonder at it. I am not altogether a stranger

to this. The most blessed Lord found it so. Peter tells us that this is no strange thing, for the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren which are in the world. These and many more things may be expected from professors; for a man with a profession without the power, his throat is an open sepulchre, and his heart is full of filthy spleen and malice.

I must think about leaving off, or I shall tire you with so long a letter. And now, brother, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace. And that He may be pleased to keep you pure in heart, clean in conscience, and sound in the faith, is the desire of,

Thine to serve in the gospel of Christ,

Edenbridge, Sept. 22nd, 1817.

GEO. PAYTON.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

Beloved in the Lord,—Your epistle addressed to my very dear friend Mrs. F. is at this time in my possession; and as she has requested me to write a few lines by way of answer, I cheerfully embrace the opportunity, in order to convey my unfeigned regard to you, and also to testify that I believe you are one of the number whom having not seen I love in the bowels of Jesus Christ, believing in my heart that (notwithstanding all your scruples, doubts, and fears) you are an object of the Father's everlasting love, a vessel of mercy chosen from among men, a redeemed and saved subject of Christ's kingdom, and one whom the Holy Spirit has condescended to make his temple. Peradventure you may reply to this as the Shunamite did to Elisha, "Nay, do not lie unto thine handmaid," &c.; but I believe the issue will prove that my dear friend, as well as the Shunamite, has drawn a wrong conclusion. At the appointed season, Elisha's prediction was verified to her; and in the Lord's good time my brother Doubtful will certainly come forth out of this prison house of shadows which at present veil his prospects of good things to come.

It is evident to me that the day-spring from on high has indeed visited you, in the rich display of God's tender mercy; and, as the day-star has already risen in your heart, so likewise shall the Sun of righteousness, with his blessed healing beams, ere long break forth with peace, love, and joy, scattering every cloud, and diffusing heavenly warmth and divine consolation through your whole soul. Then will the poor prisoner of hope "arise and shine for his light is come," and feel that "the glory of the Lord is risen upon him." He will then no longer cherish such a troop of surmising fears, but with Thomas burst through them all with heavenly rapture, and say, without the least reserve, "My Lord and my God!" You say, "I should no doubt get along if I could but say those short but comprehensive words, 'Abba, Father;'" for that would be the key to unlock all the promises of the gospel; and having this spirit of adoption, I should then have a right to plead all the promises of the gospel, &c. In reply I must needs say, my dear friend's desire ac-

cords with the apostle's injunction, "Covet earnestly the best gifts;" and this sort of covetousness is truly commendable. But why do you put aside every promised blessing until you feel the cry of "Abba" in your heart? Did you ever hear a new-born child articulate a single word as soon as brought forth? Then why deprive the babes in grace of the milk of consolation because they cannot say, "Father?" Can you tell me the cause or show me the source whence this principle sprung up in your soul? If you cannot or will not, then permit me to show my opinion. Here I must first inquire, Did you ever meet with any one in a state of nature whose heart's desire ran out after the unspeakable gift of the spirit of adoption? If you say, "No," then how came it to pass that the desire of your soul is so fixed upon such a blessing as this? Why, truly this desire is the fruit or production of the Holy Spirit that now dwells in you; and, as this divine Person has taken possession of your heart, and brought forth this holy longing there, you know that agreeably to the promise he will never leave his own temple; (Isa. lx. 21;) and his abode in this temple is not like that of a wayfaring man that tarries for a night, for the blessed Redeemer assures us that he is to abide with us for ever. (John xiv. 16.)

Now it is, I think, evident and plain, that when regeneration takes place in an elect sinner, the Holy Spirit with all his precious train of graces, takes possession at once; but there is a beautiful order and diversity of operations produced in the soul before many of these choice graces are discernible by the recipient of them. In the new creation there is a similarity with the natural creation: "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," &c. It is not needful for me to show the parallel, as you are well acquainted with the uneasy, restless disquietude which takes place when the first motions of the Holy Spirit are felt in the soul. Light and life attend his first movings on the dark and confused state we are in, discovering to us our dire condition, and quickening us to feel the ruined and lost state into which we have fallen by our first father's transgression. These illuminations and sensations are of various degrees, in some persons more than in others, according to the sovereign pleasure of God, "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." In carrying on the good work begun, the Lord the Spirit brings forth into exercise now one grace and then another; but the whole assemblage of graces of which the new man is constituted is all within the soul, though not all at once in act or exercise; yet such is the sweet harmony in these operations, that they appear to assist one another, and life runs through the whole. Hence we both read and feel a lively hope, a lively faith, a lively love, &c.

The church of Christ is also compared to a garden of fruits, an enclosed spot of holy ground. (Song iv. 12.) So likewise every individual believer is "a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." None except the King and the seed-royal can enter here, nor do they find admittance into our affections till the Spirit of Love

unseals and opens the door of the heart. The wise man shows us that the Great Creator has made everything beautiful in his time. Thus, in those who are created anew in Christ Jesus, there is a time and season to call forth first one grace and then another into action, so as to bring glory to God and good to his people.

Many things I might mention upon this subject, but my aim is simply to point out to my dear friend that his right to plead the promises, and his interest in them, does not altogether depend upon his being able to cry, "Abba, Father." To feel and enjoy this high privilege is truly a most precious and desirable matter, and verily it is well worth seeking after with the whole heart; but if the vision tarry, wait for it, remembering also the waiting soul is already blessed. (Ps. ii. 12.) The time will come, if it have not yet come, when thy cup of joy will run over with divine consolation: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." (Isa. li. 3.) Ponder over the whole chapter, and fear not, O thou of little faith!

I could by no means have written in this free manner to one I never saw in the flesh were I not fully persuaded that you are in the footsteps of the flock. I well know from happy experience the lovingkindness and tender mercy of the good Shepherd! He found me a lost sinner in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness. He has led me about, instructed me, kept me as the apple of his eye, and to the present period has shown forth all long-suffering towards me, who am not worthy of the least of all his mercies. Many changes have I found in the house of my pilgrimage; but our covenant God changes not; therefore I am not consumed. Did you know all the way the Lord has led me, and the great goodness manifested towards such a mass of sinful dust and ashes, you would say with admiration, "What hath God wrought!" I am now verging towards the end of the wilderness, with a humble confidence that in the appointed season I shall bid an everlasting farewell to all sin, sorrow, temptation, and tribulation. At present it is a cloudy and dark day with me in my outward concerns, so that I am constrained to stand on my watch-tower, and keep looking to him who is able to turn the shadow of death into the morning. The present state of the church likewise hangs heavy on my mind; so little of the power of godliness is to be found; so much profession and so little spiritual life; so few ambassadors of peace with beautiful feet, and the true disciples of Jesus in much tribulation; while iniquity abounds, and the love of many is waxed cold; so that the declining state of religion here may be compared to the shadow upon the sun dial of Ahaz, which went ten degrees backward.

May "the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." Amen. In this bond of union I remain,
Most affectionately yours,

London, March 27th, 1826.

J. KEYT.

DR. GILL'S COMMENTARY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Standard.

Sir,—In the March Number of the Gospel Standard there appears a Review of Dr. Gill's Commentary now being re-published by Mr. Doudney, of Bonmahon; and in page 101, in reference to that gentleman, you say, "He is doing this (publishing the work) under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, being in a remote part of Ireland, and having no regular compositors or pressmen, but obliged to avail himself of the services of raw Irish lads, whom he is kindly instructing into the mysteries of the printing office; thus conferring a great benefit upon them at great inconvenience to himself." Now as that part which states that Mr. Doudney has no regular compositors or pressmen is incorrect and likely to give rise to misapprehension on the subject, naturally causing persons to think that a book printed under such circumstances must necessarily be very defective, I think it right to bring under your notice the real facts of the case; which are these.

When Mr. Doudney commenced the work, namely in October last, he engaged at good wages four first-rate London workmen, three compositors and one pressman, all of whom were diligently and constantly employed upon the Commentary from the early part of October until the latter end of November, when Mr. Doudney, finding that he had not a sufficient staff for the carrying out of his gigantic undertaking, engaged another workman, well acquainted with the business in both its branches, who was then, and had for some time previously been, employed upon a local paper, "The Waterford News."

I may add that the type and presses, which are of the best kind and entirely new, were purchased of the well-known firm of Sharwood and Co., of Aldersgate Street.

These are the simple facts, all of which I can vouch for from personal observation on the spot, as I was resident in Bonmahon from the commencement of the work on the 11th of October until the 2nd of December following, and had daily proofs of its satisfactory progression.

You will see from this statement that every care has been taken to render the work worthy of the extensive support which it has already received from the Christian public; and trusting to your sense of justice for the insertion of this letter in your widely-circulating and useful Magazine, I beg to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

March 6th, 1852.

H. H.

That is sufficient cause for trouble, which is the cause of all the trouble in the world—Sin.—*John Mason.*

They that have most grace have none to spare. None but self-righteous, foolish virgins think they are good enough. Those who are truly wise are always most distrustful of themselves: "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you."—*Whitefield.*

INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Standard.

Sir,—I wish to submit a point of Church discipline, that concerns a Particular Baptist Church without a pastor. We have a member who has abstained from partaking of the Lord's Supper for six months, on account of some suspicions arising in his mind that he has no right to the table, and therefore has determined not to sit down again until God brings some portion of Scripture to satisfy his mind of his election of God. Now the deacons feel it very tender ground to separate this member from their communion, and yet to keep his name on the Church Books does not seem right. Let me further state, that his conduct in all other respects is becoming the gospel of Christ.

March 4th, 1852.

ONE OF THE DEACONS.

ANSWER.

The above question we consider to involve a very difficult and delicate point, and therefore we give our opinion upon it with some degree of hesitation.

As upon this subject we have no particular precept nor precedent in Scripture to direct us, we must be guided by the general drift of the word, the spirit of the gospel, and the analogy of faith.

Two parties are to be considered; first, the member; secondly, the church.

Now, as regards the member, we may remark that conscience is a very tender thing, and should therefore be very affectionately and tenderly treated. Upon this point, 1 Cor. viii. is full of instruction. There we learn that to "wound a weak conscience" is to "sin against the brethren," and, what is more, to "sin against Christ." Now, it may be that the member alluded to may either be under a temptation, or may never have had any clear testimony to his interest in redeeming blood. The original fault might have been in his entering the church without some such testimony; for churches and ministers often sadly err in dragging forward candidates before they have a sense of their interest. But whatever be the cause, his conscience is now tender, and he feels unfit to approach the table till the Lord shines upon his soul. With this tenderness of conscience on this point, his life is consistent with the gospel. Now under such circumstances, we should feel disposed to respect his tender feelings. Does the church receive him as a brother? Are they satisfied with him, though he is not satisfied with himself? Should they not then respect his tender conscience? Church order and discipline are excellent things; but they may be valued at too high a rate. The letter of the law must give way to the spirit of the law. Love is the new commandment, and is therefore to be the grand guiding principle to direct the conduct of a church as well as that of an individual.

But the church says, "We have rules; and one of those rules is

that if a member absent himself from the table for a certain period, he is cut off." Well and good: But what is the real meaning of this rule? What does it contemplate? A wilful, contumacious disregard of the ordinance. The rule was made to meet the case of those who absent themselves from contempt of the ordinance, or from disunion with the church. It was not intended to meet the case of one who prized the ordinance and loved the members of the church, but was kept away by his timidity and tenderness. The point under consideration is therefore clearly an exceptional case, one not contemplated by the rule. The rule, therefore, does not apply to the case, or if it do in the strict letter, it does not in spirit. Now the very spirit of the gospel is not to insist upon the letter of a rule in opposition to the spirit of a rule, but where they clash to make the former bend to the latter. The letter says, "He has transgressed the rule. Cut him off; treat him as a heathen man and a publican." The spirit says, "We have a higher, nobler rule, the rule of love, which says, 'Treat him as a friend—a brother.'"

But there is another element of consideration. To cut off a member we consider a very serious thing, and by most churches much too lightly done. No one can read 1 Cor. v. 3—5 with an enlightened eye without seeing that to cut off a member is a very solemn proceeding, and one that demands much more prayer and consideration than is usually given to it. We must not be guided here by the corrupt practices of those churches which take members in and put members out more as if they were clubs than professed bodies of Christ; but by the Scriptures of truth,—the precepts and practice of the New Testament. Taking them as our guide, we see from 2 Cor. ii. 4—9 what trouble it caused Paul; what grief it caused the members; (2 Cor. vii. 9—11;) and what sorrow it caused the separated individual to be excluded from communion with the church. (2 Cor. ii. 7.) In the strong language of the apostle, it was "delivering him unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh;" as if shutting him out of communion with the church was to give him up to be harassed and distressed by the devil. And if cutting a member off for open disgraceful sin caused such grief and trouble, we may be sure that exclusion from church fellowship is no slight punishment, and should therefore be administered with the greatest caution, unless positively called for. To cut off a member of the church should be like cutting off a member of our own body. This in the natural body is sometimes necessary to save life. A shattered limb or a diseased joint must often be amputated to preserve the rest. So a corrupt member must be sometimes amputated from the church. But as a skilful surgeon will endeavour to preserve the limb, so will a wise pastor strive to preserve the member; and as the natural body shrinks from losing an arm, so should the spiritual body shrink from losing a joint.

In these degenerate days, when love has grown cold, such views and considerations may seem out of place, and therefore inapplicable; but the truth and spirit of the gospel remain the same, unimpaired by all the fluctuating opinions of men.

If, then, cutting off from the church be so severe a punishment, should not the officers of the church pause before they inflict it on one whose life is consistent, whose conscience is tender, and who would gladly sit down with them, but is afraid of presumption? Should the same punishment be dealt out to one whose life is consistent and conscience tender as to one whose life is disgraceful and conscience hardened? This were contrary not only to all equity, but to all law itself. And how much more to the letter and spirit of the gospel!

Our counsel, therefore, would be not to separate the member for the cause mentioned, but to treat him with the greatest tenderness and consideration. The Lord may shortly appear for him, and then the church will rejoice that he was treated not as an enemy but as a brother.

We know an almost similar case where the Lord did, after a short time, appear to one tried much in the same way, to the great comfort not only of the individual himself, but to the church of which he was a member.

REVIEW.

A Warning to Ministers; or, The Dangers incident to the Ministerial Office. A Fragment, by Jonathan R. Anderson, Minister of Knox's Church, Glasgow.

A Day in Knox's Free Church, Glasgow; being Notes of Lecture and Sermon Delivered 12th Oct., 1851, by J. R. Anderson.

John Knox Tracts.

(Concluded from page 140.)

There is a striking similarity between the history of the church and the experience of a believer. Nor is this coincidence casual, but necessarily connected with their mutual position, the body and the members being affected by the same circumstances, and being dependent on the same causes of health or decay. Thus the first is as the volume of which the second is a page; the one being the history of centuries, and the other the record of a life.

This similarity embraces several particulars. 1. The first and main point of coincidence lies in this—that both are dependent for their spiritual life and prosperity on the Lord their Head. The church is his body, of which individual believers are separate members; and without him neither body nor members can do anything. He is “the Way” in which both walk; “the Truth” in which both believe; and “the Life” in which both live.

2. But besides this similarity in point of *dependence*, there is also a striking resemblance in point of *experience*. Thus in the history of the church there are certain marked periods, or, as they are usually called, “*epochs*” of spiritual prosperity, when the Lord's presence and power were peculiarly manifested. As these seasons were wholly due to the special pouring out of the Holy Spirit, (according to the Scripture promise, “I will pour out my Spirit upon you,”) they have been termed “*effusions*” of the Holy Ghost. The first of these, and the type and pattern of all succeeding, though immeasurably exceeding them in

power and glory, was that most memorable one on the day of Pentecost. The early and the latter rain* spoken of in the prophets seem to represent in type and figure the beauty and blessedness of these gracious effusions. Now, as long as these showers fell on the church, she flourished. It was generally with her a time of outward persecution and trouble; but as her afflictions abounded her consolations abounded also, and she "looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." But when these gracious effusions were withheld, like a field deprived of rain, she gradually declined in fruitfulness. Thus the history of the church presents an alternation of fruitfulness and barrenness, restoration and decline, life and death, summer and winter, resurrection and decay. Herein the experience of the church corresponds with the experience of its spiritual members. There are few of the children of God who cannot look back to certain marked periods in their experience when the blessed Spirit worked powerfully in their hearts. Their first convictions or their first blessings,—their spirit of supplication or their spirit of hearing—the sweet manifestations of Christ, the marked answers to prayer, the love they felt to the brethren, the willingness to make sacrifices and suffer persecution for the truth's sake—these and similar bright and blessed spots in Christian experience correspond in the individual to the effusions of which we have spoken as marking certain epochs in the church. And their coldness, deadness, and barrenness, when the Spirit's influences are withheld, correspond to the periods in the history of the church of decline and decay.

3. A third point of similarity may be also noticed. When the church has declined into coldness and death, the Lord has at all periods preserved in her an elect remnant who sigh and cry on account of Zion's declension, and testify as faithful witnesses against the condition into which she has fallen. Here too the experience of the individual coincides with the experience of the church. In the bosom of a child of God, however low the soul may have sunk into carnality and lukewarmness, there is still a sigh and a cry on account of the abominations. The soul is inwardly sensible of its backslidings, its coldness, deadness, and declension; and conscience, as a faithful witness for God, unbribed and unbribeable, unsilenced and unsilenceable, will ever and anon raise up its voice and testify against the forsaking of the Fountain of living waters, to hew out cisterns, broken cisterns, that hold no water.

Bearing these observations in mind, and confining ourselves to comparatively modern times, we may point to two remarkable periods when there seems to have been a special effusion of the Holy Spirit. The first was the blessed Reformation; and the other the times of Whitefield. Now, the history of the seven churches in the Revelation, as well as that of the church subsequently in all ages, teaches that a special pouring out of the Holy Spirit is usually as much succeeded by declension and decay as bodily exertion is followed by lassitude and weariness. The power of the Reformation in this country we may perhaps consider to have lasted down to about the Revolution of 1688, when the Dissenters for the first time** obtained legal rights. Thence followed a period of great declension and decay, till Whitefield was raised up to proclaim the necessity

* Rain in Palestine fell, not as with us at uncertain seasons, but mostly twice a year only, the early rain falling in the autumn when the seed was first committed to the ground, and the latter in spring, to fill the ear and carry the growing crop on to harvest.

** We of course omit here out of our consideration the short period of the Commonwealth.

and nature of the new birth through the length and width of the land. This latter period embraces Hart, Toplady, Hervey, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, Huntington, Hawker, and others whose praises are in all the churches. But we seem now for some time past to have entered into the period of decay. The church has been for some years passing into the dark shadow of the eclipse; and there is every reason to fear that the light will be more and more withdrawn, till, as in Egypt, the darkness may be felt.

What the state of things is in Scotland we have already attempted to describe. And lest we should seem as writing at a distance, therefore to be incompetent judges, we will subjoin the testimony of those who are on the spot. Our first extract shall be from a pamphlet published by a probationer (that is, a candidate for orders) of the Free Church of Scotland. We must make allowances for the somewhat inflated style of a young man, but besides its vigour it bears to us the internal stamp of truth. He thus addresses the ministers :

"Now, Reverend Fathers, your knowledge of doctrinal truth is not of this experimental kind. You do not preach because you believe; you believe because you preach; and you believe, to a certain extent, or, in a certain sense, what you do preach; but you do not preach *because* you believe, or on the warrant of your own personal experience in the matter. The doctrines of the cross have not been ratified in *you* by the testimony of the Spirit, and by the seal of your own consciousness. Your sermons (at least as many as I have heard, with scarcely a single exception) are a mere accumulation of doctrinal paragraphs, arranged on good authority, and in the most approved order, —a register of other men's discoveries in the spiritual world, accredited by you on the evidence of textual corroboration.* I see you in your studies, (with a partition of books before you,) arranging with laborious accuracy the points of an exhausted argument, and adjusting the sub-divisions of a prolonged theological echo. There lies the ground-work of a text; then follows an introduction to correspond; then comes the first head of discourse, the opinion of a commentator; which brings you, by a preconcerted originality of design, to the second head, another view of the same point, or a step further on in the discussion, borrowed with orthodox fidelity from the pages of some other divine; then the third head, &c. &c. This sort of theology is sometimes varied, in the hands of an ingenious or aspiring orator, by a lively digression on some obscure grammatical or critical point, of no consequence whatever to the spiritual enlargement of the subject; or by some entertaining illustration of Oriental manners or Jewish antiquities, copied from a book of travels, to attract attention or dispel sleep; and sometimes by a blast of rhapsodical froth, delivered in a strain of lofty monotonous elocution, peculiar to the man, and conveying to the minds of ignorant hearers the notion of extraordinary piety or uncommon genius, and thereby overpowering them with a sort of superstitious delirium, mistaken both by preacher and people for the operation of divine grace; (surely this excess of infatuation can be nothing else than the result of Satanic movement—one of those strong delusions to which the Almighty abandons the reprobate;) and the whole is concluded by what is called a 'practical improvement;' in other words, by a studied exhortation to the hearers to be strongly affected and impressed with the importance of certain truths only half-exhibited, or rather half-obscured, and by which the speaker himself is no more touched than if he did not comprehend them—which, in disgraceful and blasphemous deed, is the very case! How do I know this? How can I prove it? Was I ever in your studies? I never was; I know very few of you so intimately. But I see you in the pulpit, and I judge you there. I see you straining every muscle of your memory to recollect some

* "Reverend Fathers, in this record of my own experience, I am supported by the testimony of aged believers, who assure me that, *for upwards of twenty years, matters have been in the same state, except in the case of solitary pulpits, where gospel-life made surrounding death more conspicuously appalling.*"

brilliant paragraph, not to be left out on any consideration; or rousing your souls, by a sort of galvanic spasm, to reluctant and fictitious correspondence with the manuscript before you; or dreaming through the turns of an elaborate composition, utterly regardless of the spiritual hazard of the prisoners who are condemned to hear you; *I see this*, and I know the origin of the evil. You have *written* what you do not comprehend, or *committed* to memory what you never felt. You have studied in darkness, and written in the stupor of a dream; and you must *read*, or *deliver*, accordingly. You are the slaves of a practised, mechanical theology; men of memory, or of paper. Your preaching is a list of doctrines not distinctly apprehended, a string of interjections without sympathy, of epithets without order, of terrors without apprehension, of entreaties without sincerity, of joys without interest,—struck off in a given number of minutes, with the air of a finished performance, like an elaborate fugue or rondo wanting the key-note. The soul hangs on in anxious expectation for the concluding stave; but the preacher, like one that hath a pleasant voice and playeth well upon an instrument without feeling, seems to be quite unconscious, from first to last, that there is such a tone in the gamut of the sinner's heart as personal spiritual experience."

Mr. Anderson writes less oratorically, but quite as decidedly :

"But there are dangers nearer and greater than any of these, to which we are called to awake, and from which we ought to seek to escape. The religion which in the present day bears the name of Protestant and evangelical, is to a large extent quite dead. And most pitiable is it to see those who profess it assembling themselves together, and giving forth the loud note of preparation, and making as though they were just about to furbish their armour, and muster their hosts, and go forth to meet the enemy, aye, to conquer him too. For does it never once strike these men that they are themselves in the enemy's hands; that he is in possession of their citadels, their armouries, their ammunition, their officers, their soldiers, their recruits? Is it possible that an empty name, however high-sounding, will stand before a dread reality; that an expiring Protestantism will carry it against a reviving Popery; that a dead Christianity will prevail against a living Antichrist? O no! And it is rank delusion to look for it."

"We have had quite enough of the flatteries of men that talk as if they were saints themselves, and almost all were saints around them—whose worship is often a solemn mockery of Him who made heaven and earth, and whose bustling labours never pass beyond the outer court of a name, a profession, a speech, a sermon, a prayer. O where is the Lord God of the Reformations granted to this land—the God of Knox, of Henderson, of Gray, of Livingston? Where are the men to rouse a slumbering generation to the solemn realities of the eternal world, the shortness of time, and the certainty of the judgment? Where are the pulpits from which are at any time heard the peals of thunder from Mount Sinai making the hearts of sinners tremble under the power of the holy law, and the still small voice of mercy from Mount Zion melting the soul under the influence of the glorious gospel? Where are the preachers that seem to be weighed down with the interests of immortal souls, the difficulties of dealing faithfully with them, and the solemn account that is to be rendered for them? Where are the people that are troubled with sin, fearful of wrath, anxious about salvation, weeping, praying, seeking a Saviour? Where, any where, but, with few exceptions, not in Scotland."

Both these writers are members of the Free Church, and are evidently well acquainted with the state of profession in their native land. But the information that we have received from Scotland leads us to believe that the Free Church, as a body, is nearly as much sunk in carnality and formality as the Kirk or the United Presbyterian. The very principle of secession was to a certain extent a political one. For after all it was practically this. A living becomes vacant. Who shall give that living away? Shall it be the Duke of Buccleugh, or shall it be the neighbouring clergy, (in other words the Presbytery,) or the farmers of the parish, (the heritors,) or the majority of the communicants? For in which of

these bodies the patronage was to be vested was a matter of dispute. There was no point of experience, nothing spiritual or gracious here involved, which like a sieve would sift out the carnal. A man without a grain of spiritual experience might be deeply imbued with the doctrine of "Christ's headship," as thus contended for, and make sacrifices for it, who might be an enemy to the work of the Spirit. When the storm was raging, the mariners were crying every man to his god; but when Jonah was overboard, and the sea calm, they would soon slink down under the hatches and fall asleep. So in the storm which rent asunder the Kirk, many of the mariners on board the Free Ship would be full of earnestness and zeal whom the subsequent calm has rocked asleep.

Viewed, then, religiously, the spirit of deep slumber has been poured out on Scotland. "Darkness covers the earth, (its profane part,) and gross darkness the people" (the professing part;) for the light that is in her being darkness, how great is that darkness! The Episcopal Church in Scotland, we may mention by the way, is sunk wholly into Puseyism; the Independents and Baptists (the latter but few in number) much resemble their English brethren in their Arminian no-religion; and Popery is chiefly confined to the Irish immigrants.

But it is high time to drop a few remarks on the little works at the head of the present article. Their author, Mr. Anderson, is much prized by the few in Scotland who value experimental preaching, a thing in the land of Rutherford now hardly known by name. He is evidently a man of considerable ability, much improved by that laborious system of education through which every Scotch ordained minister must pass. He therefore writes with great fluency, and often with great energy and strength. Indeed we have not many preachers in England professing truth who handle a subject so ably, and enforce their views with so much closeness and earnestness. His eyes have been opened clearly to see the nature of that dead profession which hangs over Scotland like a funeral pall. This, therefore, he exposes and denounces with much warmth and energy. He is evidently one also who has felt the terrors of the law and the promises and consolations of the gospel. His own heart too he knows, its evils and corruption, making him a mourner in Zion. Upon all these subjects he writes well as one who feels their weight and importance, and has an inward experience of their reality.

His position, however, is a peculiar one, and must, we should think, exercise an unfavourable influence over his mind and ministry.

Connected as he is with the Free Church, of which the great mass, both preachers and people, are evidently as much sunk in death as the general Dissenters with us, he occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a minister in the Establishment who has life in his soul. We say somewhat similar, for it is not precisely so. There is much less connection between the ministers of an Episcopal system than between the ministers of a Presbyterian one. In the former system the bishop is the sun, and the clergy are the planets, each moving independently of the other in its solitary orbit. But where there is no centralising bishop, the presbyters of a district form a united body, the members of which gravitate towards each other, and therefore exert a mutual influence. If the bulk of these ministers be dead Godward, they must either deaden and paralyse a living minister, or if he preserve his life, he will be separate first in spirit and then in body from them. Floating masses of ice are dangerous neighbours. A living body surrounded by them is in peril of being cooled down to the freezing point or of being frozen in. Whilst we are bound up with a certain body of men, we are held in fetters by

them. Here is the peril of all unions of ministers, whether they be clerical meetings, or Presbyteries, or associations. The rules of good breeding, the trammels of society tie up the tongue. Faithfulness in the spiritual portion is merged in politeness; deadly opposition to the Spirit's work in the carnal portion is masked under a few sanctimonious phrases. A spiritual minister will in vain attempt to bring up his carnal confederates to his standard. They are much more likely to tone him down to theirs. His only safe and scriptural course is to come out and be separate. Mr. A. is, we understand, disliked and persecuted by his ministerial brethren, and has been more than once summoned before the Presbytery, and reproved by them for his faithful testimony.

We have now before us several of his writings, being chiefly sermons, pamphlets, and tracts, and therefore have some means of forming a judgment upon them.

We have read them with mingled feelings. His "Warning to Ministers" contains much that is striking. One extract will show its character.

"The only result, then, that is worth the seeking after—that which we are sworn to promote, and which ought ever, as our pole-star, to be before our eye—is the salvation of immortal souls. But we are in no danger of entire indifference to this object. The man, indeed, who does not know the value of his own soul cannot be expected to set much by the souls of others. He that has never tasted the wormwood and the gall of a lost state, nor experienced the pangs of the new birth, is not likely to be much concerned that others should pass through such an ordeal. He may, it is true, pretend, and in these days when evangelical preaching and evangelical profession are so fashionable, he must pretend to be concerned upon the subject. But need I say how difficult it is to make out a complete mask, and to get it so entirely to fit as to altogether conceal the dread reality? The truth surely comes out to men's own consciences. The Searcher of hearts, from his holy high throne in the heavens, may, in many parts of the land, have his eye upon the fearful spectacle of men who in public appear to be all earnestness about the salvation of sinners, and yet cannot stand before the condemning voice of their own consciences, testifying that they neither know nor care anything about the matter.

"We fear, however, that the more common case is to have the conscience seared as with a hot iron, and that too by means of lofty evangelical pretensions, and smooth-flowing honeyed evangelical words, and very beautiful and appropriate evangelical illustrations, while there is a total absence of spiritual discernment and inward living experience of the power of saving truth. The pretensions, however, are at times so flimsy and so ill sustained that a discerning eye may detect the hollowness that is within; and even those who can look, and are entitled to look, no deeper than the outward appearance may discover that there is nothing whatever of true evangelical religion amidst the noise that is made about it. 'Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? &c.; and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you,' &c."

But we must confess that the "John Knox Tracts" please us most of Mr. Anderson's writings. They are more simple and striking than his more elaborate compositions. They are short, not exceeding usually eight pages, and for the most part simple and clear. Read, for instance, the following extract from the Tract No. 11, called "The Best Robe:"

"But the Prince of Peace pierces with arrows of saving conviction those for whom he shed his blood, and does not suffer them to wrap themselves in coverings of delusion and proudly to walk in vain imaginations. He makes manifest to them that they are rotten to the core, that their souls are corrupt and ruined, and that, if justice takes its course, they must be reserved for the vengeance of eternal fire. He teaches them that their inmost thought is vanity; that their affections are carnal; their motives selfish; their imaginations a sink of filthiness; and their tastes, desires, and purposes, all alienated from the life of God. He shows them that the law of God is against them,

and at every point condemn them; that its principles are against them, for they are not subject to them; its precepts are against them, for they have not kept them; its penalty is against them, for they have incurred it; that the word of God is against them, for in every page it takes part with the Holy One of Israel, and solemnly protests against them and the evil of their doings; its doctrines, its maxims, its threatenings, its very promises, are all against them; the providence of God is against them. They see an enemy in every object that meets their eye, in every event that occurs in their lot, in every affliction that is laid upon them, in every mercy that is offered to them. 'The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart.' (Deut. xxviii. 28.) 'Cursed shalt thou be in the city; and cursed shalt thou be in the field; cursed shall be thy basket and thy store.' (Deut. xxviii. 16, 17.)

"To such a man deliverance is most precious; it is the one thing needful; it is his life. But here his pride opposes itself, and threatens him with a double ruin, and a heavier woe than is incurred by the breach of the law; for he will not stoop to be saved by sovereign mercy; he stumbles at the cross of Christ; he will not own that but for a redemption, effectually applied by the Holy Ghost, he must perish; he quarrels with the only spring of hope; he rejects the only Saviour, and fights against the love that seeks his good. But here grace—free, sovereign, and effectual—triumphs, and leads this proud rebel a humble captive. For such a man, indeed, modern professors have no sympathy; he is a riddle to them; they know not what to make of him. Nor are those that set themselves up as spiritual guides a whit better. To get up a song of gospel peace, conveyed in language as lofty in sound as it is low in sense; and uttered with a manner as solemn in appearance as it is hollow in reality; and urged with a spirit that sounds very like the gentleness of the lamb, while it has in it the cunning of the fox and the cruelty of the wolf—all this is quite within their power, and they exhibit it as often as opportunity allows. But to take up the case of a poor distracted sinner, with his conscience full of the arrows of guilt, and his heart bleeding with his pride and unbelief, or so cold and stupid that it refuses to feel—that is beyond their skill; it does not seem to be in their way; for it can hardly be expected that men who are pleased with themselves; and those with whom they associate, should be the means of bringing any into soul-trouble. We talk of conversions as rare; and no marvel, for there are hardly any convictions, and few that seem at all to aim at producing them. 'A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?' (Jer. v. 30, 31.)"

Having spoken thus favourably of Mr. Anderson, and we think that the above extracts will fully bear out all that we have said, it pains us to be obliged to mention that we have met with expressions in his writings that have quite stumbled us. Whether it be from his being imbued with the system of Scotch theology, or from his connexion with the Free Church, he uses language which savours most strongly of free-will. Having such clear views of the fall of man and of his death in trespasses and sins, it surprises us, for instance, that he can use such language as the following to dead sinners:

"Men and brethren, addressing you as the creatures of God, we say it is in this truth you are to see your Creator. There his ineffable beauty appears—there his infinite glory shines. And O, were it not your wisdom to turn aside from whatever would divert your attention and see this great sight? Let those of you who have hitherto lived in practical or avowed atheism, seek after a knowledge of God. It will do your hearts good to get a little of it. It is the purest and sweetest thing that can enter the soul, and will stand you in stead when other things fail you. It will lighten you in the dark valley of the shadow of death. It will gladden your souls to all eternity. See that you 'acquaint yourselves with God, and be at peace, so good will come to your souls.' (Job xxii. 21.)"

"But there is not an individual now within these walls who is not put under the alternative of knowing the mind of God in his wrath against sin, either

hereafter, under a dispensation of mercy or at the judgment-seat, in of conviction unto the salvation of the soul or in the way of nation unto the perdition of the soul. Shall we say, 'We speak wise men, judge ye what we say?' Were it not a wise and is choice in you to prefer mercy in time unto your salvation, before at in eternity to your damnation? When life and death are set before they are whosoever his mind is made known, ought you not to choose s it not madness to prefer death?"

k! if you are found in a Christless state, your wretchedness in hell u a proportion to the infinite wisdom and mercy that have been ex-upon this redemption. Beware, then, and do not turn away from this

O get through the strait gate into the narrow way that leads to then, and then only, can you be said to be safe."

ast extracts are taken from a sermon entitled "A Testimony for and may therefore be taken as his decided views.

dead flies taint the ointment. There are also expressions in Varning to Ministers" which grate upon our ear. We do not r instance, such an expression as this:

course we must receive what is the Lord's, from his own word, by the tion of his Holy Spirit. Nor is this to be expected, but in a sober onal way, in keeping with the proper exercise of our rational powers, and sanctified by the grace of God."

ese free-will expressions Mr. Anderson is quite inconsistent with ; for put the above side by side with the following, and how t the language!

how are we to learn the nature, and taste the sweetness of divine con-? We must be brought down from our loftiness, we must be disturbed in al ease, and burnt out of our nest of self-sufficiency; we must be r the prophets, broken by the wrath of God, and slain by the law, so and again to feel that we must be debtors to sovereign grace, flowing the righteousness of Christ. We must have our idols exposed, our agged forth from their holes, our carnal religion made loathsome in our own righteousness shown to be filthy rags; and the necessity of true engraven in our hearts, and its rudiments formed in our souls by the f God. By trials such as these are we to learn the preciousness of and be disposed, through grace, to embrace him as all our salvation our desire; and thus to come into the large room of peace in believing, nspeakable and full of glory. We may, indeed, without such a pro-etend to comfort; we may get what will pass with many as comfort, at are very close imitations of comfort. But to the divine reality we utter strangers; and, sooner or later, be seen by the people of God to ted hypocrites or silly self-deceivers. For every part of genuine n experience answers in its essential elements to the grand outline drawn of the whole: 'Through much tribulation we must enter the n."

all this sound divinity, and sound experience too; and therefore nder the more that free-will should be allowed to mingle her dist notes with the silver trumpet of the gospel.

re most unwilling to make a man an offender for a word, but s something in the language that we have quoted immediately ng the last extract which is sadly discordant with free grace and e helplessness. Had it been merely a slip in expression we could ssed it by; but, meeting with similar expressions in different places, constrained to believe it forms a part of his habitual ministry.

1 this drawback, there is much that is valuable in his writings. otch are a well-educated people, and accustomed to elaborate s and a certain amount of intellectual reasoning. For them Mr. on is well adapted, especially in a city like Glasgow, where he

would have many educated hearers. He is a man, we understand, of eminently consistent life and prayerful habits, adorning the doctrine that he preaches. We therefore conclude by wishing him well in the name of the Lord, as what we have heard of him from private sources leads us to esteem him highly in love for his work's sake.

P O E T R Y.

“Hear my cry, O God ; attend unto my prayer.”—Ps. lxi. 1.

My God, my light, my life, my refuge, and my all,
Be pleased to hear my cry when I on thee do call;
I mourn thy absence, fear thy frowns, yet hope to see
Thy arm made bare, thy power supreme display'd for me.

My heart is broken, grief sits heavy on my brow ;
Prostrate I fall, and at thy footstool, Lord, I bow ;
By prayer I oft repeat in sighs and words but half express'd,
Nor can I cheerful be until my wounds are heal'd, my soul redress'd.

Afflictions sore, like barbed iron, penetrate my heart,
And few on earth I find that to the mourner show a friendly part ;
I come to thee, my God, through blood divine admit my plea ;
In mercy, Lord, look down ; a worm is waiting thee to see.

In days and years, that like the shadow flew away,
Thou didst on me bestow that look which turn'd my night to day
And can it be, O Lord, that by thee mercies past are all forgot ?
In words divine of thee I read, Jehovah Jesus changes not.

Then hear my cry, in mercy, Lord, and raise me from the dust ;
My vain affections crucify, and stifle every lust ;
That grace in me may in primeval splendour shine,
And acts of mercy prove thy favours all divine.

Let me thy face, dear Lord, once more behold ;
I long to hear thy accents sweet ; to me thy love unfold ;
And then my soul shall upward rise and sing,
Of thee, O God, the one eternal King.

Ramsgate.

W. S.

Who can mention the treacheries and deceits that lie in the heart of man ? It is not for nothing that the Holy Ghost so expresses it, “It is deceitful above all things ;” uncertain in what it does, and false in what it promises. And hence moreover it is amongst other causes, that in the pursuit of our war against sin we have not only the old work to go over and over, but new work still, while we live in this world ; still new stratagems and wiles to deal withal, as the manner will be where unsearchableness and deceitfulness are to be contended with.—*Owen*.

The law can be fulfilled by no man but by him which being free from the law is no more under it ; we must accustom ourselves also to the manner of Paul's speech, that we may know assuredly who is under the law, and who is not under the law. As many, therefore, as work good works, because the law has so commanded, being brought thereunto either with fear of punishment or hope of reward, are under the law, and are compelled to do good things and to be honest, being not brought hereunto of their own voluntary will. Wherefore the law has dominion over them, whose servants and captives they are.—*Luther*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 146.)

12. I therefore proceed to the twelfth branch of real service, which is, *faithfulness*, or *being faithful*. The question naturally arises, Then what is it to be faithful? To which I answer, it is to speak the real truth respecting the fall of man, from a feeling sense, so as to agree with God's testimony of the human heart. God says, "Every imagination of man's heart is evil, only evil, and that continually." Then says the church, "We are altogether as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Says Christ, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornication," &c. ; and says the prophet Jeremiah, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I might enlarge, but let this suffice. Now says Solomon, "Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness, but a faithful man who will find?" (which I think means one that will proclaim his own badness.)

Again. To be faithful is to speak to others of our experience as far as we have gone and no further, not to enlarge upon it for the sake of appearing something great. If any particular sin is our burden, as far as the Scripture will bear us out we may tell it to the tried saint; for the Lord says, "Bear one another's burdens;" and if God lays it on the mind of him we tell it to, it is that both of us may besiege a throne of grace; as Christ says, "If two of you shall agree to ask anything," &c., which was the case with Ephraim and his mourners. Well, then, if the Lord appears and delivers us, then we are to proclaim it, just as it is; as David says, "O come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done

for my soul." And Paul says, "Let every man speak the truth to his neighbour," which he tells you he himself did: "I speak the truth in Christ; I lie not." And says Solomon, "A faithful witness will not lie."

Again. It is to keep a secret. God's people at the first setting off are ready to tell the corruptions of their hearts and temptations to every one; and sometimes they have suffered for it. Now when these things are told you, if you can run about and divulge what you have been told as a secret, you are not faithful;* for Solomon says, "A faithful spirit concealeth the matter."

Lastly. We are to be faithful to God, and that in the following way; not to attempt to cloke our sins, but aggravate them; and when he delivers us out of trouble ascribe the whole glory to him. In our dealings with his family, not to go beyond or defraud a brother, and the same with others that we deal with. Ephraim says, "God compasseth me about with lies and the house of Israel with deceit; but Judah still ruleth with God, and is faithful with his saints." Now it is said that Moses, (as a servant, mind,) as a servant, was faithful in all his house. "Who then," says Christ, "is that faithful and wise servant?" &c. Thus you see a servant must be found *faithful*.

13. Which brings me to the thirteenth branch of real service, namely, *new service*. I say it is altogether *new*; and here it would not be amiss to show the difference between a bond servant under the law and a free servant under the gospel. First the one under the law. He works for life. This will be plain to you if you take notice of the young man that came to Christ with a, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Now you see this man had not life, nor was he sensible of his being spiritually dead to God by the question he asked Christ.

Life is the first thing I shall mention in the free servant, and this is new. (Rom. viii. 4.) "Like as Christ," says Paul, "was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

Again. A bond servant is idle. Says he, "I cannot dig," which shows his heart had never been ploughed up. "Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts." Again he says, "I am so proud that to beg I am ashamed." What! Are you ashamed to beg, when God raises up the beggar from the dunghill? Then you shall, with the rich man, beg water in hell, and not get it. Again says he, "There's a lion in the way;" and another kept the talent hid in a napkin. Now Solomon says, "They have a desire, but it never brings anything in." Balaam said, "Let me die the death of the righteous." He was one of these servants. "The slothful desireth, and hath nothing;" but a free servant desires and gets it; for so the promise runs, "The desire of the righteous shall be

* We will here go a step farther than Rusk. Such conduct is not only unfaithful but base. A man who cannot keep a secret thus confided to him is worse than a worldling, many of whom, from mere principles of honour and natural friendship, would not betray a secret of this nature.

ed." And this is new. "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." Thus you see they

The promise comes home with comfort to their hearts, and begin to grow, like calves at the stall, up into Christ their Head, and that in all things.

in. These bond servants are very strenuous for the traditions of their fathers, called the doctrines and commandments of men, turn from the truth; but the free servant, after he is weaned from the milk and drawn from the breast, is taught a new doctrine. He has choice food in the doctrine of election, because he has his calling and election sure; in the Trinity, because each has a voice in his conscience; in the two natures of Christ, because he is flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, and the free spirit is one spirit with him; and in eating Christ's flesh, drinking his blood, and being justified in his righteousness. These doctrines feed his soul, and these bond servants allow this doctrine, or doctrines, to be new; as it certainly is (Mark i. 27): "And were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? What new doctrine is this?" You have it again in Acts xvii. 19: "And they took Paul and brought him before Areopagus, saying, May we know what this doctrine whereof thou speakest is? for thou bringest certain things to our ears." Thus you see how it puzzles the best men.

Another thing peculiar to a bond servant is a whole heart; as the apostle says, "They have made their hearts harder than an adamant; they refuse to return;" and if under some dreadful alarms of conscience they appear to return, God says it is feignedly. If they hear the word it is to see whether the preacher is right. They are critics, and are always in the judgment-seat, as before observed.

"May we know" (let us try thee, Paul) "what this new doctrine is?" If they appear ever so full of love, it is dissembled, as no further than the mouth; for their heart goes after their senses. They bend the knee, it is true; but their wills (the intended by it) were never bent.

So turn from these whole-hearted bond servants and take notice of the free, is my intent. Then observe, these are broken-hearted, which is done by reproof and rebuke: "I stand at the door and knock," and "It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh." Not only reproof and rebuke, but reproach. Says David, "Reproach hath broken my heart." Temptation also: "Sore broken in the flesh by dragons." Continual sorrow and grief: "By sorrow of the spirit is broken." This, Mr. H. says, will break the heart and this is a new heart. What? Why, to have it bound and is called a new heart and a new spirit. Thus the free man has a new heart.

1. Every bond servant is in his sins; as Christ says, "If ye be in your sins." What! are these Pharisees, that appear outwardly righteous, in their sins? Yes, and servants of sin. Pure in their own eyes, it is true, but they were never washed

from their filthiness. But now for the free servant. He is pardoned. His conscience is cleansed from all sin. He has received the atonement. The name that God proclaimed to Moses (the substance of which is the forgiveness of sins) is called a new name.

Again. The bond servant is altogether without righteousness. Paul says, "They are free from righteousness." "Ah!" says the poor convinced sinner, "that's my case. I have no righteousness." Yes, but are you *free*? these people are *free*, such freedom as it is, and yet free from righteousness. These are outwardly righteous, but the others are all-glorious within. Hence you read, "Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

But again. This bond servant is very strenuous for outward things, such as fasting, forms of prayer, teaching children to pray, organs, gowns, giving to the poor, and circumcision. But what does all this avail? Christ says it is not that which goes into a man that defiles him. Then what is the use of fasting? "But," say you, "fasting is spoken of in Scripture." Yes, but not such fasting as that. I think it means self-denial; and none can rightly fast but those who are married to Jesus Christ. Now when you are tempted to any act of uncleanness, you find that if you committed it it would feast the old man. Yes; but suppose you, through the Spirit, are enabled to mortify the deeds of the body, is mortification pleasing or comfortable? does it entertain you? or is it bitter to bear?" "Certainly," say you, "it is very trying." Then this is fasting. You are not fed with heavenly things; and as with a strong hand, you are kept back from carnal things, it is a fast. Shall I show you two, one that fasted and one that did not? Take it, then. Joseph in resisting his mistress, and David in entertaining the wayfaring man. Again. Not only fasting, but forms of prayer. Paul says, "We know not how to pray as we ought." And as for circumcision, God declares he will punish the circumcised with the uncircumcised. But the free servant is opposed to all this. Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth him, but a new creature, and faith that worketh by love. Now this is new.

Again. This bond servant is always for keeping God's commands. They will tell you they never at any time transgressed, which is an arrant lie; but Christ says, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Thus I have showed the difference between a bond servant and a free one, in that the one is always old and the other new, namely, newness of life, newborn babes, new doctrines, a new heart and a spirit, and a new name. They put on the new man; they are new creatures; they have a new commandment; they are a new lump; they drink the new wine of the kingdom; they sing a new song; and, finally, they are the real servants of Christ. Now mind what Paul says, we are to serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter; and the Spirit brings or produces all I have mentioned.

14. I come now to the fourteenth branch of real service, which is threefold; first, *watchfulness*; and this is what Habakkuk was at:

"I will stand on my watch-tower;" and by watching he got this answer: "The just shall live by faith," not by sight; and this is watching unto prayer. We are to watch against Satan: "Be sober, be vigilant," &c.; "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." We are to watch against an enemy. Hence the reproof is, "His watchmen are blind; they are dumb dogs that cannot bark;" but God is at the bottom of all this; for "unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." And as to watching against Satan, faith is the gift of God, and we are to resist him, steadfast in the faith. But not only are we to watch, but *our lamp is to be burning*. This lamp is salvation, and it burns with love to Jesus for saving us. Read Isa. lxii. 1. Lastly, *our light is to be shining*, which is telling those things to the glory of God that he has done for us: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Now this is service. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." (Luke xii. 37.)

15. The next branch of real service is, *to wash the saints' feet*. It does not mean literally, but spiritually. Now the feet, I think, are faith and love. By faith we stand and walk, and we walk in love, says Paul. Now, if a brother make a slip, this weakens his faith, and he staggers at the promise; then, if I am strong in faith, I am not to please myself, but to tell this feeble creature how often I have slipped and been raised up, and tell him of the promises, such as, "Return, ye backsliding children, I am married unto you;" and to pray for him in private. This is washing away his unbelief, if God bless it; and when his faith works by love, then all is right again, and I am said (under God) to restore him in the spirit of meekness; for all slips after pardon are called defiling the feet. Therefore, "he that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet." Then says David, "Deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living." But what is the light of the living? I answer, love; for John says, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him." But has such a one life? Yes: "We know that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Thus light, life, and love meet together in such a one, and so they differ from all Pharisees; for their light has enmity and death with it; as Christ says, "Ye have seen and hated both me and my Father;" and then comes death: "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" which is the second death. Again. Another way of washing their feet is by dealing faithful reproof and rebuke where it is wanting, at the same time considering ourselves in the flesh. This you may see in Nathan. David had fouled his feet, but he was brought to humble confession of his sins, and received a fresh pardon. Then says he, "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil that shall not break my head," &c. Again. Another way of washing the saints' feet is by entreating them; for it is said, they are (having the wisdom that is from above) easily entreated; and this you may see in Abigail.

When she had heard of David's threatening the house of Nabal and all that pertained to him, how she entreated him, till at last he put off the old man and put on the new. (Read 1 Sam. xxv.) The last way I shall mention of washing the saints' feet is to pray with them for the unction or outpouring of the Holy Ghost; as you read, "Is any sick?" But what is the cause of sickness? I say sin. David says before he was afflicted he went astray. Well, then, let such send for the elders of the church, and they shall pray with him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and if he has committed sins they shall be forgiven him. This is what I understand by washing the saints' feet. Now, says Jesus, "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you ought also to wash one another's feet;" and then adds, "The servant is not greater than his Lord;" and this service he requires. God grant there was more of it.

16. I now proceed to the sixteenth and last branch of real service, which I think swallows up all the rest, namely, *to be delivered from slavish and servile fear*. This is the crowning work, and makes the service perfect freedom.

Now we are in bondage to these six things. Take notice, therefore, as I describe them. First, then, we are in bondage to sin. Paul says, "Let not sin reign," which shows it once did; and you may find it out this way. When you are convinced of any known sin, and try to break it off, and find you cannot, then you are in bondage to sin. Secondly, you are in bondage to Satan. The strong man armed keeps possession of the palace, &c., and we are taken captive by him at his will. See the mad Gadarene. Thirdly, we are in bondage to death; as you read that some, through the fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage. Fourthly, we are in bondage to a broken law, for Paul says, the law genders to bondage. Fifthly, we are in bondage to the fear of man; as you read that the disciples were shut up for fear of the Jews. Lastly, slavish fear of God, as you may see in the Egyptians when they said, "Let us flee," &c. But now, how do we get rid of all this bondage, so as to serve Christ? I answer, Sin is removed when the atonement is applied, for the blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin. Secondly, "I will give you power to tread on serpents," &c. This power comes when the stronger than the strong man armed comes. Thirdly, the fear of death is removed by taking away the sting. Fourthly, the curse of the law is gone when the blessing of life comes. Fifthly, the fear of man goes when the blessed Spirit fills us with joy and peace in believing, and slavish fear of God is removed by perfect love. Now this is our liberty. We are not driven to it but drawn; as he says, "With loving-kindness have I drawn thee." This makes a day in his courts better than a thousand, and makes wisdom's ways pleasantness, and her paths peace. And this is real service, as you read in Luke, "That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, (that is, without slavish fear,) in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life." If in holiness, we must have the Holy Spirit,

"where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." If in righteousness, we must have Christ's righteousness imputed, which Solomon says delivers from death. Now says Christ, "If any man serve him will my Father honour."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—According to promise, I have enclosed the whole of the letters, &c., written by our late lamented friend, John Kenzie, that I have. I will not trouble you to return them again, I have copied them with the rest of my other correspondence. I must say that I have not found it in vain copying them, as I have many fresh lifts by the way, and should like to see many of them in the Standard, because I do not want to eat my morsel alone, there are many of the Lord's poor tried and tempted families scattered up and down in this land where I believe the Standard, through its wide circulation, reaches, and is a comfort to many of the Lord's poor distressed ones in this great day of profession. I can think that there is but very little real possession in many that think true churches, when we see and hear the strifes and differences that exist amongst them. I have often thought and wished myself that I had never opened my mouth or said anything to anyone about religion, or had anything to do with any of them, I am only gone to and fro as a hearer, &c. But that was not to be; when I am in my right mind, and the blessed Sun of Righteousness shines upon my poor and needy soul, then I can say, "Lord, it is all right; and thou art just and true in all thy ways, thou King of saints." And I feel that it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed. But why am I not consumed and cast from this presence to that place where hope can never come, but am still allowed to be upon praying ground? He will hear the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer, though ever so weak and feeble. I am sure he would be just in such times of murmuring and rebellion to cast me off; but no; it is "because his commissions fail not." "They are new every morning; great is his faithfulness," to my unfaithfulness! O what unspeakable mercies! All might Paul, or rather the Holy Spirit by him, exclaim, in his epistle to the Romans, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" &c. (xi. 32—36.) May the Lord be with you and stand by you, and bless you in all your labours; so that when you are watering and labouring for the profit and benefit of the souls of his people, your own soul may be watered and profited also. (Prov. xi. 25.)

Faversham, Jan. 28th, 1850.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

The way to be filled with the fulness of God is to bring no money into our sack's mouth.—*Toplady.*

"HE THAT GLORIETH LET HIM GLORY IN THE LORD."

My dear Friend,—I received your encouraging letter during my stay at L—, but had not time to reply. I am truly glad to hear that the Lord favoured your souls by my visit; it encourages me to hear it, while the benefit is yours. And I am sure the whole is of God. In vain may the ox attempt to tread out the corn, and the labourer work in the vineyard, without the power and blessing of God. "All things are of God." Then preaching and hearing with the inward ear must also be of him. And, my dear friend, my heart at present is quite willing to give him all the glory, for no flesh is allowed to glory in his presence, unless they glory in him; for, "he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (1 Cor. i. 31.) And "thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in *his* (human) wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in *his* (creature) might; let not the rich man glory in *his* (religious) riches; but let him that glorieth *glory in this*, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." (Jer. ix. 23, 24.) David's heart delighted to boast and exult in Jehovah Jesus as his righteousness and strength. "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear *thereof*, and be glad;" (Ps. xxxiv. 2;) "In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name for ever. Selah." (Ps. xlv. 8.) It is sweet and holy boasting when we have unctuous hope and faith that the Lord has placed us in Christ, and made over to us Christ as wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, (or holiness,) and redemption, and thus made us "complete in him," "entire, wanting nothing." Such a doctrine as this, sweetly felt in the heart, by the unction of the Spirit, will enable us to "do all things, through Christ strengthening us."

I am very glad to hear your minds are disposed to the Lord's ordinance of baptism. It does not save the soul, but it obeys the Saviour, and preaches him, and is "the answer of a good conscience." (1 Pet. iii. 21.) I am not likely to be near your place soon, or I should have been glad to have attended to it. I hope the Lord will bless you in your meetings.

Give my kind regards to your wife, to the friends where we had supper, and to all who love the Lord in sincerity.

I am, yours in the truth,

Preston, Oct. 3rd, 1846.

J. M'KENZIE.

I could now not only continue my discourse till midnight, but I could speak till I could speak no more. And why should I despair of any? No, I can despair of no one, when I consider Jesus Christ has had mercy on such a wretch as I am. However you may think of yourselves, I know that by nature I am but half a devil and half a beast. The free grace of Christ prevented me. He saw me in my blood, he passed by me, and said unto me, "Live."—*Whitefield.*

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (John iii. 6.)

Nicodemus, to whom this was spoken by the Lord Jesus, was a Pharisee, and possibly knew nothing of the second birth; yet he had some conviction in his judgment that Christ was sent of God to teach the truth, or he would not have come near him at all. This he confessed: "We know," he says, "that thou art a Teacher come from God." But this conviction appears to be only in his judgment, wrought there by the outward miracles which the Lord worked; for he says, "Thou art a Teacher come from God; for no man can do the miracles which thou doest except God be with him." (John iii. 2.) There does not appear (that is, to me) to be any proof of a sound conversion in Nicodemus, though that I must leave; we read of no conviction of sin, no compunction, no repentance, no acknowledgment of the Sonship of Christ, nor longing after divine things. Besides, it seems from the Lord's own words, that when he spoke of the second birth, Nicodemus did not believe, though he did not deny it: "If I have told you earthly things, *and ye believe not*, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" (ver. 12.) Nicodemus had, however, the true gospel preached unto him, in the middle of the night, but what effect it had upon his heart I leave for the Day of Judgment to reveal. Certain it is, that when some wanted to deal roughly with Christ afterwards, without judge or jury, Nicodemus interposed with, "Doth our law condemn any man before it hear him, or know what he doeth?" (John vii. 51.) And when Christ lay dead, he also came and brought spices for his burial: "And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight." (John xix. 39.) These things look well, and here we must leave him.*

When Nicodemus made this natural confession, from a natural conviction, Jesus at once referred to something spiritual, which Nicodemus could not understand. Our Lord's reply was, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This was strange language to a natural ear, and the ruler of Israel began to reason upon such a mysterious assertion. Born again! how can this be? "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?" He could see nothing spiritual in it. All his religion *then*, at all events, was in outward washings and ceremonies. Our Lord therefore advances a step further, and tells him something more of this birth: "Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say

* We can hardly think that unless Nicodemus had been a vessel of mercy the Lord would have conversed with him on a subject so spiritual and experimental as the new birth. The love, too, and affection which he manifested to the dead body of the Redeemer, exceeding that of most of the disciples, is certainly a feature not likely to be found in a reprobate.

unto you, except a man be born of water *and of the Spirit*, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Here Christ shows Nicodemus that this being "born again" is "of the Spirit," and then draws a grand line of distinction between his meaning and the ruler's inference, and says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

"That which is born of the flesh." By flesh in Scripture, many things are meant. Hence the apostle says, "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." (1 Cor. xv. 39.) Sometimes flesh is spoken of to include all these different kinds of flesh. Hence it is said that the Lord "giveth food to *all flesh*." (Ps. cxxxvi. 25.) And Peter includes all, when he says, "*All flesh* is as grass," &c. (1 Pet. i. 24.) Sometimes flesh means only human beings; so it is to be understood in the prayer of our Lord: "As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." (John xvii. 2.) Here flesh means human beings only, for eternal life is never spoken of in reference to any others. Sometimes flesh is spoken of in reference to human aid in opposition to the succour and help of God; as here: "With him is an *arm of flesh*, but with us is the Lord our God, to help us and fight our battles;" (2 Chron. xxxii. 8;) and again: "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh *flesh* his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord;" (Jer. xvii. 5;) and again: "Now the Egyptians are men and not God, and their horses *flesh* and not spirit," &c. (Isa. xxxi. 3.) Sometimes by flesh we are to understand is meant the old man of sin, which is made up of all the vileness, filthiness, lust, and sinfulness of our fallen nature. This is what Paul means in his letter to the Galatians: "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil *the lust of the flesh*; for the *flesh* lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the *flesh*; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." (Gal. v. 16, 17.) This the apostle also means in the following passages: "Those who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" (Rom. viii. 1;) "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh;" (Rom. viii. 5;) "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die;" (Rom. viii. 13;) "Those that walk after the flesh;" (2 Pet. ii. 10;) and many other passages.

But I conceive that by flesh in the text the Lord means us to understand it in a double sense. First, by being born of the flesh he means our being born into this world, generated by flesh and blood; for this is no doubt the birth, and the only birth, that Nicodemus had in view, and therefore that which our Lord contrasted with the new birth. And secondly, in the being born of the flesh our Lord included the birth of the old man of sin, the body of the sins of the flesh, which is the hereditary portion of every son of Adam. His meaning therefore is, so far as I understand, that which is born of the flesh, generated by human flesh and blood, is flesh, containing nothing but sin and ungodliness in it, that being the old man; but

which is born of the Spirit, is altogether holy and spiritual, and not to be tainted with anything else, and this is the new man of God. Hence, the two being lodged in one breast, there naturally ensues a battle for the victory, without the flesh ever partaking of the least particle of the Spirit, or the spirit ever being the least tinged with the flesh. I will, therefore, God willing, apply myself to three separate points. First, the birth of the flesh: "That which is born of the flesh." Secondly, the birth of the Spirit: "That which is born of the Spirit." And thirdly, the warfare that must ensue; for one, God tells us, is still "*flesh*," and the other is unalterably "*Spirit*:" "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

Now as to that which is born of the flesh. This comprises two things, namely, the birth of the human body, and the original sin which belongs to it in all its sinful movements and actions. The Father foresaw and foreordained from all eternity every man that does, or ever will live on this earth; also he knew and ordained the exact time and circumstances in which they should be born. Wherefore parents come together by the divine counsel, or secret will of God, and by Providence are instrumental in bringing into the world the bodies of their children. The soul, or spirit, is given by God's mighty power to every individual, (for human and mortal parents cannot generate that which is incorruptible and immortal,) and so comes into this fallen world.

God perfectly well knows all that concerns us before we are born; we come into existence; our form, our stature, our features, our bones, and all that concerns us. This David thought on and pondered at with amazement, humility, and praise: "I will praise Thee, O Lord, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was hid from thee when I was made in secret, and curiously was I formed in the lower parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." (Ps. cxxxix. 14—16.) And not only does God know all about us ere we are born; but it is his hand that forms us in the womb as we are. Hence God is said to lay out all the bones to grow in the womb of her that is with child." (Jer. i. 5.)

When a time a child is born, and that child consists of soul and body, the body is composed of flesh, blood, and bones, and none of these can ever alter their substance. Hence the Saviour's words: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh."

A child thus born being a descendant of Adam is under sin, and consequently under death; for, "by one man (that is Adam) sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.) Which text is intended to mean that "all have sinned" in that "one sin" which was committed, and so "death passed upon all" as the natural consequence; for "the wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.)

This death is not, strictly speaking, corporeal death, though no doubt that is included, but spiritual death; for the Lord said, "*In the day* that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." (Gen. ii. 17.) Now Adam did not die a corporeal death in that day, nor for many years after, but he did die a spiritual death that very day, and, I believe, that very moment too in which he took and ate the forbidden fruit; and this he soon manifested by seeking to hide himself from God, instead of exulting in his company.

This spiritual death consisted of a mind and soul entirely changed in its objects and affections to what it was before. Darkness of the understanding, ignorance of the mind, and vileness of the affections, took the place of an enlightened understanding, a mind of knowledge, and purity of affection. Before God was sought, now he was dreaded; before he was loved, now he was hated; before he was worshipped, now he was slighted; before he was looked up to, now he was looked away from; before he was revered as the fountain of truth, now by unbelief practically made a liar; (1 John v. 10;) before his presence was all that was wished for, but now it was all that was abhorred; unbelief, worldliness, lust, darkness, gloom, depression, enmity, and malice took possession of the soul, and God was now as much abhorred as he was before beloved.

To this depth Adam fell, without so much power as to instil into his mind a desire for restoration, or a wish to be raised from his fall; but, on the other hand, enamoured with his fallen condition and state, he day by day increased the tremendous score against him; and from this filthy fountain, and detestable state into which he was fallen, flowed forth every sin and lust that was afterwards committed either by himself or his seed after him.

Now when Adam thus fell, he fell as the representative of all the human race, for all were in his loins at the time; hence it is said that "in Adam all die;" (1 Cor. xv. 22;) that is, all being in him when he sinned, therefore all sinned in him, according to the text just now quoted; and all having sinned in him, all also died this spiritual death in him; and so all his posterity come into this world as dead to God and godliness as a horse, or a cow, or a swine, and grow up in all sin, iniquity, and transgression. Hence Mr. Hart was right when he said,

"Each sin-begotten sire, alas!

Begets a sin-infected child;

Thus propagation spreads the curse,

And man born bad, grows worse and worse."

Now this is the state that every man is in by nature; and, till a divine work takes place, this is called being "*in the flesh*;" (Rom. viii. 8;) and following these evil lusts and desires is said to be "walking after the flesh." (Rom. viii. 1.) Living in a state of nature, with only these desires and feelings, is called "living after the flesh." (Rom. viii. 13.) Now it is said that "they that are in the flesh cannot please God;" (Rom. viii. 8;) and being in the flesh, walking in the flesh, and living in the flesh, is neither more nor less than being in a state of nature, just as we came from the womb of

1 Eve, without an affection or desire to our Creator and our

herefore the Lord's meaning may be, that as we are born of 1 parents, (whether since converted or not,) we are born of or e flesh, for none can generate other than his own nature; and as our parents possess nothing but what is opposite to God by re, so we in and of ourselves can possess nothing else. We there- are born in the flesh, with fleshly desires and lusts, which will angeably remain so till we die; for "that which is born of the IS FLESH."

(To be continued.)

MY VISITATION HATH PRESERVED MY SPIRIT."

y dear Friend,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied you, from God the Father, through God the Son, and by God Holy Ghost; to comfort you when sad, gladden you when sor- il, raise you up when bowed down, heal you when wounded, cure when sick, succour you when tempted, deliver you when op- ed, strengthen you when weak, and support you under all various troubles, exercises, and conflicts through which you are l to pass as you sojourn through this wilderness toward your asting habitation and home, where your soul will be for ever at rom all its labour, toil, trouble, sorrow, grief, and pain, and e the former things will be all passed away.

ice I was at S—the other week, my soul has had a sweet visit the Friend of sinners, who left a pledge behind him which oul has now in possession, because it is a testimony that sticks me. This has strengthened my hope, increased my faith, con- d my confidence, and encouraged my soul to "press on toward ark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." oul had been greatly tried for a long time, and much discouraged se of the way. I had had many heavy weights and burdens ry, under which my soul groaned and sighed to be delivered. rue that I had some little helps by the way while speaking from to time, and felt the truth run through my heart very sweet at ; but in a short time after speaking, my soul sank into its old of death, darkness, and misery, being plagued with unbelief, and nted by Satan. Sometimes I was brought to question whether ny soul possessed any grace at all; for I felt so lean and cold, ad and barren, so empty and prayerless, so hard and stupid, so and weak, so blind and ignorant, so naked and filthy, so for- l and far off from the Lord of life and glory, that I greatly feared ord would never give me a sweet and powerful visit of his ion again. But, honours for ever crown his dear brow, for ag upon me as he did last Wednesday week, for shedding d his love in my heart, for anointing my soul with fresh oil, ving me another token for good, a sure evidence of my son- a testimony of my interest, and a way-mark of a traveller to which brought me forth again into the liberty of the gospel, into

the peace of the covenant and rest of the weary; which made the promise sweet, the truth flow, the command weighty, and the precept full; so that my soul could say, "Thou hast enlarged my heart, therefore will I run the way of thy commandments." This visit of the love and mercy of the Lord Jesus has truly put strength, courage, and fortitude into my soul, and the sweet savour of it still continues with me.

Truly, my friend, there is "a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God." What a rich blessing there is in one drop of the love and blood of Jesus! and what a rich soul is that which has been favoured with one crumb of the bread of life, and one drop of that water of life which is as clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb! Although this is the man or woman that feels so poor, so empty, and so naked, yet these are the richest people upon earth, because they possess durable riches—never-fading, never-failing, never-ending riches. It is this which makes the soul spiritually rich, though in feeling poor; for, although "having nothing, yet is it possessing all things." And the blessed Spirit of all grace and mercy will give the soul a supply of this grace wherein we stand, because the Lord is abundant in mercy, goodness, and compassion; for he is great in love and rich in mercy; who has promised to supply all our need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus; so that it is the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us, through Christ Jesus: "For by grace we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast; for we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them." Therefore, my dear friend, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and "look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin, and ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

May the Lord bless you. My love to all the friends by name.

Yours affectionately,

Woburn, Beds, Sept. 5th, 1851.

T. G.

Had Jesus intended this world for the enjoyment of his people in a state of worldly prosperity, very different would have been their accommodations; but they are "strangers and pilgrims upon earth," and are going home to their Father's house; and what does ever make home more desirable to the traveller than the ill reception he meets with on the road?—*Hawker*.

"GRACE AND TRUTH CAME BY JESUS CHRIST."

My dear A.—I have been to P—, and am just returned. We are all, through mercy, well, and hope you are still getting better. It is a mercy indeed to know our times are in his hands, whose wisdom is infinite, and whose love is likewise far beyond what we can fully conceive; but it is everlasting to such as fear his name. Such a blessing is heart-cheering and soul-reviving indeed. I long not to believe it only, but to feel it more than I do. Yet I know what is felt arises from his love unto me. Yes; and he has taught me this, that I am the most unworthy of all; and my prayer is to be kept quite sensible of it. True humility becomes such who have tasted that the Lord is gracious. O the heart by nature is quite insensible of such treasure! but grace and truth, which came by Jesus Christ, makes the change when the Holy Spirit reveals him unto the soul. While here, the conflict goes on; but to know the victory is gained by Christ for us, is a great thing, who in ourselves are weakness indeed. Such a going into Christ and out of ourselves, brings us to know what none but such as are taught by God can know.

I hope the friends with you are well. Present my love to them.

Yours most affectionately,

Brighton, Sept. 4th, 1846.

W. S.

"COUNT IT ALL JOY WHEN YE FALL INTO DIVERS TEMPTATIONS."

My dear Sister in our common Lord,—I perceive by yours that this year has been a year of deep affliction, from darkness and horror of mind, as well as from other causes. In these things the Lord has made good his promise to you: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." It is true all mortals, by reason of their fallen sinful condition, are subjects of sorrow and woe, and "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward;" but these things give no evidence of grace, or all men would be the subjects of grace. There are, however, certain troubles in the lot of the children of God to which all who are in their first-born state are entire strangers. God's law is spiritual, reaching to the inmost recesses of our hearts. By the law coming into us with killing power, our fleshly hopes of heaven and our favourable opinion is cut up by the roots, and we appear in our own eyes, yea, in our very feelings, "carnal, sold under sin." Every lesson given us by the Holy Spirit is designed to make us vile and base in our own eyes, for Jesus alone must be exalted in saving us; but never should we cleave to Christ, and build up our hopes in his blood and righteousness for our acceptance, were we not made to taste the wormwood and the gall.

But these teachings of God are attended more or less with distress and anguish of soul. This is the heaviness in the heart that makes it stoop, and nothing less than the good word of Christ, inviting, promising, encouraging, can make such a poor soul glad. A soul in spiritual trouble is a strange character in the esteem even of

the *moral* and *pious* world, so named. I wonder not at your painful trials from persecution. They that are in the flesh cannot please God, nor can they, in *heart*, be pleased with what God does in grace and mercy for poor sinners. Natural affection can extend to nature only; and the carnal mind, being enmity against God, will show itself at enmity with every new-born heir of promise. Ishmael and Isaac were by the same father, were born in the same house; but Ishmael was born after the flesh, Isaac by promise. The same is seen by those who have the eyes of their understanding enlightened to this day. I know not the cause of your being called to leave your home and all you loved; but if God, by his grace, has separated you and taken you off from their earthly props, it is for your spiritual benefit; perhaps your frail flesh adhered too closely to them. Though you have had wave upon wave, by the loss of your dear sister and spiritual companion, by sickness, and by sore temptations from Satan, I doubt not but you will yet have to bless God for every wave; and every smarting rod, being the rod of a loving Father and not of an angry Judge, will, like Jonathan's rod, have honey at the end.

I am not surprised that Satan worries you with his diabolical suggestions. If you were one of his faithful subjects, he would lull you asleep with the things of time and sense; but he hates the cries and groans of poor sinners, whose souls are athirst for God, even for the living God. And hence he tries with fierce temptations and fiery darts those whom he cannot devour. But he never shall devour one sheep for whom the Saviour died. There is nothing in your experience strange to me. God's children must have the Father's rod. Bastards are not so favoured.

Sept. 6th, 1838.

HENRY FOWLER.

The woman was not made from the superior part of man, that she might not be thought to be above him; nor from any inferior part, as being below him. She was not taken from his head, that she might not be supposed to reign over him; nor from his eyes, that she might not be supposed to see for him nor diligently search for his imperfections; nor from his ears, that she might not be supposed to listen to false accusations against him; nor from his mouth, for fluent as she may be in speech, she is not to be her husband's spokesman; nor from his arms, or hands, for she is not to fight his battles for him; nor from the front part of his body, for she is not to be set at the front of dangers and difficulties; nor from his back, for she is not to be treated with contempt, and set behind him; nor from his legs, or thighs, for she is not to bear the principal part of his burdens; nor from his feet, for she is not to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, and from one of his ribs, that she might appear to be equal to him; and from a part near his heart, and under his arms, to show that she should be affectionately loved by him, and be always under his care and protection.—*Gadsby's Marriage Union*.

"IF IT TARRY, WAIT FOR IT."

Dear Sir,—I received yours of the 20th instant, and can truly sympathise with you, for I well know by experience the bitterness of that wormwood and gall which you now partake of. It is now near twenty years ago since I felt the severity of God's wrath revealed in his law against me for sin; my soul hath it still in remembrance, and is humbled within me. My case was somewhat singular. I was in a place where no gospel was preached, no soul living to open my mind to, to ask what they thought of my case, which perhaps would have been an easement to my soul. My distress and bondage became every day more heavy. The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in my conscience, the poison whereof drank up my spirits, and consumed my natural strength insensibly by a kind of slow fever. Day and night God's hand was heavy upon me; my moisture was turned into the drouth of summer; my soul was like the sandy desert or barren heath, dried up for the want of spiritual moisture. No man living, but those who experience it, knew, or can form any idea of the distress, the anguish, and misery the poor soul goes through at this critical time. Poor Job understood it well when he said to his friends, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." At such times as these there are few, if any, to be found that can feel for us, for as Mr. Hart justly observes,

"It is decreed that most must pass,
The darkest paths alone."

I found this was my lot; and how I was carried on through that scene of distress, horror, confusion, temptation, and despondency, is a matter of wonder to me to this very day. Surely the goodness of my God was with me, or I had long since dwelt in silence. Preserved I certainly was, through the kind care of my covenant God and Father; as David says, "The Lord preserveth the simple; I was brought low and he helped me." Yes, and of him that remembered me in my low estate I ever desire to speak to his honour, and to acknowledge, with all humility of heart, with good old Jacob, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, nor of all the truth which thou hast shown to thy servant." But so it is. He paid no regard to my unworthiness, but, contrary to all my expectations, he hath manifested his everlasting love to my soul, when there was no eye to pity nor hand to help; as David says, "Refuge failed me, no man cared for my soul; then I cried unto thee, O Lord; I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living." (Ps. cxlii. 5.) And he has enabled me, through grace, to know that he is my portion, though, according to my feelings, I was the last in all the world that ever could have looked for so unexpected a favour. Though I have often staggered at his unmerited love and astonishing goodness to my soul through unbelief, yet it matters not; the Lord maintaineth the right of the poor; and to this very day, notwithstanding the suggestions of Satan to stir up unbelief, notwithstanding all the corruptions I have felt and do feel in my corrupt nature to extinguish

the little grace he has been pleased freely to give me, notwithstanding all that every enemy has done or may do against my soul, yet I believe it shall even be done unto me according as my God hath spoken, that he will never leave me nor forsake me; that, notwithstanding all my manifold provocations, he earnestly remembers me still; that he will never leave me destitute of his grace, mercy, or truth, but that I shall be saved in the Lord Jesus Christ with an everlasting salvation, and shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end. O what a debtor I am to grace! May my God make me more and more sensible of the high obligations I lie under to him, for his distinguishing love and grace to my soul in Christ Jesus, that I may never lightly esteem the rock of my salvation, but for ever lie under the sweetest and noblest ties of gratitude, love, and thankfulness to that God who has dealt so tenderly, so kindly, and so bountifully with me.

So much for myself. I must now feel a little for you, and if I could say anything that the Lord would condescend to own and bless to your soul, how highly should I think myself honoured. I must confess that your case is very trying. To feel no refreshment in hearing the word, to call repeatedly upon his holy name for deliverance and he seem to shut out your prayer and to keep you at a sensible distance, and to have everything embittered both in a temporal and spiritual sense, is truly distressing. It seems, say you, as if everything fell out just contrary to what I endeavour to seek. If your case were singular, and the Lord never tried any of his children in this way, I should not know what to make of it; but this experience is by no means being out of the footsteps of the flock. He is pleased to lead us in this path to exercise our faith and patience, and to make the blessing appear the greater when we get it. What is dearly got, you know, is highly prized. It was this way our blessed Lord treated the Syro-Phœnician woman. He answered her not a word till she overcame him by importunity, and then she got a far greater answer than she expected. Our dear Redeemer loves to see us wrestle hard with him, and call stoutly and repeatedly as if we were in good earnest about the matter; and he exercises us so sometimes till we get quite tired of the work, and are almost determined to have done with prayer and everything that is good; but God will not suffer it. "They shall call upon my name, says the Lord, and I will hear them." This importunity in prayer proves our election, as saith our Saviour, "Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him?" He will; but then it will be when the set time comes to favour Zion. Nothing can be done to hasten God's work. He has his set time for every purpose. Till then it is good for a man to wait, and quietly to hope for the salvation of God; but you must not conclude because you have waited some little time upon God, and he has for wise ends refused to grant your petitions, that he never means to send you an answer. This is a very wrong conclusion indeed, and comes from that crafty old serpent the devil. He suggests these thoughts to the seeking soul, to discourage him in the path, and you must not be surprised if you meet with a good deal of this by the

way, for the devil will not lose one of his subjects easily. He will withstand you to your head, and dispute every inch of the ground with you. But be not discouraged because of that. Our dear Redeemer has got him fast in his chain, and he can do nothing without leave from him. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, but will always, some way or other, make a way for our escape. And here I will mention one of the crafty devices of Satan, which is very common both to the weakest and most established Christians. It is the devil's art to set us to overlook many of the mercies of God, and because we cannot prevail with the Almighty to grant us some particular favour we have often importuned him for, we are hardly grateful enough even to acknowledge the daily mercies we continually receive from his bountiful hands. This, I am sure you will say, must be very displeasing to the Lord. He will not have his favours passed by unnoticed or unacknowledged without showing his displeasure; and this is one reason why the Lord makes us entreat him so often before we get fresh mercies bestowed upon us. Christ took notice of this when he healed the ten lepers: "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God save this stranger." The Lord takes pleasure in hearing us acknowledge his mercies, though at the same time he well knows we cannot bestow upon ourselves a grateful frame. This is the Lord's work; but oftentimes, when we are acknowledging his manifold kindnesses, and our utter unworthiness of the least of them, he will cause gratitude, love, and thankfulness to spring up when we least expect it.

But, you will say, "I am doubtful whether the Lord has wrought anything in my heart that he himself will own to be a work of grace. If I were sure he had, I should be very happy to acknowledge it." Let me ask you a few questions, and see whether you can contradict them with conscience on your side; if you cannot, you will have every reason to believe that there is some good thing in you towards the Lord God of Israel. We must not despise the day of small things. Now observe: Has he not put his fear in your heart so that you are afraid of offending God and conscience? By this fear of the Lord, men depart from iniquity. Is it not a grief to your soul to be in the company of the wicked? and are you not in heart broken off from all fellowship with them, and with David can say, "Do I not hate them that hate thee, and am I not grieved with them that rise up against thee?" Do you not know and feel by experience that there is salvation in no other name but Jesus Christ, and that you feel yourself in a lost and undone state, if without an interest in his great salvation? "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.) Do you not still keep calling on God for deliverance, notwithstanding you have not yet got the blessing you seek for; and though you have many a time thought you would call no more upon him, yet to this day you cannot give it up, but are obliged somehow, though you can hardly tell how, to wait upon the Lord, either by groaning, sighing, looking, longing, panting, desiring, and sometimes by speaking? This is the

Spirit making intercession for us, with groanings that cannot be uttered? Do you not esteem the children of God, the excellent of the earth, and love to hear them speak of the dealings of God with them, though perhaps you can hardly join in the conversation? It is a mark of an inhabitant of Zion to honour them that fear the Lord.

I had a few more questions to ask you, but I have filled the sheet up already. Now, if you can answer these few I have asked in the affirmative, acknowledge it to God, and pray him to revive his work. He has done for you more than he has for millions; and who made you to differ? I am, &c.,

Cheshunt, Herts, March 23rd, 1802.

J. R. WATTS.

[Our readers will bear in mind that the writer of this truly experimental and spiritual letter is the same J. R. Watts whose experience last year appeared in our pages; and concerning which we hope we may be excused if we express our opinion that, whether we look at its clearness and depth, or the simple scriptural and feeling way in which it is described, it is not only one of the best that we have ever inserted, but one of the best that we are acquainted with.—Eds.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

My much-esteemed Friend,—Although it is a month since I had the pleasure to speak to you, I have never forgotten your parting blessing, expressed not in word only, but in deed and in truth. As I have not had an opportunity to acknowledge your kind token of Christian love, I venture to convey this line in order to acquaint my friend that I feel thankful for your remembrance of me in my present low estate, in which the Lord in his holy providence hath been pleased to place me. But this life of dependence includes in it the exercise of faith, hope, and patience; and these, with every other grace, are the free gifts of God. So likewise is the exercise of our graces, which entirely depends upon the Holy Spirit's influences and operations; for unless this sacred wind blows upon his own plantation, these spices or graces cannot flow out. (Song of Sol. iv. 16.) As it is found in spiritual things so also it is in temporal, for in the present time-state we are all subject to changes in the allotments of divine providence: "For the Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; he bringeth low and lifteth up;" (1 Sam. ii. 7;) and whatever he is pleased to appoint and mingle in our lot is all wisely ordered, and will, under his skilful management, ultimately terminate in his own glory and for our everlasting good. It is at times a source of real comfort to my mind to feel assured that the Lord hath granted me, a poor sinful worm of the dust, both spiritual life and favour, and blessed me with a small measure of faith, by which I have been enabled to trust in him when walking in much darkness; and have at such seasons felt my troubled mind greeted with the dear Saviour's answer to Peter, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." (John xiii. 7.) Nevertheless, the *trial of faith* is no small exercise, especially in the time of old age and its attendant

ities, as is now the case with me and my feeble partner, who is entirely sinking and fast declining, and requires constant attention, not knowing what a day may bring forth. In addition, I have no means or temporal supplies but what flow through the channel of communication from my kind Christian friends; and such has been their liberality, that by the good hand of God I have hitherto wanted none of the necessaries of life.

You, my dear friend, are identified as one of my generous benefactors, I entreat you to accept my most cordial thanks for your assistance, and be assured that you have not been forgotten before the throne of my poor petitions, for he knoweth all hearts, and takes notice of every act of kindness done towards such as fear the Lord, even to a cup of cold water; and all such acts of kindness he hath promised one day to reward openly. May the Lord, in rich mercy, continue to bless you, my dear friend, with an increase of all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, granting you abundantly to participate in every grace, to experience the fulfillings of hope, the increase of faith, and the overflowings of the Lord's everlasting love; that so you may be enabled to go on in the heavenly way rejoicing, and learn by experience the fulness of the Lord's promise, "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

I must now stop, as many things call for immediate attention, prevent my adding more. Please to remember me most respectfully to Mr. W., and accept these few hasty lines as a small token of my regard and esteem, with which I remain, in the most perfect friendship, affectionately yours,

JOHN KEYT.

10, Gower Street, near Middlesex Hospital, Marylebone.

afternoon and evening, but especially at night, the Lord has been very gracious to my soul. I could see myself loved with an increasing love, and clothed with Christ's everlasting righteousness. Grace flowed as a river; and I found the comforts of the Holy Spirit to be neither few nor small. My sense of justification was strengthened, as when the clear shining of the sun giveth light. My heart is mine and I am his. Under these sweet, unutterable impressions, I have scarce anything to pray for; supplication is swallowed up in wonder, love, and praise; Jesus smiles, and more glory of heaven is shed upon my soul. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me in the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." My harp is lowly from the willows, and I can sing the Lord's song in a strange land:

"Touch'd by the finger of thy love,
Sweet melody of praise I bring;
Join the enraptured choirs above,
And feel the bliss which makes them sing."

ady.

**"IT IS GOOD FOR A MAN THAT HE BEAR THE
YOKE IN HIS YOUTH."**

My dear Friend,—The grace of God that bringeth salvation be with you. The Lord bless you from his holy hill, my dearly beloved.

I have not your address, but having an opportunity of sending you a few lines, I gladly accept it, and hope this second, though brief epistle, will find you well, and still anxious to return to your friends and brethren in the Lord. It was needful for you to leave us for a small space. The end of the vision will prove it. Probably a lesson you may learn thereby which you might not have learned elsewhere. There is a need be for every circumstance connected with our worthless lives to take place, for every trial and sorrow that we pass through and endure, every loss, every cross, every temptation, every affliction, every pain, every disappointment, every vexation, every mortification, and every misery that here fills our cup of woe. The needful good, the untold blessedness that the sanctifying grace of God brings out of each, proves it true. I do not speak as those who beat the air. I know whereof I affirm, having proved it by painful and joyful experience. And when you have so proved it, in like degree, you will submissively and rejoicingly say so too. When God has a special favour to bestow on any one of his redeemed, he brings them through special and peculiar trials, and through dark and mysterious paths, and makes them travel hard and long, with many sighs, and groans, and tears, to obtain it. It has been thus with me. When any blessing is thus obtained, it brings its own witness with it, and the effects thereof are most blessed; peace and joy in the Holy Ghost in believing; comforted in hope of the glory that shall be revealed in us; jealous for the honour of the Lord of Hosts; growing in grace and in the knowledge of God and his Christ, watching unto prayer; crumbled in the dust at the Redeemer's feet; and that with resignation, importunity, patience, hope, and a sweet resting on Jesus, his blood and merit, at all times, in all cases and circumstances, for salvation.

It is good that our faith should thus be tried, and the heart be thus established with grace, and the offering seasoned with salt. It is good that my brother should bear Christ's yoke in his younger days, and that the writer should bear it in his declining years. It is good that my friend feels the chastenings of the Lord, and I am taught to bear for Jesus' sake. It is good and blessed that my brother is likely to be a pillar in the house of our Lord when I am sleeping in the dust, and that God has blessed my latter days above many of my fellows. It is good that grace is found and does reign in my brother's heart while he is advancing into life, and that the blood of Jesus, applied by the Holy Ghost, has taken away the sting of death from my conscience now I am drawing nearer and nearer to the silent tomb. It is good and blessed for my brother to desire, while he lives, to be devoted, body, soul, and spirit, to the Lord, to his service, to his honour and glory, and for the good of his dear Zion, and for me still to be recounting, with joy, on the borders of

the grave, the unspeakable, everlasting bliss that awaits me above. Do you believe it, my brother? I do, from feeling experience.

"Buy the truth and sell it not." God's truth, only known in the head, and not felt with power in the heart, will be lightly esteemed, will do the soul no good in life or in death. But when an experimental acquaintance therewith is thus hardly attained to, at the expense of all our legal righteousness and creature doings and desires, and at the loss of all which we once counted gain to us, it is so dear to us that we will not and cannot part with it for any price, or at any rate. When God testified in my heart by his Spirit that he had chosen me, then it was I began to love the doctrine of election, and not before; then it became dear to my soul in very deed. When I feel the blood of sprinkling in my conscience, purifying my conscience from guilt, and pardoning all my sins, then I prove the truth and blessedness of that saying, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And when my experience proves God to be faithful, a God of love, merciful, and kind, then I believe it with joy and gladness of heart, and every repeated instance and proof thereof which I feel within confirms me the more in this blessed feeling persuasion. Thus it is I learn by experience. Experience teaches, but an empty knowledge of truth leads astray. If a soul would be divinely taught, there is a needs be for him to submit to the rules of Jehovah's sovereignty and discipline. If he would know the truth as it is in Jesus, he must expect God to teach it him though as by fire. And if he lives and dies without a saving knowledge of Jesus, his truth, and his great salvation, he may expect never to see and reign with the God of truth and love in glory.

In like manner there was a needs be for all that Jehovah has done for his people before and in time, and in all past ages; and a needs be there is and will be still for all he now does and wills to do for, to, with, and by them, while in this wilderness, till they are all safe with him in glory. And there will be a needs be for ever for them to be there with Jesus also. "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." All things were designed for the lifting of Jesus on high. The fall, that he should be raised to and nailed upon the cross; from the cross, that he should raise himself to his crown; the descent of the Holy Ghost, to testify of Jesus, that he is risen the Author and Finisher of faith and eternal salvation, to make known and accomplish all Jehovah's will, and all things promised concerning all the redeemed, to make known this great salvation in their hearts, and to bring them all safe into glory in Jehovah's own appointed way and time at last. Then time shall end, when death shall have accomplished his "needs be" on the last elect heir of glory; and the whole beloved, chosen, redeemed throng before the eternal throne shall see every vision made plain to their wondering eyes, and behold, in everlasting triumph, that the "needs be" of all was to exalt Jesus, their Lord and Saviour, as Zion's Redeemer and Friend, on high, and there to crown his lovely head in glory, and to sing and

rest at his dear feet withal for ever ; where sin is for ever done away, and all the effects thereof shall for ever cease also.

O my dear brother, what a blessed winding up of the subject is this ! Have you a good, and sure, and well-grounded hope in Jesus and his great salvation ? My soul believes you have. Then do not think it strange concerning the fiery trial that must try you. The apostle says, "If needs be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations," &c. There is a needs be for our faith to be tried, that it may come forth as gold, and God be glorified. But what living, feeling soul can help being in heaviness when manifold temptations beset us in the way, and our wretched, deceitful hearts are ready to catch at every bait ; while manifold, heavy, and sore trials press us down, so that we seem to be bound down by our sins to flesh and sense amidst the beggarly elements of this world, and cannot rise as we want and desire to God, nor enjoy communion with him as we long to do, nor have fellowship with a suffering Jesus, nor feel resigned to divine sovereignty as we wish to feel and crave to be ; and, to end the tale of our misery, because our sins grieve and vex his Holy Spirit, and cause him to hide his lovely face from us, then we are troubled, and our souls refuse to be comforted by any means. But there is a needs be for this.

Thus it is with me. Hence in this tabernacle I groan, being burdened. I know there is a needs be for all this, to try my faith, to teach me that this is not my rest, and to press me with felt necessity to a throne of grace for relief and to Jesus, Zion's burden bearer, with increasing felt desire to be able to cast my burden and myself upon him, and find rest to my soul ; which, when he gives me power, I am helped to do ; for his loving heart sees a needs be to indulge me a little sometimes, or he knows my heart would break if he did not. Then I am right when I can sing in the dust at Jesus' feet, and nowhere else but there.

I once wished with all my heart that I never had been born. Now I am glad to my heart that I ever was born ; for I now can see that there is a needs be for me to inherit glory when time is no more, or the number for whom Christ died would not there be complete. God's own witness within my breast proves it to the joy of my heart. O may the same witness thus satisfy my dear friend concerning himself also, and, when he is tried, bring him forth "as gold seven times refined ;" and sweetly assure him that there is a needs be also for him soon to return to his dear aged pastor, to his church, and friends again. And may the sweet effects of this blessed assurance rejoice his heart through life, in death, and to all eternity, with exceeding great joy.

We are all tolerably well, through mercy. Our pastor and the brethren greet you in love, and are hoping for your return. Our kind love in Christ Jesus.

Bedworth, July 8, 1851.

G. T. C.

Christ made himself like to us, that he might make us like to himself.—*John Mason.*

INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors,—To some of the children of God about here, the, to them, new doctrine that *God does not chastise his people for their sins* has been preached. A few remarks in the Standard will oblige. The main arguments for the doctrine seem to be, that, as all the sins of the elect were laid upon Christ, therefore God does not punish his people for their sins; beholding no iniquity in Jacob or perverseness in Israel. Also that when in the Psalms mention is made of “visiting their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes,” it does not refer to the people of God, but refers to Christ. Also, that the chastening, rebuking, and scourging spoken of in Hebrews xii. refer simply to a law work.

MICROS.

ANSWER.

No error is worse, for none is more deluding, than that which consists in perverted truth. This, indeed, is the chief feature of the errors that Satan sows in the visible church. Gross error would not serve his turn. It would at once be rejected. But error in the dress of truth, error gilt over by truth, error putting truth in the front and slyly bringing up the rear, may hope to pass muster and escape detection. Such is the error mentioned in the inquiry before us. There is in it a little truth and a great deal of error. Its preachers and promoters have gilt their error over with a small modicum of truth. But we will, with God’s help and blessing, drive a nail through this bad sovereign and fasten it to the counter; for, however many hands it may have passed through, it was first coined in the devil’s cellar, and he cast the mould, cut the die, and stamped the impression.

But first look at the gilding. A bit of sterling gold is spread over the base metal. That truth is, that “God has laid the sins of the elect all upon Christ, that they are all eternally blotted out; and that, therefore, God sees no iniquity in Jacob nor perverseness in Israel.” This is sound, blessed truth, the joy and consolation of the family of God. But underneath lies the base metal: “*Therefore*,” (O what a *therefore*!) “as God sees no sin in his elect, he cannot punish them for the sins that he cannot see.” O lame and impotent conclusion! In one sense, God may see no sin in his people; but in another, he may see a great deal. Because God sees no sin to punish hereafter, does he see no sin to punish here? Because the blood of Jesus has washed away sin in its penal and eternal consequences, has it removed sin out of the heart of the family of God? Is sin become a nonentity in the same way as a cloud is a nonentity when the sun has dispersed it from the sky? As a cloud of eternal wrath, sin is for ever blotted out; but not as a cloud that gathers over the soul and hides the light of God’s countenance.

But the experience of God’s people in all ages is point-blank against such-a doctrine. Does sin cease to be sin because Christ died for it? When David committed adultery, was that a sin?

When Peter cursed and swore, was that a sin? When the Corinthian took his father's wife to his bed, was that a sin? To say, "No; these would have been sins in others, but not in the people of God," is an outrage upon common decency, and degrades religion below the morality of a brothel. Then it must be admitted that the sins of believers are sins; and if sins, then they have an existence; and if they have an existence, then sin is not a nonentity; that is, a thing which has no being nor existence. It is a real thing—a fearful, a dreadful reality—as thousands of groaning saints of God daily feel, in spite of all mere metaphysical arguments to the contrary.

But now comes the next question. If sin exists in the hearts of the family of God, does God ever chasten them for it? Here the testimony of God is conclusive: "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David." (Ps. lxxxix. 30—35.) But it may be objected, "This is the old covenant, the ancient legal dispensation." Is it? O no; God has blocked out this argument most effectually by expressly declaring it is the new covenant of which he speaks: "Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people." (Ps. lxxxix. 19.) Who is the Holy One to whom God spake in vision, the Mighty One upon whom he has laid help? Who but Jesus, who, as God-Man Mediator in the days of his flesh, cried, "Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation?" Of whom but Christ's spiritual seed is it promised, "His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven?" (Ps. lxxxix. 29.) Now observe it is of this same seed that the declaration is made, "*If his children* forsake my law and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes." (30—32.) "*If his children*!" Who are his children but Christ's spiritual seed and family—the elect of God? What, then, can be clearer than the declaration, "I will visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes?" A man who can deny and outface this express testimony will deny and outface everything.

But how plain are Scripture examples as well as Scripture declarations! God put away David's sin; but look at the chastisement: "Now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from thy house." "Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die." (2 Sam. xii. 10, 14.) The cases also of Eli, Solomon, and Hezekiah, are all to the same point. The Corinthians were guilty of disorderly conduct at the Lord's Supper. "For this cause," says Paul, "many are weak and sickly among

you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." (1 Cor. xi. 30—32.) How expressly is it declared here that the Lord chastened them for their conduct by weakness and sickness!

But nothing can be more decisive than the declaration, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." (Heb. xii. 6—8.) Chastening and scourging are here given as express marks of sonship. Those, therefore, that deny chastening proclaim loudly that they are bastards. But, to evade this testimony, they say that this chastening refers to a law-work. Two strokes of Paul's broad sword cut that ground from under their feet: "For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that *we might be partakers of his holiness*. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth *the peaceable fruit of righteousness* unto them which are exercised thereby." (Heb. xii. 10, 11.) Do we become partakers of God's holiness by the law or the gospel? By the gospel surely: "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." (Rom. vi. 22.) There is no holiness but by the Holy Spirit who is the alone Author of it, and he produces it not by the law but by the gospel. It is "the new creature" (which the law knows nothing about) "which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Again, does the law produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness? No. All that the law produces is bondage, guilt, and death. The peaceable fruits of righteousness grow on the gospel graft and not on the legal crab.

In fact, men who hold such views are clearly out of the secret. The rod of God is not upon them; and when such doctrine is proclaimed from the pulpit, the best answer from the pew is, "Mr. Preacher, there is every reason to fear that you are a bastard, and are now only proclaiming your own base pedigree, and foaming out your own shame."

There are some ingredients in God's stores which will make the most reserved to break silence, yea, even the dumb to speak: "I kept silence even from good, and my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me. While I was musing the fire burned. Then spake I with my tongue." (Ps. xxxix. 23.) The fire of wrath heated his heart, and stirred his sorrows, and then he opens. The fire of jealousy also will break through all barriers: "Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." (Song viii. 6.) The fire of love will make the heart overflow with joy, and joy must have vent either by leaping, speaking, or singing: "If these hold their tongue, the stones would immediately cry out."—*Huntington*.

OBITUARY.

THIRZAH TATE, OF MANCHESTER.

Thirzah Tate, a member of the Particular Baptist church at Manchester, after seven weeks' sore affliction, beginning with dropsy and ending in mortification, departed this life on the morning of Jan. 26th, 1852, aged 26.

During her affliction she was much favoured with the Lord's presence. Her medical attendants were unable, during the early part of her illness, to give an opinion as to how the disease might terminate. She often said, "The Lord knows; the Lord's will be done!"

On calling to see her, I found her sufferings were great; but I also found her strength equal to her day. Smiling, she calmly told me that Christ had suffered much more for her; and when pain did not interrupt, her conversation was of Christ. I could not help rejoicing in her affliction, seeing the power of Christ rest upon her. A friend called to see her, and said, "You will miss your Sundays now." She replied, "O no; they are all Sundays to me." At another time, when rather low in her mind, after being supplied with all temporal comforts, her mother said, "You do not want anything more, my dear?" She replied, "Yes, I do; I want the Lord Jesus." One evening her mother said, "Must I bring a candle, as I want to leave you a little?" She replied, "O no, mother; I need no candle; the Lord is my Light and my Life. I often think of the poor Roman Catholics who burn candles in their worship. Not so with me; the Lord is my Light."

One time I called, and found her very much better, so that it seemed not unlikely she might recover. I looked at her and said, "You are much better?" But I cannot soon forget the expression of disappointment I saw in her countenance. The tear started in her eyes, her lips quivered, and she stammered out, "Yes, I am better in body, but not in mind." I said, "Are you disappointed then?" She moved her head, and evidently felt confused. I said, "You are like a ship that was about to reach a port and is driven back to toss upon the ocean a while longer." She said, "Yes, I am;" and she most certainly was troubled in spirit, thinking she should recover.

She was not long troubled, however, on this ground; for mortification set in, and soon brought the scene to a close. Her sufferings became fearful. Her groans were distressing to every one. At one time her agonies were such, that she said, "O I fear I shall lose my senses! What shall I do? what shall I do? Lord, help me to bear this!" This was the nearest approach to a murmur that escaped her lips. God gave her patience in tribulation.

The scene now became distressing indeed. There was no time for conversation. Only now and then a word, and again struggling with the pangs of agony, shooting its arrows nearer the vitals. When a moment's respite was given, the Lord Jesus was her theme. On one occasion her eye caught her mother's tears. She

instantly said, "O mother, do not cry; do not cry. I am going to Jesus, and you will soon come after me; yes, and William (her husband) too." Here her sufferings put a stop to her speech.

Death was evidently not far distant. She invited the inmates of the house to come that she might bid them a long farewell. When shaking hands with them, she said, "Good bye," with as much deliberation and composure as the distressing circumstances would admit.

At half-past one in the morning, Mrs. B. was sent for. On her entering the room, our dear afflicted sister lifted up her dying arms, and, with all the power of speech that remained, though suffering the most excruciating agony, she exclaimed, "Going home, going home! To Jesus! to *my* Jesus! to be with Jesus!" She attempted to speak many other words, and her dying countenance gleamed with holy anticipation; but the power of speech was gone. At half-past three, pain seemed to cease, and she lay motionless, till Death, "the Porter at the heavenly gate, let in the pilgrim."

She was baptized and joined the church on the first Lord's Day in August, 1850. By nature she was cheerful, gay, and, indeed giddy; so much so, that when grace took hold of her, and she was first proposed to join the church, she was put back, that the friends might have an opportunity of observing if the work were real; and this they proved to be the case, as well from her outward deportment as from her spiritual conversation and the clear account which she was able to give of the Spirit's work in her soul. *Before*, her companions were the lightsome and the thoughtless; *now*, they were the sick and the poor. She seemed to be in her element when administering to the aged, the poor, the afflicted, and the dying; and I will say I do not know one in the circle of my acquaintance who delighted more in this work of faith and labour of love than she did. The poor amongst us have lost one who really cared for them. Her career in the divine life was short; but it seemed to me that her sun did not set in one really dark night from the time she first tasted the Lord's pardoning mercy, though she often felt the burden of sin.

A. B. TAYLOR.

The following letter was written by her to a friend, in July, 1851.

Dear Friend in the best of Bonds,—I have long been hoping to receive a letter from you, but I think I must be almost, if not quite forgotten. I hope that this may remind you that I am still in the land of the living; and if you think us worth a few lines, they will be most willingly received and be very acceptable. Let us know how you fare in this wilderness, for such it truly is; but, blessed be God, there does remain a rest for his people, and it is a mercy at times to believe we are of that number. But O what doubts, fears, and misgivings are we the subjects of! at least I find it so, and sometimes wonder where the scene will end. What should we do if it were not for an unchanging God, a God that rests in his love? I can feelingly say with dear Hart:

"If ever it could come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away,
My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a day;
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me."

My dear friend, I have been poorly for some weeks, and very low-spirited, feeling sin indeed to be exceeding sinful, as though I am nothing else but sin, and ready to cry out, "Can ever God dwell here?" not able either to pray or read; and I can tell you it is not very palatable to flesh; no,

"The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well."

But I cannot give up what I have felt in times past. Still an unchanging God is my stay. But I want to feel more love, more union, and more sweet communion with him, and fellowship with his sufferings. I had last night a little lift by the way at chapel. Mr. T. preached from these words, "Come, and let us reason together," &c.; and he did indeed get where I had been for many weeks. I felt it good to be there.

"But ah! when these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone!"

I would indeed desire an interest in your prayers, and trust that you may be favoured with much of the dear Master's presence, both in the pulpit and out of it. May you indeed have many seals to your ministry, and souls for your hire. I have great reason to be thankful for your coming to Manchester, and should we never meet again, you will never be forgotten by me.

Cheetham, July 26th, 1851.

REVIEW.

A Brief Account of the Rich Display of God's Grace, Mercy, and Love, in the Life and Conversion of James Lewis, of Chichester, Sussex; with a Preface and Account of his Death, by James Hallett.

In the visible church there are three distinct classes of professors. There are those of whom we have no doubt they are right; there are those of whom we have no doubt they are wrong; and there are those of whom we have a doubt whether they are right or wrong. In the first, grace shines conspicuously; in the second, grace does not appear at all; in the third, if grace sometimes seem to appear, it is at others so shaded and obscured that its very existence becomes a matter of question.

As the present is but an image and reflection of the past, these three classes have existed in all ages of the church. David, Absalom, and the old prophet in Bethel (1 Kings xiii. 11) in the Old,—Peter, Simon Magus, and Nicodemus in the New Testament, might perhaps

be adduced as instances of these three classes. To find living types we need not go far. Well nigh every congregation where the truth of God is preached, believed, and loved, will furnish examples. Nay, in a closer compass still, in the very same man, the very same heart, may all these be found; for when grace and mercy prevail, all is known to be right; when sin and nature prevail, all is felt to be wrong; and when grace and nature by turns prevail, it is sometimes a matter of doubt whether all is right or wrong.

In the first of these three classes was James Lewis, late of Chichester, whose life and conversion are recorded in the little book at the head of this article. It is nearly ten years since we were in his company; but his conversation made a deep and lasting impression on our mind, and we felt then, as we feel now, that no one who knew what grace was could converse with him on the things of God without being convinced he was a favoured partaker of it. Without anything austere or sanctimonious in his language and demeanour, there was a peculiar weight and power in his manner and conversation—what we might almost call a heavenly seriousness, a solemnity and a savour, without any cant or assumption, which at once proclaimed, “Here is a man taught and blessed of God.” Something of this subdued and chastened manner, poles asunder from that levity and frivolity which seem the very life and breath of many in a profession, was probably owing to his heavy trials; for he was a man much afflicted in body, suffering under frequent fits of spasmodic asthma, during which his struggles for breath were most agonising, as if life and death trembled in the balance, and producing as its result a constant laborious breathing, at times painful to witness.

In the memoir before us he thus speaks of his bodily affliction:

“The dear Lord saw fit, shortly after I was awakened, to bring upon me a most trying and severe affliction of body, as related in the former part of this, my poor narrative, ‘a spasmodic asthma.’ At first I tried almost every means that could be devised or thought of by physicians, surgeons, and others, but to no purpose whatever. All medicines and every refuge seemed to fail, and instead of getting better, like the poor dear woman with the bloody issue, I grew worse and worse. Many pounds were spent for advice, but all means resorted to but seemed in vain. It was laid upon me by God himself, and not all the world could possibly remove it. I betook myself to prayer, and sought the good and great Physician’s care, skill, and attention; and truly at times I did feel persuaded he would heal me of my complaint. I found freedom of access with him, and pleaded so earnestly and fervently that I verily thought it would be done; but one day this passage came to my mind with some degree of weight, which arrested my attention, “Be still, and know that I am God;” and afterward this one, “What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter;” and from that time, for many years, I dare not ask the Lord to remove it from me, knowing that he has so often blessed and sanctified the affliction to my soul, that I have been constrained to bless him for laying it on me; for O in how many instances has he shown me that were it not for this very affliction, where I should run to, and what things I should indulge in, &c. As Hart says:

‘Affliction makes us see
What else would ‘scape our sight;
How very foul and dim are we,
And God how pure and bright.

The punish'd child repents,
The parent's bowels move;
The offended father soon relents,
And turns with double love.'

To which I can and do set my seal to the truth of, for sure I am the Lord does nothing in vain. He is infinite in wisdom, and boundless in mercy, and has caused this very thing many times to work for my soul's profit and good, and his own glory."

Another allusion which he makes to his bodily affliction strikes us as very much to the purpose:

"I know full well that many of the Lord's dear children have been, and still are, deeply and sharply exercised in a way of providence, not knowing where to get the next meal, and in this way they have been led on for many years; but, with regard to myself, I dare not say it has been so with me; the Lord has never exercised my mind in this way, having ever supplied my returning wants in providence. But then I have generally observed that, with regard to the former, they have been blessed with a great share of bodily health and strength, which is indeed a great blessing; while myself and others have been severely afflicted in body, and that for many years. Then what shall we say to these things, 'but that the Lord is infinite in wisdom, and doeth all things well?' and must we not say that he has led us in a right way that he might bring us at last to a city of habitation?"

How true is this! and what an even balance is struck between man and man. A child of God, pressed down with poverty, sees a brother or sister favoured in the things of providence. His heart secretly envies them. He can scarcely believe they can have any temporal troubles when they have meat for dinner every day, and walk upon a carpet. But, besides family afflictions, these objects of his envy may have such frail tabernacles, such an aching head, or torpid liver, or racking face ache, or weak chest, or cross-grained stomach, or shattered nerves, or crippled limbs, or dizzy brain, or dejected spirits, that they, in their turn, are ready to envy the half-fed ploughman, with nerves and stomach as hard as iron, and a frame that knows not ache or pain, blow the wind north, south, east, or west, come hail or storm, summer's burning heat or winter's nipping cold. Had spasmodic asthma lain in his path, James Lewis would not have taken it up and laid it on his own shoulders as his abiding load, after the experience of the first fit. But God, his heavenly Father, Counsellor, and Friend, chose it for him, fastened it on his back with the cords of love, and made him carry it until he sank with it into the grave. Each man knows best his own burden, but those who have a weak tabernacle know well it is no slight one.

The Memoir before us is written by his own hand, and contains much that is truly experimental and interesting. It gives not only his experience, but also a sketch of his previous life, the most interesting part of which is his going out to, and residence in Jamaica for about two years, where he had some remarkable escapes of his life. We pass over, however, all this period of his history, and come to his call by grace, which he thus relates:

"It pleased the Lord to lay my dear mother on a bed of sickness, and, as we thought, it would have been for her end. My sister Linney, and my two brothers, Thomas and Charles, accompanied me to Midhurst, in order to take

our final leave of her in this life. We left our sister behind, who was a good and gracious God-fearing woman, and we three returned to Chichester; but just before we entered the city, my brother Thomas said, 'Now, boys, you know where we have just been, that we have taken our final leave of our dear mother, not supposing that we shall ever see her again alive in this world. I shall have you both go with me this evening to chapel, to hear Mr. Vinall, as he is going to preach at Providence Chapel; you would not think of going elsewhere to night?' My brother Charles said, 'Indeed you will not have me to accompany you to chapel,' and so said I; but as soon as the chaise reached the north gate of the city, my brother Thomas ordered the driver to stop, and we all three got out. Charles walked immediately up the street, but Thomas taking fast hold of my arm, said, 'James, you must go with me.' I know not how it was, but I was so struck I could not speak a word, although my heart went after the others. However, to chapel he led me, it being the first time they could, any of them, get me there, although I have many times gone with my sister Linney as far as the outer door of the chapel when she had been going to hear the word, but never before could they get me within the walls; this being, as I trust it will hereafter appear, the Lord's time; there being a set time in Scripture to favour Zion; yes, and a set time also to favour every individual member of Zion or Christ's mystic body.

"We were seated in the chapel, and shortly after Mr. Vinall, the dear minister of Christ, entered the pulpit. I do not remember his text, but during his discourse, he had been pointing out the real state and condition I was in as a sinner before God, the way I was going on, the sins I was committing, and then quoted this text in confirmation of what he had been stating: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' (Ecc. xi. 9.) And looking me hard in the face, as I thought, said further, 'And I tell you from the word of God, that if you live and die in the state and condition you are now in, you will be damned, and that to all eternity.' My brother just at that moment touched my foot, as much as to say, 'James, do you hear that?' But I did not require any touch from him; my conscience bore witness to the truth; my sins were set in battle array before my eyes, and I felt sensible that such would indeed be my case, and that a separation between me and this world must take place, or I was lost for ever. I thought verily the place would have swallowed me up. But O the thought would again rush into my mind, What! separate yourself from your young companions? come out from among the whole of them, and that for ever? What? never join them again, but take up with a Methodistical life? O thought I, no, never, never can I do this.

"When we came out of the chapel, my brother perceiving the word had got fast hold of me, said, 'Come, James, you will go with me to Mr. Baxter's this evening, and take supper with them; Mr. Vinall will be there.' I replied, in an angry tone of voice, 'No, I will not go near the place; and had I known what would have taken place here this evening, I would not have been there for a thousand guineas,' such desperation and madness rose up in my breast against the Lord. And trying, if possible, to stifle my convictions, I left him in the chapel-yard, and made the best of my way to my lodgings, in a most wretched and deplorable condition, kicking, plunging, rebelling, and fighting against the Lord and his servant in my feelings, and calling myself a thousand fools for ever consenting to go; but before I reached home, my sins stared me in the face again, and, with deep convictions on my mind, I went into the house, and asked for a light, telling them I was going to bed. As soon as I reached my bedroom, I shut to the door, and fell on my knees, and cried most fervently to the Almighty for mercy. The mere form of prayer which I had been taught from my youth up did not so much as once enter my mind; but from my very heart, and from a deep feeling, sight, and sense, was led to cry to God for mercy, like the poor publican, whose prayer every way suited my then present state and condition."

The feelings of distress thus produced in his soul lasted some time. He thus describes the exercises of his mind:

"But to return. During this time my convictions for sin came on stronger than ever; the arrows of God stuck fast in me; guilt stared me continually in the face; the wrath of God was most keenly felt in my conscience; fearfulness and trembling laid hold of me, and, like the Psalmist and others before me, 'I found trouble and sorrow; then called I on the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.' I found also, that 'by the law is the knowledge of sin;' the law having entered my conscience in its spirituality, it wrought in me all manner of concupiscence, and stirred up in my heart enmity, hatred, rebellion, hard thoughts of God, and every evil work and abomination. The law being spiritual, but we carnal, sold under sin, it wrought the more powerfully, and brought me to my wit's end; I knew not what to do. I cried, prayed, and supplicated both night and day to God for mercy, when at home, abroad, in my office, (though secretly,) or in my bed; it mattered not where I was, or what I was doing, a continual cry went up from my heart to the Lord. I used to walk the fields by the hour, pouring out my soul in one incessant cry, nor could I ever cease until I was brought to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."

But the same instrument which was employed by the God of all grace to wound and kill was also used to heal and make alive. The account of his deliverance is rather long, but we can hardly omit any portion without marring it:

"I had been seeking the Lord about two years and a half. About a fortnight before Mr. Vinall came again to Chichester, which he constantly did once a month, I had a very unusual spirit of grace and supplication poured out upon me; I think I may say constantly was I seeking the Lord's face for a clear manifestation of his love and mercy to my soul, from which I seemed to gather a degree of assurance that, the next time the Lord's servant came amongst us, I should certainly obtain the blessing. And O how did I long for his coming! I was, no doubt, looking too much to man. The time arrived; I went to the chapel with great earnestness of soul, listened with all attention, crying for the blessing; and although the things which he advanced were every way descriptive of my feelings, state, and condition, yet I got nothing whatever satisfactory, but returned home with my pitcher empty. Well, thought I, but here is another night, and who can tell but what the blessing may be reserved till then. The next night came, and to chapel I went again, in full expectation; but, alas! all in vain, for there was nothing for me. O how did my heart fret against the Lord! I thought him a hard master, that I should be for ever shut out from his kingdom. The next morning, Mr. Vinall took his leave of us to go to Petworth, and I stood at the door looking at him as he rode up the street, till he turned the corner and was out of my sight. O, thought I, it will be another month before I shall hear him preach again; what shall I do, or how shall I contain myself? I went to my office, and wrote as well I was able, with a burdened mind and a heavy heart; but, after dinner, as I was sitting alone in my office, I took my little Bible out of my desk, and promiscuously opened it at the fourth chapter of the Gospel by Mark, where the Lord is speaking on the parable of the sower and the seed, and the meaning thereof. After reading the parable, I shut up the book, and went into an out-house, fell on my knees, and earnestly entreated the Almighty that he would be pleased to show me which of *those* characters I belonged to, that if I had been deceived in my religion he would show it me, as I wished to know the worst of it; but that if he had begun a good work of grace in me, he would be pleased to make it manifest, as my desire, above all things, was to know *which* of the characters I belonged to. I got off my knees, went into the office, and began writing, when shortly after a friend, who attended the chapel, came and looked through the window, and said he wished to speak a word with me. I went out to speak with him. He said, 'I wish very much to go to Petworth to hear Mr. Vinall preach this evening.' I replied, 'Yes, and so do I; there is nothing particular to prevent it; how shall we go? I feel too weak to walk so far, it being near fourteen miles.' He said, 'We will hire a horse and gig.' We did so, and reached Petworth just before the service commenced.

r. Vinall knew nothing whatever of our coming till he saw us sitting in the chapel. He took his text from the first chapter of James and 3rd verse: 'Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.' I said to myself, as soon as he had read his text, 'Well, there is nothing for me again is night; as for faith, I seem to know nothing about it; and as to the trying faith, much less so.' However, he began his discourse by dividing it into three general heads, 1st, of faith, and what real faith was; 2nd, how we were to know whether we had this real faith; 3rd, of the trying of this faith working patience. He commenced with his first head, and continued speaking some time, when all of a sudden he made a long pause, and said, 'I know not, my friends, what the Lord is about to do this evening, but something I am quite certain, from the secret impulse I feel on my spirit, for I am constrained by necessity to leave my subject in hand, and to take up the parable of the sower and the seeds; and in doing which, I shall draw the line of distinction close as the word of God will admit, that you may judge for yourself which the characters you belong to.' I was instantly struck with astonishment and surprise; fearfulness and great trembling seized me in a moment; I knew that was for me; that the Lord had heard my prayer which I had before put up at Chichester, that he was about to answer it, by putting it into the heart of his dear servant to speak from the parable, and even to utter the same words which I had before made use of, namely, that I might know which of the characters I belonged to. I felt as satisfied as I was of my existence that, whichever way it was then decided, it would be so decided to all eternity. My feelings were of that nature I cannot possibly now express them. I felt just as a poor criminal would, being placed before his judge on trial, and sitting to hear from the lips of the jury, 'Guilty,' then trembling to hear the sentence pronounced against him by the judge. He gave us first a description of the seed and of the sower, and how the seed was sown, and where it fell; some fell by the way side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up; some fell on stony ground, some fell among thorns, and other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, &c. In giving a description of the three first characters, I could hold up a clear conscience that none of their feelings were anything like mine; but when he came to speak of the last, namely, of the seed being sown in an honest and good heart, and of the fruits and effects of the heart being thus made honest and upright before God, and of the soul travail that would assuredly come upon the poor sinner; of the many fears, doubts, and misgivings of heart; and of the many lamentable cries, groans, and supplications that would go up to the Lord from the heart both by night and by day, he traced out my feelings and the exercises of my soul for the whole two years and a half I had been seeking the Lord, better, yea, much better by far, than I could possibly have described them to any mortal creature; and the Lord was graciously pleased to open my ears to hear, and my heart to understand and to receive the truths that were then delivered by his servant, and sweetly, blessedly, and most powerfully to apply them home to my heart, so that I as sensibly felt the burden of sin removed—guilt, wrath, fear, misery, and bondage taken out of and from off my conscience—as sensibly as any poor creature literally would feel released by having the burden taken off his shoulders which he had long borne, and under which he was sinking and nearly exhausted. And this is but a faint representation of the resemblance; peace flowed into my soul like a river, and love, praise, gratitude, and thanksgiving ascended up to the throne of grace; and the dear Lord, as if to complete the work, sent home this text with great power, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' An application of that atoning blood was applied to my heart; nay, I had the rich contents of the whole text—the sweet enjoyment thereof. After which, Mr. Vinall said, 'The work is now done; I will again resume my former subject;' but what was afterwards said I knew but little, being lost in wonder, love, and praise, and completely swallowed up with the unexpected, unthought of, undeserved electing and everlasting love of God in Christ Jesus."

We should be glad to extract more of his subsequent experience when the evils of his heart were opened to him, but as we have al-

ready somewhat exceeded our limits, we pass to his happy end, as related in the preface by his friend and brother, Mr. Hallett:

"As I had an engagement to preach at Chichester on the evening of the day he died, he said to Mrs. Lewis in the morning, 'I shall be deprived of the privilege of hearing Mr. H. to-night; but hope he will be enabled to preach to me after he returns from chapel.' He inquired during the morning if I was come, and being answered in the negative, said, 'I want to see him; send him up to me when he comes.' When I arrived, about noon, he was dosing; but upon going into his room afterwards, he said, (after he had asked after my health, and the welfare of my family and friends,) 'Is there not balm in Gilead? is there not a Physician there?' And then answering the question himself, said, 'There is balm in Gilead; there is a good Physician there.' He then said, 'The doctor has just been in to see me; he is very kind; but is a physician of no value in my case;' and then added, with a heavenly smile on his countenance, 'I know in whom I have believed, bless his precious name!' which were the last words he spoke, so as to be understood. From this time he sank most rapidly. About ten minutes before he died he moved his hand and placed it under his head, and in that position he breathed forth his spirit, without a groan or struggle, into the hand of his dear Redeemer, at a quarter before four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th January, 1848. His happy spirit took its flight to realms of endless bliss, to dwell in the presence of his dear Lord and Saviour, in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

POETRY.

THE SURETY.

Beloved of the Lord,	Deliver'd for our debts,
Your gracious Sovereign own;	Our Surety quits the score,
In songs his grace record,	Our souls at freedom sets
And bow before his throne;	Henceforth for evermore.
Declare his worth, exalt his name;	Then swell the sweet immortal strain,
With heart and voice his love proclaim.	"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!"
Stretch'd on the cursed wood,	His blood's a mighty sea,
Ye saints, your Saviour view!	Where death itself is drown'd;
Down flows the crimson flood	And he shall ever be
He freely shed for you.	With highest honours crown'd.
That sacred stream your ransom pays,	Laud his bless'd name, his glories tell,
That precious blood demands your	And louder still his praises swell.
praise.	

Matfield Green.

R. S.

The reason why God does sometimes defer to answer the doubts and queries we stick at, and most desire to be resolved about, is not only to show his sovereignty, but to bring our hearts to a practical acknowledgment of it. Moses was very unwilling to go on this message to Pharaoh; many objections he had to put it by; whereas the danger he might be in for killing the Egyptian was the bottom objection, though he speaks it not out. Indeed, the men who sought his life were now dead, which if he had known before, all those excuses had probably been spared; but the Lord was pleased to conceal it from him until he had brought him to a full compliance with his will, and then reveals it to him unasked. (Exod. iii. 11, and iv. 10, 13, 19.) So, likewise, he would not take his hand from Job until he had well learned him this lesson. (Job xlii. 2, &c.)—*Colas.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Concluded from page 170.)

Having dwelt largely on the service of a real saint, let us now take notice,

III. Why it says "any man," and show that this service is *confined to God's elect*. 1. What is *not* meant by it, and 2. what *is*. We will then make a few remarks how such are honoured, and what that honour is; and so conclude.

In the first place, then, by *any man* I do not understand that any man has a free will to serve Christ or let it alone. By no means; this is plain from the Scriptures of truth: "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. I will not, and yet he went." But, secondly, it means this: As though God should say, "When I convince you of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, you will appear so vile, so filthy, and so loathsome in your own eyes, that you will be the last that will think you ever will be honoured of me, and will find it a hard matter to settle it in your own mind; but as you are to cleanse your way by taking heed thereto according to my word, I will lay down various marks of real service, and my Spirit shall enlighten you, not only by shining in my word, but also on the good work within; for 'he shall guide you into all truth;' and as all that fear my name are alike to me, for I am no respecter of persons, therefore, if you can in the course of your experience find out that either in a greater or less degree, under the influence of my Spirit, you are serving me, I say, if this is the case, (for I am sure you cannot serve me without I work in you to will and to do of my own good pleasure,) then *any such man* that serves me, him will my Father honour." It is plain that by nature we hate his service; and it is also plain that

all are not to be honoured; for we read of some being to dishonour, and that some shall awake to shame and everlasting contempt. Therefore do not fret, murmur, and complain, fearing you are not of the number of those that will be honoured, but see if you can come up to some or all of the evidences of real service; and if you are enabled so to do, you shall be honoured agreeably to the text: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

IV. I come now to treat of the *honour* of this servant, which I shall show you in six particulars. Now take the honours that I shall mention.

1. Literally, then, it is to be a *king* or a *prince*, and in heaven there is this song sung: "To him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God," &c. And with respect to princes: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, even the princes of his people." But, say you, does this branch of honour attend the service you have mentioned? Yes. I told you we were to have grace to serve him acceptably, which grace is to reign through righteousness unto *eternal life*; and these kings sing that they shall live *for ever and ever*, so that their life must be eternal. Now this is one branch of our honour. And the *honour* of the saints' reign will be over devils. This text will have its accomplishment in the highest sense: "I will give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy." It is true, we have it now in a measure, but we have cause to say with that man of God, Hart, in the preface to his hymns, "that they are too strong for us." The *glory* of this reign will be in our being with God, Father, Son, and Spirit. It is said, "The pure in heart shall see God;" "The Lamb also shall lead us to fountains of living water, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." There will be no more pain, sorrow, nor sighing, but we shall be filled with the love of God; and as sitting implies victory, which you may see in David when he sat in his house and had rest from his enemies, so we are to sit down with Jesus on his throne, being overcomers. Our ideas of these things are very weak, for we now know but in part, but then we shall know as we are known.

2. Another branch of honour literally is to *sit in judgment*; as you may see in Job, where he tells you he sat in chief, and after his word they spake not again. But how much higher honour shall we have, think you, to judge devils, or fallen angels? This you have by Paul: "Know ye not that the saints shall judge angels?" and you have it more fully in Psalm cxlix: "Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud on their beds; let the high praises of God be in their mouth and a two-edged sword in their hand; to execute vengeance on the heathen and punishments on the people; to bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron, to execute upon them the judgment written; (and then comes the honour;) this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord." Thus

you see they will reign as kings, and judge heathens and people of every description—kings, nobles, princes, fallen angels, &c.; which honour is for all the saints, from the least to the greatest. This is the second branch of honour.

3. Another branch of honour is *Christ's telling all the human race* that we are the objects of God's choice from everlasting: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." We shall no longer sow and another reap, no longer build and another plant; but shall long enjoy the work of our hands; and thus being predestinated to the adoption of children is called honour. (Rom. ix. 21.)

4. *Marriage*, Paul says, is honourable to all. This is literally; but what think you of being married to Christ Jesus? This was typified when God brought Eve to Adam; and Paul is plain upon it: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife." (Is that all? No.) "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church." "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." And after this they have the full enjoyment. See the parable of the ten virgins: "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage chamber, and the door was shut." This readiness is having on the righteousness of Christ: "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready; and to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white;" and you know I told you we were to serve him in holiness and righteousness; and after thus serving him here, this marriage will be honourable for all that are thus ready.

5. It is an honourable thing to *be rich* literally. It is generally coupled with honour; as God says to Solomon, "Thou hast not asked riches and honour." It is true, while on earth we are esteemed the offscouring of all things; and it must be so, for God says, "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people;" but we read of *durable riches* and righteousness, and the unsearchable riches of Christ. Gold, you know, is very valuable, and we are to stand at his right hand in gold of Ophir and in raiment of needlework; and as rich people are not hard put to it, nor in want for anything literally, so we shall have everything; clothing, Christ's righteousness; food, the bread of heaven; drink, fountains of living waters; rest, in their beds; peace, which passeth knowledge; joy, the joy of their Lord; and they will possess a kingdom for ever and ever, ever and ever.

6. But I proceed to the sixth and last branch of honour, which is, *our inheritance*; and you may take it all in one text: "Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ Jesus." We are heirs of promise, but every such promise is Yea and Amen in Christ. Here the promise will be fulfilled. We are heirs of salvation, but we are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Everlasting shows its duration, or rather that it will never end. We are heirs of the grace of life, but this life is in the Son, and here are, as before observed, fountains of living water. We are heirs of righteousness, but it is the Lor^d

our righteousness; and we, being righteous, are to shine as the sun in the glory of our Father's kingdom for ever and ever. We are heirs of the kingdom, and he is the King, and we are to possess it for ever and ever. We are heirs of glory, and the Lord is to be our everlasting light, our God, and our glory; and our sun shall no more go down.

Thus God fulfils his promise agreeably to the text: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

And now I have gone through the subject; but let me drop a few things to you.

1. Remember this, service is *before* the honour; therefore, if you have a taste of these things here, do not expect a smooth path. Remember that tribulation comes first and entering the kingdom follows. 2. This is called the Christian warfare. Do not dream, therefore, of a cessation of arms till death, for it is there the wearied are to rest. 3. Do not expect this world's wealth. Christ, as a Servant, was poorer than we are, but now, as a Son, he has ascended far above all heavens. Finally. Remember the promise is, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Plead the promise and wait for its fulfilment; for he that waits on his Master shall be honoured.

Nov. 12th, 1808.

JOHN RUSK.

"WHO IS A GOD LIKE UNTO OUR GOD?"

Dear Brother in the Lord and Fellow-Traveller in the Path of Tribulation,—You may wonder at my writing to you, but, to tell you the truth, I feel I cannot help it, for the Lord has abundantly blessed my soul with a sense of his goodness, his matchless loving-kindness and tender mercy, his everlasting, electing, redeeming grace, his dying love, and his pardoning mercy. O how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me! "Crown his everlasting name," my soul would say, "and let honour and majesty rest upon his precious head."

My brother may wish to know how I came by these feelings. Well, I will try and tell you. On Saturday night, I was grieving in my mind over the feelings of the past week, how much like the world I was, how dead to divine things and lifeless and cold I felt to be, and then how should I spend the approaching Lord's Day, being so far from home, and not knowing where to go to hear anything like the truth preached, so that I could say my soul was exceeding sorrowful, and my heart was overwhelmed within me. When I went to bed I was constrained to cry to the Lord to direct me and lead my mind where he thought best, and not to leave me to myself, but if the truth were preached anywhere near, that he would lead my mind there. Well, as I awoke in the morning, thinking what to do or how to act, it seemed to be impressed on my mind to go to S—, as I had heard that there was a Baptist minister there who preached a measure of truth. I thought I would go and hear if there were anything for me; so off I started. When I reached the town, I

went to a friend's house, who received me very kindly, and went to chapel with me, although I had not seen him but once before. Well, I heard the word, but nothing did I receive there. I returned with my friend to his house; and, after dinner, taking up the "Standard," he read that piece, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me;" and never shall I forget the sweet melting of soul that I felt in hearing that blessed experience of one of the Lord's children. How my soul was knit to her! I was for some time speechless; but as soon as the Lord had a little withdrawn himself, I was constrained to say, these words being so sweetly blessed to my soul, "Who is a God like unto our God, that pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin?" O how this thrilled in my soul again and again, "Who is a God like unto our God?" &c. I could weep to the praise of the mercy I found; and as she said so I could say, that my desire was to

"Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I had found;
To point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

My dear brother, I feel that the way to God is a mysterious way, a way that my flesh does not like, only while I am feasting on his dying blood and pardoning love. Then I can say,

"Choose thou the way, but still lead on."

It is then that I am enabled to mount up on the wings of faith to behold King Jesus sitting at the right hand of God the Father interceding for me, and to believe that my name is engraved upon the palms of his hands; and I am enabled to believe that I am clothed with that blessed garment of righteousness which he has wrought out for all his dear elect.

But as the candle is almost burnt out and the clock nearly on eleven, I now conclude, with my love to Mrs. —, and inquiring friends. Give my love to my wife and little ones, and tell her, God willing, I shall be home on Saturday. Accept of my kind love yourself, and that the Lord may bless you is the desire of,

Your unworthy Brother,

H—, April 5th, 1852.

J. H.

But when I had been long vexed with this fear, and was scarce able to take one step more, just about the same place where I received my other encouragement, these words broke in upon my mind, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled;" "And yet there is room." (Luke xiv. 23, 22.) These words, but especially those, "and yet there is room," were sweet words to me, for truly by them I saw there was place enough in heaven for me; and moreover, that when the Lord Jesus did speak these words, he then did think of *me*; and that he, knowing that the time would come that I should be afflicted with fear that there was no place left for me in his bosom, did before speak this word, and leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation. —*Bunyan's Grace Abounding.*

A LETTER BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—Your letter was a fortnight in travelling to me, partly occasioned by its tarrying five days at the Tabernacle, when I was at Tottenham, and I concluded you had left Hardwick or would leave it before a letter could reach you there.

I was ill in London most part of the time with a cough and a cold, and very unfit for a London pulpit, though not disabled from preaching. I find the latter works of a Christian are chiefly furnace-work, out of one fire into another; and when we think the present fire too hot, the way of making us think it a cool one, is by plunging us into a hotter. I pray for patience often, and should be glad to have a bushel of it, but do not like the way in which it is given. God uses means to accomplish his ends; and "tribulation" is the means appointed "to work patience;" but I am not very fond of such means. My old Esau raises outcries at them, and says if he must learn patience he should like to learn it in his sleep, without the bustle of a tribulation. Yet, however displeasing a furnace is, I find but little growth out of it; and the little I have gained has been out of the fire. Activity in well doing is a glorious thing, but patient sufferance in well-doing exceeds it. And no man knows much of himself till his locks have well blazed and his bones have much crackled in a furnace. Young cocks crow lustily and swagger among the poultry, till they have been thrown at and soundly banged on Shrove Tuesday;* then they come home meek enough, and are glad to hide their head in a henroost. I cannot judge of a Christian soldier from his big words, and fierce look, and tall musket, but from his being able to stand fire; nor do I heed his hopping, or kicking, or barking, or bawling in the furnace. If he can but keep in it, he is fairly listed; and Jesus will drill him and teach him his exercise at length.

As I know something of itinerant troubles, I can sympathise with you, and believe when a retreat is really wanted it will be given. But take heed that your heart be not set upon it; else your bed even there will be quilted with thorns. A gourd is a useful thing for the head, but when made a revelling place, it will soon breed a worm at the root. Earthly comforts, like roses, grow on a brier and appear sweeter in the prospect than the enjoyment.

If you come into Essex this summer, I shall expect a visit at Everton, and a week or a fortnight's itineration in Cambridge. Be not discouraged at your trials. Jesus will help you out and help you through.

I send you my heart's love. Grace and peace be with you, my dear friend, and with

Your very affectionate Servant,

Everton, April 26th, 1776.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

* Berridge alludes here to a barbarous custom, now happily gone out of use, of tying up barn-door cocks to a pole on Shrove Tuesday and throwing at them with sticks.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. GADSBY.

My dear Friend,—I received yours this day, and hasten to reply, in order that there may be no mistake.

I shall be glad to see you at Ely and Downham, and to go with you on Friday; but I cannot preach on the Friday night, as my age and infirmities will not allow me to preach more than I have engaged to do, viz., at Godmanchester on Tuesday, at Ely on Wednesday, and at Downham on Thursday, and then twice on the Lord's Day at Lakenheath. You must fix which parts of the Lord's Day, but I cannot preach more than twice. And as it respects the next week, I can make no promise at present. If I should receive an invitation from a friend who wrote last year from near Norwich, or Bury, (and really I forget which, and I cannot find the letter, but if I receive one this year in time,) I think of going there the Tuesday and Wednesday after I have been the Lord's Day with you, and to Cambridge on the Thursday; but if I do not go to Norwich nor Bury, then I can stop one night with you; that is, if the Lord is graciously pleased to give me strength of body and mind; but if I stop with you, it will be time enough to give notice on the Lord's Day.

I was sorry to hear of the death of our friend T—, but our loss is her gain. With her all is well, and she will never be in darkness again. It is a mercy that the family of God have a glorious house to go to when they have done with this wilderness. Paul says, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable;" and sure I am that it is the case; for the devil, hell, and sin, do not plague other people as they do the people of God; and what with these plagues and the hidings of God's countenance, with guilt and wrath felt in the soul, we should sink never to rise again if we had not now and then a blessed lift by the way, and hope to come.

Well, my friend, a few more trials and all will be well, fully and eternally well. The God of peace be with you and bless you indeed. I believe the Lord has been gracious to bring Mr. — to his right mind again, and make him ashamed of his wanderings; but more of this when I see you. We are poor worms at best, and need supporting every moment.

Give my love to your spouse, to Mrs. —, and all friends; and tell Mrs. — that it really was her own fault that I did not call to see her, for I thought she did not want to see me, and I do not wish to go where I am not wanted, if I know it.

The Lord be with and bless you all. Yours in the Lord,

Manchester, March 7th, 1840.

W. GADSBY.

A good deal of the trouble of God's people arises from a mistake and misapprehension of God; they judge of God by their sense, not by his promise; by their own frame, and not by his constant nature.—*John Mason.*

**“WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD FOR
ALL HIS BENEFITS TOWARDS ME?”**

Dear Friend,—I drop you a line or two saying that, through mercy, I got safe home, and found my family and friends all well and glad to see me; but many professors in the town were much disappointed at my coming back, for I understand they have had hopes when I have gone a journey that I should break my neck and so get rid of me out of the town. But, blessed be my God, he keeps me honest to his truth, standing upon Zion's walls, and giving the trumpet a certain sound, whether they will bear or forbear. I have nothing to do with that. The Lord will see to that himself.

My friend, it is an awful day, and it is my earnest cry to God that he will keep me honest, that I may ever preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; for sure I am that nothing else will stand the test at the trying day, when all things shall be laid open before angels, men, and devils. What a blessed thing it will be then for the church of God to hear the blessed voice of the Lord, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” No tribulation, sorrow, nor grief, neither from the world, the flesh, nor the devil; but an eternal rest of happy felicity in the presence of our God for ever and ever. O my friend, what an infinite mercy if you and I are of those who are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, never to be confounded world without end!

I had a precious interview with my dear Lord last week, and though I have had some heavy storms since I saw you, yet, when the Lord came, all was hushed up in a calm in a moment. He embraced me in his arms of everlasting love and mercy, smiled, and said, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. I have delivered thee in six troubles, and in the seventh I will not leave thee.” He kindly showed me all the way he had led me for above twenty years in the wilderness, and I can assure you there was not one thing that I would have altered for all that the world calls good or great. I could but admire to see his infinite wisdom. Every trial, affliction, cross, and loss was so well fitted in every place that there was not one too many. And O what a precious view I had of his infinite love, power, justice, mercy, and kindness to unworthy me, notwithstanding all my dreadful rebellion against him. It so melted my poor soul that I could not help bursting forth into a song of praise, “What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits towards me, poor me, unworthy me, rebellious me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all his people.” O my friend, what is to be compared with communion with God? All other things vanish into nothing. Herein is all the rest, peace, joy, strength, beauty, life, and fulness that ever my soul desires. I in God and God in me; and thus our dear Lord declares, “I in them and thou in me, that we may be perfect in one.” And sure I am that this is the very essence of real religion. O this blessed union, to be one

with Christ! To see him, feel him, be like him, and enjoy him as our God and Saviour. When this is the case, is it any wonder that the soul breaks out in holy raptures of love in a song of praise?

“Hail, sacred union, firm and strong;
How great the grace, how sweet the song,
That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity.

“One in the tomb, one when he rose;
One when he triumph’d o’er his foes;
One when in heaven he took his seat,
While angels sang all hell’s defeat.

“Blest be the wisdom and the grace,
The eternal love and faithfulness
That’s in the gospel scheme reveal’d,
And is by God the Spirit seal’d.”

But I must conclude. I hope the Lord is with you and your dear wife, and all friends. I can say you are much on my mind at the throne of grace, and I hope, my friend, that God will keep you from being over anxious about the world. The Lord keep you from the evil that is in the world, and with a tender conscience, and his fear before your eyes in all things. I hope Mrs. W. is well and enjoying the best things. Give my love to friend S., and may the God of all grace be with him; for his welfare, I can truly say, lies near my heart.

Trowbridge, June 4th, 1822.

J. WARBURTON.

The Scripture speaks often of iron-sinewed necks and brazen brows; and of men’s being in their blood when the Lord said they should live; as also that God loved Jacob before he had done any good thing; and that the saints love God because he loved them first; but nowhere of foreseen faith and holiness as the cause and ground of God’s love to men.—*Elisha Coles.*

As the heart is unsearchable, so it is deceitful. It is deceitful above all things, incomparably so. There is great deceit in the dealings of men in the world, great in their counsels and contrivances in reference to their affairs private and public; great deceit in their words and actings; the world is full of deceit and fraud. But all this is nothing to the deceit that is in man’s heart towards himself, for that is the meaning of the expression in this place, and not towards others. Now incomparable deceitfulness, added to unsearchableness, gives a great addition and increase of strength to the law of sin, upon the account of its seat and subject. I speak not yet of the deceitfulness of sin itself, but the deceitfulness of the heart where it is seated. (Prov. xxvi. 25.) There are seven abominations in the heart; that is, not only many, but an absolute complete number, as seven denotes; and they are such abominations as consist in deceitfulness; so the foregoing caution insinuates, trust him not; for it is only deceit that should make us not to trust in that degree and measure which the object is capable of.—*Owen.*

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

(Continued from page 185.)

II. Now I come to consider a little about the second birth that is here mentioned ; for certain it is that every human being is partaker of this birth of which I have treated, but all are not partakers of the birth about which I now intend to speak. All come into the world "born of a woman," (Job xiv. 1,) but few leave it "born of God." (John i. 13.) Now this second birth is called being "born again," (John iii. 3,) because it is an operation wrought upon the soul after the first natural birth has taken place. And in the margin it reads, "Except a man be born *from above*," because "every good gift, and every perfect gift is *from above*;" (James i. 17;) and this is one of those good and perfect gifts. It is also called being "born of God," (John i. 13,) because it is he only that can generate this birth; it is by his power alone that this seed from above can germinate into spiritual life, and the new man be born. In our text it is called being "born of the Spirit," because the influence is spiritual, and wrought on us by the Holy Spirit, who is truly and properly God. Putting, therefore, all these things together, we understand that this is a second birth, of a spiritual nature, generated from heaven by God the Holy Ghost, and this which he generates the text calls "spirit."

This new and second birth is irrespective of the creature altogether. Many moral, respectable, and, in a worldly sense, honourable and honest men are passed* by, and never become partakers of this blessing; while harlots, thieves, adulterers, drunkards, swearers, and murderers come in for the blessing, as 1 Cor. vi. 9—11, and many other passages show. In fact, the history of the whole Bible, and our own observation (if we have but half an eye) establish the fact beyond all dispute. Thus Rahab and Magdalene the harlots, David the adulterer and murderer, the thief at the side of the Saviour, Saul the Damascus persecutor, Matthew the publican, were all picked out by sovereign grace to be the happy recipients of this precious blessing; while men of talent, honour, learning, genius, and morality were left to fill up their iniquity, thus fulfilling the ancient words of the prophet, "I am sought of them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not; I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that was not called by my name." (Isa. lxxv. 1.) This mode of proceeding the Lord chooses in order that his grace may have all the glory. He will not permit himself to be robbed by worldly wisdom or fleshly pride, but delights in working upon the hardest stone, in order that the skill of the sculptor may be better seen, and his wisdom, strength, and grace more appreciated. This, however, I do not speak to exclude the few others which sovereign grace takes in hand. "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which

are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; *that no flesh should glory in his presence.*" (1 Cor. i. 26—29.)

When God sees fit to generate this spiritual birth in the heart of any sinner, he at the appointed moment drops into that soul the seed of his grace, which grace in the singular I understand to mean all the graces of the Spirit,—faith, hope, patience, humility, submission, the fear of God, &c.; and however hid they may remain, and however long, it only requires the breezes of the Spirit to draw any one or all of them into full operation; for I cannot understand this new creation to be anything short of the *perfect* new creature, though in embryo, so far as experience is concerned, but perfect in the sight of God. God's work is said to be "perfect," (Deut. xxxii. 4,) and he never does anything by halves, but completes the whole with a word, and never adds or subtracts, therefrom in substance. Hence it is said of him, "I know that whatsoever God doeth, he doeth for ever; *nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it.*" (Eccles. iii. 14.) From the moment that saving grace takes possession of any soul, that soul becomes the garden of God, and it only requires that he should blow upon it for his spices to flow out. It is said "the law (or doctrine) of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. (Ps. xix. 7.) But if God only implant some of his graces, it would only be partly converting the soul, and the law, or doctrine, of God could not, therefore, be perfect, as it is said to be. Besides, were not Peter, Matthew, Paul, John, and many others wholly converted to God at once? Was not every grace drawn out of their soul afterwards by the Spirit of God? And if so, must it not all have been implanted there at conversion? If this second birth was not complete in itself, should we not hear of another conversion, another restoration, and a *third* birth? But no, this is not so; the grace of life contains every other grace in its loins. The life of God in the soul gives birth to faith, hope, charity, humility, patience, godly fear, and every other grace. And this the Scripture, and my heart too, prove to a demonstration; for if any grace does not proceed from life, it is consequently a dead grace, and of no avail with God; but we read of *living* faith, a *lively* hope, and the fear of God the beginning of *life*, &c.

This birth is effected by the application of the word of God to the soul. Hence Peter says, "Being born again," (here is the birth,) "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, *by the word of God*, which liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Pet. i. 23.) The word of God here is said to be the seed which generates this new birth. But this does not mean the letter of the word only, for this is preached to thousands to whom it is a savour of death unto death, but it is the spiritual influence that attends it to the hearts of those who receive it. Hence it is said that it is "the Spirit that quickeneth," (John vi. 23,) not the bare words. And so the Lord would have us understand when he continues, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life." I have known passages

of Scripture, which I have read over and over again till I have known them like a school-boy does his lesson, repeating them with no more spiritual feeling than a cockatoo ; but when afterwards the Lord has spoken the passage to my soul, divine power and spiritual influence attended it, captivating the affections, and holding the mind to its spiritual and all-conquering power. I therefore believe it is the spiritual influence which the sovereign Lord communicates with his word that sows the seed in the heart.

Now the seed is said to be incorruptible, and therefore where it is once sown it will never corrupt. Some try to make out that after one has received this good seed in his heart, it may die away, and he be lost after all ; but this is not so ; for the Apostle says, that wherever it is sown it "liveth and abideth for ever." And Christ himself, alluding to the life which this seed imparts, calls it "eternal life." (John x. 28.) But if it can fade away and die it cannot be eternal, nor can it be said to live and abide for ever, as Peter declares that it does. Besides, this life in the body of Christ cannot die, unless the supply give out ; for Christ declares that because he lives we shall live also. Therefore all those who declare that our spiritual life may essentially fade away and die, offer an awful insult and horrible blasphemy to Christ, by practically declaring him incapable and unable to supply life to his members, inasmuch as he has virtually declared that exhaustion in him can be the only cause of the springs drying up in his members.

But now to the point. This spiritual birth of the new man is said to be "created in righteousness and true holiness." (Eph. iv. 24.) And of necessity this must be so, for none can generate other than its own species. A man generates a man, an animal generates its like, and so on. So too, with reverence I speak it, God cannot but generate that which is like himself. His children therefore are said to be "partakers of the *divine nature*;" (2 Pet. i. 4;) and this, being generated in righteousness and true holiness, soars above all sin, lust, and evil, delighting in that which is only good. This new man, being "born of God," the apostle says "doth not commit sin," for the spiritual "*seed remaineth* in him ; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." (1 John iii. 9.) Hence all those longings, breathings, and aspirings after the Lord have no sin in them, though sin may sometimes mix with them, our old man being in our very nature ; but the whole spiritual exercises of the soul after God and godliness, as they are from this spiritual life and influence, are free from sin ; they cannot become tainted by the fruits of the flesh being mixed with them,* for they are the fruit of the Spirit in us, and are those spices and that fruit which are acceptable to Christ. The Spirit blows on the garden of the soul, and draws these out : "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." To this Christ soon responds, and delights in it : "I am come into my garden, my sis-

* I hope I shall not be misunderstood here.

ter, my spouse.' I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk." (Song iv. 16; v. 1.)

Now the apostle Paul says that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, *against such there is no law.*" (Gal. v. 22, 23.) And if no law, there is no transgression and no sin, for the law of God is against all that is sinful and evil, for John says, "Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth the law, for sin is the transgression of the law;" (1 John iii. 4;) and, consequently, the law not being against these fruits of the Spirit in us, it proves that there is not one particle of sin in them, for if there were, it would leaven the whole lump; for transgression in one point brings us in guilty of all. (James ii. 10.)

When God therefore sows this spiritual seed in any heart, that seed is holy, and will more or less show itself in love to the Lord, his will, his truth, and ways. Every movement of it is Godward, every desire is heavenward; the whole affections are godly, and the heart is set on things above. This seed is the new man of grace, and the new man is destined to live for ever, for it is said to be "not corruptible but incorruptible," and that "it liveth and abideth for ever."

Here then stands the man, the subject of two natures; born of the flesh, and consequently the subject of the old man of sin; and also born of the Spirit, and consequently the subject of the new man of grace. These two natures have different objects, different aims, different ends, different desires, and different pursuits. Each one seeks its own object, and tries to attain its own ends. Hence there often comes a warfare between the two, which is trying to the soul: "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." (Gal. v. 17.) Neither side will give up, but each persists in holding the soul fast, captive to its will; and none but those that feel it know the terror that oftentimes betakes the soul in this warfare, for it is backed up on both sides by invisible hands, the Lord undertaking to strengthen the new man, and give him the victory, while Satan strives his utmost to strengthen the old man of sin against this new invader of his kingdom.

Now this warfare is carried on within the breast of the child of God, but all is controlled by the Lord to the furtherance of his cause with us. Sometimes in this battle the flesh seems to overcome, and the new man of grace seems hidden from the view of the soul. Satan draws a veil across the understanding, blindfolds the spiritual eyes, and benumbs the feelings, so that the man can see and feel nothing but the vileness of his own flesh, and the boiling up of all his lusts and abominations. Satan seems to carry the day, and the flesh appears to conquer; but this shall not be so, for still "grace *shall* reign," whatever opposes it; and, strange as it may appear to the misgiving soul, the flesh cannot hold him captive, for grace begins to bubble up in the heart. A little out-pouring of the spirit of

grace and supplication begins to crumble the soul, and life again springs up in the breast. His life does not depend upon himself, nor is the new man of grace controlled by or subject to his own disposal. Hence Paul says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii. 20.) Christ dwells and lives in us by his Spirit, and it is by his communicating supplies of daily grace to our implanted grace (or seed of God) that we live to God, soar above the flesh, and overcome the devil.

Having two principles and two natures, this conflict sometimes presents a strange aspect to the soul. We find ourselves doing those things under the influence of the old man which we mortally hate under the influence of the new, and even crying out against the violence while carried away by his power. Sin that dwelleth in us takes us captive, and we roar out in our agony, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do." (Rom. vii. 19.) Strange language for the boasters of free-will! Why, if their will is free, why do not they do what they would, and let alone that which they would not? But the child of God finds that he cannot do as he would. This seems strange to him at first, but by-and-by his understanding becomes more enlightened. It is the very nature of these two opposites to oppose each other. Each is lively and strives for the mastery, and the soul hates what he does and leaves what he loves, and says,

"Why do I do the things I hate,
And why the things I love forsake?"

But so it is; and Paul tells us that it is not we, but sin that dwelleth in us, which often brings comfort to a sorry heart, to know that it is not his spiritual affections that take part in this evil, for they (though imperceptible to him) remain true to God.

Now there is one thing particularly that keeps up the heat of this war in some of God's people, and that is, a besetting sin. Some have a besetting sin; indeed, I believe most of them; and this seems to me to be the great gem of the old man. Day by day it will rear its ugly head, and threaten assault, and when opportunity suits, it will summon an attack of all its vile members. What is to be done now? One of these two things, stand or fall. If he stand, it will be by faith in the power of the Lord. Hence this fight is called the "fight of faith." I have known what it is to stand and what it is to fall when these besetments have come in upon me, aided by Satan. When I have, upon the alarm of war, been blessed with the Spirit of grace and supplication, to plead with the Lord for strength to withstand the assault, I have felt so sure that the Lord would keep me, that I have told the devil that he had not power enough, joined with all my sin, to stand against me; and it has seemed to me as though he was sneaking off, ashamed of being beaten; but this strength is only in the Lord. No power can stand against the old man, or Satan, but the power of God; and many times, when I have been beaten, it has seemed to me as though Satan was dancing before me with malicious joy at being able to torture my poor soul and perplex my mind. I have hated the old man of sin and the

devil too with more and more hatred. Wretchedness, misery, darkness, gloom, dejection, horror, and terror have chased every feeling of peace and comfort from my soul, and I have sat in gloomy meditation, cursing the day that I was born, for hours and days together. But this did not taint the quality of the new man. He still remained pure; his hatred of the old man is but the more increased, and his longings for freedom are but the more intense; and though sin upon the conscience has so cramped up his exercises that the soul cannot find strength to utter a cry, yet his heart's desire is pure, and holy, and divine; and when again he finds access to a throne of grace, he seems to cling closer than ever to the God of holiness and truth. I have watched this exercise in my soul many times, and therefore write thus, knowing that the new man does not make the old man holy, nor can the old man make the new man sinful; for "that which is born of the flesh is FLESH, and that which is born of the Spirit is SPIRIT."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH A SINNER.

Messrs. Editors,—In perusing your publication, my heart has often been refreshed; and, through mercy, I trust as in water face answereth to face, so have I felt my spirit to witness with the experience of the children of the living God penned therein; and although not known in the flesh, a union of soul has taken place with some which death cannot dissolve. I have often therefore felt a secret impulse of mind, if the dear Lord would enable me, to give a brief outline of what I have known of myself as a fallen sinner, and what has been felt and enjoyed by me of the love and faithfulness of the God of Israel.

It was in early life that I first felt that without a change of heart I must for ever perish. To my grief my parents were not then, neither have I any proof that they now are, dissatisfied with the state wherein they were born, so that it was not with me as with many where a form of religion is taught from childhood. I never had much to do with what is called religious people until I became concerned about my state as a sinner before God; therefore when the terrors of the law against sin laid hold upon me, I knew no more than the man in the gospel when he saw men as trees walking. I had a knowledge that there was a God, and that he would punish for sin. With all my might at times did I try to strive against it in afflicting my body, in corrections, and in watchfulness, thinking thereby that I should eradicate that baneful poison, sin. But, alas! the more I strove the stronger it grew; and although not more than from twelve to fourteen years old, so powerful did I feel this malady that I was almost driven to attempt to put an end to my existence to get rid of my tormentor.

I must here beg your sympathy while I relate what may appear to some childish; and, indeed, so it is, but the exercised soul will

bear with me. I began to search the Scriptures for life, and to call in earnest upon the name of the Lord. I wandered in the fields desolate and afflicted, often creeping under a hedge, and there entreating the Lord for mercy, but could see no way of escape. I have come over from these retreats and put up three sticks, crossing one on the top, and then standing a little distance off, prayed if the Lord would or did intend to show mercy that he would direct me to strike off the top stick. I was sometimes successful, but I was not then satisfied, for I wanted the same sign over again; but this was not nor could be my deliverer.

“Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.”

No, not even looking at the cross and meditating on the dying agonies of a blessed Redeemer could ease my aching heart. I wanted that precious blood spilt thereon to be applied, which would have been a balm for every wound; but this was not the time, for I wandered in the follies of youth. After this, to make the scourge heavier for after days, I began to think how weak I had been, and for the future I would act more manly. I rolled sin as a sweet morsel under my tongue, and took the Lord's name in vain, to my shame. He who holds the winds in his fists has said, “Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.” I well remember one day, in the midst of this rebellion and kicking against the pricks of conscience, my brother was cutting a piece of wood, when, from some cause, I called him a fool. I had no sooner said the word than these words sounded in my ears, “He that calleth his brother a fool is in danger of hell fire.” A guilty conscience accused me, and I felt to be on the very brink of endless misery. I would have given a world to have recalled these words, but it was past, and there was no hope.

A day or two after this, returning from a field in the evening, I came along side an old man, who by some was thought no better than an infidel. In course of conversation, we were speaking of the weather, (it was dirty,) when, to my grief, I ascribed the honour thereof to the devil, thoughtlessly. He paused, and said, “You are wrong, for it is out of the power of the devil to make the dirt.” I shall never forget so long as I live the horror of mind I at once sank into from this rebuke. For nearly three years I felt as though the terrors of the damned had begun upon me, and my very vitals were being consumed with grief and sighing. If I attempted to kneel to pray, I have thought that the roaring lion would break me in pieces; so that I have got up from the attempt and wrung my hands in despair, filled at the same time with blasphemous thoughts against God for ever bringing me into being, and then have cursed the day of my birth, often meditating on self-destruction, it being continually suggested that I should never find mercy. I dare not even hope for it, and the longer I lived the more aggravated would my sins become. In a fit of wretchedness and almost frantic despair I resolved to put an end to it. I got a sharp knife, and in the act

of putting it into execution, (I shudder while I state it,) my arm became stiff; it had a voice in it. I felt of all the creatures God had made, I was wretched indeed, for I thought of the awfulness of appearing before God in such a state; but at the same time full of self-pity, thinking God would not give me the worst place on account of my sufferings here.

In many other ways did the tormentor of man try me on this point; such as getting on the edge of a loft or a hill, so that my foot might slip, and that I might not charge the same on myself. It may be, many of the Lord's hidden ones may be similarly plagued by the adversary of souls. I would say to such, May the Lord help you to hope. Surely to experience this little word, hope, here is like an anchor in a strong sea. But "light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart." I would mention one more severe combat I had with this Apollyon while as yet I had not a knowledge of the Lord, or the plan of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. Thinking something must be accomplished by me to gain the favour of God, I was so molested that I felt to be a terror to myself, and was satisfied if that state of things lasted I must soon be an inmate of an asylum. I could not attend properly to business; and of this I was conscious. My master became displeased with me, and said I must not think so much about religion, or I should soon be good for nothing. This I felt was true. With this, despair seemed to lay hold, and his wrath covered me. I went into the garden adjoining the house, it being a sharp frost, and there undressed, then laid me down on a heap of garden mould, so that I might die; not forgetting to tell the Lord I had called upon him and he would not hear nor show mercy. I lay in this state from six to about a quarter-past nine, and to my astonishment felt neither cold nor harm, all this time filled with self-pity. My employer was very displeased with my long absence, but I could say nothing but weep. From that time, although a man of the world, he was particularly kind. On the morrow, a dawn of hope sprang up in my soul, and in the afternoon of, I think, the same day, my bonds were broken, and the captive exile liberated from hard bondage. My deliverance was as follows.

I was passing through a meadow to a distant village with a basket of grocery, and musing over the Scriptures with some little ray of light upon the same, when on a sudden I found that gloom which had been a companion to me so long gone away at the brightness of his rising. The heavens appeared to open, when looking up I saw my Saviour surrounded with the blessed. Whether visionary or not, I cannot say, but this I do know, that it filled my soul with transports of joy.* Here was no more room for despair. My

* Things of this kind must be much judged of by their effects. As a general rule, we are opposed to visions or appearances of this nature, as opening a wide door to wild enthusiasm. But that such are not unscriptural is plain: "Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams;" (Acts ii. 17;) Paul saw Christ when praying in the temple; (Acts xxii. 17;) and dying Stephen saw him on the right hand of God. In the case before us

heart was full of thanksgiving and melody. It appeared to me as though I had got to another part of the globe, for the fields were as a paradise, and the birds seemed to sing with sweeter notes. Parts of Scripture, which before were dark, were now blessed to my soul. When night came on, and I retired to my room for rest, I was no longer afraid of my adversary, neither did I want pieces of candle, as before, to burn in the night, fearing to be left in the dark; for I felt the Lord was my light and my salvation. I said then in my prosperity, I shall never be moved, and called out loud to him who had accused me now to come forward. I knew the Saviour to be mine, that he had cancelled all my sins, and that I was free from all charges.

I was then really happy, and dreamt of war no more. But, alas! after a season of uninterrupted pleasure and communion, clouds veiled my sky, the eye of faith became dim, darkness enveloped my soul, and in bitterness did I cry, "Are thy tender mercies clean gone for ever?" Thus I went mourning without the Sun. After calling into question the things which the Lord had been pleased to show me, I dishonoured him by doubts and fears, hard thoughts and speeches, was not resigned to him in his dispensations, not feeling he had a right to do as he would with me as his creature. I was as one in a state of mourning and widowhood. But the dear Lord was again pleased to shine, and I said, "I will run in the ways of thy commandments;" for they were my delight, and to do the will of my God was my soul's desire.

I gave myself to the people of God meeting at C—, where I continued a member until in order of Providence I removed into a part of Gloucestershire, where I could not stay long, although I had a comfortable situation and all that heart could desire as regards the things of this life; but that which was dear to me I could not find—the waters of the sanctuary which make glad the people of God. I returned from that part to a situation in W—, where for a time I was settled, but found, although with the Lord's people, that it was but barren soil unless he were there to water and keep the plant alive. From there I went to London, where I learnt more particularly the weakness and depravity of the heart, and the blessedness of those who, through grace, are enabled to cleave unto him as the fountain of life. I was in the city almost a stranger, but soon

we see a poor sinner on the brink of despair delivered from his burden of distress by a sight of Jesus. Must we reject this because no words of Scripture were applied to his soul? In "Pilgrim's Progress," Hopeful relating his deliverance says to Christian, "And as I was then looking for nothing but hell and the everlasting damnation of my soul, suddenly, as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus look down from heaven upon me, and saying, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'" It is true that Hopeful says before that he did *not* see Christ with his bodily eyes, but with the eyes of his understanding; but many, except for Bunyan's authority, would probably consider it visionary. We do not, but receive it, (as we know from "Grace Abounding" that it was Bunyan's own experience,) on account of the effects and fruits produced by it. On such grounds we feel that we cannot reject the one before us; though we will add that a little hesitation on the point has made us somewhat delay the insertion of the piece.

thought I saw the hand of the Lord with me in directing me to a comfortable situation in a silk mercer's and draper's establishment in the west end of the town. My conscience was then tender: I feared being tempted to draw from that narrow path where I hoped I had begun to walk, and to forsake associating with the dear and despised members of Jesus. The greater part of the house were professors of the sentiments of John Wesley. I had often combats with my companions, when I have often felt to be talked entirely out of my religion, sometimes thinking they appeared much more sensible and rational in their arguments than I did. I was often led to believe a lie. I have often seen since how the enemy laid his nets to entangle my feet, yet unperceived, in getting me out into society, to attend lectures, and read scientific works and the publications of the day. In the multiplicity of these things I found my mind estranged from the simplicity of the gospel. Although I regularly attended where the truth was advocated, my soul was not in it. Barrenness, wretchedness, and misery were the result. Drawn swords are dangerous in the hands of children.

Should these lines pass into the hands of any who may be similarly situated, may it be your happy lot to lean upon him who in the hour of temptation has promised never to leave nor forsake, or you may pierce yourself through with many sorrows. Self is a rotten prop to lean upon, which, to my sorrow, I have proved in the heart's departure from the Lord, as before described.

I then went into business, when, for a time, things prospered, but my soul did not prosper. The dear Lord in his love and tender mercy turned against my schemes and plans. Then did I feel my captivity when he hedged up my way, and in bitterness of soul did I cry unto the Lord as one that mourneth for her firstborn. Many wearisome nights have I passed, and wetted my couch with tears at the remembrance of my ingratitude. When brought low and afflicted in body, I have said, "I shall go down to the grave in sorrow. Friends and acquaintances hast thou put far from me; none careth for my soul." But, blessings for ever on Him who hath said he will not always chide, he did in lovingkindness bring my soul again and again up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, set my feet upon a rock, yea, and put a new song into my mouth, even praise and thanksgiving unto him who has loved me, and washed me in that fountain opened for Israel—his own precious blood, and, through mercy, given me an earnest of that inheritance for which I must die to fully prove.

That the Lord may abundantly bless you in your labour of love, with the whole Israel of God, is the prayer of,

Yours, a Lover of the Gospel,

Jan. 28th, 1852.

J. C.

If you have a wound in your bodies, and are in earnest about a cure, you bid the surgeon probe it to the very bottom. And shall not the Physician of your souls be allowed the same freedom!—

Whitefield.

ALL OF GRACE.

My dear Brother,—I received your kind letter, and feel myself your debtor, and, what is worse, I feel my inability to pay you. What is to be done but for my brother to forgive me, as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven him? Ah! forgiveness is a precious thing. It is sweet when we are really able to exercise it towards a fellow member of Christ's mystical body, sweet when we have it from a brother; but more precious, more sweet, the forgiveness of the dear Lord towards poor hell-deserving creatures like you and me, as we are constrained to confess ourselves to be before God, from a real feeling sense of our vileness, debts, transgressions, and wretchedness. O without a free grace salvation, I should be as certainly lost for ever as I am born.

I heard our brother S. last evening, and he so searched and emptied me out, so peeled and pulled me all to pieces, that I really looked in my own eyes to be a very unsightly creature. I thought I was something like some sheep I saw yesterday, which had been in the hedges. Their coats were half lost in patches, and they looked very unsightly things. Our dear brother was in a wonderful way speaking of the fruits and effects of grace; and O how I saw and felt my shortcomings! I felt and saw so much that it made me hang my head. How ashamed I felt of my crookedness, perverseness, rebellion, discontent, stiff-neckedness, and barrenness, in thought, in word, and in deed. How little do I smell of the powders of the merchants. How little prayer, meditation, and praise. How little fellowship and communion. How little love, faith, and hope. How little meekness, temperance, gentleness, and wisdom. How little of the fruits do I seem to have in exercise. But O how much of the flesh in all that is abominable do I feel boiling up when the great leviathan makes the great deep within me to boil like a pot of ointment. I am sometimes feelingly obliged to fall flat upon the mercy of God in a precious Jesus. He is the best friend that ever poor sinner had. I often wonder at him in his love, mercy, grace, goodness, long-suffering, and kindness towards me, who am as undeserving of the least of his favours as those upon whom the pit has shut its mouth. I find that a sense of this sometimes stops my mouth, cuts off boasting, subdues pride and self-importance, and lays my soul low at his feet; and then a little of mercy and grace felt to be needed is precious, sweetly precious.

O brother, although such a sinner, I do, since I began this scribble, feel such a sweet softness in my spirit, that I feel to love him who has done such great things for my unworthy soul; for I solemnly believe that he has saved me, and that with an everlasting salvation. I do not say this lightly or presumptuously, but from an unctuous precious feeling of the sweetness of his mercy in my inmost soul; and I do at times most verily believe I shall never love anything, nor want anything, nor speak about anything, compared with a free, full, and everlasting complete salvation by a dear Jesus. I often fear that I have no authority from the Lord to speak, but do at this time

feel willing to speak if it be his will, and to be last and least, anything or nothing; but often do I find something that would be first and greatest, something very great; and then how hard it is to be obliged to be squeezed into little places, or into being little.

May God in heaven bless you. I shall be glad to get a line from you. I have felt it good to write, but you must not expect me to write, but let not this prevent you. Give my kind love to the friends.

Yours, for Christ's sake,

C—, May 29th, 1850.

J. T.

“O THE DEPTH OF THE RICHES BOTH OF THE WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE OF GOD!”

My dear Friend and Companion in Tribulation in the Kingdom and Patience of our dear Lord and Saviour,—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, for sure I am that you greatly need it; for the things which would have been your delight, according to nature, are become your greatest torments. The world, the flesh, and the devil, are the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; these, you well know, all war against the souls of the Lord's redeemed, and, under Satan's direction, who is commander-in-chief, most wonderfully annoy the church of the living God, some of them in one way and some in another. And why the Captain of their salvation, who has vanquished all their enemies, should permit them so to harass and distress those whom he has eternally loved as God, and died to redeem as God-Man, is a mystery which they cannot of themselves solve; and therefore, with astonishment, are often crying out, “O the depth both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!” Nevertheless our heavenly Father has nothing in view in all these but, by the eternal Spirit, to glorify his Son Jesus Christ in the accomplishment of the complete and eternal salvation of his children, and to compel them, whilst here, to commit the keeping of their souls into his hand as into the hands of a faithful Creator, believing that he will keep that which they commit unto him against the great day of Christ's second appearing. This is no other than giving him our heart; and whenever, by faith, we can do this, for it is often done, our souls know prosperity, and we often conclude that the day of adversity will never return again. “My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved,” is the language of our hearts; but our heavenly Father again hides his face, and we are troubled. The blessed Spirit, who alone can comfort our souls, is far away; and though we shout for Christ, the Beloved of our souls, he is not to be found, and we very soon again forget prosperity, and have to entreat our covenant God to show us wherefore he contends with us.

There are a variety of causes for this contention. I have myself been frequently led to see that at the time the new man of grace has been committed to the hands of my God and Saviour, I have altogether forgotten to commit the management of the old man of sin unto him, or have vainly supposed that he was so crippled;

and broken down that he would never be able to rise again. And also when I have looked to him for the management of all my spiritual affairs, and for the supply of my daily spiritual wants, I have found that I have been attempting to manage all my temporal concerns by human contrivances, so as to get a daily supply for my bodily wants and the wants of my family by my own prudence and good management, &c. How often has our heavenly Father in mercy broken off these my purposes, and frustrated my designs, so that my hands could not perform their enterprise, in order to teach me that he will be unto me a God of providence as well as a God of grace, and will take the whole management into his hands; and has often bid me look to "the lilies of the field, and see how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

But I am not writing to one who is a learner, but to one who is a teacher in all good things, and who I am persuaded desires that in all things his covenant God should be glorified, and his people benefited through the preaching of the everlasting gospel, in which the Person, glory, and work of Christ is set forth, and the Holy Ghost promised to the preacher, so as to enable his servants to speak as moved by him, which is the greatest honour that can be conferred on any servant of Christ in a way of office. And when they speak according to this rule, they find the service of the Lord to be perfect freedom, in which their souls take peculiar delight. And no wonder; for they find when thus employed as instruments to refresh the souls of others, that they themselves are abundantly watered. And I often conclude that if I could always leave him to do the whole of this work himself, it would be well done indeed. But, alas! what a multitude of human plans and contrivances have I resorted to to prepare myself for the work of the sanctuary! And while thus engaged, Satan has often appeared as an angel of light to tell me what a fine subject I had; what fine views of and penetrating ideas into the mystery of the same; and, having the mind fully fraught, I have concluded that the dispensing of these things could not fail in being very profitable both to my own soul and that of others. But how miserably have I been disappointed in finding that, instead of the Lord being a mouth and wisdom unto me, he has only come to throw down my fine superstructure, in order to leave me naked and bare in the eyes of the people, to my own shame and confusion of face. O with what heart-rending sighs and groans have I returned from the house of God to my closet to pour out my complaints before him, and to show him all my trouble, begging him never to permit me again to go up to his house to speak in his name except his presence go with me! And what a mercy when the prayer is answered with that never-failing promise, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." We then turn from the high place of the work of our own hands, and by faith go up to the mountain of the Lord's house, by the everlasting

love of the Father in the Person of his dear Son, in whom his name is recorded. Here, he says, I will dwell for ever, and that with his redeemed. Here the divine Father and his children rest together. "They which believe do enter into his rest." Here they admire and adore the wonderful works of their Triune covenant God in his eternal purpose of grace, the glorious undertaking and finished work of Christ for them, and the glorious undertaking and accomplishment of the Spirit's work in them, unto the complete glorifying of the whole body in Christ, their living Head. A man can believe nothing aright whatever without life; and, after quickened, he can receive nothing but what is given him from above. Many things are given him to believe before it is given him to believe on Christ to life everlasting, by which he is delivered from all condemnation.

And now, my dear friend, that the Lord may bless you and yours, with all the Lord's family at B—, with a double portion of his Spirit, is the prayer of,

Your brother in Christ,

Bristol, March 7th, 1823.

T. SYMONS.

Go to Golgotha, and see what sin did there.—*John Mason.*

It is a work of much difficulty with me to keep alive in my mind the remembrance of some sweet portion of Scripture, or some delightful verse in a psalm or hymn, to help me on to the hour of meditation and prayer; whereas the idle, corrupt jingle of some unmeaning song, which was lodged in the memory of my boyish days, too frequently rises to my recollection, in spite of all my endeavours to suppress it; and I fear that, if encouraged, I could repeat it with the greatest exactness. Pause, to observe with me what a decisive proof this is of indwelling corruption!—*Hawker.*

When Adam was created he had a right will and understanding. He heard rightly, he saw rightly, and rightly managed all earthly things in faith and to the praise of God. But since the fall, the will, the understanding, and all the natural faculties are corrupt; so that man is no longer upright, but warped by sin; he has lost his right judgment in the sight of God, and does everything perversely and contrary to the will and law of God; he no longer knows God and loves him, but flees from him and dreads him, and says in his heart that he is not a God that is merciful and good, but a judge and a tyrant. We are, therefore, by sin utterly averse from God, so that we cannot have one right thought concerning God, but think of him just as we do of an idol. Hence in the 51st Psalm, David defines sin to be a corruption of all the faculties, external and internal; so that no one member can perform its office now as it did in paradise before sin entered; and that we have all departed from God, are filled with an evil conscience, and are subject to disease and death, according to the words of the denounced punishment, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." This knowledge of sin is not a mere speculative knowledge, or an imagination which the mind may paint out to itself; but a true sensation, a real experience, and a most heavy conflict of heart.—*Luther.*

A QUERY.

My dear Sir,—Will you do me the favour of reviewing a piece in this month's "Standard," bearing this title, "The Flesh and the Spirit?" I demurred to no part of the author's statement till I read his assertions page 183. The words are these: "Therefore parents come together by the divine counsel, or secret will of God, and by Providence are instrumental in bringing into the world *the bodies of their children*. The *soul, or spirit*, is given by the Almighty to every individual, (for human and mortal parents cannot generate that which is incorruptible and immortal,) and so man comes into this fallen world."

For all these assertions not one proof is alleged; but the volume of truth declares that Adam begat a son in his own likeness, and called his name Seth; but this author intimates that this likeness was merely in the body of Seth, the soul coming immediately out of the hand of the Almighty, consequently was free from original or Adam's sin. This sentiment is entirely opposed to the New Testament, which declares, "In Adam all die;" and "death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression." (Rom. v. 14.)

I am far from wishing to make an author an offender for a word, but the ear tries words as the mouth tastes meat, and I would not that any dead flies should appear in the "Gospel Standard." Permit me to make a short extract from Dr. Hawker's Letter to Stevens, the Pre-Existerian, pages 10 and 19: "Your views of man's standing higher in the scale of being than brutes, and that by reason of his not generating entirely his own kind, is assuming a thing you have not supported by any authority; and the instance you give in the history of Abraham begetting Isaac, that he begat his body only, I think you would find no small difficulty to prove. The word of God appears to intimate more. (1 Cor. xv. 45.) But on the ground you take, that every man has an immortal nature, or spirit, immediately from God, which borrows nothing of its being from material things, it will follow, by an undeniable consequence, that if we have our *spirits* immediately from God, and borrow nothing of that being from material things, neither can we then borrow or derive anything of their corruptions; and then original sin in our spiritual part is done away. Some how or other, therefore, this statement of yours cannot be correct. If God, in the instance of every human being created, gives an immortal nature, or spirit, immediately from himself, and we derive nothing from our parents but a mere body, polluted and sinful as that body is, because generated from such a stock, yet our immortal part, coming from God, must be holy, the question is, how comes it tainted with original sin? The Scripture, which in consequence of original as well as actual transgression, declares every son and daughter of Adam to be dead in trespasses and sins, considers the soul in this state of spiritual death, (for it is not the *body* that is here spoken of,) and hence the necessity of the new birth. I cannot therefore discover any one advantage, in point of

argument, to be derived from this statement, much less any parity of reason in reference to Christ's pre-existent human soul."

That the above remarks and quotations, if the will of God, may be of use to the author of the piece alluded to, and thereby a straight path made for our feet in this very *important doctrine*, prays,

Yours, &c.,

L. Z.

[Questions of this nature always involve great difficulties. Where the Scripture is not express and clear, our wisdom is not to be positive. Truth in such matters often lies between extremes; and it may be so here. One extreme would be this. A creature cannot create. Therefore man cannot create a soul. We must not, therefore, set aside the creating hand of God. Again. Another extreme would be—God, as a holy Being, cannot create a sinful being. Yet we find and feel by painful experience that we possess a sinful soul. Between these extremes the truth lies; and see the difficulty of reuniting them. If I say, "My parents generated my soul," it seems to ascribe superhuman power to mortals. Yet Adam begat a son in his own image after his own likeness. This image and likeness was certainly in the soul of Seth as well as in the body. Again, if I say, "My soul came immediately from God," I seem to ascribe an impure creature to a pure Creator.

Were we compelled to choose out of these difficulties, we should certainly prefer the views of L. Z. to those expressed in the passage referred to by him; but this, like all other questions connected with the origin of evil, is so full of difficulty that we consider it the truest wisdom to admit our ignorance.—ED.

REVIEW.

A Selection of Hymns for the Use of Sunday Schools. By the late William Gadsby. With a Supplement. London: J. Gadsby, 2, George Yard, Bouverie Street.

EDUCATION is one of those questions which have fought their own way into general acceptance. The benefits and blessings of ignorance have lost their numerous advocates; and though, as Laplanders wonder how any can live out of Lapland, preferring their own murky sky and oil-lit snow huts to the suns of Italy and the palaces of Venice, so there are those still who, in a moral sense, love darkness rather than light; yet it is a generation scanty in number and weak in influence. The Laplanders are fast passing away. It is true that there is a party, more numerous, perhaps, and influential than is generally thought, who, with the architecture of the middle ages, are seeking to restore the darkness of the middle ages. Let us not be deceived on this point. It is not merely the arches and windows, the porches and pillars of bygone ages which the Puseyites, lay and clerical, are seeking to renew, in all their exact detail, in the new churches that are everywhere studding the land. These are but symbols of a yearning after mediæval times, when superstition debased the people and exalted the priest; when amidst the thick darkness that brooded over Europe no object was allowed to

be seen but the illuminated dome* of St. Peter's; when men were not suffered to look into the word of God for instruction, or to the Spirit of God for light, but a living oracle was set up as Christ's vicar on earth, a feeble old man at Rome, cradled in monkery, and fed up from childhood with the subtle policy of Italian wiles.

The vane is but a slip of tin, but it shows the direction of the wind; the whirl of dust is but the movement of a few grains of sand, but it is the herald of the approaching storm. Coming events cast their shadows before. The barn-like churches and chapels of the last century showed the ascendancy of Protestantism, whose distinctive feature is to prefer the substance to the shadow, the word of God to form and ceremony. The recurrence to mediæval models shows the desire of recurrence to mediæval times. Thus, as in the turning vane we behold the changing wind, and in the whirling dust view the lightning stroke, so may we see in the tracery of a gothic window the setting in of a flood of Popery.

It is our wisdom not to disregard the signs of the times. The child playing on the sands does not see how steadily and stealthily the tide is rising to engulf him, and gathers cockle shells till escape is cut off. Thus slowly and stealthily does Popery seem to be advancing, whilst most seem unaware of its progress.

But we must acknowledge that at present the danger does not seem immediate. Against an enemy like Rome it is well to be warned in time, for far-seeing is her policy, deep-laid her plots, unscrupulous her measures, innumerable her agents, and undying her determination. That she is bent upon what she calls the conversion of England is unquestionable, and that to achieve it she would wade up to her knees in blood is undeniable. That too she has made great advances of late must be admitted. Many of the aristocracy, more than is generally known, especially of the female portion, have already received the wine cup of Babylon from Puseyistic hands, and though not professedly Catholics are really more bent upon restoring the palmy days of Popery than many actual Papists.

But admitting all this, if we regard the spirit of the age, the spread of education, the diffusion of knowledge, and the power of the press, the conviction is forced on our mind that, *things continuing as they are*, a return to the Popery of the dark ages in this country is impossible. The arrogant pretensions, the lying miracles, the persecuting spirit, the intolerant bigotry, the priestly ambition of Rome, as carried out in the days of Dunstan or Thomas à Becket, are so diametrically opposed to the spirit of the times that it seems

* It is the custom once a year, either on the anniversary of the festival of St. Peter or on the evening of Easter Sunday, to illuminate St. Peter's Cathedral, and especially the dome, with an innumerable multitude of paper lanterns, the effect of which is to make the whole building a mass of light. Till of late years there was also suspended from the interior of the dome on Holy Thursday "the cross of fire," that is, a cross eighteen feet long covered with lamps, the rest of the building being in darkness. On account of the numerous intrigues which the darkness permitted, this has been disused; but the symbolic meaning of both is the same—that Rome is the source and centre of light.

next to impossible that Popery, unmitigated Popery, the Popery of the dark ages, should ever wave its banner over free Protestant England. The eyes of England must indeed be put out and her noble heart crushed before she can lick the dust of Rome as in the days when monks lashed the naked back of our second Henry at Becket's tomb. The light of ages must indeed be quenched in our native land, her schools closed, her printing presses burnt, her parliaments silenced, her railways ploughed up, her armies scattered, her ships sunk, her looms burnt, her factories and workshops closed, and she a French province, sunk down into Ireland's rags and Ireland's ignorance, before the proud priest of Rome shall put his foot on her neck. What England may become we know not. The glory and riches of the modern Tyre may pass away like those of ancient Tyre. But England *as she now is* never can become a Popish country. English freedom and English intelligence, such as we now see them, must be utterly overthrown before Popery can be in this country what it is in Spain, Italy, or Ireland.

The danger that more immediately threatens us is from the other quarter. We are not now threatened with the dethronement of intellect, but its deification. The peril now before our eyes is not that superstition should restore the reign of ignorance, but that education should supersede religion, and the schoolmaster abroad should strangle godliness at home.

Time was when Sunday Schools were unknown, when the children of the poor ran wild in the streets uncared for by parent and instructor, and grew up semi-barbarians, without being able to read or write, or possessing the common elements of education. If ignorance, according to the Popish saying, be the mother of devotion, how devout must these uncombed specimens of humanity have been. Devout indeed that generation was not, but most devoted it was—to cock-fighting, the skittle-ground, the ale-house, and the race-course. Read they could not, but swear they could; they could not write their own names, but were thorough masters of the vulgar tongue. Now, to take these young barbarians into the Sunday School, subject them to its quiet discipline, teach them to read and write, accustom them to attend a place of worship, detach them from the gross sensual vice of their fathers, did no other effects follow, must be excellent. Kept in its place, limited to its true object, the Sunday School is a most admirable institution. But when, as is too often the case, the Sunday School is made the nursery of the church, great evil arises. There are in our great national dockyards what are called *converting houses*, not, be it known, Wesleyan chapels, but sheds in which, in huge coppers, timber is steamed and boiled so as to be *converted* from straight stems and limbs into curves for ships' bows and similar purposes. Here the green wood is softened and kneaded, bent and bowed, till it assumes the requisite form. Many a chapel has a *converting-house* built on to it, called the Sunday School, where dockyard labourers, in the guise of teachers, steam and boil the green wood to build up with it the vessel of the church. With boiling and

steaming, the wood may assume the due curvature; but, alas! when built into the ship, dry rot soon breaks out in the planks, and down she goes foundering in the gale. We would not have these green timbers. Give us the rough, gnarled oak of the forest, curved by wind and storm rather than the steamed plank out of the Sunday School copper.

It is a great evil to consider the Sunday School the nursery of the church. Let that principle once pervade a church, and the big boys and girls will clamour to be let out of the nursery and sit at the table with the family, as much as the growing sons and daughters of the squire at the hall expect at a certain age to leave the nursery for the dining-room.

Thus is the standard of religion lowered, the new birth slurred over, the work of grace tacitly set aside, and that deceptive thing called "early piety" set up.

The next step is to turn the Sunday School teacher into a minister, the leading feature of whose ministry will be to trace the beginning of all religion to the Sunday School, instancing himself as an example of youthful piety, and holding it out as an encouragement to the elder boys that they, if very pious, may become ministers too. And who shall say that the taller girls, when they see a well-dressed lady looking up so admiringly to the pulpit, may not think within themselves, "Was not *she* once a Sunday School girl, and why should not *I* become one day a minister's wife too?" When such are the rewards of piety, who can wonder that the land overflows with it?

It has been stated that we are opposed to Sunday Schools. This is not the case. We approve of them highly when applied to their proper use. It is their *abuse* that we are opposed to. No man who has children can be opposed to the education of children; and no one who is a friend of the poor can be opposed to what is often the only means of educating the children of the poor. The last man to depreciate education, as education, is he who has known the advantages of it.

But education has its perils as well as its benefits. In past ages Satan worked by ignorance; in the present he works by intellect. Before Luther and the printing press, Satan, as an angel of darkness, shrouded his movements by the diffusion of universal ignorance. In modern times, as an angel of light, he works by the diffusion of knowledge. The old monk who, in reading his missal, persisted in saying *mumpsimus* for *sumpsimus*,* and the preaching friar who told his hearers that there was a new language invented called Hebrew, and that all who learned it infallibly became Jews,† were as much mouth-pieces of Satan as Voltaire or Tom Payne.

* The Latin word "*sumpsimus*" (we have taken) occurs in the Romish missal, Latin, we need scarcely observe, being always used in Catholic services. An old priest before the Reformation had been accustomed for many years to say *mumpsimus*; and when his mistake was pointed out to him, tartly said, "He liked his old *mumpsimus* better than their new *sumpsimus*," and stuck to it till his death. The old priest's stock is not worn out.

† This was the language of the preaching friars at the revival of ancient learning.

The spread of education presents two sides, both destructive of vital godliness. On the one hand, intellect working by secular education threatens to swallow up external revelation by infidelity; and on the other, working by religious education to swallow up internal revelation by Sunday School piety. As the church always partakes more or less of the spirit of the age, the people of God are thus exposed to two temptations; those whose heads are active and hearts cold to be seduced into a pursuit of knowledge apart from godliness, and those whose heads are dull and hearts warm to mistake creature piety for spiritual, supernatural religion.

Few men, we believe, in a profession of religion have stronger leanings than ourselves to a pursuit after and love for natural knowledge. But we know its snares and temptations, and how unsanctified knowledge hardens the heart and deadens the soul. If one lesson more than another has been impressed on our conscience, it is the spiritual, supernatural character of vital godliness, and the utter worthlessness of everything in the kingdom of God but the special teaching of the Holy Ghost. Natural knowledge is one thing, spiritual knowledge is another. A wide gulf is fixed between them. Nature at its best is but nature still; and education, whether elementary as at the Sunday School, or learned as at the University, does not and cannot sanctify the natural heart, or transmute the old Adam into the new. If this broad line be not maintained, the Sunday School may produce more harm than good.

What then should the education be that is pursued in the Sunday School? Should the education be wholly secular and worldly? Should the children be merely taught to read, and should all religion be discarded? Should the Bible be set aside, prayer neglected, the voice of singing not be heard, the name of God not be mentioned? If so, how would the Sunday School differ from the socialist meeting? Because we cannot regenerate the children, are we to banish the name of religion, and as it were ignore its very existence? Is there not a medium, and we believe a scriptural medium, between fostering hypocrisy and practising heathenism? Timothy knew the Scriptures from his youth. Lois, then, and Eunice must have made him read the Scriptures. This indeed was the express injunction of God in the Old Testament: "Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life; but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons; specially the day that thou stoodest before the Lord thy God in Horeb, when the Lord said unto me, Gather me the people together, and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children." (Deut. iv. 9, 10.) And if in the education of children all religion is to be ignored, what means the New Testament injunction to bring children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? We cannot say with Chillingworth, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," for besides the Bible outwardly we need the blessed Spirit inwardly; but we can

say, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the book of the Sunday School." The children should be taught that it is the inspired word of the living God—the word by which they will be judged at the great day. The truths too revealed in the Bible should be laid before them, such as the immortality of the soul, the creation and fall of man, the dreadful nature of sin, the certainty of death and judgment, the Godhead, sufferings, atonement, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, the necessity of the new birth, and the awful consequences of dying in a state of unregeneracy. A good Sunday School teacher will never be at a loss for a topic of oral instruction—the main course to be pursued. The parables of the Lord Jesus, the figures and emblems of Scripture, the customs, manners, seasons, feasts, rites of the children of Israel, the ancient prophecies, with their fulfilment, the history of Joseph and his brethren, the wanderings in the wilderness, the book of Ruth, the account of David and Goliath—but not to particularise, what a field of instruction is there in the Bible for the Sunday scholar, from the least to the greatest. Banish the Bible from the Sunday School! What will you substitute? The history of Tom Thumb and Jack Hick-a-thrift? Or dreary lessons of dead morality? No, let the sacred word of God be the book of the Sunday School. We need not, to exclude hypocrisy, exclude the Bible; if so, the next step might be to exclude the Bible from the chapel. Because we cannot treat children as Christians, we need not treat them as heathens. So let them sing hymns; their little voices are sweet, and let them use them. But they should not be taught hymns that are couched in language of appropriation. What more grating to the ear of one that fears God than to hear the words,

"My Jesus hath done all things well,"

burst forth through the windows of the Sunday School?

The late Mr. Gadsby, who was a sincere friend to education, and especially to Sunday Schools, having for many years a large one in connection with his chapel at Manchester, much felt the impropriety of allowing the children to sing hymns which none but believers can, without hypocrisy, use. He therefore compiled a selection expressly for Sunday Schools. In the Preface to this selection he thus expresses himself:

"As one part of the service connected with Sunday School Teaching is singing, I have often thought a little Selection of Hymns was desirable. It is true I have seen several designed for that purpose, but most of them contain Hymns that do not appear to me to be true, and, as such, I could not give them my sanction; and all of them which I have perused lead the children to appropriate some of the truths they contain in a way which none but true believers can justly do.

"The design of this Selection is to give a statement of the real truths of God, and yet in such a manner as to be a means, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, (if it be his sovereign will,) to impress their minds with the solemn reality of them, and the essential necessity of being quickened by, and taught of, God, before they can enter into his glorious kingdom."

This principle, which we consider a sound and scriptural one, does not involve any serious loss. It is true that there are many hymns

which are thereby, wholly or in part, necessarily excluded from the Sunday School, but many excellent hymns remain.

And here we may perhaps be allowed to give our views of what a Sunday School hymn book should be. As the Bible is the book of the Sunday School, so should the Bible be the sole foundation and source of the Sunday School hymn book. Mere dead, dry, moral lessons about cleanliness and good temper in jingling rhyme, like some of the infant school sing-songs, should be discarded as worse than useless. Deep are the impressions, lasting the remembrance of songs learnt in childhood; and, as many of the Lord's people know by painful experience, it is almost impossible to forget what rhyme and tune have so deeply burned into the memory. Who does not find some foolish, or worse than foolish, jingle, heard in ungodly days, haunting the mind? Looking forward, then, to the time when Sunday scholars will become men and women, the hymns should be not childish nonsense about clean face and hands, duty to teachers, and being good little boys and girls, but the solemn truths of the gospel, clear from the language of appropriation. Such hymns as,

“When Adam by transgression fell;”

“The fear of the Lord is clean and approved;”

“Whatever prompts the soul to pride;”

“The moon and stars shall lose their light;”

“Happy the men that fear the Lord;”

are not only sweet and savoury to the children of God, but eminently suitable for a Sunday School. They contain no language of appropriation which in unregenerate lips is little short of profanity, and yet clearly and experimentally set forth blessed truth. Nor should we limit the range of our vision to the Sunday School as if its present occupants were to be always children. A few years will make them men and women and send them forth into the whirlpool of life. The time, then, may come when the Lord may visit by his grace some of these up-grown scholars. As we opened, what people call promiscuously, the little book at the head of this article, the following hymn met our eye:

“When Jesus undertook
To rescue ruin'd man,
The realms of bliss forsook,
And to relieve them ran;
He spared no pains, declined no load,
Resolved to buy them with his blood.

“No harsh commands he gave,
No hard conditions brought;
He came to seek and save,
And pardon every fault.
Poor trembling sinners hear his call;
They come, and he forgives them all.”

The thought struck our mind: “If the Lord were to call a poor sinner by his grace who had learnt those words at a Sunday School

when far away from the sound of the gospel, if applied to his soul by the Holy Ghost, what a blessing they might prove to him!" England is sending out her thousands to distant lands, and will most probably continue to do so more and more. Our present scholars may in a few years be scattered far and wide. Some may be in the wild Australian bush, or the South African desert, or the New Zealand hut, where the sound of the gospel is unheard and unknown. Should the Lord call any such by his grace, texts of Scripture or sound hymns learned at the Sunday School might be made the greatest blessing, and lead them to Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. What a blessing have Hart's Hymns been made to the family of God! And who shall say that a line of a hymn from Hart learnt at a Sunday School may not in after life be blessed to an Australian emigrant! For these and similar reasons would we desire that the Sunday School hymn book should be filled with the purest, soundest, most experimental truth, such as we find it in Berridge and Hart, but clear from language adapted only to a believer in Jesus.

But our limits warn us to proceed no further with our idea of what a Sunday School hymn book should be. Such a one it would be difficult to compile; but the one before us approaches far nearer to that idea than those miserable compilations of free-will and trashy jingle which form the usual staple of such productions.

A Supplement has been added to the original hymn book which may increase its usefulness, by adding to its length and variety.

POETRY.

NONE BUT JESUS.

Jesus, my faithful Lord,
My only hope's in thee;
Thy name, thy merit, and thy blood,
Is all thy mourner's plea.

I'm vile and base, I know;
Thou'rt merciful and kind;
Lord, hitherto I've proved thee so;
Do comfort thou my mind.

There's nought can yield me joy,
Thy face when thou dost hide;
My sin's the cause; I groan, I sigh,
But still in bonds abide.

In prison now I am;
Here oft I've been before;
Transgressor, here I see my name;
When shall I stray no more?

Thy word can break my chain,
And set thy captive free;
July 12th, 1851.

Lord, on thee sure I have no claim,
But O remember me.

I cannot cease from sin,
Though I to hell should go;
I feel the plague deep lodg'd within,
The cause of all my woe.

'Twixt grace and sin's the strife;
Let grace sufficient be,
And bring me forth, nor let my life
Be spent thus far from thee.

Reveal thyself once more;
Hence keep me near thy side;
With blood my conscience sprinkle o'er,
There ever to abide.

Thus send me safely home,
Lord, with the joyful news;
Thy presence grant, no more to roam.
This portion, Lord, I choose.

G. T. C.

The soul, I verily believe, is never safer than when, with returning Mary, we stand at the feet of Christ behind him weeping.—*Toplady.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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PRAYER FOR MERCY.

PART OF A SERMON BY RALPH ERSKINE.

"O Lord, in wrath remember mercy."—Habakkuk iii. 2.

I hope we are come to this place to seek mercy at the hand of God and to compass his altar of mercy. There is no hope for miserable sinners but in a merciful God; a God sitting upon a mercy-seat sprinkled with the blood of Christ. But yet it is hard and very rare to see any rays of mercy in a dark day, wherein the sky is covered with clouds of wrath. And, indeed, if we expect a merciful meeting with God to-day, or on this occasion, we need that clear eye of faith that can look through the dark clouds of wrath, and say, with the prophet here, "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy."

This text is a branch of the first part of Habakkuk's prayer here, wherein this good prophet is making intercession for the church in his day, which was a day of great sin, a day of great anger. The first part of this verse points at the report made by God to the prophet concerning the destruction to be brought upon them by Babylon. This had a double effect upon him. 1. It made him tremble at the thought of it: "O Lord, I have heard thy speech and was afraid." God's wrath, even at a distance, is terrible to a tender soul. 2. It puts him to his prayer; and so should all the tokens of divine anger. Here you have his prayer and his plea.

1. You have his *prayer*: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years." By God's work here we may understand his church and people. All people are God's workmanship; but the true members of his church invisible are his work in a peculiar way, and his work by way of eminency. But here they are fallen into a dead sleep: "Revive thy work;" the work of grace in the hearts of thy people, and thy work of reformation in the church. Revive it "in

the midst of the years." By "the years" may be understood any time within the term of the seventy years' captivity. In the midst of these dark and dreadful years "make known thy name, for verily thou art a God that hideth thyself." Make known thy power, thy pity, thy promise, thy providence in the safety and welfare of the church.

This prayer was several ways answered; particularly by God's owning the three children in the fiery furnace, and humbling Nebuchadnezzar in the midst of the years of the captivity.

2. We have his *plea*; containing also a sum of his prayer, here again resumed in short, viz., "In wrath remember mercy." The plea is mercy, not merit. These words comprehend as many purposes as there are words.

First. The *sad case* they were in, held out by the word "wrath;" they were under the heavy tokens of God's wrath.

Second. The *suitable remedy* or *cure*. The only cure for that case is "mercy;" the mercy of God in Christ."

Third. The *application* of that cure here sued for: "Remember mercy." The prayer of faith is a putting God in remembrance of his mercy in Christ; and, in this way, the remedy is applied.

Fourth. The *season* wherein this remedy is sought and this plea is used: "In wrath;" in a time when wrathful dispensations compass us about, and fearful tokens of his anger.

We propose to speak to this last branch of the text, because I think it comprehends the former petition: "In the midst of the years; that is, in this wrathful time "revive thy work and make it known;" that is, "remember mercy," and make it known in reviving and restoring us.

When God calls his people to the prayer of faith, he enjoins them to put him in remembrance: "Put me in remembrance; let us plead together." (Isa. xlii. 26.) When God is pleading against us by his dispensations, he allows us to plead with him by supplication, and to put him in remembrance even of his mercy: "In wrath remember mercy." Not that God is capable of forgetfulness, but when we put him in mind we put work in his hand, and he loves to be employed; and when he shows mercy he is said to remember his holy promise, and covenant, and mercy: "He remembered for them his covenant, and repented according to the multitude of his mercies." (Ps. cvi. 45; cv. 8, 42.) But to mention all the instances to this purpose would take up too much time.

The method we propose for illustrating this proposition, through divine aid, shall be as follows:

I. Inquire when may a time be said to be *wrathful*?

II. What are the *instances of mercy* we need to seek at such a time?

III. What is *imported* in the Lord's *remembering mercy*, and in our *praying* that he would do so?

IV. Show that it is both *seasonable* and *reasonable* to plead that he would remember mercy in wrathful times.

I. We are to inquire when may a time be *wrathful-like*? "In wrath remember mercy." What are the tokens of God's wrath that a people may be under which denominates it a wrathful time? I only premise that wrath is either to be considered as vindictive towards all the enemies of God, and thus it comes for demanding satisfaction of the Christless soul, and as so many drops of vengeance before the deluge of wrath be poured out; or it is to be considered as fatherly towards the children of God, and so it comes for correction, chastisement, or trial. When wrath comes upon a visible church towards the wicked therein it is judicial; but toward the invisible church, it is paternal and for chastisement. Now, we might give many instances of a wrathful-like time; such as,

1. A *sinning* time is a time of wrath, when "iniquity abounds and the love of many is waxen cold; when the Lord gives up a generation to their lusts, saying, "They are joined to their idols, let them alone. My people would not hearken; Israel would have none of me; therefore I gave them up to the lusts of their own heart."

2. A *sleeping* time is a time of wrath; when wise and foolish virgins are slumbering and sleeping, and security is universal; as in the days of Noah, when "they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, till the deluge of wrath came upon them."

3. An *erring* time is a time of wrath; a time wherein errors of all sorts abound, and God gives up men to "strong delusions, to believe a lie." Because they receive not the love of the truth that they may be saved, they are left to receive and embrace error, that they may be damned; that "all may be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness;" "giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils;" when grievous wolves enter in to destroy the church of Christ, not sparing the flock; and when little foxes as well as great ones spoil the vines and the vineyards, and yet no due care is exercised to take the foxes and to try and cast them out, that say "they are apostles and are not; but are found liars."

4. A time of *apostacy* and falling away of professors; when the pillars of the house of God are, as it were, bowing and bending; when Christ is saying to his few followers, in effect, "Will ye also go away?" and when there are few to stand in the breach and to put hand to the Lord's work, as it is said, Jer. x. 20, 21.

5. A *hiding* time, wherein there is occasion to say, "Verily thou art a God that hideth thyself," &c. When his people "go forward, but he is not there; backward, but they cannot see him; on the right and left hand, but they cannot behold him." When, not only in a little wrath he hideth himself for a small moment, but in great wrath he hideth himself for a long time; and stands not behind our wall near at hand and ready to come in, but stands at a great distance, and, as it were, at the back of the mountains. When "the Comforter that is to relieve our soul is far away." When we see not our signs, nor see the power and glory of God in the sanctuary. When he seems to cast off his people to forsake and forget them. When he withholdeth his Spirit, his enlightening, quickening, nourishing, and cherishing grace, and says, in effect, "Behold your house is

left to you desolate." When he lets loose the evil spirit and Satan's temptations and delusions, saying, "I will go and be a lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets." When he leaves a people so far that they forsake him and break his covenant; and then he leaves them, and his anger breaks forth, that they have occasion to say, "Are not these evils come upon us because our God is not amongst us?" (Deut. xxxi. 16, 17.)

6. A *dead* time is a time of wrath; a time wherein the work of God is under a dreadful decay, and the things that remain are ready to die. This especially seems to be that token of God's wrath intended here in the text, where the prayer is, "Lord, revive thy work." And if it is inquired, How does this death and spiritual deadness appear? Why this deadness is evident when the word and rod of God do not awaken us, but we remain stupid both under mercies and judgment. This deadness is evident when sin does not affect or afflict us, but we go on securely in an evil course and make a sport of sin. This deadness is evident from our unconcernedness for the future, and taking no care to be delivered from impending wrath. This deadness is evident from our being regardless of all religion and religious duties; careless whether we hear and pray, or not; and begin to entertain contemptible thoughts of religion and religious persons, and have no exercise of spiritual senses, no motion heavenward or Godward.

These are some evidences and effects of the Lord's anger and absence; for, as his "favour is life, and his loving-kindness is better than life," so his fury and anger is death, and worse than death. Death among the wicked and deadness among the godly are the sad fruit of his anger and our sin; for as "the wages of sin is death," either of body or soul, or both, so "if we live after the flesh we shall die." In a word, as it is the anger of God that weakens and kills us, kills our souls, kills our comforts, and kills our zeal and concern about spiritual matters, so it is the anger of the Lord that divides us; divides our hearts, divides our tongues, divides our judgment, divides our counsels. And it is the anger of the Lord that wastes us; it wastes our souls, wastes our bodies, wastes our substance, wastes our days and years, and consumes us insensibly, as well as exposes us to terrible outward calamities, confusions, and disorders in church and state.

II. The next thing proposed in the method was, to inquire what are the *instances of mercy* we need to seek amidst such tokens of anger: "In wrath remember mercy." What mercy? I am of opinion that the mercy here especially intended is the reviving mercy sought after in the preceding part of the verse: "O Lord, revive thy work." Now there is a two-fold reviving that is here imported, and hence a two-fold mercy that a dead languishing church and people need to seek after. 1. Sin-subduing mercy, in order to a life of peace with God in opposition to his wrath and anger. 2. Soul-healing mercy, in order to a life of fellowship with God in opposition to his absence and hiding.

1. People need, in a time of wrath and anger, to seek *sin-pardoning mercy*, in order to a life of peace with God, "whose favour is better than life." Hence we find, in a time of great wrath and indignation this pardoning mercy implored: "O Lord God, forgive, I beseech thee; by whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small." (Amos vii. 2.) Here the prophet makes pardon his great petition in a time of judgment: "O Lord, forgive." It is not, Remove the stroke, but, Forgive the guilt that brings it on, and provokes God to smite; especially to smite with spiritual judgments. Let our punishment be what it will, it is our mercy to have the sense of the guilt of sin. Till guilt be set home and impressed upon the conscience, we shall never pray to purpose. To tell a story of the divisions, errors, heresies, and evils of the land, and the danger it is exposed to by a foreign enemy, will be to little purpose if we are never sensible of the guilt of them, so as to cry for the removal of national and personal guilt. And if any inquire, Why should pardon and forgiveness be sought in times of wrath and judgment? Why, because pardon of sin speaks a man in favour with God, and a sense of pardon speaks a man's assurance of divine favour; and his favour is life; yea, it is worth ten thousand worlds: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven." (Ps. xxxii. 1.) Because also safety is secured when forgiveness is granted: "O Lord God of Hosts, cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved." (Ps. lxxx. 3). Because the sting of all afflictions is removed when pardon is granted; yea, the sting of death too, and the sting of wrath, in so much that it is not vindictive wrath, but fatherly. And hence, in that case, the soul can conclude that affliction is kept upon him for good: "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit to take away his sin." Therefore pardoning mercy is to be sought: "In wrath remember mercy."

2. *Soul-healing mercy* is another part of the reviving to be sought for to a sinful land and people in a time of wrath and anger. As we cannot have peace with God without forgiveness through the blood of Jesus, so we cannot have fellowship with God without healing. This healing mercy is the great thing that the Lord's children use to seek after in a time of wrath and judgment: "Heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee;" (Ps. xli. 4;) "O God, thou hast cast us off; thou hast scattered us; thou hast been displeased; O turn thyself to us again. Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it; heal the breaches thereof, for it shaketh." (Ps. lx. 1, 2.) This is one of the greatest mercies that can be showed in the midst of wrath when the Lord says, "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him; I hid me, and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart. I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners." (Isa. lvii. 17, 18.)

There are many promises of this healing mercy to encourage prayer for it: "I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxx. 17.) He takes his name from this healing work of mercy: "I am the Lord that healeth thee;" "He healeth the broken

in heart, and bindeth up all his wounds." And this healing mercy brings in a train of other mercies with it: "Moreover, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." (Isa. xxx. 26.) Therefore the great suit and supplication in such a time of wrath should be, that the "Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in his wings;" then health comes into the soul.

When this healing mercy comes, then comes a sense of our dead condition. If ever God revive us, he will make us know our deadness; if he put sap in our dry bones, he will make us know our dryness; if he pardon, he will make us know our guilt. When this merciful reviving comes, then comes a longing after him; he prepares his way into the soul by creating a longing in his people's hearts, and a panting after him. (Ps. xlii. 1.) When this reviving comes, then cometh a spirit of mourning; he maketh them meet him with weeping: "They shall come with weeping;" (Jer. xxxi. 9;) "Going and weeping." (Jer. l. 4.) Weeping for their old and late sins; weeping for their bold and daring sins, their sins against light and conscience, their sins upon small temptations, and their sins that are accounted small in the world. When this reviving comes, then comes a spirit of supplication. (Zech. xii. 10.) And thereupon follows the "opening of the fountain, and the purging of his house, and causing the false prophet and the unclean spirit to cease out of the land." When this reviving comes, then comes a stop to the tokens of his wrath: "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." (Isa. xxvii. 8.) He casts away the rod that he smote withal. When this reviving comes, then come many tokens of his love instead of wrath. Sweet embraces; his left hand being under their heads, and his right hand embracing them. Sweet intimations of peace and pardon: "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." Sweet cordials, with kindly words, looks, and smiles: "He speaks comfortably to Jerusalem." Sweet communications of his mind and of the secrets of his covenant: "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I do?" He speaks no more in parables, but plainly, giving them to know "the mysteries of his kingdom." Then "the righteousness of Zion goes forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Then his people, being "brought up out of the horrible pit and miry clay," have their "feet set upon a rock," and their "goings established," and "a new song put in their mouth, even praise unto their God." (Ps. xl. 2, 3.) Then doth the "day break, and the shadows fly away," in a great measure, and the "tabernacle of God is with men." Holiness and comforts take place instead of sin and sorrow.

These are the effects of his remembering mercy, by pardoning healing, and reviving his people; and also reasons for seeking this mercy.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—Fellow-servant and soldier of Jesus Christ; fellow-labourer in love to him by the Holy Ghost; and fellow-sufferer for his sake. We are called to endure hardness to which we are appointed, and the Holy Ghost can enable us to stoop down, take up our cross, deny ourselves, and follow Jesus. His grace is sufficient for us, to hold us up, keep us on, and bring us through every wave of trouble in this world. His strength is made perfect in weakness; and this we acknowledge when we feel we are helpless, the Lord's strength communicated, and we are supported, strengthened, helped, and delivered. Lacerations of the flesh leave a bleeding smart; gourds deeply rooted are hardly plucked up.

We are prone to set up idols in our hearts, but the Lord in mercy casts them down and takes them away, and will not suffer them to take our affections totally from him. He will empty us and strip us of all our lovers, in order to make room for himself and his grace, that we may live to his praise, to commune with him, be separate from the world and the vanities thereof. Yea, more. I heard our dear departed pastor once say that sometimes the Lord lets loose law, devil, and conscience all at once upon a man, in order to bring him out from the world, and from leaning on an arm of flesh. I answered mentally, "I am the man."

You know the utility of emptying from vessel to vessel is in order to clear from dregs; also the fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold. The Lord's fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem. And the good Husbandman takes great care in cutting and pruning all living branches in the fruitful vine, in order that more fruit may be borne to the praise and glory of his grace.

Many years ago, when in my first love, I heard Mr. H. say that the unutterable visions and revelations the Lord favoured Paul with, were in order to fit him for the ministry of the gospel and to suffer for his Master's sake. This saying shook me, knowing how greatly I had been indulged. When I read your first writing, I further expected to hear from you in some painful trying path; and I am persuaded it is God's merciful intention, sooner or later, to show you further discoveries of the mystery of iniquity working within, (Rom. vii.,) and the suitability of his grace treasured up in Christ for you, that he may be glorified and you comforted in due time. For the Lord waits that he may be gracious unto you, and praise waits for him.

Our merciful Father will not lay upon us more than he will enable us to bear, and with every temptation he will make a way for us to escape, &c. It is painful to feel nothing but the fire, see none but Satan, hear nothing but blasphemies, smell nothing but the stench of corruption, taste nothing but gall and wormwood, our mouth being filled with gravel stones, to be builded against, to be enclosed as with hewn stone, and darkness round about us. It was great grace in Job, by the Spirit of God, that said, "Though he slay me," (by these things) "yet will I trust in him." And so also of the

church, when she said, "I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and will look for him." I have not time to look out the Scriptures of proof for you, but the Holy Ghost can mercifully direct you unto them and to all truth as it is in Christ, according to your need.

I expect to find you in other paths, which I have been mercifully brought through. He remembered me in my low estate, "for his mercy endureth for ever." And when the Holy Ghost condescends to bring it to my remembrance, I am sometimes constrained to stop at every place where he helped me, and sing, "For his mercy endureth for ever." He remembered me in the ruins of the fall, and awoke me out of the dead sleep of sin, "for his mercy endureth for ever." By the Holy Spirit I was led to Jesus Christ, and I received the remission of all my sins, "for his mercy endureth for ever." He reclaimed me from a backsliding state, "for his mercy endureth for ever." The Lord held me up and chastised me for sin, also to prevent sin, and make me more fruitful. He supported me under the loss of health, strength, children, and worldly property. He held me up under desertions, dark, trying providences, when friends stood aloof and Satan near; corruptions rising, horrible blasphemies injected, fiery darts hurled; my wife and I ready to fall into the grave, seven children living with us and no income to support them; the workhouse, prison, strait-jacket, madhouse, suicide, death, grave, hell, and destruction held before me; my poor feeble mind sinking, heart failing, pained through from the heart to the shoulder-blade, stomach, loins, and head; breath almost stopped, cold sweat upon the extremities, limbs and heart trembling; feet as cold as stones, great heat in stomach, head, and veins, with distressing fainting sensations, expecting to die under them for months and years, many times not daring to shut my eyes when trying to sleep, the place seeming to run round with me; tendons starting, various objects before my eyes when closed, so that I was obliged to open them; distressed with painful watchings, so that I dreaded bed time, although I wanted rest; but wearisome nights and burdensome days were appointed unto me. I remembered my song, and in the night I made diligent search. I thought upon God and was troubled, so that I could not speak. But there was a just cause for all this, and I humbly bless the Lord for his love and mercy under it all. See the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, disciples in the old and New Testaments gone before us, especially in that little book of martyrs, Heb. xi. There is a question asked us, "Hast thou not procured these things to thyself?" I answered, "Yes, we suffer justly." But Jesus Christ, that Just One, suffered for the unjust, that he might bring sinners unto God. See his suffering love to his enemies, prophesied of in Ps. xxii. and Isa. liii., and fulfilled in Matt. xxvii., Mark xiv., Luke xxiii., and John xix., &c. God caused to meet upon him the iniquities of us all. And Jesus, bless his name! he took them, he bore them away. O may we be enabled to take up our cross as a badge of honour, and follow him without the camp, bearing his reproach! &c. O what an agony of soul he must have suffered to produce a sweat of blood! When pressed with

the intolerable load of man's transgressions and the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God, we are admonished to consider him. It is blessed employment and sweet to contemplate the love of our tender-hearted Pitier and Redeemer. He is mighty to save; he fulfilled the law, that was against us; he was crucified, and in our room and stead satisfied divine justice, conquered death in his own dominions; he overcame all his and our enemies by his obedience, Almighty power, sufferings, crucifixion, and death; he said, "It is finished!" bowed his head, and yielded up the ghost. Mr. Hart asks the question, "Sinners, will not this suffice?" Yea, says my soul; and every believer that feels the satisfactory application of the same by the efficient power of Almighty God the Holy Ghost. Jesus Christ fully atoned for all his Father gave to him; he had a full and free discharge, justice opened the prison doors, and our mighty Conqueror rose victor over the devil, sin, death, grave, and hell; then further instructed and comforted his disconsolate disciples, ascended triumphantly, entered heaven gloriously, and the King of Glory was heartily welcomed in.

O what acclamations of joy! what triumphant shouts! what melodious songs! what majestic brilliance and personal glory of Christ shines in the heavenly mansions! O sing the Lamb that died! sing, ye blessed angels and spirits of the just! O that I were among you, to join your anthems of redeeming love and glorious grace in the mansions of eternal bliss! Yet a little while, yea, my dear Lord, yet a little while, and thou wilt take me to thyself to see thee as thou art, and there behold thy glory. There is no creature love can equal thine! no beauty can compare, no smile so endearing, no conversation with such vivacity, no heart so loving, no bosom so soothing, no union so strong, or any so sweet, nor any so durable; for thine is everlasting. This is my Beloved and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem. But my wings are clipped, and down I come into the valley of trouble again, to condole with my sorrowful pensive brother.

Well, Jesus Christ, our glorious King Mediator, sits in heaven, ministering all things to the church. He will manage all our affairs, and perform all things for us as we severally need to his praise, and at last come again and receive us to himself. Until then may it please the Lord to enable us to submit ourselves under his mighty hand, to resign ourselves up to his holy and blessed will in all things, and to praise him for all his mercies, rejoicing that the Holy Ghost is to abide in the church for ever, that the Father's love is everlasting, and that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and that our eyes may be anointed with the blessed unction of the Holy One to look in the glass of God's word, see the glory of Christ's Person, and enjoy the riches of his grace. He is the Beauty of beauties, and there is no irregularity in him. "He is the Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely." If I think of wisdom, he is wisdom, he is understanding; if of power, he is omnipotent; of knowledge, he is omniscient; if of space, he is omnipresent; as God, he is our rest and our refreshing. His grace is sufficient for us;

his strength equal to our day. The Lord grant that in patience you may possess your soul. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

I thank you for your kind epistle, which is not now in my possession to answer, and therefore hope this will not altogether be unreasonable, though written in much weakness. I have been nigh falling down twice this week with weakness in my head, &c. When I wrote to you before, those words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," encouraged me when inquiring of the Lord; but time and strength would fail me to show you how graciously God in mercy has fulfilled his promise. I have dropped you a few hints of my path and the way the Lord has led me; but to particularise, I should want a quire of paper, much more strength and time, and a purse of dollars to send you for postage. But Christ is all; may he comfort you and yours,

3, Houndsditch, London, Feb. 10th, 1821. WILLIAM MOORE.

It will not do for the shepherd to be singing on the sunny bank while the poor sheep are in the mire, or among the briars and thorns.
—W. T.

At night, in my chamber, a little before I went to bed, my soul was harassed in a sad and very unusual manner with doubts, and fears, and unbelief. I was in spiritual darkness, even darkness that might be felt. I do not know that I ever was so much given up to the evil surmisings of my heart. My heavenly Pilot disappeared; I seemed to have quite lost my hold on the Rock of Ages; I sank in the deep mire, and the waves and storms went over me. Yet, at last, in prayer, I was enabled, I know not how, to throw myself, absolutely and at large, on God, at all events, and for better for worse; yet without comfort and almost without hope. I was, in short, almost in a state of despair. My horror and distress were unutterable. And in this condition I remained until it pleased God to give me some sleep. * * * O what infinite amends has God made me for the distresses of last night! "Might I choose for myself, (which, however, I am not qualified for, nor yet desirous of doing,) I should hardly, I think, care how much God humbled me in private before him, so I might but enjoy his presence and blessing in the discharge of my public duties. What a day has this been! A Sabbath day indeed; a day of feasting to my soul; a day of triumph and rejoicing. He brought me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love. I never was more assisted from above than this afternoon, very seldom so much. Lord, bless the people as thou hast blessed me! Here let me leave it on thankful record, for my comfort and support (if it please God) in future times of trial and desertion, that I never was lower in the valley than last night, nor higher in the mount than to-day. The Lord chastened me, but did not give me over unto death. And he never will. He may, indeed, for a small moment, hide his face from me, but with everlasting kindness will he have mercy on me.—*Toplady.*

"THE LORD LOOKETH ON THE HEART."

"For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—1 Sam. xvi. 7.

What a solemn day is fast approaching, when the secrets of all hearts are to be revealed and made manifest! Every hidden thing then will be brought to light; nothing but realities will stand the trying test. Appearances of religion, without the power of vital godliness, however splendid and admired in the eyes of mortals, then will be no more than as a vanishing cloud, or an empty bubble upon the water, before the face of him whose eyes are as a flame of fire. "For the Lord hath prepared his throne for judgment; and he shall judge the world in righteousness. He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness;" (Ps. ix. 7, 8;) "For, behold, he cometh, for he cometh, to judge the people with truth and equity." (Ps. xcvi. 13; xcvi. 9.) O then to have, like Job, the root of the matter in one's own soul, how divinely blessed! How highly privileged to be in possession of the kingdom of God within, the oil for the light, ready to trim the lamp, when the cry comes, "Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom!"

To be in the fear of God all the day long, with a tender conscience, enabling one to depart from evil, to have the faith of the operation of the Spirit of God in the soul and a good hope through grace, which makes not ashamed, having the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us; these are realities of which I trust my soul has known something, and the sweetness, preciousness, and essential blessedness of which I am earnestly longing and panting to know more. But feeling so much of the desperate wickedness and deceitfulness of my own heart, I am led to cry, "Lord, search me and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Make me to know truth in the inward part, and in the hidden part make me to understand wisdom.

"There is a way," says Solomon, "which seems right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." How many millions of poor blind deluded mortals are posting onward in this seemingly right way, and that with a show of outward sanctity, under the garb of a profession of religion. Papists and Puseyites, Church folks and Dissenters of various grades, are going on in the broad way to perdition, led on by the devil, the father of lies, the god of this world, the king of the bottomless pit, who has blinded their eyes with the smoke of confusion and error, lest the light of the glorious gospel should shine unto them, each appearing in their own view to be right. But the Lord who searches the heart is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed. He sees not as man sees. Whilst man is admiring the outward appearance the Lord looks upon the heart.

What is all profession of religion without heart work? What profit will it be to gain a good name among men, to be admired by self and mortals, to accumulate a great knowledge of external truth,

so as to pray or preach like an angel, and at the same time to be ignorant of divine charity, the love of God shed abroad in the heart? "What is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?" (Job xxvii. 8.) There may be a sound creed in the judgment, but no truth in the inward parts, nor wisdom known in the hidden part, Christ formed in the heart the hope of glory. A white-washed sepulchre is not a clean heart.

Many seem to be running, but few pressing towards the mark; many talking about salvation, but few realising the joys of it, or feelingly perishing without it. There is much of the form, but few know anything of the power that separates from the world, delivers from self, defends from Satan, makes sin to be hated, Christ to be loved, truth to be precious, evil and error to be departed from, the cross to be taken up, reproach to be hailed, shame to be welcomed, persecution to be endured, a throne of grace to be prized, prayer to be answered, deliverance to be wrought, help to be afforded in times of need, and a God to be known by the judgment which he executes: for he "executeth judgment for all that are oppressed," thus enabling them to sing of mercy and of judgment. This is a secret my soul has learnt by painful though blessed experience; and so shall all know it, more or less, who fear God.

Such a religion as this may appear, and does so in the eyes of the world and empty professors, to be too strait-laced; narrow-mindedness, bigotry, enthusiasm, &c.; yet "the Lord seeth not as man seeth." Man, by nature, is stark blind to spiritual things, for "the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God." Thus the world and professors, judging by outward appearance, commend themselves and condemn the tried, exercised child of God; yet "the Lord looketh upon the heart," and beholds the rottenness of the former and the soundness of the latter. And although, poor, despised, outcast, tried, child of God, thou mayest be oft viewing thyself and condemning thyself, on account of thy ignorance, vileness, helplessness, and poverty; and though the sight and sense of what thou feelest and fearest has at times an appearance to thee that thou art out of the secret of true religion; yet at the same time thou art longing and panting for the Lord as the hart panteth after the water brooks; remember, "the Lord seeth not as man seeth." He views thee all fair and spotless in his Son. It is he that opened thy eyes to see and feel thy malady, and created in thy soul this hunger and thirst for the blessed remedy; and although he will ever send the rich empty away, yet will he fill thy hungry soul with good things; for "he hath provided of his goodness for the poor."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" "It is better to be of a humble spirit with the lowly than to divide the spoil with the proud; for the Lord will have respect unto the lowly, but the proud he knoweth afar off."

Sutton Benjer, May 12th, 1852.

A SMOKING FLAX.

As all sap and roots are hid, so is our life hid with Christ in God.
—Huntington.

**"KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE, FOR
OUT OF IT ARE THE ISSUES OF LIFE."**

You will find a watchmaker or a clockmaker is not so much amused with the two pointers or face of a clock or watch as other people. The chains, the wheels, the main spring, the lesser and greater works inside, are what he attends to most; yea, he gets a glass to his eye, and is determined to make thorough inquisition into the whole business. And so it is with the real elect of God. Stony ground hearers, thorny ground hearers, foolish virgins, those who thus have a name to live, as well as those also who are erroneous in doctrine and practice, and the profane part also of mankind, all these erroneous tribes, of every hue and of every kind, who are not of the elect of God, can take things for granted, or be careless about divine things. Not so with a child of God. Like the watchmaker with the little glass fixed before his eye, so the saint is determined, through the grace and Spirit of Christ, to make his calling and election *sure*.

For this purpose, the Spirit of God helps his infirmities, and enables him to count no sacrifice too great if by any means he may attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Inwardly and outwardly, but more especially in the heart, is this matter of inquiry made. If the inside of a clock or watch is thoroughly right and good, a watchmaker will warrant the pointers to go right; nay, if they do not go right, he regulates the losing or gaining time, by touching the inward regulator, and not merely with bungling or ignorance pays his sole attendance to the pointers.

"O that my ways were so directed that I might keep thy statutes," says the saint to God. If the heart is not right with God, the inside is faulty; nay, most outward faults in a saint are the consequence of spiritual rust, dust, and such like, or other injuries, as it were clogging the lesser or greater frameworks of things internally between God and the soul. For this purpose, the advice at the head of this paper, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," is given, which is true spiritually as well as naturally; which is according to Peter's advice, (2 Pet. i.) "Wherefore the *rather*, brethren, give diligence;" for he says if any saint is wanting in these thorough strivings through the Spirit to stand complete and perfect in all the will of God, wanting nothing, he is so far (though a saint) blind and cannot see afar off, and has forgotten that he was cleansed from his old sins.

In fact, all the goings of a Christian have a mutual and reflex action on each other, outwardly and inwardly. Outward sins stun the inward feelings; and inward rectitude with God drives on consistently the outward actions of a Christian. Inward sins mar the outward walk; and outward becoming life and conversation toward God and toward man, through the self-same Spirit producing them, do, as it were, oil the springs of inward goings-on between God and the soul. Happy is the man who is taken up and employed in these things, in seeing how the machinery is going on in these things in

him. Happy is the man whose great peace is this, to "love thus thy law in Christ, O God;" for nothing shall offend or stumble such.

For such spiritual characters as these (as all the manifested or quickened elect of God are, more or less, according to the degree in which Christ is sensibly made wisdom and power to them) are certainly possessed of these outward and inward regulators, so as to be enabled to cleanse their way according to God's word, to "prepare their ways before him," to walk with Christ, more or less, in peace and equity, and to make their calling and election sure.

But I shall, in this scrap of paper, more especially refer to keeping the heart with all diligence. Not but what I am fully sensible if the clock-pointers of our life and conversation are outwardly wrong, both they and the inward regulator in the heart must all, by him whose workmanship we are in Christ Jesus, so far be all altered; for wisdom is to be justified, not laughed at or blamed, in her children.

I know it will be said by poor blind carnal nature, "What! is it, then, in your soul to ask for grace to keep your heart with all diligence? Wretched man, you will be melancholy!" To that I answer, as a good man said, "If there is no happiness in the favour of God, I am sure there is none in his wrath." The short-comings and imperfections I am the daily subject of breed unhappiness between me and God. Besides, I have a hope that I am one of those elected of God, which has kindled and fanned into a flame my love for him; so that, instead of being melancholy, by being enabled to wish and strive to cleave to him with purpose of heart and a single eye, I trust I am becoming satiated with bliss, through him. Surely, he that painted all the flowers with such inimitable beauty, tinted the wings of birds with such inimitable colourings, and filled this gorgeous creation in May and June with all the splendid apparatus of endless varieties of beauty and perfection, which, though perishable, show me his eternal power and Godhead to make me happy if he loves me in Christ Jesus, and having enabled me warmly to love him in return, surely that all-bounteous, benevolent, worthy, and blessed Being can make me happy! And therefore, his grace helping or enabling me, I am thereby, with Solomon's advice and Paul's example, "determined" to keep my heart with all diligence, seeing that the issuings of eternal life in the springs of God are in my heart. Where these springs issue forth and bubble forth, it is of the last importance that the rubbish of flesh and blood, of the world, or Satan, do not clog, hinder, nor impede these springs. For this purpose, afflictions are sent to scour away all the rubbish with which flesh and blood, the world, and Satan are continually endeavouring to stop, clog, and mar those springs of God in Christ which are in the heart of every truly elect regenerated person. I have been afflicted ever since I was a boy, for the last thirty years; and O the blessings of afflictions to the elect! It is one part of the difference between the elect and non-elect. A poor and afflicted people are the former; fat and strong, or having more than heart could wish, is the character of the latter.

Indwelling sin also is another festering sore in every child of God,

keeping him awake, stinging, nettling, making him most wretched, as Paul says, "O wretched man that I am!" Now, if you were to hear any one hallooing out, "O wretched man that I am!" with a hollow, mournful, and plaintive voice, and there was not sufficient cause for so serious and dreadful an outcry, he ought to be taken up by the constable as an impostor. So it is with any one not really elected and regenerated crying out in Paul's language of indwelling sin, "O wretched man that I am!" And I have no doubt but God will some day order his vicegerent, conscience, to arrest every non-elect, unregenerated person as an impostor who has ever taken that language into his lips concerning indwelling sin! "What hast thou to do to take my statutes into thy mouth?" says God.

Ever since I had my sins forgiven me feelingly in my conscience, about twenty-two years ago, I have more especially found indwelling sin always lying ready to nibble at me and bring me into bondage or mischief. Of this I am more than ever certain. Indwelling sin, with a spade and mattock, as it were, has always been endeavouring to throw in and dig up the filth of sin from my poor heart to poison the springs of God in Christ in me, and has always made me thus from necessity (as well as love) to wish and strive, with God's power, to keep my heart with all diligence; otherwise I am sure to go back in divine things or get into mischief. Indwelling sin in a saint is of that cunning, violent, sly, and venomous nature, that if you are not always enabled to watch or fight, it will get an advantage over you; it will indeed. O the horrible warfare that I have been in for the last twenty-two years, more especially! All the plots and plans, all the manœuvres that that infernal general, Satan, could ever blow into a poor heart, surely my poor heart has had a taste of! I am sick of myself, and "hate my own life," in Christ's own words, without which, he says, no one can be his disciple. Well come, say I, if that is to be a Christian, then I am one. Indwelling sin really makes me out of love with myself. Sinning and repenting is my everlasting round, and I fear it will be till I am dead. But are this fear and repentance a token that I am to be in heaven when I die? Lord, thou knowest I don't like them (the plots, counterplots, and all the wretched goings-on of indwelling sin) in my wretched soul. Be thou faithful unto death, says God, (an enabling God, too, to every elect soul,) and I will give thee a crown of life! "Enough, Lord," says the ransomed, elected, and illuminated soul, "and may I be enabled to keep the citadel-royal, my heart, seeing that therein are the issuings forth, sensibly in my feelings, of eternal life from thee to me."

Yet still there is an infernal sweetness in sin to the carnal or old nature in a saint, which will be so, more or less, till we die. But of sin, or the devil, or any foe of God, which we are enabled to be sincerely at all sorry for our being the subject of, or for being hurt by in the sight of God, weeping graciously in our conscience, we may humbly, sincerely, and affectionately say,

"Meantime, that foe can't boast of much,
That makes us watch and pray."

However, like as if a steam engine is wrong, the whole train following it on the railway will suffer from it, so if the heart be wrong in a Christian, many and numerous, spiritually and proportionably, are the maladies; backsliding in heart, regarding iniquity in the heart, being filled with our own ways, God refusing to hear our prayers; so that that person is a wise child of God who is enabled to attend to head quarters, the heart, the seat of all vital religion between God and the soul. Such a one will not have to go about like some simple ones, flimsily crying nought scarce but leanness. For the issuings forth of eternal life in his heart, he, like a wise child, being enabled to attend to, whether it be in bitterness or sweetness, darkness or light, winter or summer, he is enabled most narrowly to wish or strive to consider and weigh all these ever-changing scenes between God and him, and to suck edification in sinkings and risings, bluff rebukes or sunny smiles. So that, whether he is instructed in chambers of imagery of the most baneful, the saddest corruptions, or stands on the rocks of praise, he that, through rich grace, is engaged in the deeply chequered work of being enabled to keep his heart with all diligence, shall, like those doing merchandise afar off like the good woman mentioned in the last chapter of Proverbs, lay up in store a good foundation against the time to come. While those whose spiritual vineyards are permitted to be more overgrown with nettles, shall be under tribute, our enemies themselves being judges.

Abingdon.

I. K.

"Where sin has abounded," says the proclamation from the court of heaven, "grace doth much more abound." By this Manasseh, a monster of barbarity, and an adept in iniquity, becomes a child of forgiving love and an heir of immortal glory. Behold that bitter and bloody persecutor Saul; when, breathing out threatenings and bent upon slaughter, he worried the lambs and put to death the disciples of the blessed Jesus. Who, upon the principles of human judgment, would not have pronounced him a vessel of wrath, destined to unavoidable damnation? nay, would not have been ready to conclude, that, if there were heavier chains and a deeper dungeon in the world of woe, they must surely be reserved for such an implacable enemy of true godliness? Yet (admire and adore the riches of Almighty grace!) this Saul is elected into the goodly fellowship of the prophets, is numbered with the noble army of martyrs, and makes a distinguished figure among the glorious company of the apostles. The Corinthians were flagitious even to a proverb. Some of them wallowed in such abominable vices, and habituated themselves to such outrageous acts of injustice, as were a reproach to human nature. Yet even the sons of violence and the slaves of sensuality were washed, were sanctified, were justified; washed in the precious blood of a dying Redeemer; sanctified by the powerful operations of the blessed Spirit; justified through the infinitely tender mercies of a gracious God. And those who were once the burden of the earth are now the joy of heaven and the delight of angels.—*Hervey.*

CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL.

My Christian Friend,—I am informed by your relatives that you excused my freedom in writing to you, and took my letter in good part. They have also suggested a hint that they thought you would not be offended if I dropped you a few more lines on that sweetest of all subjects, the rich grace of God in Christ Jesus. It is a subject that suits needy sinners; it is the fulness of supply for all their wants, and the answer to all their scruples on account of their personal unworthiness, sin, and misery. "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." I am inclined to think that you feel more and more your entire need of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that nothing less than such a full, all-sufficient, and willing Saviour as he is can do for such a helpless sinner as you. If so, this is just as it should be. This opens the way for communion with the dear Friend of sinners. Blessed wants are those that can meet with no relief but out of Christ's fulness. The Holy Spirit leads the renewed soul to find all its supplies in the Lamb of God. It is the invariable work of that infallible Teacher to "guide into all truth;" to open the treasures of grace to the empty, hungry soul; and to satisfy the mind and conscience with special discoveries of the depths of love and the flowings of sovereign goodness, truth, and mercy in the Holy One, Immanuel, God with us. John bears testimony that "of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." As we "received Christ Jesus the Lord," so we are called to "walk in him." We never receive Christ till we know and feel our need of him. We must know something of him before we can believe in him; and every degree of spiritual knowledge of him is by the Holy Spirit's teaching. He, the Holy Spirit, makes known who the Saviour is, what he has done, how able he is to deliver, and how willing to save to the uttermost. This engages our hearts; this wins our affections; this takes off our minds from duties, tears, humblings, and repentings, so that we trust in none of these things, but in Christ alone. We look to Christ and to Christ only. We then enjoy manifestative salvation, as truly as the Israelites of old looked to the brazen serpent, and in looking found their cure. So we, looking to him only who was "made sin and a curse," prove to our hearts' satisfaction that sin and the curse are for ever gone. There is nothing more simple than the goings out of heart towards and upon Christ Jesus the Lord; and it is well for us to be kept in this simplicity. But if we attend to the opinions and inventions of men instead of adhering to God's precious word, we get our minds warped from this simplicity. It is good for us indeed to receive nothing in point of doctrine or practice but what is according to the Holy Scriptures. Paul says to the Corinthians, "For I have received of the Lord that which also I have delivered unto you;" and he tells the same people in his second epistle, "Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy; for by faith ye stand." We are naturally prone to look into ourselves, and

seek to find some good dispositions and gracious qualities that may increase our confidence before God; for it seems very reasonable that if we are partakers of grace there will be this mark, this proof, that proof, and the other evidence of our spirituality; and this is what is called "the gospel" in our day. But if I am looking into myself for that which is to make me acceptable to God, I cannot be looking to Christ at the same time; and consequently I lose the present enjoyment of *that comfort* which is no where else to be found but *in him*, who is the consolation of Israel. As sure as God is our teacher, we shall never find anything in ourselves to give us confidence and satisfaction. Our acceptance is only in Jesus. Our perfection is in Christ; and in the Holy One of God we are now and for evermore without spot or stain. He pronounces his church to be altogether lovely. He says, "Thou art all fair, my love, and there is no spot in thee." Remember that Truth itself cannot speak lies. Paul says, "Ye are *complete* in him." Then it is impossible that we can lack anything to make us acceptable to, and accepted with God. And our true blessedness lies in living in the daily belief of this. It is true spiritual practice so to do. I often think how different the real gospel is from that which is generally called so. A mock gospel puts the sinner upon bringing something to God, or in some shape or other giving the creature to have, as we say, "a finger in the pie." But the real gospel brings all blessings ready prepared home to the door of a poor sinner's heart, and pours in the riches of everlasting love in all their free, full, and spontaneous nature. The Father's love opened in the Son and by the Spirit's power enjoyed in the soul, is the sure token of the precious and everlasting gospel.

I pray the Keeper of his people to keep you throughout your few remaining days stedfastly looking to him, remembering that your all is *in him*. Present grace and future glory are all made sure in him who is the life, health, peace, strength, stay, salvation, blessedness, comfort, and portion of his people. May he richly increase your communion with him, and abundantly feed you with himself, the bread of eternal life, that as your outward man decays your inward man may be strong and lively through his divine renewings, is the earnest prayer of,

Yours in him,

T. B.

All ingratitude is reckoned infamous, except ingratitude to God. Such is human nature; and such the kind religion of it.—*Berridge*.

There may be genuine faith in the heart, and not that full assurance of faith which the soul is capable of receiving, and which it shall receive in God's own time. God's work is capable of enlargement. "The path of the just is like the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The just are to "live by faith," which is "the substance of things hoped for;" which implies there are certain things, for the time being out of sight. Babies, young men, and fathers are all taught the work and business of faith, according as their circumstances may require.—*H. Fowler*.

"HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US."

Much-esteemed Friend,—Be pleased to accept my most sincere acknowledgment of your kind favour by the hand of Mr. B—, on Tuesday morning last. I do the more highly appreciate this token of your liberality as coming at so seasonable a juncture, which rendered it doubly welcome to me; and it has called forth from me many thanksgivings unto the God of all my mercies. Upon my reaching home, the effects of your kindness, under the melting impressions of the Holy Spirit of all grace, constrained me to fall down and worship the Author and Giver of all good, for his great condescension in thus graciously supplying the need of his poor unworthy and feeble creature. And while thus engaged, some earnest supplications flowed from my heart in behalf of the kind heart and hand of my much-esteemed friend that he himself had opened and extended towards me. While pondering over these repeated acts of kindness, my heart and tongue uttered the same request on your behalf as Paul the aged did for his kind brother Onesiphorus, (2 Tim. i. 18,) and I feel a humble hope and confidence that in the appointed period I shall meet you, with all my beloved friends and brethren in Christ Jesus, in those happy regions of perfect bliss, where all imperfections, tribulations, sins, and sorrows will be for ever done away; where no temptation shall annoy, no inward corruption afflict, no vain world ensnare or entangle us any more; where we shall "hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and shall lead us unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." (Rev. vii. 16, 17.) Then every act of reciprocal kindness shown towards each other while here below, even to a cup of cold water, shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Then "all the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness."

"These," my dear friend will say, "are great things indeed for us poor sinners to expect, especially in this our present low estate, surrounded with so many doubts, fears, and imperfections." True, they are so, but not too great for the God of all grace to bestow. He has, in truth and faithfulness, engaged to give, freely to give, both grace and glory to spiritually poor, self-lost sinners, and to withhold no good from them that walk uprightly. (Ps. lxxxiv.) It is not our stature in grace, but the reality of it, that insures the invaluable prize; for "He delighteth not in the strength of the horse, he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man; the Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." (Ps. cxlvii. 10, 11.) My dear friend cannot say that she is destitute of these choice graces of fear and hope, and therefore she is encouraged by the Lord himself to press forward, for he has said, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." (Isa. xlix. 23.)

A deep sense of our utter unworthiness, the working of indwelling sin, and the assaults of Satan, our great adversary, would, if we were

not divinely supported, sink us into the depths of distress, and they do at times greatly discourage us in running the race set before us. Nevertheless, having obtained help of God, we are upheld and sustained to the present day, and can at times set up our Ebenezers with cheerfulness, saying from the heart, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," being enabled to plead with David, "The Lord will: perfect that which concerneth us. Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; forsake not the works of thine own hands." (Ps. cxxxviii. 8.)

Several more things are on my mind relative to this interesting subject, but as my purpose and desire were to convey this by way of a receipt for your kindness, I will only add my best wishes for your present and everlasting welfare. "May the Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace!" with each of those who are mutually dear to our hearts.

Saturday, Dec. 29th, 1832.

JOHN KEYT.

"WAIT ON THE LORD."

Dear Friend,—Ofttimes have I felt my spirit stirred up with mournful and rejoicing anxiety to write to you and my many distant friends, but have hitherto lacked opportunity. The fatigue of business, the increasing infirmities of a weakly body, and the burden of mingled cares, begin now to press upon me, which, together with having so many hindrances, and my time so much occupied, must again plead with my friend to excuse me writing to her at greater length. My spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak. The Lord is my witness, the Lord is my memorial, the God of Jacob is my help, my comfort, my refuge, my present and everlasting portion. O how blessed it is to prove him to be so by feeling experience! This blessedness I know; and it does at times melt my worthless heart down in tears of love; joy, and peace in believing, at my dear Redeemer's lovely feet, amidst my declining days, and assures me of the enjoyment of his presence above for ever.

My dear friend, how can I call it in question, with his sprinkled blood in my conscience, and his Spirit's witness in my heart? This is a sealing evidence to all who feel it, and leaves the divine impress of everlasting love behind stamped on a bleeding heart; and endears a bleeding Saviour to the soul infinitely more than health, or wealth, or life itself. Let not my friend be discouraged; the desires of the righteous shall be granted; therefore wait, I say, on the Lord, and in his own due time and way he will give thee his Spirit's own desires in thine heart.

I, on a "Who can tell?"
 Have many years now pass'd;
 And still I'm out of hell,
 My arms round Jesus cast;
 The chief of sinners, with this plea,
 "I'm vile;" have mercy, Lord, on me.

Free mercy, yes, again,
 Again has broke my heart;
 Has burst my heavy chain,
 And eased my deepfelt smart;
 He still restores my wand'ring feet,
 And hears me from his mercy seat.

His blood my guilt removed,
 Again, again, again;
 His faithful love I've proved,
 Though sinful I remain;
 This cheers my hope, endears him too,
 Nor do I fear what hell can do.

Although with sin I groan,
 My soul to Jesus clings;
 His cross, his name I own,
 Of Christ my spirit sings,
 And waits with joy the conflict o'er,
 To praise him there, where sin's no more.

Bedworth, Nov. 14th, 1850.

G. T. C.

I was once I would not eat, except I had choice meat; now I dare not complain of crumbs and parings under his table. I was once that I would make the house ado if I saw not the world carved and set in order to my liking; now I am silent when I see God has his servants on horseback and is fattening and feeding the children of perdition.—*Rutherford*.

When sin is brought home to the conscience, and revealed by the Holy Spirit so that a man feels deeply in his mind that his whole nature is utterly deformed by sin; in this state, if there be nothing to look to but our own satisfaction, he must be overwhelmed by a fear of the judgment of God, and with despair; as I have often learnt by my own experience in the monasteries. There were proposed to us satisfactions, and an accurate confession of all our sins, but still the conscience was not at peace. We were advised to take the hooded cloak, but the same agonies of mind remained even under the hooded cloak which we suffered before; we cast away the hooded cloak again, but it was just the same. And I find by experience, through the tender mercy of God, that the only effectual remedy is this: To believe that God's goodwill is to pardon those who are terrified at and acknowledge their sins, and that he commands such to hope for the remission of them. Therefore, about the reasoning part of the matter, there need be no mention made, viz., whether or not the knowledge of sin be the first ground upon which the remission of sins is merited. For sin is sin, and in its nature merits punishment, whether you acknowledge it or acknowledge it not. But the acknowledgment of sin is necessary; because God's will is to pardon those who acknowledge their sins, and he will not pardon those who do not acknowledge them. And this feeling sense of sin is the very death of nature, unless thoughts of peace and a knowledge of the mercy of God be also given by the Holy Spirit—that God does not will to destroy such sinners.—*Luther*.

**"I SOUGHT THE LORD AND HE HEARD ME AND
DELIVERED ME FROM ALL MY FEARS."**

My dear Friend,—You speak about the late date of yours, but I say better late than never. It came at a very suitable time for me. I hardly know where to begin; but this I can say from my heart, God has been and is merciful to me. Such a hell-deserving wretch do I feel that I cannot speak enough of his mercies to me. In this my affliction he has laid his afflicting hand once more on me, but I can see that it is all for the best. This is a mercy that he gives us to see, know, and feel that hell is our just desert; and that he does not cut us off and send us there is a proof of his long-suffering forbearance, abounding mercy, and compassion towards us; for above all my murmurings and rebellion he is faithful and true to his promises. Bless his precious name, he said to his disciples, in John xvi. 33: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but he of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Yes, and it is he that enables us to overcome and bear up under all trials and afflictions through him. Though the pain may be severe and trying to the flesh at the time, still

"How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?"

I have been enabled once more to call him mine, which made me mark that last line. This hymn you will find in Gadsby's Selection, (232nd,) which has been so blest to me in this my affliction. On Thursday the 15th, between one and two o'clock in the morning, the first verse of that hymn came gently to my mind, that I felt such a brokenness of spirit I cannot describe now, with the portion that had been so blest to me in another of my afflictions in Jan., 1840, which was the first that came with any power to my soul, and has stayed with me to the present moment: "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints," (Rev. xv. 3,) which made me cry out, "Lord, give me then submission and resignation to thy will and ways in all things;" and he has heard my poor breathings. If any had been in the room that knew nothing of these things, they would have thought that I had been out of my mind; but really I could not help giving vent to my feelings in praise and thanksgiving to him, for I had felt much murmuring and rebellion before;

"The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day;
All others lead to hell."

You and Mrs. —, were much on my mind the other day as I lay on the sofa, for this has been my berth ever since Wednesday the 14th, in the little room, and, to all appearance, will be for some time to come. Where I had the leeches on, it has gathered in my side and has much discharged, but they could not get it to discharge enough without the lancet, and I was enabled to go through the operation,

for it did not lie near the surface, but was deep in. 'Still the Lord was most merciful to me, and heard my poor cry. It reminded me afterwards of the poor woman with the issue of blood, who "said within herself, If I may but touch the hem of his garment I shall be made whole." The crowd and press knew nothing of her inward breathings out to the Lord. No; no more did those that were with me then at the time of this my trial. There were three in the room with me; but they knew not my cry to the Lord which was inwardly also, as the poor woman's, and I am more and more satisfied of its being a real inward work. After it was done, they stood amazed, for I did not speak, though it was very sharp and severe. My prayer was this, though short, but quite enough, "Lord, help me, and enable me to bear up under it." Yes, my friends, he did. But I felt more after they were all gone, when by myself. Not from the pain of the operation; no, but from a broken heart; for I could not help weeping much that the Lord should condescend to come over the mountains of all my unbelief, murmurings, and rebellions that I have had, for I have not been without them, though so highly favoured through this affliction. I feel daily, hourly, momentarily, more and more indebted to him, that I cannot feel thankful and grateful enough, and know not how to speak enough of his precious love and forbearance to such an unworthy wretch. O do help to "magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." I really feel now as the Psalmist did, when he said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul!" O what a mercy to have such a help in time of need. He is a very present help in time of trouble, and will hear even a sigh or a groan from those that know or feel a sweetness from the fruit of that apple-tree described in the Song of Solomon. I have been enabled to plead with him, and to leave myself in his hands, for him to do with me just as he pleases; and it is my wish to be resigned and submissive in his hands, as the clay in the hands of the potter, and to know no will but his.

This affliction, above all others of mine, I believe has been truly blessed to my soul, and is yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness to my soul's comfort daily. Many portions of Psalm ciii. were very sweet to me in the course of the night of the morning before the operation. This, I believe, was the Lord's preparation for what I had to go through. There are many that talk of our preparing ourselves for these things. Poor things! what do they know of their own hearts? "Who and what maketh us to differ?" I know that if I had prepared myself I should not have borne up under it. No, bless his precious name! he is worthy of all the praise, for it is his due; and as the Psalmist said, so say I, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake." Amen. There is one more hymn that I must mention, which was so blest to me yesterday, the 11th in Gadsby's Selection—the *mercy of God*.

I must now close, for I have written quite long enough, and feel

quite tired of sitting up. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time. I hope you will be enabled to make this scrawl out, for it has been done in much weakness of body. The flesh is weak but the spirit is willing. Give my kind love to Mrs. —, and accept the same yourself, and all the friends unite in the same. You must excuse all blunders, for I cannot look it over again; and believe me to be, Your ever well-wisher in truth in Christ Jesus,

Yours affectionately,

Faversham, Jan. 23rd, 1846.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

(Concluded from page 223.)

Now amidst all this battling in which all the children of God are in measure, more or less, engaged, there are three things for their consolation and quietude; and these are, first, that "it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." (Rom. vii. 17.) The second is that the old man shall one day be actually annihilated as he is now virtually: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Christ." (Rom. vi. 6.) And, thirdly, that the new man of grace shall out-ride every storm, and by and by reign without molestation for ever in glory: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so *might* grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord."

1. "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." This is oftentimes a comfort to a child of God; the sin that dwells in us Paul explains to be his old man of sin; and when he says, "It is not I," the *I* he there alludes to is the new man of grace. He also calls it the "inward man," by which he says he delights in the law (or will) of God. Hence he says, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man." (Rom. vii. 22.) This *I*, therefore, that sins not, he explains to be the inward man; this does not commit sin; but the *I* that does commit sin, Paul explains to be sin that dwelleth in him, or rather *in his flesh*, for he so expresses it: "For I know that in me, *that is in my flesh*, dwelleth no good thing," &c. (Rom. vii. 18.) However, therefore, a child of God may sin, and bring guilt upon his mind and disquietude into his heart, it is not his affection, nor his will, but his members and his flesh that fall; and this, though it cause wretchedness and misery in the mind, does not affect his standing in Christ; for Paul, immediately after mentioning his misery in these things, adds, "There is, therefore, *now*" (though he was wretched through his sin) "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." (Rom. viii. 1.) They may be said not to walk after the flesh but after the Spirit whose affections are after spiritual things; for it is from the mind and affections that God measures everything, and not from the mere outward show. This is the greatest comfort to a child of God and the greatest terror to a professing hypocrite.

Our freedom from these deeds of the old man is virtually in Christ Jesus, but manifestively and experimentally from the "law of the Spirit of life," which constitutes the new man. Hence Paul says, "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. viii. 2.) Here you see the law in our members, or the old man, is called the "law of sin," because it is a principle in us which actuates us to sin; and it is called the "law of death," because it brings death in the soul spiritually, and would eternally if we were not made free from it.

Now Paul says he is made free from this law of sin and death by "the law of the Spirit of life." The "Spirit of life" no doubt means the Holy Ghost, because it is he who communicates spiritual life to the soul; and the "law" of this Spirit I take to mean the law in our mind, which this Spirit writes there, and which is the fountain of life implanted in our soul. "The law of the wise is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death." (Prov. xiii. 14.) This Paul says makes him free from the other law, that is, "the law of sin and death." From this it is experimentally clear, that wherever the Spirit writes his law, there is freedom from the old law: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." (2 Cor. iii. 17.) And if once free, free for ever; for the apostle says, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." (Phil. i. 6.)

2. Having now shown that in the Lord's view the fruits of the Spirit overtop and vanquish the deeds of the flesh, I come now to show the second thing for our comfort, which is *the destruction of the old man and our ultimate freedom from him.*

Paul here cries out in his anguish to know how he is to be delivered from the wretchedness this old man brings upon him; and then answers that God will do it, through Jesus Christ: "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Here you see Paul believed that the Lord would ultimately, not only deliver him from the guilt but also from the existence of the old man. Now this deliverance is twofold. We are delivered already virtually by the death of Christ, for Paul expressly speaks of the *destruction* of the old man by his being crucified in the crucifixion of Christ; (Rom. vi. 6;) and this was done by virtue of our sins being imputed to him; for "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" (Isa. liii. 6;) and after lying on him with such a weight as to squeeze great drops of blood from every pore of his body, he bore them to the cross, and there they were nailed with him to the tree: "Who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree." (1 Pet. ii. 24.) Here they weighed him down to the grave of death, and then he rose, leaving them behind.

But still the old man lives in our members until we have gone through the form of death, as our Forerunner has gone through the reality; and just as he killed the *sting* of death by his dying, so shall we, by virtue of his death, lose the body of the old man by our passing through the article of death; and when we rise, we shall rise free from all the violence which that old man has committed.

upon us, just as the dear Lord rose clear from all the guilt of imputed sin. We shall rise free from the being, and all the fruits of indwelling sin. Hence it is said we shall be like him: "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him," (1 John iii. 2,) free from all sin and all that now grieves and vexes us, and free from all the shackles that now hold us in bondage. No more strivings of the old man for the mastery; no more flesh lustings against the Spirit or the Spirit against the flesh; no more writhing under a sense of our indwelling vileness; for there shall not be a Canaanite left in the land. All shall be freedom and liberty.

Christ suffered "that the body of sin might be *destroyed*." If, therefore, it is not eventually destroyed, Christ's sufferings would be in vain, and his death fail of its object, neither of which can ever be the case.

3. I come now to consider the third thing for our comfort, and that is, *the reign of grace over every foe*, "that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign unto eternal life." (Rom. v. 21.) Death has been abolished by our living Head, so that sin has had its full wages, and an end is said to be made of it. There, therefore, now remains nothing to hinder the eternal reign of grace but this old man, who is now virtually destroyed, and who we have shown shall be manifestively so by and by. Grace then will have no opponent, but shall reign triumphantly for ever. Here every foe shall be destroyed, and the new man enlarged in his capacity to expand unmolestedly towards the object of his affections. Love, life, joy, and peace shall spread abroad in the soul, and eternal happiness reign in the breast. We shall then find our state true as Hart says,

"When saints are freed from any load
Of passions or of pains,
God dwells in them and they in God,
And grace for ever reigns."

Grace is here said not only to reign, but to reign unto "*eternal life*," so that the enjoyment of freedom, life, and liberty will never cease. This is often cheering to a downcast soul, when battling with the body of the sins of the flesh, to know that he will one day be delivered from all, and that *for ever*. When viewed with the eye of faith, martyrs have considered their afflictions light and short, compared with the anticipated and promised blessings; and so also did the apostle, who was tried as much as any, and after all sealed his testimony with his blood: "For our *light* affliction, which is but for a *moment*, worketh for us a far more exceeding and *eternal* weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.)

Hastings.

O.

To render good for evil is God-like; to render good for good is man-like; to render evil for evil is beast-like; to render evil for good is devil-like.—*John Mason*.

O B I T U A R Y.

MRS. HALL, OF PETERBOROUGH.

The deceased, a regular attendant, when health and strength permitted, at North Street Chapel, Peterborough, was a widow, very poor in this world's goods, and being of a silent and reserved disposition, and for the most part tried and cast down in her soul, usually said but little of the dealings of God with her, and was consequently but little known, and, by most of her Christian friends, little thought of.

From some papers found after her decease, it seems that, some years back, she had gone through great soul trouble, and had received sweet manifestations of God to her soul; but the writing is disconnected and almost unintelligible.

On Tuesday evening, May 25th, Mr. Godwin preached at the chapel. His text was Romans i. 16. Mrs. Hall, though poorly, was there, and was much blessed in hearing. She observed that his remarks on the blood of Christ were very precious to her soul. It was the last time she was out, and on that occasion she spoke to Mr. G.

On the Wednesday she was taken worse. On the Thursday, she took to her bed, when she sent a message to me; on which I visited her, and found a poor, weak, dying woman triumphing in Jesus. She then informed me that Mr. Godwin's first sermon in the chapel, on Sept. 25th, 1849, from Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," had been a great blessing to her, that at the time she felt she should never lose it, and she never really had lost it. She seemed then, when dying, to feel the savour of it. She then quoted many passages of Scripture as sweet to her, but on this seemed especially to rest, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" observing, in her simple language, that the Lord had given it to her. She told us that, though she used to fear death, the dread of it was now quite taken away. The scene in that little chamber will not soon be forgotten. There were four of us with her, and the Lord Jesus in the midst. It was indeed to us "the house of God."

She got rapidly weaker, and afterwards was able to speak but little. On one occasion she quoted these lines, as suited to her:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

At the last interview we had with her she seemed ready to depart, being incapable of moving, and much rattling in her throat. Her death seemed probable every minute; but she feebly said to Mrs. S., on taking leave, "I want him to show me his hands and his feet." To a valued friend who was with her on the Wednesday, she spoke of enjoying much the first two verses of one of Dr. Watts's hymns:

"How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,

While everlasting love displays,
 The choicest of her stores!
 "Here every bowel of our God
 With soft compassion rolls;
 Here peace and pardon, love and blood,
 Is food for dying souls."

Dwelling much upon the words,
 "Peace and pardon, love and blood,
 Is food for *dying souls*."

The next morning, Thursday, June 3rd, our friend fell asleep in Jesus, in the eighty-first year of her age, proving that

"A feeble saint shall win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Peterborough.

J. S.

The promiscuous dispensations of providence in this life, wherein we see good men afflicted, destitute, tormented, and the wicked permitted triumphantly to ride over their heads, have been always looked upon as an indisputable argument, by the generality of mankind, that there will be a day in which God will judge the world in righteousness, and administer true judgment unto his people. Some indeed are so bold as to deny it, whilst they are engaged in the pursuit of the lust of the eye and the pride of life; but follow them to their deathbeds; ask them, when their souls are ready to launch into eternity, what they *then* think of a judgment to come, and they will tell you they dare not give their consciences the lie any longer. They feel a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation in their hearts.—*Whitefield*.

My experience of the work of grace upon my soul has totally differed from what for the most part is made the standard of religion among the great mass of professors in the present day. All that I know, in relation to myself, is discoveries of my fallen nature, which have been daily unfolding themselves, under divine teaching, more and more to my apprehension. From the first dawn of the day spring which from on high visited me, when the Lord was pleased to bring me into an acquaintance with myself, and to make me know "the plague of my own heart," I have been unlearning (if the term be warrantable) what I had before been studying with so much care, how to recommend myself by human merit to divine favour. But when the Lord in mercy took me under his pupilage, he inverted this order of teaching. I was then led to see more of *his* ways and to think less of my *own*. And from that hour of matriculation in his school to the present I have been learning to get daily out of love with myself and in love with Christ. And so it has proved, that in the exact ratio in which I have advanced in the knowledge and love of the Lord, and in the ways of his grace, I have been going back in my estimation of all creature excellency and creature attainments; until at length I have arrived at the same conclusion with Job, "to abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."—*Hawker*.

INQUIRY.

Sir,—Which is the right time for sitting down to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper—morning, afternoon, or evening? and as it must be admitted that the evening was the time of its original institution, are we not bound to adhere to that portion of the day as most scriptural and most corresponding to the name and nature of the ordinance?

ANSWER.

Questions of this nature require for their answer the consideration of two points. 1. The positive precepts and injunctions of the Lord or his apostles; 2. The spirit and bearing of the new covenant. Where there is a positive command, *that* decides the point. A willing, heart-felt, childlike obedience then becomes our wisdom and mercy. But the New Testament is not a rule of St. Dominic, or a Roman Catholic directory for the mass, prescribing every movement and gesture, when to raise the hands and when the eyes, when to turn to the people and when to bow to the altar. The spirit of the New Testament, which is to guide us in cases where positive directions or clearly imperative practice are wanting, is utterly opposed to a strict, rigorous observance of mere matters of form, and especially to a slavish regard to times and seasons. This is Galatian practice—the necessary fruit of a Galatian gospel: “Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain.” (Gal. iv. 10, 11.)

But let us examine a little more closely the elements of this question—the principles that should guide us to a right decision; for it is one of those inquiries which are not mere solitary, isolated points, but belong to a class of questions of which the right solution of one is the right solution of all.

The ordinances of the Lord's house, it must ever be borne in mind, are of his own positive institution. Baptism, as the door of admission into the visible church; the Lord's Supper, as the standing memorial of his flesh and blood in the church—were of the Lord's own immediate appointment. Here, with us at least, there is no controversy. But believing that the ordinances themselves were of divine appointment, the question may still arise, “Is *every* circumstance connected with the original appointment so imperative upon us that not one particular may be departed from?” If this be answered in the affirmative—then, as it was in the evening that the Lord's Supper was instituted, and it is expressly called in the New Testament “the Lord's Supper,” (1 Cor. xi. 20,) that being the name of the evening meal—it would follow that we are bound to attend to that ordinance in the evening only.

But are we bound to such rigorous minutiae? To disentangle this question we propose the following considerations.

1. The ordinances of God's house have in them certain *positive elements*. By positive elements we mean those parts of the ordinance which are of positive institution, commanded by the Lord

himself, and which, if departed from, vitiate the ordinance itself, and make it null and void. Immersion in water in the name of the blessed Trinity is one positive element in the ordinance of baptism. Repentance toward God is another positive element; faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is another; a confession of his name a fourth. There are vital elements, as necessary to the very existence of the ordinance as light and warmth to the sun, or food to the maintenance of bodily existence.

In the same manner there are positive elements in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Bread and wine are positive elements; that the bread should be broken and the wine drunk; that the blessing of God should be asked; that the church should meet together as a church for that express purpose; and that the whole should be done in remembrance of the Lord Jesus—are all positive elements from which there can be no departure without sin.

2. But besides these positive elements in the ordinances of the Lord's house, there are *variable incidents* which may or may not be present without affecting the ordinance itself. This we see in nature. The air that we breathe, the water that we drink, are both of them compounded of two distinct elements, the combination of which forms air and water. Separate them, as chemists daily do, and air ceases to be air, and water is no longer water. But vapours may float or not in the air; the pestilential marsh may fill it with poison or the rose-garden with perfume; it is air still. Water may run pure from the mountain side, or drag a slimy load, like the Thames, to the sea; it is water still. So in the ordinances of God's house there are positive elements and variable incidents. The latter may admit of change or alteration. The former admit of neither.

But the *time* of the administration of the Lord's Supper, is it a positive element or a variable incident? In our judgment, a variable incident. It does not affect the essence of the ordinance. Three or four hours sooner or three or four hours later cannot alter the nature of the Lord's Supper. We have a remarkable instance, Acts xx., where Paul broke bread to the disciples only a little before sunrise. The disciples come together on the first day of the week to break bread, probably in the evening. Paul is so led out in preaching that he continues his sermon till midnight. Eutychus, sleepy youth, falls from the third loft, and is taken up dead. Paul raises him up, and afterwards breaks bread, and continues talking till break of day. Now if the administration of the Lord's Supper be limited to the evening, Paul certainly transgressed, for he broke bread after midnight.

Were we to follow the first institution of the Lord's Supper in every exact point, we should say that evening was certainly the *fittest season*; for the passover was limited to that time of the day, and the Lord's Supper was instituted immediately after the Lord Jesus had eaten the passover with his disciples. But if we feel bound to observe the exact time of its institution, why not carry the principle rigorously out? Why not have unleavened bread, for that was most certainly eaten at the first Lord's Supper, no other being allowed in the houses? (Exod. xii. 19.) And why not recline at full length on

couches, and celebrate it in an upper room, and have wine from Judea, as the Prince of Wales was christened with water from Jordan? We see at once that it would be impossible, or at least impracticable, to carry out such punctilious minutiae. And if we could, what should we gain by a slavish adherence to form? A mere Pharisaical, traditionary ceremonial, a rigid bare letter out of which all spirit was evaporated, a theatrical mimicry, such as Whitefield witnessed at Lisbon. As in our present state the soul cannot exist without the body, and yet is of more importance than the body, so in the ordinance the spirit cannot exist without the form, and is yet of more consequence than the form. But as stature, colour, age, and dress do not affect the body, being merely variable appendages, so, as long as the form of the ordinance is observed, in other words, its positive elements are preserved, such variable circumstances as the exact time, exact bread, exact posture,* &c., need not be rigorously, slavishly clung to.

We consider, then, that the time is a mere matter of convenience to the church, analogous to whether it shall be on the first, second, or last Lord's Day of the month. In the country, where hearers lie scattered far and wide, it is generally impracticable to have the service, assuming there are two only, in the evening. Hearers who walk or ride for distances varying from five to fifteen miles, cannot remain till the evening, especially in the winter. To accommodate them service must be in the afternoon. If the Lord's people meet at his table to celebrate his dying love, and he is there to bless the guests, is it "an iniquity to be punished by the Judge" because the hands of the clock stand at four instead of eight?

Let us cleave to the spirit, not to the letter; and may our desire be to enjoy in the ordinance the Lord's presence and power, to eat his flesh and drink his blood by faith, and then mere unimportant, punctilious minutiae will fall into its right place.

The Lord illustrates Moses at no ordinary rate when he tells him, "I know thee by name;" (Exod. xxxiii. 17;) and doubtless intended that Moses himself should so account of it, and be highly satisfied therewith, though denied some other things he would fain have had. Thus also Paul signalises those eminent saints who were his fellow-labourers in the gospel, that "their names were in the book of life." (Phil. iv. 3.) And our Saviour propounds it to his disciples, as matter of the highest exaltation, that "their names were written in heaven." (Luke x. 20.) That our poor insignificant names should be written in God's book, and laid up among his treasures in heaven, when the generality of names, (even names of note,) are written in the dust, let it not seem a light matter to us; for this is that "everlasting name, which never shall be cut off." (Isa. lvi. 5.)

—Coles.

* We object to the kneeling posture on the same grounds as our Puritan ancestors: 1. that it is contrary to the nature of a supper; and, 2. that it favours a superstitious adoration of the bread and wine.

REVIEW.

Obituary of Mrs. E. Parsons, wife of Mr. Edward Parsons, late Minister of the Gospel, at Zion Chapel, Chichester. From a Manuscript by her Husband. London: E. Justins and Sons, 59, Fenchurch Street.

Next to the word of life and the preached gospel, and, we may perhaps add, the conversation of the tried and favoured amongst the people of God, there are few things more edifying to the soul than the records of the experience of the living family. Even in natural biography there is for most readers a peculiar charm. The pulses of human life so beat in unison, heart so echoes to heart in man to man, even as it lies buried amidst the ruins of the fall, that most are riveted by any well-written, detailed description of the varied circumstances and incidents that have stamped a character on the writer's life. And most have a history to relate, a tale of joys and sorrows, of marked providences and striking incidents, were they able to recollect or willing to detail the varied events that have tracked their path and lie buried in the secret depths of their bosom.

But if this be true naturally, how much more so spiritually! Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," Hart's "Experience," Huntington's "Kingdom of Heaven,"—where, in the whole range of spiritual reading, can we find three more edifying books? They are the concentrated kernel of well nigh everything else that these gracious men of God wrote. "The Pilgrim's Progress" lies deeply imbedded in "Grace Abounding;" the Hymns of Hart in his "Experience;" and the more than twenty volumes of the immortal Coal-heaver in "The Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer." If our books were placed on different shelves according to their worth and value, these would occupy the first, and few, perhaps, be found worthy to stand by their side. But as preachers have been owned and blessed who have not had the gifts and knowledge, power and utterance of Huntington, and writers been honoured who had neither the temptations of Bunyan nor the experience of Hart, so there are other records of Christian experience which well deserve a place on the shelves and in the hearts of those that fear God. Where these accounts are genuine, clear, deep, and powerful, they impress the heart and conscience in an indescribable manner. The weighty things of eternity are brought vividly before the eyes; the reality of true religion, the blessedness of those who are taught and favoured of God, the fallacy of a dead profession, the truth of the Scriptures, the oneness of the Spirit's teaching, all seem to be impressed on the soul of the spiritual reader when he sees them take this living, breathing form, and thus stamped as by the creating hand of God. And when we can follow the suffering saints from their first convictions to their deliverance, and then all through the wilderness of temptation to a dying bed, and see the faithfulness of God and the efficacy of his superabounding grace manifested from first to last, how it makes us admire and adore the depth and fulness of his infinite and eternal love! Grace in the heart of a Christian is thus seen as in a mirror.

In the Person and work of the Lord Jesus is grace revealed, in the word of truth is it made known; but it is only as let down into the heart that it is tasted, handled, felt, and realised.

Now grace in the heart of one child of God will ever unite with grace in the heart of another. If there be jars and divisions, if there be dispute and contention in churches and among individuals, let not these be fathered on religion. It is not grace but the want of it that gives them birth and maintains them in being. So far as grace rules and reigns, so far as the life of God is made manifest in the conscience, there is a blessed bond of union amongst the family of God. This bond of union may indeed lie very deep or be much hidden and covered; the brook of love that once flowed strong and clear may be diminished to a trickling rill; circumstances may separate the chiefest friends; ministers may be divided, churches split, congregations dispersed, the closest ties severed; because iniquity abounds the love of many may wax cold; but love itself can never die, for life and love are so one that love can only die with life and life die with love. It is one of the three abiding graces; and as faith never ceases out of the believer's heart, nor hope quite dies out of his soul, so love, however low it may sink or cold it may grow, never gives up the ghost. If a man could cease to love he would cease to believe; and if he could cease to believe he would cease to live; and if he ceased to live he would die out of the body of Christ as a dead branch out of a tree. But this we know is impossible with the people of God. "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand;" "Because I live, ye shall live also."

That there is a great diversity in the experience of the Lord's people must be acknowledged; but there is a oneness, notwithstanding, running through and shining forth amidst that diversity. A few moments may not be out of place in glancing at this subject. Oneness, with diversity, is the peculiar feature of the work of God as seen in the visible creation. It is the grand clue that leads the naturalist through the labyrinth of created beings with which we are surrounded, from the stars that spangle the sky to the grass that we tread under our feet. Not to mention God's noblest work, *man*, created in his own image after his own likeness, in the features of whose countenance there is the greatest diversity, with oneness of original design and form, there is not a leaf that waves on the trees nor a flower that blows in garden or field that is not different, and yet alike—alike in type and nature, different in size, shape, or colour; alike as a whole, different in detail. And if natural creation present this beautiful combination of variety and oneness, shall not the spiritual creation bear a similar impress of God's handiwork? That there is a striking analogy between the old creation and the new is most plain. The figures and parables, comparisons and similitudes that meet us in well nigh every page of Old Testament and New amply prove this; for were there no resemblance between the work of creation and the work of grace there could be no room for such comparisons.

In true experience, then, viewed as the product of God's hand, there must be *oneness*. It is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." (1 Cor. xii. 12, 13.) Without this oneness there could be neither union nor communion. In grace as in nature there must be a face to look at and love. "Thy neck," says the Bridegroom to the Bride, "is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus." (Song vii. 4.) The graces of the Spirit typified by the features of her face drew forth his love. "Turn away thine eyes, for they have overcome me." (vi. 5.) When we gaze upon a human countenance we instinctively look for features. Without eyes, nose, mouth, and the other features, and these blended and assimilated in some proportion and harmony, it would not be the face of a man but of a monster. In the work of God on the soul, must there not be equally marked features? And do we not look, as if instinctively, for them? In hearing or reading, then, some professed account of the Lord's dealings with the soul, are we not obliged sometimes to stop and say, "Well, there is something here like face; but where are the eyes, where the nose, the mouth, and chin? Why, with all its roundness and softness, its form and colouring, it is after all but a mass of flesh—a mis-shapen mummy; or if there be something in it like eyes, they are certainly in the wrong place, in the cheek or chin, and the nose where the forehead should be. Is this a face to draw forth love? It rather creates disgust." Is there not much of this in the religious world? Taking the word experience in the broad, and, we may say, mis-used sense of mere *feelings*, without regard to their source, nature, and end, the world is full of it. Does not the Wesleyan class leader catechise his young brood about their experience? and does not the Romish priest draw forth the workings of the heart from his female penitents? True experience is not mere feeling, as feeling, but an experience of the power, presence, grace, and teaching of God in the soul. When, then, we examine much that is called experience, it is like looking at what claims to be a human face. And what are many such countenances? Some are like the *gutta percha* faces, the new toy that amuses children, which can be pulled and squeezed, made long or short, round or square, to smile or frown, and yet always in the end resume their vacant, unmeaning stare. Hundreds of such experiences are every year manufactured to order. Others possess no features at all—a mere mummy and mass of flesh; or, if any features, all in their wrong places. Liberty before bondage, gospel before law, deliverance before the prison, pardon before guilt, assurance before unbelief, redemption before captivity, mercy before misery; eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and cheeks all topsy-turvy, all in their wrong place. Aye, and some features altogether wanting—holes instead of eyes, or no eyes at all; a cheek all over the face, forehead and

chin clean shaved away. How many have what they call faith and yet no repentance, knowledge and no contrition, confidence and no fear, boldness and no humility, praise and no prayer, singing and no sorrowing, rejoicing and no mourning, victory without fighting, resurrection without dying, and glory in prospect without grace in possession! What can we make out of all this? Are we harsh, bigoted, uncharitable, if we cannot admire nor love such an eyeless, noseless, chinless face? Show us real, well-placed harmonious features, and we can admire and love them; but not a featureless, disfigured countenance—a cross between presumption and ignorance. Let us have eyes, and we shall not inquire whether they be blue or black; a nose, and we shall not be particular as to its shape or size. Oneness without variety would be sameness; variety without oneness would be disfigurement.

Amidst, then, all the variety of gracious experience, there is, as in the human countenance, a pervading oneness and a harmony, which, like the key-note of an air in music, runs through and blends the whole. For there is a *variety*, a beautiful variety in the experience of God's family. Each tuneful bird has its own note, each fragrant flower its own smell, each season its own beauty; and each child of God his own experience. Their trials, temptations, afflictions, providences, mercies, miseries, are not made in the same exact mould, nor cut to the same precise pattern. Some sink more deeply, and others rise more highly; some are faint and feeble, and others lively and strong; some are slow, late, and long, others quick, early, and short; some are cropt in their bloom, and others hang till their leaves get brown and dusky; some promise well at the outset and perform poorly, others promise but indifferently and ripen better; with some, clouds and rain last nearly all day till there is a glorious sunset, with others, cloudy bars are stretched across their evening rays, though their morning might have been bright and clear; some walk tenderly and humbly all their days, and others bring grief on themselves and others by their carelessness and carnality. Yet amidst all this variety there is oneness. The misery of sin, the vileness and deceitfulness of the heart, the guilt, and bondage that allowed carnality produces, the mercy and long-suffering of God and the superaboundings of his grace, the suitability and preciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, the emptiness of all created things, the assaults and fiery darts of Satan, the doubts and fears that spring up within when night comes on and the beasts of the forest prowl forth, the cries and sighs that go up unto the Lord when the battle is hot and victory hangs trembling in the balance, the sweetness of the promises as applied to the soul, the certainty and security of the elect, with the other blessed truths of the gospel, as appropriated and realised—in all these features of divine experience there is a sweet oneness of spirit among all the family of God. To see, to feel, to realise this oneness is to experience spiritual union and communion with the members of the body of Christ. This is the "communion of saints"—an article of the apostles' creed, but to most as dead and dry an article as the gilded sentence

that stands at the east end of a church, or the whole of the thirty-nine articles to a young curate pouncing upon a living as a duck upon a worm. But the "communion of saints" is as much a living article of a Christian's faith as "the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting." This is the mystical tie that knits heart to heart. This Jonathan felt to David, Elisha to Elijah, Asaph to the generation of God's children, (Ps. lxxiii. 15,) the saints to each other in those Pentecostal days when they were of "one heart and one soul," Paul to the Corinthian believers, (2 Cor. xii. 15,) and the early Christians when the wondering heathens said, "See how these Christians love one another."

Here, then, is one of the main benefits and blessings of those accounts of real Christian experience which we are sometimes favoured with. They much tend to the edifying of the body in love. They strengthen faith, encourage hope, and draw forth love, tenderness, and affection. The faithfulness of God is seen in living examples, his dealings seem brought near, and there is a sweet testimony that the Lord still reigns, that he has not forgotten the earth, and that a seed still serves him.

We have made the porch so large that we find we have not room for the house. As is the case with some ministers, our sermon is all introduction. We must, therefore, following their example, defer the rest of the subject till the evening—in other words, till the following Number.

P O E T R Y.

BEHOLD HIS BED, WHICH IS SOLOMON'S.

The covenant of grace,
Salvation full and free,
Abides, my soul, a resting place,
Ordain'd of God for thee.

Blood is thy sealing claim;
Make this thy constant plea;
Ask what thou wilt in Jesus' name;
He gives himself to thee.

Matfield Green.

His bosom he displays,
His loving heart declares,
And freely, sweetly, softly says,
"Cast on me all thy cares."

Here, on this bed I'd rest,
Nor from my Portion roam;
What can I want to make me blest
While Jesus is my home?

R. S.

ERRATUM.

"Re-uniting," page 233, line 16, July Number, should be "Reconciling."

You will always find, if you observe, that after a sharp trial, when the compassion of our God moves our bowels toward him, when meekness and contrition operate, how dead the old man with all his members appears to be; how submissive, resigned, humble, lowly patient, and quiet the mind is, and at such times not easily roused or stirred up. These are called the peaceable fruits of righteousness, produced in those exercised with chastening or other afflictions.—*Huntington.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 201. SEPTEMBER, 1852. VOL. XVIII.

PRAYER FOR MERCY.

PART OF A SERMON BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Continued from page 240.)

III. The next general head of method was, to inquire what is *imported* in the Lord's *remembering mercy*, and our *praying* that he would do so. Here we may consider the import of it in a three-fold view. 1. Actively, as it is God's act. 2. Objectively, as it is our plea. 3. With reference to the season; viz., God's remembering mercy in the midst of wrath.

1. We may view the import of it *actively* considered, as it is God's act. What is it for God to remember mercy? It does not suppose oblivion or forgetfulness in God, as if he were capable of forgetting the perfection of his nature. No; he can no more forget mercy than he can forget himself. But there are three ways in which he may be said to remember mercy.

First. When he has *thoughts* of mercy: "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end." And then it follows also, "Ye shall call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you." (Jer. xxix. 11, 12.) In time of wrathful dispensations we are ready to think that God has no thoughts of mercy; but even then he says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts;" (Isa. lv. 8;) "For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they call thee an out-cast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after." (Jer. xxx. 17.)

Second. He may be said to remember mercy when he *speaks words* of mercy; though he brings to the wilderness, yet he speaks comfortably. (Hos. ii. 14.) He remembers when he speaks comfortably to Jerusalem, and cries to her, "that her warfare is accom-

plished, that her iniquity is pardoned." (Isa. xl. 2.) When the Lord remembers mercy he speaks it both outwardly into the ear and inwardly into the heart; "God hath spoken once; yea, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God. Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy." (Ps. lxii. 11, 12.) He speaks it once into the ear by the word; but he speaks it again, and that is twice, when, by his Spirit, he speaks it into the heart. Then indeed the heart rejoices: "God has spoken in his holiness, I will rejoice."

Third. He may be said to remember mercy when he does *acts* of mercy; such as these I have mentioned already in the instances of his pardoning and healing mercy. Thus he remembers mercy when he shows or manifests mercy, and when he exercises mercy in manifold acts, fruits, and effects of his mercy. Now, then, the prayer that he would remember mercy respects his merciful thoughts, merciful words, and merciful acts in the midst of wrath.

2. We may consider the import of it *objectively*, as it is our plea: "Remember mercy." Many deceive themselves with a false hope in the general mercy of God, and are ignorant of mercy, as it is the plea of faith. There are these twelve things contained in the plea of faith, when we plead that God would remember mercy.

First. We plead that he would remember the *place* of mercy; what place it has in his heart, and what place it has in his Christ. Has it not such a place in his heart that it is his delight? "He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy." (Micah vii. 18.) As we are by nature children of wrath, so he is by nature merciful. His mercies are called "his bowels." (Luke i. 78.) "Through the tender mercy of our God;" in the margin it is, through the "bowels of the mercy." Thus, James v. 11, he is called "very pitiful," literally "full of bowels." Mercy is most natural to him, and therefore it is most natural for him to show mercy. Has it not such a place in Christ that he is said to be the storehouse of mercy and grace? "My faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him;" (Ps. lxxxix. 24;) "God was in Christ." (2 Cor. v. 19.) And of all the attributes of God in Christ, mercy is mentioned as the most triumphant, "rejoicing over judgment." "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself" mercifully; "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," or merciful, and mercifully appeased. (Matt. iii. 16.) When we plead, it is that he would remember mercy in his heart and in his Christ, who is the darling of his heart, and he in whom his soul delights.

Second. We plead that he would remember the *ground* and *reason* of mercy, and that is mercy itself: God "saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." (Rom. ix. 15.) Though the immediate ground of God's manifesting mercy is for Christ's sake, yet the primary and original ground is for mercy's sake; for mercy provided a Christ, a Saviour, a Redeemer. He shows mercy for mercy's sake. The supreme cause of divine love is divine love itself. So God says to Israel, "The Lord loved Israel because he loved them." (Deut. vii. 7, 8.)

Third. We plead that he would remember the *channel* of mercy, and

how it flows through a propitiation to the honour of justice. (Rom. iii. 25, 26.) We may plead that he cannot wrong his justice by showing mercy, since he has "found a ransom," and "set forth Christ to be a propitiation, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sin." Hence, when we plead that he would remember mercy, we plead that he would remember Christ, and a mercy-seat sprinkled with his blood. Christ is called the Mercy, by way of eminency: "The mercy promised to our fathers." (Luke i. 72.) And it is a strong plea for faith when pleading that he would remember mercy, that he would remember Christ, and not forget what he has done; and how he has done, and suffered, and satisfied, and finished his work; and what he is still doing; so that he would both remember mercy for mercy's sake, and remember mercy for Jesus' sake; yea, mercy in Jesus, so as to accept in the Beloved, since mercy in this channel brings glory to every other attribute. Here is "grace reigning through righteousness unto eternal life."

Fourth. In pleading that he would remember mercy, we plead that he would remember the *covenant* of mercy and the *promise* of mercy, sealed by the blood of mercy, the Mediator of the covenant; and how he has "made a covenant with his chosen," and said, "Mercy shall be built up for ever." (Ps. lxxxix. 2, 3.) Though, indeed, if "his children break his law, he will visit their iniquities with rods," &c., yet nevertheless he has said, "My loving-kindness will I not take from him," nor, consequently, from his seed; "nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the word that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David." (30—35.) And hence when he performed "the mercy promised to the fathers," he is said to "remember his holy covenant." (Luke i. 72.) O it is a strong plea, in the midst of wrath, that he would remember his covenant and promise; remember the word on which he has caused us to hope, as a word sealed by the blood of Christ, and yea and amen in him. And, indeed, you cannot go safely to a communion-table without the plea in your mouth, in your heart. For Christ says of the sacramental cup, "This cup is the new testament in my blood." It is a cup of promised mercy, secured by his blood.

Fifth. In pleading this mercy we plead that he would remember the dignity of mercy, and the *glory* and *grandeur* of it, as what he exalts and magnifies above every other letter of his name: "I will praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name;" (Ps. cxxxviii. 2;) that is, thy word of grace, mercy, and loving-kindness; which truth is engaged to accomplish this mercy which thou hast magnified above all thy name and dignity, as it were above all thy perfections. Though the Lord consults the honour of all his perfections in the method of salvation through Christ, yet he consults their honour with this view, that especially mercy may be manifested, dignified, magnified, and aggrandised; therefore says faith, "Lord, remember the dignity and grandeur of mercy."

Sixth. In pleading this mercy we plead the *dimensions* of mercy.

the height, depth, length, and breadth of mercy as well as love, spoken of in Eph. iii. 18. The dimensions of our sins are great; and we cannot magnify sin too much, unless we magnify it above the mercy of God in Christ. O this divine mercy is as high as heaven, as deep as hell, as broad as space, and as long as eternity! Here is an ocean without bank or bottom.

Seventh. In pleading this mercy we plead that he would remember the *associates* of mercy, or its companions and concomitants with whom it has struck hands and made up a blessed agreement: "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxxv. 10.) There was a seeming odds and contrariety between mercy and justice: mercy saying, Pity and save the sinner; Justice saying, Damn and destroy him. But now, in the death and satisfaction of Christ, the Surety, the blood-thirsty sword of justice has drunk to infinite satisfaction, and has no more blood to demand. The truth of God, in the threatening of the law, denouncing death and damnation to the sinner, is vindicated by this substitution of Jesus in our room, mercy and truth having met and kissed each other. We have not only mercy to plead, but the associates of mercy, and so may plead mercy for justice's sake, mercy for the sake of truth and holiness, mercy for the sake of all her associate and neighbour attributes, that they may be glorified with her.

Eighth. In pleading his remembering mercy we plead that he would remember the *riches* of his mercy. The Lord is said to be "rich in mercy," and to "show the exceeding riches of his grace." (Eph. ii. 4, 7.) O what a strong plea is it that God accounts mercy, beyond all things else, to be his riches! The men of this world count gold and silver their riches, but God accounts his being merciful, his being rich, and being communicative of his mercy to poor sinners.

Ninth. In pleading his mercy we plead that he would remember the *multitude* of his mercy. This is frequently the church's plea: "According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." (Ps. li. 1.) And in Psalm cvi. 7, Israel is challenged for their not remembering the multitude of his mercies. And in verse 45, it is said, "He remembered for them his covenant, and repented according to the multitude of his mercies." We may as soon number the stars of heaven as the multitude of divine mercy; and this we may set against the multitude of our sins, when we plead that "in wrath he would remember mercy."

Tenth. In this prayer we plead that he would remember the *objects* of mercy. It is not himself that is the object of his mercy, but man, miserable and sinful man: "The kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared." (Tit. iii. 4.) But the love of God and the mercy of God in this differs, that whereas God himself as well as man is the object of his love; for he loves himself, and so is the greatest object of his love; but God himself is not the object of his own mercy; God has no need of mercy, and is incapable of mercy for himself. What a comfortable plea is this, that the mercy which God accounts his chief riches and treasure is what peculiarly concerns us, and our good and salvation! Hence

we may make our own misery a plea in prayer; because this is the proper object of divine mercy; therefore it is called, "His kindness towards us through Christ." (Eph. ii. 7.)

Eleventh. In this prayer we plead that he would remember the *qualities* of his mercy; that his mercy is like himself, *great* and *infinite*. Hence the church so frequently in Scripture pleads the greatness of his mercy, and sets it against the greatness of their sins: "For his merciful kindness is great toward us." (Ps. cxvii. 2.) "Thy mercy is great unto the heaven." (Ps. lvii. 10.) Nay, "Thy mercy is great above the heaven." (Ps. cviii. 4.) We may plead that his mercy is *free* mercy; and, indeed, if it did not exclude merit, and were not free, it could not be so properly mercy. We may plead that his mercy is *sovereign* mercy, regarding neither the worthiness nor unworthiness of the creature. We may plead that it is *ancient* mercy; with reference to eternity, that it is from everlasting; and with reference to time, that it is of old; saying, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations; thou hast been favourable to thy land." And so we may plead upon former mercies, saying, "Where is the sounding of thy bowels, and of thy mercies towards me? Are they restrained?" (Isa. lxiii. 15.) We may plead not only the antiquity but the *perpetuity* of his mercy; that his mercy endures for ever. He has commanded the house of Israel and the house of Aaron to say, "His mercy endureth for ever." We may plead the *immutability* of his mercy. Whatever changes befall us, yet "he is God, and changeth not; therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed." "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Twelfth. In this prayer we may plead the *kinds* of mercy; the various sorts of mercy. We may plead that he would remember his *conquering* and overcoming mercy; which can conquer our enmity, conquer our guilt, conquer the curse of the law, and all the wrath we deserve. That it is *preventing** mercy; which can and must prevent our faith, prevent our repentance, and prevent our prayers, otherwise we shall never believe, or repent, or pray. Hence, as it is mercy that comes over mountains, so it is called mercy "found of them that sought him not." That it is *following* and pursuing mercy; still following those whom it prevents and prevails upon: "Goodness and mercy shall follow me." (Ps. xxiii. 6.) Even when the soul forsakes God, grace and mercy will follow the soul and bring it back, otherwise it would run to ruin. Again, that it is *forgiving* mercy, saying, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness; their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." And that it is a *forthcoming* mercy, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." In a word, all kinds of mercy are with God, and so we are to plead the

* That is, going before, anticipating, as the word preventing formerly meant. "Thou *preventest* him"—goest before him, "with the blessings of goodness." (Ps. xxi. 3.) "*I prevented*"—anticipated, awoke before, "the dawning of the morning." (Ps. cxix. 147.)

variety of his mercy. There is no sin or misery but God has mercy for it, mercy of every kind; and, among others, *uniting* mercy: "I will give them one heart and one way." (Jer. xxxii. 39.) And as there is no disease but God has a remedy for it, so there is no misery but God has a mercy for it. He has in himself a treasure of all sorts of mercies, divided into several promises in Scripture, which are but so many boxes or chests of this treasure. If thy heart be hard and untender, he has tender mercies and melting mercies. If thy heart be dead, he has quickening mercy. If polluted, he has purifying mercy. If thou art sick, he has healing mercy. If sinful, he has sanctifying mercy. If sorrowful, he has all-comforting mercy. If lost and miserable, he has all-saving mercy. As large and various as your wants are, more large and various are his mercies, so that we may "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need," and according to our need. (Heb. iv. 16.) O what a rich product is to be had out of the womb of mercy! And O how many powerful pleas and arguments are there in this one, "Remember mercy!" All the mercies that are in his heart he has transplanted them, as it were, into several beds in the garden of the promises, where they grow; and we are allowed to pluck these flowers, by pleading the mercies contained in these promises, which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, unto the glory of God by us.

3. We may view the import with reference to the *season* of God's remembering mercy, viz., "*In the midst of wrath* remember mercy." Now what is it for God to remember mercy in the midst of wrath? Why, the Lord may be said to remember mercy in the midst of wrath in the following respects.

First. When he *imbitters sin* to his people, which is the procuring cause of wrath, and weans their hearts from it: "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is the fruit of all to take away sin."

Second. When he *humbles* them under his mighty hand; makes the rod of correction drive away the folly that is bound up in their hearts; and brings them to confess that it is an "evil and bitter thing to depart from the living God."

Third. When he makes them *search and try their ways*; to inquire what means the heat of his great anger; and induces them to "turn to the hand that smiteth them;" "to seek the Lord of Hosts while he may be found;" and "to pour out a prayer when his chastening hand is upon them."

Fourth. When he enables them to *exercise faith and patience*, and other graces, in the time of anger and wrath, and to justify God in all his procedure; for tribulation and the trial of faith work patience; to acknowledge that he punishes us less than our iniquities deserve; and therefore to bear the indignation of the Lord because we have sinned.

Fifth. In a word, God may be said to remember mercy in the midst of wrath, when he only *corrects them in measure*; when he "stays his rough wind in the day of his east wind;" when he *grants*

them some little reviving in their bondage, and supporting cordials in these wrath-like dispensations; favours them with any secret interview with his gracious presence, and lets them see any love-designs that he has in these afflictions.

Thus much may suffice for the third thing proposed, viz., the import of the Lord's remembering mercy in the midst of wrath, and our praying that he would do so.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The whole Scripture divides itself into two parts—the Law and the Gospel. The law is that which teaches what we must do, what the will of God requires of us. The gospel teaches where that is to be received which the law commands. Even as if I seek to take physic, it is one art to tell what the disease is, and another to minister that which is good and wholesome to remedy it, so stands the case here; the law reveals the disease, the gospel ministers the medicine, which is manifest by the text where the lawyer comes, and being very desirous of eternal life, asks the Lord what he must do. The law declares this unto him, saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." He that reads these words after a bare and slender sort only, as the lawyer did, understands them not; we must pierce into the law, and every one behold his face and heart therein; God must be beloved of me from the bottom of my heart. Again, I must love him with all my soul, that is, from the depth of my soul, so that I thoroughly feel in myself that I love him; moreover, with all my strength, that is, with all my members; also with all my mind, that is, all my senses, cogitations, and thoughts must be directed unto God. Now I find in myself that I do none of these; for if I must love God with all my heart, soul, strength, and mind, it is requisite that mine eyes show no angry twinkling or motion, that my tongue speak not any word, that my feet, hands, ears, &c., show no sign of wrath; that my whole body, even from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, and all things belonging thereunto, do walk in charity, be as it were ravished with love and pleasure toward God, and always serve and worship him. Wherefore, who is he which does this? there cannot be one such found in the earth; for we always find ourselves readier to wrath, hatred, envy, worldly pleasures, &c., than to meekness and other virtues. I find in me not only a spark, but even a fiery furnace of wicked desires; for there is no love in my heart, no, not in all my members; wherefore, here in the law, as if it were in a glass, I see whatsoever is in me to be damnable and cursed; for not one jot of the law must perish, but all must be fulfilled; as Christ says, "For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." (Matt. v. 11.) Now you find not this in you, that you do with all your soul and heart, with cheerfulness and pleasure, whatsoever the law exacts or requires of you; hereupon you are condemned and under the dominion of Satan.—*Luther.*

**"THOU ART STRONGER THAN I AND HAST
PREVAILED."**

My dear old Friend,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, to raise up your heart and affections unto him who sits on the right hand of God, to worship him in the spirit and beauty of holiness, which will cheer your heart, refresh your spirit, and revive your soul, so that you will worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.

Dear friend, you have written two or three letters to me since I last wrote to you. I think it is three. I must confess that it is too bad of me, but you must forgive me, for I am a good-for-nothing wretch, not worthy of the notice of any man, much more of the notice of the Lord. But you have spurred and goaded me up nicely in your last, so that you must have a line or two out of me now. And what a man you are, to try to draw water out of a dry well. But you cannot get any up until the spring breaks out, for often there seems to be nothing left but the stagnated pool; so then you must have some of the froth and scum; some of the filth and dirt; some of the dust and mire; some of the husks and chaff; some of the hay and stubble; for I cannot send you what I have not, neither can my soul go to the bank and draw; as I am a poor beggar, a vile sinner, a filthy wretch, and a naked worm. I have no strength, no might, no power, no health; but am so poor, so naked, so low, and so dead and barren, that I often seem left without strength to cry, life to feel, light to see, legs to stand, feet to walk, or hands to handle. But there is this feeling left within my soul, and that is, the Lord only can help me; and the fountain open for sin and uncleanness just suits the old sinner. The love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ are what my soul hangs its all upon; and sometimes he is very precious, his word very sweet, his atonement very suitable, and his justifying righteousness is put on by faith; so that my soul walks in his fear, sits at his feet, rejoices in his name, shouts victory through his blood, glories in his free grace and great salvation, and feels a real desire to live, walk, speak, and act as in his sight, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and before whom the darkness and the light are both alike.

But I find the collar to grind my shoulders, the harness to gall my sides, the backtree to rub my back bone, and the crupper to cut me sorely. The bridle fits so tight, and is curbed up so sharply, that at times I am like an old jibbing horse, seem to run backwards instead of forwards, and try to kick myself out of the harness, like Jeremiah and poor Jonah; but I have not done it yet. I sometimes go up to the house of God in chains and fetters as unwillingly as a man goes to the gallows, with my head hanging down with guilt and shame, as if I had committed some great crime or was going to do so, with such a load of doubts and fears, and ready to faint, without a chapter to read or a text to speak from, that I tremble and shake like a leaf; but, to my astonishment, I return from the chapel like a giant refreshed with new wine, and feel as though my soul could die

at the stake for the truth's sake, and think that I never will be such a fool again. But as soon as ever the Lord withdraws his smiles from my soul, and the pulpit work comes on again, down goes my heart, and Satan and unbelief set in upon me; so that my inside is all of a work, and in such a ferment, that there is a war within between the two armies. But somehow or other I have been kept hobbling on in this way, sometimes with a guilty conscience and sometimes with a justified one; sometimes like a bond slave and at other times like a free son; sometimes groaning, sighing, and crying, and at other times singing, blessing, praising, and thanking the Three-One God, with a heart enlarged by love and blood, and under the sweet enjoyment of the smiling countenance of the blessed Jesus, that I love him with all my heart, mind, soul, and strength, and can feelingly say, "My Lord and my God!" without a fear or a doubt. And thou dost know what sweet moments these are to a soul which has been cursed under the righteous law of God, and a heavy load of sin and guilt chained on to the conscience, with the cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts."

Now you will see by this that there is the same affection within my heart towards you as there ever was, although I have not answered your letters. But what is my affection, such a poor blind mortal as I am? But I trust that, although I am "blind, yet I see; dead, but yet alive; cold, but yet warmed by love divine; far off, but yet made nigh by the blood of Christ."

Love to all the friends by name. Yours for the truth's sake,

Woburn, Sept. 6th, 1849.

T. G.

A LETTER BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF HIS PILGRIMAGE.

My dear Friend,—It has been a great pleasure to me for these many years, to receive and converse with poor sensible sinners, and it has proved, I believe, mutually edifying. But I have for many months past been deprived of that pleasure, and have not been allowed to converse with my most dear fellow-travellers, as any excitement is likely to open a vessel of the lungs, which has discharged five times since last November. I have not attempted to preach for these three months. I continued to preach much longer than my strength would justify. I have not a doubt that my lungs are now in a state of ulceration, and that this affliction will ultimately carry me to my much-desired haven. I thought it right to state my situation to you, lest Satan, who is ever active to harass poor sinners, should gain an advantage over you, through my distant carriage, in not having an interview with you. I perceive by yours that you have also been under God's afflicting hand. May the good Lord be glorified in and by both your affliction and mine! By your language I am led to conclude that you are one of the few upon whom the adorable Sovereign of heaven and earth has looked

in love. But you say that you are exercised with the fear of death. My friend, you are not yet in dying circumstances; when you are, God will place beneath you his everlasting arms of love. Your fear of death cannot make death your enemy. O no! Death is 'yours,' *i. e.*, your friend, made such by him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." My object is not to push you into unwarrantable confidence. God forbid! But I well know what the power of unbelief is, and how apt poor godly souls are to seek for a ground of confidence in their joyful frames and sweet comforts, rather than hang upon the sure promises made to Jesus by the Father, and made sure by the same glorious act of grace. All the promises in him are yea and amen. If God indeed is leading you into a deeper discovery of your awful state as a ruined, lost, undone sinner in yourself, his thus causing you to pass under the rod is in mercy. Under the blessed Spirit's teaching you will learn the true meaning of grace. I have said much publicly for these last thirty-six years of my experience, and have sent forth a little in print, but now I am obliged to bring all into a small compass. I am a poor, helpless, miserable sinner. I am entirely dependent on the Lord. I feel a pleasure in groaning out my desires to my blessed Jesus at times, but the mountain can as easily be moved from its bed and ascend to the skies, as one affection arise in my heart to Christ unless he draw. A sense of duty, the dictates of conscience, the authority of God in his blessed word, may preserve me from total indifference; but I know the great difference there is between bodily exercise and the labours of the flesh, on the one hand, and that holy, happy freedom of soul, produced by the ever-blessed Spirit, well expressed by one of our poets :

"Thou art my ocean, thou my God,
In thee the pleasures of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfined,
Exult and spread their powers abroad."

May grace and peace be with you. From your good for nothing,
worse than nothing friend,

Sept. 14, 1838.

HENRY FOWLER.

A WORD FROM THE COAL-MINE.

Dear Sir,—Having had your June Number sent me by one of the friends, to look at the Obituary of Mr. Lewis, I would bear my humble testimony to the grace of God manifested in that testimony for God. *It sweetly brought to my remembrance that solemn time when I had the sentence of death from a broken law in my own heart and conscience, and when the Spirit of grace and supplications was poured out, which enabled me to roar by reason of the disquietude of my heart, when the dear Lord came down and knocked off my fetters, shed light into my dungeon, and proclaimed a jubilee to my astonished soul. Who can express the sweet enjoyment with which a poor law-condemned, sin-convinced sinner is favoured, when his blessed Surety comes with his certificate of

eternal release? It is a feast of fat things indeed, and a drinking of wines on the lees well refined. O thou precious, precious Jesus! Who can estimate thy value? I was dead; he gave me life. I was blind; he opened my eyes. I hated him; he loved me into flames of love, until he made me all his own. I was in prison; he paid my debt, and liberated me. I was naked; he clothed me. I was a fool; he taught me wisdom. I was an heir of wrath by nature, pedigree, and practice; he gave me my title-deed of heirship to God, and revealed my joint heirship with himself. I was so poor that I had nothing; he became poor, to enrich me with all the riches of everlasting life. He took me by his Spirit, and showed me the garden of Eden, its primeval beauty, the pristine innocence of Adam and Eve, their dreadful fall, and complete ruin. He showed me the everlasting covenant and its basis, love, love, eternal love. The Father all love; himself all love; the Holy Ghost all love. How the ever-blessed and eternal Tri-une God had bound himself by ties of everlasting, unceasing, solemn love, in sacred council and oath to the elect in our precious Christ; and also how he came in the fulness of time to die for my sins, according to ancient stipulations. I travelled with his dear heart-dissolving, soul-ravishing Majesty, through all his sufferings, from Bethlehem's stable until he ascended from Bethany's sacred hill; and O the pangs I felt in looking on Gethsemane and Calvary! Yet were they sweetened by the union, the blessed soul-cementing love I felt with his dear, blessed, precious Majesty. But, alas! I have to add, that my desire now is:

"Weep with me, my friends and companions, I pray,
My sins and my follies, that drove him away;
If ye see him, O tell him in sorrow I mourn,
No more to be joyful until he return!"

I am often found crying, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies, and will he be favourable no more?" I go forward, but he is not there; on the right hand and on the left, but I cannot find my Beloved. "O that I knew where I might find him." Yet in the midst of all this fearing, and doubting, and desponding, I know he is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Though he cause grief, yet does he not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. The hiding of his blessed face will only be for a small moment, for he has said, "With everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee."

I count it a blessing that we have the pleasure of seeing your periodical circulating amongst us here. We are only few, very few, among many Papists and their brethren the Arminians.

That wisdom, grace, and faithfulness may be given you, is the prayer of,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

July 16, 1852.

THE COLLIER.

Want of sorrow for sin more argues want of love to Christ than the sin itself.—*John Mason.*

A WAY-WEARY PILGRIM.

My dearly-beloved Friend in the Lord,—It is with shame and sorrow that I have once more taken my pen in hand to scribble a few lines to you, after so long a silence, of which I feel heartily ashamed. Nor do I hardly know how to apologise for my conduct. But I must fall back upon my old plea, not only with the Lord, but it seems with my brother also, (I do offend in so many things against both,) which is, *mercy*. O the sweet word *mercy*! how it delights my soul. I have wished many times that I had named my dearly-beloved daughter, *Mercy*, because of the sweet sound, and because, still sweeter, I believe her to be a vessel of *mercy*, and that she cleaves to the Lord with purpose of heart. But she is a tender plant, and has received a good few hurts in the house of her friends already, without any real cause; but it has been from those chiefly who keep too much company with Messrs. Evil Surmise and Doubtful Dispute, two very old gentlemen; they lived in the apostles' days. Paul saw them, for he makes mention of them. I know them very well; they used to live much nearer to me once than they do now; but I do not like their company on any occasion. I am grown very suspicious of them, and of some who keep them too much company, because I have evidently seen of late they are erring men, as well as others. Although they profess well, they are decided enemies to the weak, and have cut off some of the strong, who are members of the mystical body of Christ. Beware of them, my dear brother; they will most likely pay you many visits. If they will not quit when you wish them, give them into custody, and let them be fairly tried by judge and jury; and if they are found guilty, hang them outright, for they are generally high-minded, and such that the Lord pulls down, while he exalts the humble and meek; and very often when he feeds the hungry with good things he sends these rich gentlemen empty away. They are very self-sufficient gentlemen to judge. Paul disowns them; I know he did, and desired to get rid of their company, for he said he was not sufficient to think anything of himself, but that his sufficiency was of God. O lamentable, that these self-sufficient gentlemen will intrude! I wish they were dead, with all my heart, that I might never see them any more. What a sight Hart had of them or of those who are very near of kin to them, when he said,

“The heart uplifts with God’s own gifts,
And makes e’en grace a snare.”

I have heard these same gentlemen judge good men a hundred miles off, and set them down as nothing in a minute, without either seeing or hearing them; and I know they judge me pretty hardly for hearing two good men when I have an opportunity. But many precious opportunities I have had, the Lord knows; for they are men concerning whom I have bent my knees in humble prayer to the Lord as much as about most things which have concerned me for a long time, and through the prejudice of some do so to

the present time when I am going to hear, till I think the Lord is ready at times to say to me, "Speak no more to me of this matter." But still I keep on. "O Lord, be not offended once more; thou wast not with Abraham. Thou knowest I am not sufficient of myself to think a good thought, much less to judge of a man who preaches. Without thee I can do nothing right. Thou hast said, 'In all thy ways acknowledge me,' &c., so I go on wrestling with the Lord. "O Lord, I am going once more, as I hope, to hear thy servants; if I am deceived or mistaken, O do, do, do, dear Father, show it to me! and if thou hast not sent them, I will never go to hear them any more. Thou knowest I do not go out of opposition, nor to hurt any one's mind; but thou knowest my soul is hungry, from the hardships of the way and the hard fighting I have daily with principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickednesses, and with a hateful and hated body of sin and death, which I long to be freed from and to be with thee, through the precious blood and righteousness of the precious 'Lamb of God,' which I beheld near thirty-three years ago, 'which taketh away the sin' of that world which was given him out of the world. Now, dear Lord, do clothe thy word with power, and let there be unction, dew, moisture, and savoury meat, such as thou knowest my soul loveth. Thou knowest I do at times hope to be with thee ere long, and therefore I do like to hear from all thy real servants, and not only one, the discoveries they have made of the blissful, heavenly country; as some traveller, who intends going ere long into a distant kingdom, would endeavour to learn the language, procure a map of the country, and get the history of the manner of life and customs of the people, that he may not be altogether ignorant and speechless amongst them." This is some of my conduct which the Lord, to my knowledge, has not blamed me for. I think I have understood somewhat of the hearers whom Paul wrote of, where he says; "When they saw the grace of God which was given unto me, they glorified God in me." And God is glorified to the present moment by the preaching of his precious gospel.

Well, my dear friend, I do at times long to emigrate from this country to a heavenly one; for dwelling now, this very month, thirty-four years in Meshech and in the tents of Kedar, has made me so black that a great part of the time I have been more like a bottle in the smoke than an inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem, a country I am in such love with. No tents of Kedar, no sickness, no sorrow nor sighing there, but many mansions. I long to be there, but sometimes am so timid and fearful about the passage. It looks as dark as Box Tunnel does to some of our timid travellers here, who dread going to London because of it, it is so very dark and dismal; and many think Brunel might have gone some other way, a little more in the light. And I being so timid at death (I am almost ashamed to own it) have thought to evade it. I should like to go the way Enoch and Elijah went. What change these good men experienced is what we have faint ideas of now; but no doubt it was the same those will experience who will be alive on earth when Christ shall

come to be admired in all them which believe, who will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, as the apostle says, and so be ever with the Lord.

But, my dear friend, when shall we be without fears? For I do believe if I knew I should go to heaven the way those two good men went that I have spoken of, fears would begin to arise lest any particle of sin should escape. With me it is so interwoven in my very nature; and this in the dark would perplex me as bad as the fear of death; nay, I would sooner die ten deaths than that should be the case. I do assure my F., this has been a sad perplexity to me in the dark as well as the other; but there is a text which used to be very sweet to me on this tormenting subject, which is, "He was crucified that the body of sin might be destroyed." And I know when this shall be done actually in my body, soul, and spirit, then shall I be a happy, happy man. Lord, hasten the happy time in its time.

"For vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with thee."

But as thy servant Cennick said, so say I, dear Lord,

"I would not thee offend, thou know'st my heart,
Nor one short day before thy time depart;
But I am weary and dejected; O
Let me to the eternal Sabbath go!
In no chastisement, darkness, or distress;
In no confusion, but in inward peace,
With thy full leave and approbation, I
Entreat to lay my staff and sandals by," &c.

In the February Number of the "Gospel Standard" of 1843, this poem of that dear man of God, John Cennick, which I have just quoted from, is published. I should like you to see it, it is worth reading. Of all the poems I ever saw it is the best to me; it speaks the very language of my heart; and I do think, if I had a thousand years to do it in, I could not put such a piece as that together to express the feelings of my heart on that subject. The good man pleads, as one excuse, his long servitude:

"Now twice seven years have I thy servant been;
Now let me end my service and my sin."

But I plead five sevens, save one year, together with my poor useless services, rather calculated to dishonour him than to glorify him. But still I do love my Master, because he has not discharged me for my poor, weak, frail, unprofitable services, but has only told me to acknowledge it, and there the matter seems to end; and that pleases me well. Moreover, his countenance seemed so heavenly and divine, and so full of compassion and love, when he said even that, "Say ye, we are unprofitable servants." It is like all the other gracious sayings which proceed out of his lips, so full of grace and truth, that one cannot but holily wonder at it. And now the thought that I am not to be discharged now I am getting old, grey, and bald, does so kindle my secret love to him that I would not offend him nor leave his service for ten thousand worlds. But

I do want to be nearer to him, that I may see him as he is, and serve him better. But then there is my dear wife, daughter, and son to check this my anxious desire to "depart and to be with Christ, which is far better," thinking perhaps I may be a little service to them, poor as it is; and this, like a boy with a string to a bird's leg, when it would fain take its happy flight, pulls it back again. So you see I am drawn and pulled to stay a little longer for their sakes; and this, if I know my heart, is all that binds me to this world at present. My dear daughter is gone to S—, in Gloucestershire, for a fortnight, and I am almost daughter-sick already, and I do think if I were to lose her I should go mourning to my end. O Lord, do not let my affections be inordinately set upon her, that I may provoke thee to remove her, for thou art

"The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul."

Well, my dear friend, "whom, having not seen, I love," I think I must draw this scrawl to an end, of which I have many times been ashamed since I began it, because of its bewildered nature; but it is just like me, nor would you see anything better were you to see me face to face. But I have almost lost myself and my sweet theme of mercy and forgiveness, at which I began. Forgive me, then, dear friend, this long silence, as I have never harboured one hard or ill thought of you since I received your last sweet epistle; therefore do not think I did not like it or was not thankful for it, which would be wrong. Nor have I ever, to my knowledge, put pen to paper since I scribbled to you last. For a long time I was busy and had not time, and many times since, being a bad writer, I hated to set about it. It seems to me sometimes, when I think of it, as though I could not say a right word, nor hardly make anything in the right shape of a letter, for you know mine is rather an imitation of it than writing. I have almost a mind to say I will try to be better next time, but I am afraid that that "fit for nothing nor good for anything," as a good man said once to a friend of mine, has from experience made such deep impressions upon me, that I think it will never be erased in this world.

Yours in love,

Bath, July 2nd, 1845.

J. B.

Jacob saw the ladder in a dream, but Jesus gave the vision to represent himself. The ladder's foot, resting on the earth, bespeaks his human nature; as the ladder top, fairly fixed in the skies, denotes his divine nature; and he stood upon the ladder to point out the emblem. This ladder was truly set up at the incarnation of Jesus; and much intercourse was then carried on between the family above and the family below; therefore angels are described as descending and ascending on the ladder. "No man has ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." (John iii. 13.) He was then in heaven by his divine nature, while his human nature, like the ladder's foot, rested on the earth.—*Berridge*.

MORTALITY SHALL BE SWALLOWED UP OF LIFE.

My dear A.,—Wednesday morning is again arrived. Our days are passing on toward the close of our life in this world, but not of that which is to come, but which only can be so in Christ, in whom a deliverance from every evil is. Paul could rejoice in the assurance he had of knowing that for him to live was Christ, and to die was gain; he felt at times a desire to depart, which, he said, "was far better," yet knew it would be better for the church he should continue among them. Thus his life here was obedience, and such an obedience only as is accepted of God, that which springs from love. Such a life even here has its blessings indeed, though not without much tribulation long together. Yet how is it sweetened by now and then some degree of real certainty of being by and by delivered from all labour and travail, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!" The believer only, when he falls asleep in Jesus, changes situations; for here it is that "he is passed from death unto life;" "which thing is true both in him and in you, because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth;" so that while here in this world he is in Christ, and cannot come into condemnation. The body of sin and death will by and by be put off, and mortality be swallowed up of life. He who is, was, and ever shall be, who, as Paul said to Timothy, "only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto," this blessed One cannot be a mortal man, but the God-man, he who giveth life to the world, that is such of it as the Father had given unto him. Only such a knowledge of him as fully delivers the soul from death could be life unto a sinner truly awakened and brought to feel the evil of sin in the sight of a holy God, and the just sentence of the holy law that he has broken; as Hart says, "His life he receives from the dead." Jesus Christ being risen and ascended into heaven, sends the Spirit of life from thence, raises him up from the prison-house, and by the blood of the everlasting covenant sends him forth. The same eternal Spirit leads the soul into every part of the truth which is in Christ, and is essential to salvation. "He shall glorify me, for he shall take of mine and show it unto you." (John xiv.) It is these who thus live here in Christ, and these only who shall live with him in glory. This will be known by them all: "I give unto them eternal life," &c. It is said unto them not I *offer it*, but *give it*. They are now made willing to receive what God so freely bestows. Yes, it is the Spirit of Christ only who can reconcile the poor sinner to believe it is or can be for such a wretch. It must be in this world that it is known. Jesus having engaged to bring *all* the sheep, they cannot die in a state of enmity to God, because his enemies are appointed unto wrath. The sheep, before their departure out of time, shall know what such a life is in removing that enmity by a deliverance from the law.

Yours, &c.,

Brighton, Sept. 2nd, 1840.

W. S.

**“BLESSED AND HOLY IS HE THAT HATH PART
IN THE FIRST RESURRECTION.”**

I feel a desire to offer a prayer to the Lord, but I am low in a low place, even in that place where darkness covers my soul as the waters covered the earth when Noah entered the ark which God instructed him to build. God grant that I may be found in the ark of the everlasting covenant; for indeed, indeed there is no help in me. I have erred and strayed from the way, and even now I am in mazes lost. But if I am found in him who is the resurrection and the life, great will be the change when this mortal shall be laid in the grave, where it shall rest till the first resurrection. Truly now it is a shock to face; but I feel it must shortly be taken down. What a sad inheritance sin has made this body! Truly the Lord is good, or else this soul of mine would ere now have been in that place which my crimes have deserved. The longer I live the more I feel the evil of sin, and what ignorance and gross darkness there is in me to the best things. I feel I have been waiting this day, hoping that the Lord would arise in my soul with healing in his wings. But, behold obscurity. I really am a mass of corruption, and feel the force of that word spoken by the mighty God, when he said, “In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” O the veracity of the word of our God! Every word of his is engraven as with a diamond. It stands, and will stand, when ruined nature is sunk. And truly I feel that by reason of the fall, I died to all good, and lost all power to rise above its level. O how thankful I should be to eye that straight line which leads to Him who never transgressed his Father's law at any time! I can just see that if I have no part in the first resurrection, I am of all creatures the most miserable, for on earth's polluted ground there is no rest. O the restlessness of sin in the soul! It makes me take up a sore lamentation, saying, “None but he whom the very waves of the sea obeyed, can still the storm.” O that his voice was heard within. I am as one that has lost his all. I seek him in his word, but he is not pleased to reveal himself there to me by the Spirit, and therefore I only read a sealed book; and I try to seek him by prayer and supplication, but it is his will not to notice me by immediate answer. Do I hear him say, “It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs?” I cry out, “Truth, Lord; for I feel that by nature I am a Gentile dog, and not worthy to take thy name into my polluted lips.” For sure I am, if ever I find grace in his sight, I shall feel myself amongst the ten thousand talent debtors. O that the Lord of the house would anoint my eyes with the eye-salve of the Spirit, that I might see wondrous things out of the book of his law! But I am a sinner, and therefore I will lie at his feet, begging that he will enable me to use all prayer; and if he refuse me, he does me no injustice. Who can enter into what a polluted thing a sinner must be in the eyes of him who is so holy, that the very heavens are not pure in his sight, but will pass away as a scroll! Yet God be thanked for the

new and living way that is cast up. I have seen the day when the eye of faith has run me back to the period when the Blessed Trinity covenanted together to make man in that noble structure, the body. Behold its joints and harmony. See it with all its veins, arteries, and sinews shaped into body, with ears to hear and eyes to see, a mind to think with, and everything in its proper order. When I consider its frame and structure as it came out of its Maker's hands, with a mind and body good, yea, very good, even so good that it could converse with its Maker, and see the light and understanding that Adam received from his holy Maker, who ever felt the change as he did? What must his spirit have felt when sin entered with all its train of defilement? But Christ came, as in the volume of the book it is written of him, to cast up a way for the redeemed to pass over, and not to leave them to their own wills, but to "work in them to will and to do of his own good pleasure." May he say unto my soul, "I am thy salvation." My thoughts run back to that day when he said, "Thou shalt be judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil;" when immediately the judgment was set, and the book of God's remembrance was laid open before my guilty soul, and I found that every imagination of the heart had been evil, and only evil, and that continually. O what a tremendous day will it be for that soul that leaves this world with no better shelter than his poor puny doings, when the awful voice of that great God is heard! Why, I can remember that his voice to my soul was full of majesty; yea, it rent my soul asunder. Who can bear the penetrating look of that dreadful Jehovah that can crush all worlds to atoms with the breath of his mighty power, or who can stand before him? I may say, and truly say, I fear the Lord greatly; yea, I fear offending him, because in that measure he saw fit to reveal a little of his majesty and might to my worthless soul; and here I am, a poor despised thing, not worthy to take his holy name into my poor polluted lips; and yet there is no atmosphere that I can live in except I can breathe the breath of life after him, desiring to say, "Abba, Father!" or, "Our Father, which art in heaven!" for holy and reverend is thy name. For he, even he, with terrible things in righteousness, has revealed to me that he is the great Jehovah who said, "I will lay thee low, and show thee the path that the vulture's eye has not seen, neither shall any gallant ship pass thereon, nor galley with oars." No; they shall walk on that path that was cast up in eternity to be trodden by those who were pre-ordained to walk thereon. And though in this world they have to taste of that cup which he drank quite up, yet the day is not far distant when every impediment will be taken out of the way, and the redeemed shall be housed in that harbour of rest where these souls will worship him without a veil between, to a never-ending eternity. Then the host of virgin souls shall always see him whom their souls longed after in a time-state; and this mortal body shall rest in the grave till the voice of him that makes the hinds to calve shall call them to meet their happy spirits in the air, when they shall wear the likeness of him

that created a new thing in the earth, when he condescended to veil his divinity in a body like that which he originally formed and pronounced "very good."

Who, then, under this influence would not worship this God, for he has imparted that very Spirit that he has declared he will be worshipped by? Is not this way the way of holiness? And he will take care that no beast of prey shall pluck those out of his hand whom the Father gave him and whom he redeemed like a God. Who, then, shall liken anything to him that trode the wine-press of his Father's wrath for those who deserved the lowest place in hell, and offered for them a pure sacrifice? Though they often feel robbed and spoiled of all, yet he says, "I have redeemed thee, O Jacob!" And the voice that spoke to Jacob spoke to all those that shall be found in life's fair book. God be thanked that ever my worthless name was found there! and O to think that the Lion of the tribe of Judah was found worthy to open the seal! God be thanked that his love is ever new; and when it is felt within, it renews every faculty of that consecrated part that is consecrated to him in the line that the Spirit measured every soul with where this living water runs. Really I sit here to admire, as my hand moves over this paper, that this water should ever in its issue run from under the threshold of the sanctuary; then my soul in holy wonder sees that it rose to the ancles, then to the knees, and then to the loins; and still the eye of faith views it till it comes to a river that none could pass over. The Lord be thanked for this. My soul prompts me also to walk about Zion and count her towers, and see how she is hemmed in. After she has suffered awhile, she shall be arrayed in a raiment of needlework, such as will be commended in the sight of him who can never look at the least taint. This beautiful raiment of needlework is made in the style to fit the King's daughters; and they shall be brought to the marriage supper of the King, and the train shall be virgins without number, save to him that is All in All. That winged host too, who veil their faces will stand astonished at the appearance of all those who sold themselves for nought, and yet will see them stand complete in the redemption of him who will be the wonderful Man for ever and ever, and see him stand at the right hand of the Father with that vesture on that he redeemed the church in.

O glorious things are spoken of thee, O Zion! which runs me back to that day when my soul first magnified the Lord for electing love. I find it just the same now, for it is ever new; and when I arrive in the new Jerusalem, I shall adore him who is my all as I pass through this wilderness. But if I cannot lean on my Beloved I am as one forsaken of all, for ever since he said, "Leave all and thy father's house, for the King greatly desires thy beauty," I have been in love with him; and many a longing look have I cast toward the heavenly Jerusalem, where dwell all the spirits of the just made perfect! How my soul has panted after him, more than the hart after the water-brooks; and when I find him whom my soul loves, I say unto all those that have found grace in his sight, "Wait on the Lord;

he is the everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace." Yea, God be thanked, he can extend peace like a river. God be thanked, the river swells beyond what a tongue of clay can express. The eye of faith can dart through all the armies of the skies, and view him who is invisible to mortal eye. Let the redeemed of the Lord praise him that is crowned with a royal diadem and the Lord our righteousness. What can be said of him that is the King immortal and the Prince of Peace? O he said unto my soul, "Live!" and I can witness that he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. There is no change in him. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and thanks eternal be unto him for the blessed manifestation of his glory. Truly he has visited one of low degree; and yet blessings on the name of that great Melchisedek, who is the Priest that offered up the prayer, "Father, keep those in my name." I have learned that there is no other name under heaven which can pass with the holy Father but the Son of his love, in that lovely name, God-Man, even the Mediator that wrought out and brought in that everlasting righteousness in which the church shall shine forth.

A DESPISED ONE.

A SCRAP FROM THE COAL-HEAVER.

Dear Brother and Fellow-Labourer,—This is to inform you that I am sick, yet in the sweet enjoyment of the best health; to let you know I am very low, yet surprisingly exalted; that I am exceedingly weak, yet stronger by far than the world, Satan, death, or hell; that I can hardly walk alone, and yet am able to travel to heaven in one day; that I stagger through weakness, yet have more props to support myself than heaven or earth; that my pains have been violent, yet I have felt nothing; that I am as happy as any soul can contain, and yet craving after more; that Satan has often looked at me, but dared not speak to me either good or bad; that I am as poor as a church mouse, and yet my estate increases daily; that I have lost my appetite, and yet feed daily on marrow and fatness, with wines well refined; that I am wasted sadly, and yet thrive like a cedar of Lebanon; that I am nothing but a bag of bones, yet flourish like the palm tree; that I have been occupied in great waters, and have gained much by trading; that I have been in the furnace, but none heated it but my matchless Lord; that I have put my hand on the cockatrice den, but he dared not come out, and I have played on the hole of the asp without one sting on my fingers; that I lay down with the lion, but arose with the lamb; that I have been preaching every day, yet have not seen a pulpit this week; that my soul loves Jesus because he loves me; that I brought nothing *into* the world, but shall carry Christ *out*; that heaven is eternally mine, but I am not my own; that my soul loves S., and I know he loves me. Go on, S., we shall at last reach the third heaven as sure as there is a God.

May 3rd, 1784.

W. H.

OBITUARY.

ANNE TOPP, OF MARKET LAVINGTON, WILTS.

My dear Friend,—As the Lord has taken away from me my very dear wife and companion in this lower world, and as the blessed Lord has, in infinite mercy, appeared for her precious soul during her long illness and in her dying moments, and sealed its blessed effects upon my heart, I have felt a longing, day after day, to drop my mortal body, to depart from this world of sorrow, to dwell with Christ, which is far better. But the Lord hath spoken these words to my heart: “Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord;” “Do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house? Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” And this morning these words have followed me: “Work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.”

Thus, my dear friend, the Lord has taught my soul to see that I am not to keep those blessed and wonderful acts of his free grace, rich mercy, and distinguishing favour in silence, so abundantly made manifest in the life of my beloved partner, and specially during her illness and in death. And as there are many favoured souls, both far and near, who are anxious to hear of the goodness of the Lord towards her, who for many years were personally acquainted with her, I feel constrained to send forth a little of what I have both heard and seen of the grace of the Lord, made manifest in her life and conduct, and also in her dying moments.

My dear wife, formerly named Anne Mead, was born into this world of sorrow on the 23rd of July, 1821. She was sister to the late Edmund Mead, whose death appeared in the “Standard” for September, 1846. Being the two only children, there was a far greater union between them than is usually seen in families. The Lord began his work in her soul in early days, sounding an alarm in her conscience when but a child, and made her feel his chastening hand for sin. These words were at that time applied with power:

“And thus approve thy chast’ning rod,
And know thou art my Father God.”

She was thus led to see her lost state without a Saviour; and the Lord was pleased to separate her in a great measure from the world and worldly circumstances, and implant desires in her soul after himself. As she grew up, the Lord was pleased to keep his work alive in her soul, his fear before her eyes, and draw her heart more away from everything here below, and fix her affections more steadfastly upon eternal things. The poor and needy flock, the outcast few, in this town, became her chief companions. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, could she receive or hear from any pulpit. The Lord’s sent servants became near and dear to her; they were indeed the excellent of the earth in her eyes; and she became separated more and more from those

around her who robbed the blessed Son of God of his finished work.

There now became a very close union between her brother and herself. As the Lord was leading their souls along in the strait and narrow path, they often spent many favoured hours together, both at their homes in singing the songs of Zion, and in going to the house of the Lord in company, and in mingling their voices with his people. When the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon her brother, and death appeared in view, the union grew stronger, knitting them in the immortal bond of love that could not be broken by death. His happy end was made a blessing to her at the time, and many a time since the Lord sealed it upon her heart as a divine reality. Some time after the death of her brother she was brought to the very point of marriage; and being very uneasy concerning the event, fearing that it was wrong in the sight of the Lord, her continual cry was that she might meet with one who feared God, and that he would draw her affections away if not right in his pure and holy sight. The Lord was pleased to draw her mind away, and break it asunder, and send this verse with power:

“O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.”

It being Lord's Day evening, she left her home, and as she was coming across the fields to chapel from the neighbouring village where she lived, she sang this hymn throughout, as it was so sweet and precious to her; and when she reached the chapel they were singing the same hymn; indeed that service was made a special blessing to her. Some time after this the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon her body, and brought her down, to all outward appearance, to the borders of the grave. During this long illness many lines of hymns were sweet unto her, and sometimes a piece in the “Standard” and the company of the Lord's people were made a blessing to her soul. But the Lord was pleased to apply the words of one of the thieves to the other: “Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our sins; but this man hath done nothing amiss.” She was led to see that her affliction came from the hand of a sovereign God, and indeed justly, for the due reward of her deeds; and she had a little glimpse of Jesus crucified and bearing her sins in his own body on the cross, which melted her soul down at his blessed feet. And the words sounded again and again: “But this man hath done nothing amiss.” The Lord was pleased to raise her up again and sanctify this affliction to her.

She was once greatly strengthened under Mr. P., at Calne, from these words: “Thou hast showed thy people hard things; thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment. Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed

because of the truth." This day was indeed a day of days to the soul of my beloved partner. As she rode there and returned with two of the deacons of our little chapel, I have often heard her say that she never spent such a day before on earth, so sweet was the preaching to her, as was also the company and conversation of the two friends. The savour of this day lasted for some time.

On the 12th of May, 1842, our hands were joined in marriage. I received her in answer to prayer, as a gift from the Lord. I found her a God-fearing soul, with a tender conscience; and the little time we lived together was in the sweetest bands of love and affection.

Some time after, the Lord was pleased to lay the ordinance of believer's baptism on her mind, and she felt a longing desire to obey the commands of her dearest Lord, but feared at times that it would be presumptuous to come forth. Yet she felt a constraining power that followed her, till at last she was enabled to come forth and take up her cross and follow her blessed Lord through the watery grave. And indeed this was a good day to her soul. At the table in the breaking of bread, and for some time, she seemed alive to eternal things, and her aim and desire was to live becoming the gospel of Christ before the world and in the church.

Nearly her whole delight was with the people of God, so that many times she found the service of her blessed Lord perfect freedom. Often have I seen her return from chapel with her soul softened and melted down. And sometimes the hymns have been so sweet and lasting on her heart, that I have seen tears running down her face, on a Lord's Day evening, as she sang them over again; and I have felt a sweetness to sit by and witness her. At other times, when she had been shut up in bondage and hardness, I have seen her sit alone by the fireside, with tears in her eyes, mourning and grieving at the distance she felt from the blessed Lord, saying that the Lord's Day was past, and that she had felt nothing all the day. The Lord had given her a voice and good judgment in that most delightful part of worship, the singing. Here the Church feels her loss greatly; and the Lord's sent servants have lost a kind and affectionate handmaid, whose willing heart and hand have been engaged many times in providing a bed, a table, a stool, a candlestick, and a cup of cold water for those whom she could receive into her heart and conscience. These she received into her house, seeing the image of Jesus stamped upon them. She loved them for his blessed sake, and she is now gone to her reward; forasmuch as she hath done these things unto one of the least of these his servants, she hath done it unto her blessed Lord and Saviour. In nearly everything of providence, as coming from the Lord, she desired to give thanks. Indeed she was a good wife, an industrious soul, and many times felt a thankful heart for the least providential mercy. I have frequently heard her repeat these lines of Bunyan:

"He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;

He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

"I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much,
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such."

In the beginning of January the Lord was pleased again to lay on her his severe afflicting hand, with a bilious complaint, which terminated in consumption. During the former part of her illness this verse was much on her mind:

"The Lord is just and true,
And upright in his way;
He loves, but will correct us too,
Whene'er we go astray."

The address of the January "Standard" was blessed to her soul. By it she was led to look back on the past year and mourn her base ingratitude. She repeatedly read the address, and kept the "Standard" by her bedside for some weeks. Seeing me weeping, she said: "The Lord is wonderfully good to me. Do not weep, my dear; see how the Lord supports me. Do not weep, for

'He cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.'

If it be his will to raise me up again, he will in his own time. I would wish to lie submissive in his blessed hands, and know no will but his. 'He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.'

'All our times are in his hand,
All events at his command.'

Indeed the Lord kept her for nearly a month in a sweet frame of mind, and she was made willing to bear anything or everything, that her dearest Lord might be glorified.

During the month of February she felt at times darkness of mind, but still there was something, even in her darkest moments, that her soul could not give up, and at times she felt a little sweet nearness unto Jesus and a resting upon his blood and righteousness and finished work. Often during that month have I asked her how her mind was; she generally replied, "Much the same. I want to feel Christ more precious, but there is something that I cannot give up. I cannot but hope in his mercy, in his precious blood." She continued to get worse, and all hope of recovery was now lost.

About this time friend D. called to see her, but she being so ill was unable to speak many words to him. At parting she desired him not to say much at her funeral concerning her. Friend D. replied, "I shall speak just as I feel the union that I have felt to you during your life. It will remain the same, whether you are left to die under a cloud or in the sunshine of the blessed Comforter." These words were the means of reviving her soul for several days.

On the 21st of March friend D. visited her again, and his

visit was especially blessed. He read Psalm xxii., and spoke very sweetly of the sufferings of Jesus, particularly on these words: "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels." "I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me." He said, "You can now come in with your suffering Lord." "I may tell all my bones," she replied. "Yes, he has gone before you, and tasted the bitterness of death, and drunk up the dregs of the cup of wrath and incensed justice, which must have sunk all worlds to rise no more," replied Mr. D., "but the immortal Redeemer paid off the score that we had contracted, was entombed in the grave, and paved a way for his people to follow him, and rose victorious over death, hell, and the grave. He is now enthroned in glory. You are going a little before us; we shall soon follow after you." In prayer it was a very solemn time to us. At parting this verse recurred to her with much sweetness:

"Why should we shrink at Jordan's flood,
Or dread the unknown way?
See, yonder rolls a stream of blood
That bears the curse away."

She repeated it. Friend D. said: "You cannot get beyond that blood." She replied, "O no; precious blood! The very word blood is dear to me." Friend D. then took his farewell of her, and they parted in the sweetest union, believing that they should soon meet again in eternal glory.

(*To be continued.*)

We can walk together in a better sense. We have both been taken from the broad way. We have been summoned to Mount Sinai, and have been proved to be fellow-sinners and fellow-criminals, and have been shut up in unbelief, in hardness of heart, under sin, and in legal bondage; and here we have been fellow-prisoners, as well as fellow-villains. We have been severely and justly punished for our wickedness, and this has made us fellow-sufferers. We have been pardoned by the clemency of our Sovereign, and this has made us fellow-heirs of the benefit. We have been blessed with a sense of divine love, which has cast out all fear and torment, and thus we are fellow-citizens. We have now and then endeavoured to prop one another up, when neither of us could stand alone, and in this sense we are fellow-helpers; and we have oft been laid by the heels, and yoked with legal bondage, for our pride and base ingratitude, and thus we are true yoke-fellows. We have at times been stubborn, perverse, rebellious, and inflexible, and have taken a base part with the devil and unbelief, and in this sense we have had fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. We have often been unmindful of the Rock of our strength, and have lightly esteemed the God of our salvation, when we knew that his grace had been abundant upon us, and thus we have been fellow-rebels and fellow-rascals. And if *we* cannot walk together, who can?—*Huntington.*

R E V I E W.

Obituary of Mrs. E. Parsons, wife of Mr. Edward Parsons, late Minister of the Gospel, at Zion Chapel, Chichester. From a Manuscript by her Husband. London: E. Justins and Sons, 59, Fenchurch Street.

(Concluded from page 276.)

Death sets a solemn and final stamp on the life. The setting sun casts its expiring rays over air, earth, and sky, and tinges the whole prospect with its peculiar and prevailing colour. Be that hue lurid and threatening, or be it bright and golden, such also is the general tone and complexion of the landscape. Whatever darkness and gloom, mist and fog, cloud and storm, may have marked the day, a beautiful evening, a bright sunset, makes amends, and stamps its character on the whole. In many a tried, tempted believer has this been spiritually verified. A bright sunset has made amends for a day of mist and fog, cloud and storm.

But ah! how different with the ungodly! When the wicked are in full prosperity they are like a river flowing on to a cataract. We view only the wide, gentle flow of waters dancing and gleaming beneath the sunbeam; and the sound of the cataract in the distance is not heard. We see only how the ungodly spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure; and we forget the abyss of misery and woe to which they are hastening. When the waters have fallen down the precipice, and we are stunned with the noise and wetted by the spray, we then see the beginning from the end, and how deceitful and perilous was the river's former flow. Their pursuits and pleasures, sins and follies, all come to remembrance, and we see misery and destruction stamped on all their ways, from the cradle to the grave—from the first rise of the rill to the river's final fall. If connected with us by ties of blood, how painful the thought of their past life and present condition! and if anything particular has marked their end—suddenness or despair, the reflection is too acute to be borne, and it is driven from the mind by any means, if possible.

How different the end of the righteous! Old John Newton, whose remarks usually embody much sound sententious wisdom, used to say, "Don't tell me how the man died; tell me how he lived." There may be some truth in this, but not the whole truth. If it is blessed to live well, it is blessed to die well. If living faith is desirable, is not dying faith desirable? And if victory over the first enemy, unbelief, and over the three middle enemies, the flesh, the world, and the devil, is so highly prized as God's gift and faith's conquest, why should not victory over the last enemy, death, be still more highly prized as God's last gift and faith's greatest triumph? It is true that we read in the Scriptures much of the life, but little of the death of Job, Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, and other saints of old. Stephen's blessed end, and that chiefly as connected with his martyrdom, is, we believe, almost the only happy death specially mentioned in the

New Testament. And yet it cannot be denied that a peaceful, happy end is greatly desirable, not only for the departing but for those who remain behind; for strength and comfort to survivor as well as to sufferer. The rays of the Sun of Righteousness, gilding a dying pillow, reflect a blessed light over the whole spiritual life of the departed. If there have been circumstances in life, such as infirmities of temper, errors in judgment, a trying path in providence, a doubting, fearing track in grace, which may have cast somewhat of a shade over him, an end marked beyond contradiction by the power and presence of the God of all grace fully dispels it. Former specks and blemishes are lost in the last flood of light; dubious marks are cleared up; doubts and hesitations are dispersed; and triumphant grace swallows up the last remnant of suspicion. His looks, his words are embalmed in the memory; the tears that flow over him are not bitter and scalding, but soft and tender, mingling holy joy with affectionate sorrow; and his very remains seem consecrated by the spirit—the now glorified spirit, which but yesterday tenanted them. To them affection and respect pay the last services. Faith digs the grave; Hope deposits in it the mortal remains till the resurrection morn; and Love writes the epitaph, on which SUPERABOUNDING GRACE is traced in capitals so large as to leave no space for the small print of the good qualities, or the misprint of the bad qualities, of the departed. Nor does the blessing end when the tomb has closed over the pale cold relics of mortality. Dying words are remembered; and often, like seed scattered from a harvested sheaf, afterwards spring up and grow. To many a wild son, to many a thoughtless daughter, have the dying expressions of a believing parent been in after life an awakening voice, and made them to feel that there was a power in that still chamber, a reality in religion on that bed of suffering, to which they are strangers. As the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, so the last life-drops of a dying parent have often not fallen to the ground like water spilled, but have sprung up into a spiritual seed. Samson slew more in death than in all his previous life; and thus many an expiring parent has done more to slaughter a worldly spirit and a worldly religion in the heart of a child by a death in faith, than by a whole life of warning and admonition. Dying words are remembered when living are forgotten; and the wild boy who capered and sung at the warnings of a living mother, may, in after years, when tossing on the wide Atlantic, or camping beneath an Australian gum-tree, look up and say, “My poor mother! Would God I were like thee!”

Truthful memoirs, then, and simple genuine obituaries* are, we

* At the risk of raising a smile, we cannot forbear to mention the following. A poor woman some years ago, when several numbers had appeared without any obituary, asked a friend of ours “when Mr. Obi-tary” (accenting the third syllable) “meant to write again, for she was very fond of Mr. Obi-tary’s writings.” We agree with her, that when Mr. Obi-tary has a good subject, what appears under that name is both interesting and profitable.

believe, really profitable to the church of God; and for this reason are we pleased, as occasion offers, to introduce them into our pages.

The Obituary before us is that of Mrs. E. Parsons, wife of the late Mr. Parsons, for some years an esteemed minister of the gospel at Chichester. Mr. Lewis, whose experience has lately been perused with so much interest by many of our readers, was a deacon in his church, and most highly esteemed him.

It would appear that the memoir before us was found in manuscript after the decease of Mr. Parsons. The following extracts will show its general character.

The account of the first work on her soul is thus given :

"It is now about twenty years ago since the Lord convinced my dear wife of sin. This brought her into great trouble, and caused her to weep daily, and to supplicate the Lord for mercy and for a knowledge of salvation by the pardon of all her sins. The burden of her iniquity, the wrath of God, the curse and terrors of the law, and the constant fear of death, brought her very low in her mind, and for about two years they kept her in such a weak state of body and nerves that her life was often despaired of. Medicine neither eased her body nor relieved her burdened mind. These things, together with the overwhelming temptations of the enemy, and especially the temptation to put an end to her then miserable life and the life of her own dear children, often sank her in horror and gloom, and caused her to weep bitterly for days and months together; and, to complete her distress, she sometimes had nothing for food for her tender offspring. Nevertheless, through all her distress she was enabled to call upon the Lord to 'deliver her soul from death, her eyes from tears, and her feet from falling;' and she did so by his blessing the reading of good Mr. Bunyan's 'Holy War' to her. It was that part where the prince Emmanuel pardons the men who came with ropes round their necks. Again she sank under the hidings of the Lord's face, the fear of death, the temptations of Satan, and many more troubles; but God was gracious to her again, and raised her up by blessing this precious portion of his holy word to her soul in the power of the Holy Ghost, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' She then sang in her happy soul the sweet song of love, unprecedented mercy, great salvation, full and free redemption, and eternal and unmerited goodness; and although her temporal troubles were many and grievous, yet she was enabled to sing her joyful song as she sat upon the lonely stile, or while she was in the house, or in the street, or upon her bed in the dead watches of the night. Then again she was brought very low through the fear of death; so low that she could not endure to hear the Lord's children say that when the Lord blessed them with perfect love, they longed, like good old Simeon, to depart, for she was kept in bondage through the fear of death. But again the Lord heard her prayer, and delivered her from her fears for a time by these precious words: 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

Of the intermediate period between her state of soul, as thus described, and her last illness there is not much here recorded. We gather, however, that her path was for the most part one of trial and affliction, being weak in body, nervous and dejected in spirits, tried in soul, pressed with family cares, and, through fear of death, all her life-time subject to bondage.

But we come to the closing scenes of her afflicted life:

"On the 12th of August, I went to Midhurst for her. I found her much worse than she was when she left home; but the Almighty gave her strength to reach home; and, ill as she was, the dear Lord supported her, by assuring

her that 'he would never leave her nor forsake her.' She continued quiet and peaceable in her heart and mind until Saturday, having both heart and mind stayed on the Lord and his word by the power of the Holy Spirit. She would then talk of death with as much freedom as she would of the nearest friend, and gave orders for her funeral with the greatest composure. She said the fear of death was gone from her; and her death's Abolisher, her sin Atoner, her everlasting Redeemer and perfect Saviour was with her; therefore, 'When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'

A striking feature, as will presently appear, in her experience is, her total dependence on the Lord's support and smile. Whilst the everlasting arms were underneath, and the Sun of Righteousness shone, she was happy in soul; but when night came on, all the beasts of the forest crept forth. Some call this weak faith. We would rather call it dependent faith. Say, however, that it is weak. It is in weakness that the strength of Christ is made perfect; and no man has a grain more faith than the Lord bestows upon him. As we are sitting writing, a thought occurs to our mind. Last night there was a heavy thunder-storm. Lightnings flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain came down in torrents. This morning the sun is shining brightly; but dark hanging clouds occasionally gather, and a shade comes over the scene. When the dark cloud is gone by, how much more brightly does the sun seem to shine forth—far more brightly than were it a day without a cloud! Is there no instruction here? The thunderstorm of convictions clears a path for the bright morning; the passing clouds add by contrast fresh lustre to the sun. So it was with Mrs. Parsons. Her first distress of soul was the thunder-storm; her death-bed experience the day chequered by cloud and sun:

"On Sunday morning, August 17th, she was very dark in her mind, bowed down in her soul, and in trouble about her dear boy, who was gone from her, and whom she had before been enabled to leave in the hands of the Lord. The enemy took advantage of this trouble, and told her that all her faith was vain and false, or she would not take up again that which she had pretended to leave with the Lord. He also laboured hard to bring on again the fear of death, through which she had all her lifetime been subject to bondage; but in this he could not prevail, for her hope was an anchor to hold the poor tempest-tossed vessel in the storm. I went to chapel with a heavy heart, a troubled mind, and a burdened soul, to proclaim good news and glad tidings to others, when I seemed to be of all men the most unfit, having nothing but sorrow and grief myself; but the Almighty brought me through with a great and high hand. I returned with a grain of faith in my heart that he would hear prayer in the behalf of my dear afflicted partner, and that he would do as he had said to her in the morning before I left, which was, 'What think ye, that he will not come to the feast? He will surely come and not tarry.' And, blessed be his dear name, he did come, and displayed his great power, showed his amazing love, and manifested his boundless mercy unto her. She wept for joy, and said, 'O what a precious Jesus is my Jesus! O how sweet he is!' And the dying love of such a dear friend blessed her sweet and tender heart; and although her pain was very sharp at times, yet she said it was nothing compared to her dear Saviour's sufferings. She then repeated Mr. Hart's hymn:

'Heaven is that holy, happy place,
Where sin no more defiles;
Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles,' &c.

She then said to me, 'O what a prison is this poor body! I long to be freed from it, and see my dear Jesus without a veil between.' I said, 'There the Lord will be your everlasting light, your God, and your glory for ever, and the days of your mourning will be for ever at an end.' She replied, 'Yes; bless his dear name, I hope soon to be with him.'

But thick clouds gather. A storm is at hand—nearly as heavy, but not so long, as the first which broke upon her soul:

"On Monday, the 18th, the scene was changed. Darkness overspread her whole soul; her joy was gone, and sorrow came in its place; her Lord had hidden his face; and Satan was come in his room; the Bible was a sealed book, her evidences were lost, unbelief was prevalent, and the devil began to come in like a flood and carry all before him; but the grace of God in her heart, that will stand in all and through all and live for ever. In this conflict of mind and body, and in the fire of temptation, she cried with bitter and lamentable cries, that she was deceived, was a hypocrite, and dying. What should she do? She said she should be left in the pains of death to cry out to us all to save her. Then she burst forth into the most pitiful and heartfelt cries to the Lord, 'O Lord, help me! O Lord, save me! O Lord, have mercy upon me! "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"' We laboured to comfort her by recalling to her many promises, showing her the path of the saints; and I did so, in particular, by telling her what I had been brought through, of floods and fears; but all in vain. She said it was useless, it was not for her; therefore, said she, 'Say no more, for I am full of desperation. I could jump into a well or take poison.' She then repeated one of Mr. Kent's hymns:

'Twas in the night when troubles came,
I sought, my God, for thee;
But found no refuge in that name
That once supported me.
'I saw no day-star in the skies,
'Wrapt in perpetual gloom;
I said, "When will that sun arise
That shall my soul illumine?"'

The last verse she much dwelt upon. I said, 'He will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.' She said, with many tears, 'I think I shall go to heaven. Yes; I hope I shall.' I said, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion above with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and you, in spite of the devil, your unbelief, and all your enemies, shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away from you for ever; for in that blessed country the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick."' She then said, 'I am shaken to pieces in body and soul by the enemy. O that my God would come and put him to flight.' I said many more things to her to comfort her; but the Comforter that should relieve her soul was far from her, although he enabled her to maintain her hope."

With her it was a day of clouds almost till the very last. Streaks and bars were spread even over her setting sun. The closing scene is thus described:

"Thursday morning, at about one o'clock, I was called up at her request. When I came to her, I found her in a cold sweat, dark in her mind, and molested by the enemy of her soul. I said to her, 'You know where you are going to through it all.' 'O yes,' she said, 'to heaven, to heaven!' At about five o'clock, she cried out, in conflicts of soul, 'O Lord, hear my prayers.' We could see that she was much distressed, but could not learn the cause of it, as she could not speak. At about eight o'clock, she spoke out, 'O dear Lord, I do not know where I am going, and I am dying. Do you think that I am a child of God?' I then said that the enemy was thrusting sore at her and her interests in a dear Redeemer. I then began to point out to her that all the saints of God had been tried on the same ground, and that the in-

fernal foe had brought his daring 'buts,' 'ifs,' and 'hows,' to her dear Jesus, to try to dispute him out of his Sonship; and that she would be more than a conqueror over the devil, sin, death, hell, and the grave through him that loved her and gave himself for her. Then I brought forth this precious portion of God's word, 'The Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that put their trust in him.' She gave me a sweet smile, and replied, 'Yes, he is good to me.' She then lay suffering much in body, and at times rambling, through extreme weakness, until about half-past ten o'clock, when she looked up with a bright and heavenly countenance, and said to me, 'He will never leave me nor forsake me, world without end.' I said, 'I know; my dear, his word is firmer than heaven and earth, for these must pass away, but not a jot or tittle of his word shall ever fail, but shall be fulfilled in your behalf and in behalf of the Lord's family. "Faithful is he who hath called you, who also will do it."' The enemy was again obliged to fly before the almighty Captain of salvation, and to leave her again in peace and quietness, for she was returned to her rest; but her conflict with death was still upon her, and she said, 'Now the enemy is afflicting my poor body.' At about twelve o'clock, she said to me, 'Do you not see that blood?' I could not understand her. 'Why,' she said, 'the precious blood of Christ.' About half an hour after, she said, 'My heart sinks; but how can I sink with such a prop?' She had not strength to utter the whole sentence. I then said, 'As bears the world and all things up.' She then nodded her head, as much as to say, 'Yes, that is what I meant to say.' She continued while the cold sweat of death was upon her, to call upon the Lord to help her and grant her patience to go through the valley of the shadow of death. At about six o'clock, she thought as well as we that she was going to her rest. I took her up in my arms, she then lifted up both her hands to heaven, and said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, and receive me!' and then sank breathless into my arms. We then stood in silent sorrow, and thought that her sufferings were at an end, but they were not quite filled up, for she revived again and brought up the phlegm, and said that she should see the light of another morning. At about nine o'clock in the evening, she shook hands with us all, and said, with a heart full of comfort and a real feeling of love to each, 'God bless you! God bless you!' Her nurse said to her, 'You have not kissed me for some time.' She then took her round the waist and kissed her several times. Then she said, 'Now all of you lay down and sleep and rest, and I will go to rest;' and to me she said, 'You come here and lie down with me, my dear.' Then she said, 'Now, my God, do not forsake me in my last moments.' Then she went off into a sleep, and neither moved hand nor foot for several hours, but she lay labouring for breath, and with the cold hand of death upon her. Some time before she breathed her last, she looked very earnestly upon us, and was very sensible; and, as I stood by her bedside, she fixed her eyes upon me, beaming with the love of her Saviour, and tried hard to speak, but could not. I said to her, with a heart too full to bear any more, as I thought, 'My dear, I know you cannot speak.' She then put up her cold and almost lifeless hand, and waved it towards heaven and over her head, as a token of triumph, victory, and joy in God her Saviour, and breathed out her happy spirit unto the Lord her God, at five minutes past eight o'clock on Friday morning, October 3rd, 1845."

Well has Hart said,

"See the suffering church of Christ,
Gather'd from all quarters;
All the names in that red list
Were not murder'd martyrs."

There are other martyrs than those who were torn by wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatre, or burnt to ashes in Smithfield. All suffer *with* Christ, though all do not suffer *for* Christ; for if we suffer not with him, we shall not reign with him. Judging from this memoir, Mrs. Parsons was one of these inward martyrs. Since

her departure, her widowed husband has been called to pass Jordan's flood. There we leave them, inscribing on their tomb that memorable voice from heaven: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 13.)

P O E T R Y.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."—Luke xviii. 13.

Gracious Jesus, see thy creature Trembling on dark ruin's brink; Stretch thy arm; O Lord, relieve me; Saviour, help me, else I sink. Language is too lean to picture Half the misery that I feel, Thou alone art wise to search it, Thou alone hast power to heal. I have nothing, Lord, to bring thee, But, alas! this heart of stone; Take it, melt it, and in mercy Grant a portion of thy own. Sin's vile vapours have beclouded The dim eyesight of my soul; Thou art bright, but I am blackness; Son of David, make me whole! Or if yet, as something tells me, I have never seen at all, Trembling, weakly, still I seek thee, Humbly still on thee I call. From the pit of death or slumber Call me forth to walk with thee, Grant me faith to tell the tempter, "I was blind, but now I see." See my broken, sad condition, Look upon my outcast soul, Loathsome, leprous, ruined, wretched, Gracious Saviour, make me whole. O have mercy on a rebel, Base, contemptible, and mean! Bring me to the fount and wash me; Bathe me, purge me, make me clean! April 20th, 1852.	To thy cross I flee for shelter; At thy sov'reign feet I lie; Hear me, help me, speak within me; Heal me, Saviour, else I die. Deign to look and think upon me; Free me from this yoke of sin; In the sea of sov'reign mercy Quench the fire of death within. O deliver from presumption; Enmity's black motions quell; Save from error and delusion; Quench the fiery darts of hell. I am worthless; he is worthy, For whose sake I beg and cry; Looking, longing for the vision, Here before thy feet I lie. Lay thy healing hand upon me, Make me hear thy gentle tone, Drop rich sparks of love within me, Make me only, all thy own. Nothing less than grace victorious, Nothing less than love divine, Can avail my dark condition, Can affect a case like mine. O I cannot, cannot leave thee! Whither, where else could I fly? Saviour of the lost restore me, Hear a wretched beggar's cry. Destitute, defenceless, fearing, On thyself I hang my soul; Palsied, wither'd, nigh despairing, Take me, touch me, make me whole. D. M.P.
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I would not boast; but to my Master's honour and free grace be it spoken, I can prove this true by happy experience. When I have considered that I am a child and cannot speak, and I have seen so many of you come out into the wilderness to be fed, I have often said within myself, What can I do with my little stock of grace and knowledge among so great a multitude? But, at my Lord's command, I have given you to eat of such spiritual food as I had, and before I have done speaking, have had my soul richly fed with the bread which cometh down from heaven.—*Whitefield.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 202. OCTOBER, 1852. VOL. XVIII.

PRAYER FOR MERCY.

PART OF A SERMON BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Concluded from page 283.)

IV. The fourth thing proposed was, to show that it is both *seasonable* and *reasonable* to plead that he would remember mercy in the midst of wrath and wrathful times. This will appear evident if we consider these six particulars.

1. It is both *seasonable* and *reasonable* to do so, because we are *warranted of God* to plead his promised mercy at all times, and especially in the midst of wrath: "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them;" (Ezek. xxxvi. 37, compared with Ps. l. 15:) "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." There needs be no other reason, and there can be no higher reason than the will and authority of God; his command obliging us to plead with him and put him in remembrance. (Isa. xliii. 26.)

2. It is *seasonable* and *reasonable* in the midst of wrath to plead that he would remember mercy, because *wrathful dispensations are ordered of God* for this very cause, to stir up his people to seek after him, and plead for his merciful return: "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early." (Hos. v. 15.) And, indeed, seldom do we seek him in earnest till the rod be made use of, and the way be hedged up with thorns; then we begin to say, "I will go and return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now." (Hos. ii. 7.)

3. It is *seasonable*, because as this has been the way of God's people, in their distress and under *wrathful dispensations*, to fly to his mercy, so it is *God's way* toward his people to show mercy to them in their

greatest extremity of distress. He makes their time of need his time of love; their time of misery his time of mercy: "I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place." (Ps. cxviii. 5.) Their experience has it to say, "Many a time I was brought low, and he helped me." "He brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

4. *Necessity* makes it both seasonable and reasonable. In the midst of wrath the people of God see their need of mercy, and see mercy to be mercy indeed. When all the waves and billows of God's wrath are flying over them, then it is time for the Lord to work for his church and people; as the Psalmist says, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for they have made void thy law." (Ps. cxix. 126.) It is time for us to pray and plead for mercy, and it is time for God to work mercifully, when clouds of wrath are gathering and showers of wrath are falling.

5. It is then reasonable and seasonable to plead that he would remember mercy, because in the midst of wrath we are apt to conclude that he has *forgotten mercy*, and to say with Zion, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me." (Isa. xlix. 14.) Then it is that unbelief is ready to affront and deny the mercy of God, and to conclude that he has laid aside his merciful nature, saying, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" (Ps. lxxvii. 7—9.) In time of affliction and wrathful days they are ready to think mercy is drowned in the ocean of wrath; therefore it is seasonable, in time of wrath, to plead that he may remember mercy.

6. It is seasonable, because then faith has *sure and clear ground* to go upon when in wrath we plead mercy. A time of wrathful dispensations and killing and slaying providences is a proper time for faith to step in and say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." To believe mercy in the midst of wrath is no great matter; but to believe mercy in the midst of wrath is a great matter, and argues strong faith. A time of contradiction is a time for faith. If we believe the promise when providence seems to contradict the promise in appearance, it is, like Abraham, to be "strong in faith, giving glory to God." Under a sense of guilt to believe pardon, under a sense and feeling of wrath to believe mercy, and plead that God would remember mercy, is the very season for faith to act; and then God gets the glory of his mercy and we the good of it.

If we may pray and plead for mercy in the midst of wrath, then we may *hopefully* plead mercy in the face of all other discouragements whatsoever. Here is a door of mercy opened in the midst of wrath.

Some, perhaps, may be ready to say, "Many things discourage me in prayer, weaken my confidence, and mar my hope." Why, but here is encouragement to sue for mercy, and to hope and plead for it in the face of all opposition whatsoever, since we are to

plead mercy even in the face of wrath. You may hopefully plead mercy in the face of *old sins, former transgressions, and great iniquities*. (Ps. xxv. 7.) You may plead mercy in the face of *present guilt* staring you in the face, as the prophet Jeremiah did. (xiv. 7.) You may plead mercy in the face of *present indisposition* for duty. You may plead mercy in the face of *dark and angry dispensations*. (Ps. lxxix. 5.) You may plead mercy in the face of *great unworthiness* and fears of *communicating unworthily*. You may plead mercy in the face of *many challenges* for omissions and commissions. You may plead mercy in the face of *strong unbelief* and *weak faith*; in the face of living unbelief and languishing faith. You may plead mercy in the face of *manifold miscarriages in duty*. You may plead mercy in the face of *seeming refusals* and *harsh answers*. You may plead mercy in the face of *real refusals, rejections, and reproofs*. You may plead mercy in the face of *improbabilities*; yea, and seeming *impossibilities*, when there is no appearance of his showing mercy. You may plead mercy in the face of *prevailing iniquity*. In a word, you may plead mercy in the face of *all temptations* to the contrary, from whatever airth.* Though the devil should suggest to you that your pleading will bring a curse instead of a blessing, and that God has decreed the contrary to what you ask; yet God's revealed will being the rule of your duty, and his revealed mercy, through Christ, being the ground of your hope, you are to have no regard to these wicked suggestions. "In the midst of wrath," in the midst of woes, in the midst of all the sin and misery you can be surrounded with, as long as you are out of hell, there is ground to plead, "Lord, remember mercy."

Your pleading for mercy will exclude your *presuming* upon mercy. The presumptuous sinner pleads mercy as an excuse for his sin; this is not pleading for mercy to his soul, but mercy to his sin; whereas they that duly plead mercy plead for vengeance upon their sins.

The pleading for mercy supposes a *sense* of sin and misery and of *wrath* deserved. Those who have no apprehensions of wrath will have no due apprehensions of mercy.

True pleading for mercy excludes *all other* pleas; the man has nothing to plead but mercy; he has no merit of his own to plead, but the merit of hell. If he pleads the merit of Christ, this is the same with pleading mercy; for mercy vents no other way but through the merit of Jesus. The soul dares not plead his duties, prayers, or tears; his frames, affections, enlargements, or good qualifications. No; he has nothing to plead but mercy.

The true pleader for mercy pleads it at the *mercy-seat*, sprinkled with the blood of Christ; where he sees mercy secured by the blood of the covenant, which makes them the sure mercies of David.

While you plead that the Lord would remember mercy in the midst of wrath, do you *yourselves* also remember mercy in the midst of wrath? Are you tempted to wrath and wrathful resentment against your friends, neighbours, brethren, and acquaintances? O

* A Scotch word, meaning point of the compass, quarter.

remember mercy in the midst of wrath, remember pardoning and forgiving mercy. With what confidence can you expect that God should remember mercy towards you, notwithstanding your innumerable sins and provocations, if you cannot remember mercy towards others, notwithstanding some real or supposed injuries? How can you pray that God would forgive your sins, if you forgive not those that sin against you? "To the merciful he will show himself merciful; be ye, therefore, merciful, as your heavenly Father is merciful." If you have beheld the glory of his mercy to you, you will be changed into the same image, from glory to glory; and, may I not say, from mercy to mercy? O remember mercy to all that are about you; mercy to the poor and needy; mercy to the destitute and afflicted. And even though you should see them surrounded with the tokens of God's wrath, yet remember mercy towards them, because you expect that, in the midst of wrath, he will remember mercy towards you. If you remember mercy towards men, it is a good evidence that he is remembering mercy towards you.

One of the great reasons why the Lord says, "Put me in remembrance," and allows you to plead that he may remember mercy, is not that he can forget mercy, but because *you* are in danger of forgetting it; and, by putting him in remembrance of it, you put yourselves in remembrance of it. Unbelief is ready to say, especially in the midst of wrath, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? will he be favourable no more? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" But faith is a reminding the soul of the love and mercy of God, a recognition of his grace and goodness in Christ Jesus. Faith is acted to great advantage by a sanctified remembrance of the mercy of God in Christ; and whenever mercy comes into the believer's mind, the believer puts God in mind of his mercy, saying, "Lord, remember what thou didst for me at such a time; remember what thou saidst to me, 'Remember thy word, on which thou hast caused me to hope;' remember thy promise, remember thy name, remember thy Son's name, remember thy covenant, remember thy goodness."

Christ is as truly ours *now* as he will be in the upper and brighter world. Our enjoyment of him will indeed differ in degrees, but not in the object. Change of worlds makes no change in his person, nor of our interest in him. And all that is in Christ, and all that is connected with Christ, and all right in what belongs to Christ, is as much the believer's portion now, while on earth, as it will be when in heaven.—*Hawker*.

Scripture promises are real bank-notes of heaven and the riches of believers, who do not live on stock in hand, but traffic with this paper-currency. Where Divine faith is found, it takes the notes for payment and receives the cash. But human faith cannot use this paper; it reads the notes, and owns them good, but dares not take them to the skies for payment. No faith can act on God but that which comes from God.—*Berridge*.

A LETTER TO A SERVANT OF GOD BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

Beloved in the Lord,—Your very kind and affectionate epistle was to me a welcome new year's gift indeed, being intermingled with many evident tokens of that *love* which the apostle places *first* in the list of the fruits of the Spirit, and as such it met with a most cordial reception in my heart; for, through the free and sovereign goodness of the Most High, your poor friend, even to the present day, has many gracious inflowings of the love of Christ, which passes knowledge, while, at the same time, I sensibly feel the full import of Jacob's confession: "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant," &c. These are wonderful things to find in one and the same heart together, especially in such a heart as mine. Yet so it is; and the spouse in the Song gives a full solution of the matter: "I am black, but comely; as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."

I cheerfully acknowledge myself deeply indebted to you for your kind admonition respecting the description which had been previously fastened upon my mind under your discourse from 1 Sam. ix. 6. I believe there will be no need for a repetition of the same counsel, as I have had my fill of those characters so well delineated by our dear Doctor in the person of Ahimaaz. (2 Sam. xviii. 19—30.)

I can but admire the condescension and overruling hand of God in bringing the dear woman from Lewes to London on that particular evening when she was anointed for her burial. My whole soul was delighted in reading the interesting account. You may well exclaim, "O my often doubting heart!" for I believe, without any doubt upon the matter, that in similar cases, (which may, in the wisdom of God, be now close folded up,) it will be found hereafter (John xiii. 7) equally true in some other instances that shall be your joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ.

I have lately found some strong consolations, while meditating upon Malachi iii. 16—18, in considering (in this night of Sardis) the walk and conversation of those that fear the Lord in truth, and of his great condescension in hearkening, hearing, and observing the operations of his own grace in their communications with each other; the book of remembrance expressly written before him for them that feared the Lord and thought upon his name; the crowning blessing promised in the 17th verse, and the comfortable experience of it in the believing heart.

A few evenings ago, two dear friends spent an hour under my humble roof. One of them read Psalm cxlv., after which we presented our supplications before the Lord. Before we parted, one of them observed to the person who engaged, "Your prayer was the very language of my heart." To which the other replied, "So it was of mine; and in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall the matter be established," &c.

The sweet account of the "Aged Pilgrim" was truly a blessing to me, by giving an additional confirmation to the truth and faithful-

ness of Israel's God in the performance of his own promise recorded; (Ps. xcii. 12—15;) and nothing under heaven can be a greater source of consolation to a feeble aged saint than to be favoured with a transcript of his own heart's experience, embosomed and unfolded in the immutable and precious promises of the Lord's everlasting covenant, especially as viewing them with the eye of faith to be the peculiar portion of the children of Zion's family, and none else.

I frequently reflect with pleasure and inward satisfaction upon a passage in the first letter our beloved Doctor ever wrote to me. It runs thus: "But let us delight our souls in our own God, and make up our happiness in him, and then we shall take our house and home, our goods and chattels, our gold and silver, our riches and honours, pleasures and profits, ornaments and jewels, about with us, and leave nothing behind but that which is not worth taking, and that which will not pass current in the heavenly country," &c. (See Vol. I., Letter 41, page 115.) This blessed counsel still abides with me, with increasing sweetness, in the midst of surrounding changes and manifold tribulations, and, together with the following letter, (the 42nd,) are numbered among the many precious legacies the dear man of God bequeathed to me, a poor sinner, at his decease.

I am at present very feeble, being oppressed with a heavy cold, that has much shaken this frail tabernacle; but I do hope to be enabled to meet my dear friend in the courts of the Lord's house on Lord's Day morning, if it be his good pleasure, and to share with you in the gospel feast; for our bounteous Lord keeps a rich table, and never sends the poor and needy empty away. (Ps. cxxxii. 15, 16.)

May the Lord Jesus Christ himself comfort your heart, and bring you forth in his work clothed in his strength, and, under the rich anointings of the Holy Spirit, speaking in you and by your mouth to the souls of his afflicted, poor, and weary heritage that are now left in the midst of Zion. (Zeph. iii. 12.)

I am well aware that discouragements and impediments of various kinds and from various quarters are found in your path as a minister of the sanctuary; but how cheering it must be to consider and believe that every step is ordered, marked out, and appointed by the sovereign Ruler of heaven and earth. When sent out without visible supplies the disciples lacked nothing. What they had freely received they freely gave; and when brought before the great ones of this world, their blessed Lord engaged to give them both mouth and wisdom, which no adversary was able to gainsay or resist. And so it is to this day, notwithstanding the doubts and dubious cogitations of the mind how they shall be carried on and carried through the great work in which they are engaged. The Lord's command to the leaders of his people is, "*to go forward.*" He himself goes before them, and is also their rearward; therefore his cheering voice to his own messengers and standard-bearers is, "*Fear thou not!*"

But I must conclude this poor scrap, with sincere thanks for your last kind favour, and shall be happy at all times to hear from you.

I remain, affectionately yours,

Foley Street, London, Jan. 26th, 1833.

J. KEYT.

REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE, WHICH NEEDETH NOT TO BE REPENTED OF.

My dear Friend,—No doubt you will think it long before I write, and probably take it unkind, because I have not replied sooner to your last kind letter received, dated Oct. 5th, 1845. Perhaps my friend will allow the following reasons as an excuse for me. I have a retail business to attend to, and am called off sometimes every few minutes while I am writing. When I have the most leisure I feel the most bound and shut up in my feelings and less disposed to write, and when I have the least leisure time I often feel the most disposed and desirous to write. But at all times my soul's delight is to write the most when I feel God the Spirit sweetly helping my manifold infirmities, but that is not so often as I could wish. So what can I do? my friends are pressing me to write and my soul is willing, but lacks opportunity, and would rather stay to feel the power. Let this apology suffice.

I thank you for your anxious concern respecting my health. My dear children, and partner, and our little cause, all are drawing me back, else I would rather depart and be with Christ, the beloved object of my soul's desire, and sin no more, which would be far better than being here. Through mercy, our dear Lord has raised me up again. How surprisingly kind and gracious he has been and still is to me, although I feel myself nothing better than a cumber-ground; and the thought lies very heavy on my mind still, that before I see him face to face in his kingdom above, I shall see, feel, and know more of the marvels of his love and the wonders his grace can do here below than I have as yet seen. My soul thirsts for God, for the living God, and longs for powers to spread abroad his fame, and tell to Zion how my soul desires to love, serve, obey, and glorify him below, and reign with him above. When shall I appear before him, and feel power sufficient to prevail with him to grant me and my dear friend the requests of our hearts? Lord, let not the vision longer tarry, for our souls are growing sick, and tired, and faint in waiting for thee. My friend asks, and longs, and pants to feel and know her interest in Christ and his great salvation, and desires to enjoy sweet and constant communion with him; and my soul desires to enjoy again the like favour. "My dear Lord, hast not thou said, when 'two shall agree in the thing that they ask, it shall be done unto them?' Then give us both the requests of our hearts, so that we may enjoy the comfort thereof, according to thy word, I beseech thee."

But notwithstanding all my friend's desires, and groanings, and longings, and complainings, she is fearing the Lord will not grant her "repentance unto life," because she feels her hardness of heart to that degree that it surprises and distresses her sore, for fear she should be found at last to be only a "hypocrite," a deceiver in God's sight. It is no marvel she should think so under these feelings, for in an established Christian such extreme hardness of heart felt often makes him stand amazed and tremble in his very soul; and if

it cause such to tremble, well may it make my friend fear and stand in doubt. O the rackings and tortures of mind I have endured while in this state, before the Lord has taken the stone away and melted me down again at his dear sacred feet, no tongue can tell nor pen can describe! Therefore can my soul feel for you.

But there is still hope for my friend. God the Spirit has convinced her of her lost, ruined, undone, and helpless state by nature. She is flying, with inward groanings, and longings, and intense desire, to Christ for refuge from the wrath to come. Her soul is now made sincere; nothing but Christ revealed in her heart, the hope of glory, his pardon sealed and felt in her conscience, and peace, the fruit of cancelled sin, enjoyed, will do. Now all this appears to me to be my friend's real state and case before God, from her mournings, and groanings, and bewailings, and bitter lamentations because of sin, and expressed desires to feel her interest in Christ and his salvation. Rest assured, my dear friend, though you may not be able to believe it now, I think the day will come when you will know, with joy unspeakable, that you have now that repentance which is unto life, as sure as I hope and believe I know what it is to have felt it myself; for your feelings expressed, and your fears and desires are exactly as mine were. And what can I say more? for could I assure you of it with the tongue of men and angels, unless God the Holy Ghost was pleased to attend the word with divine and sovereign power, it would be all in vain; therefore I will endeavour to commit thy case unto the Lord, and do hope you will be enabled to do so too, and also to trust in him, and he will bring it to pass.

Repentance which is unto life proceeds from the life of God in the soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, there worked in and maintained, a proof of divine life within, until it is swallowed up and lost in life immortal above. The effects it produces are a hatred to, and a godly repentance, groaning, and mourning over and for sin, because they, the possessors thereof, cannot cease from sin and grief for grieving their Lord, while faith points them to the Antidote, Christ and his blood, and weeps for him, and looks above to the rest prepared in heaven. This repentance is not only unto life, but it is not to be repented of. My friend will never have to repent of repenting for sin; nor repent of seeking to Christ for mercy, pardon, and peace through his blood, and merits, and sufferings; nor repent of taking up her cross, and espousing his cause, and confessing his name amongst men, for such he declares he will confess before his Father and the angels; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

Then let my friend consider, and not hastily conclude that she has not this repentance already within. What is the cause of her mourning and groaning because of the weight and burden of sin which she feels within, and over the hardness of her heart, as she does, if she has not this special, this heavenly gift? Feeling is a proof of life; and repentance for sin, connected with faith looking to and hanging upon Jesus for salvation, is repentance unto life; and as

this repentance will never need to be repented of, so sin repented of and absolved through the blood of the Lamb shall never rise up in judgment against us while here below, nor at the last great tribunal day.

O what a cluster of sacred, solemn truths is here! How blessed the soul who has savingly repented of sin, and is tasting by a living faith in exercise of the untold sweetness thereof, the preciousness of redeeming and dying love! Does my friend from hence feel any risings of hope? Let her soul still hang on a "Who can tell?" and wait and watch unto prayer; for her Lord will surely grant her the desire of her heart; as it is written, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted," and finish the work he has begun in her soul, to the praise of his glory. "Blessed are they that mourn," as says the Lord, "for they shall be comforted." God's shalls and wills stand firm as the pillars of heaven, and his faithfulness is for ever, though we believe not; and having this seal, he knows those who are his.

Praise ye the Lord, my soul;
Lord, help my friend to join,
Herself on thee to roll,
And seal her ever thine.

Then her repenting soul shall know,
The joys of heaven begun below.

We are much as usual, through mercy. Our united love to you in Christ Jesus. Adieu. Yours affectionately, for Jesus' sake,
Bedworth, Nov. 6th, 1845. G. T. C.

Tell me, are there not many of you saying within yourselves, "This is a licentious doctrine; this preacher is opening a door for encouragement in sin?" But this does not surprise or terrify me at all. It is a stale antiquated objection, as old as the doctrine of justification itself. And (which, by the way, is not much to the credit of those who urge it now) it was first made by an infidel. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, after he had, in the first five chapters, most plainly proved the doctrine of justification by faith only, in the sixth brings in an unbeliever, saying, "Shall we continue in sin, then, that grace may abound?" But as he rejected such an inference with a "God forbid!" so do I. For the faith which we preach is not a dead speculative creed, "an assenting to a thing credible, as credible," as it is commonly defined. It is not a faith of the head only but of the heart. It is a living principle wrought in the soul by the Spirit of the everlasting God, convincing the sinner of his lost undone condition by nature, enabling him to lay hold on the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ, and continually exciting him, out of a principle of love and gratitude, to show forth the same by abounding in every good word and work. This is the sum and substance of the doctrine that has been delivered; and if this be licentious doctrine, judge ye. No, my brethren, this is not decrying all good works, but teaching you how to do the same from a proper principle.—*Whitefield.*

THE MOURNING OF HADADRIMMON IN THE VALLEY OF MEGIDDON,

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Friend,—I am much obliged by the receipt of yours, dated the 13th instant. I humbly bless my God on your behalf and for the raising up of Mrs. W. from her bed of languishing; and, to the praise of our most merciful Lord, I have to declare to you that he has very lately raised up my poor weak, suffering wife in a similar manner. We are under the highest obligations unto him who has said, "Behold, I bring health and cure." "I am the Lord that healeth thee;" and "I will heal thee of thy sickness." May it please him, in his pity and compassion, to visit you with the joys of his salvation, and uphold us with his free Spirit! He can heal the wounded conscience by pouring in oil and wine. He can apply his great atonement to purge the conscience, under the operation of the Holy Ghost. The Spirit can open our heart; and Christ can come into the soul with all his saving benefits, saying, as Mr. Hart,

"My body and my blood receive;
It comes entirely free;
I ask no price for all I give;
But O remember me!"

This leads me to a scene of sorrow, and thoughts of the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon. Last evening was the most solemn national order of mourning I ever witnessed,* so that sleep departed from my eyes. After I had discharged my family I remained alone for prayer and reading the Scriptures; and soon after the guns fired.† At midnight I went to bed, sympathising with the distressed mourners for the much-lamented death of the late blooming princess. First, the infant branch and its glory vanished together; and next, the royal mother and her earthly glory

* W. Moore alludes here to the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, on the 19th of November, 1817. Those who are not old enough to recollect the circumstance, can little imagine what a shock her decease in childbirth gave to the country. We were but a boy at the time, but can never forget the universal gloom in London when her death was posted up at the Mansion House, where, but a short space previously, her safe delivery had been in a similar manner announced. We most distinctly remember the day of the funeral, as well as the Lord's Day after, on which the national mourning commenced. At that time black was not worn by men, coloured clothes being the invariable dress. This made the universal mourning strike the eye then as it would not do now; and this, with the dulness of the weather, the gloom on every face, the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's, the still crowds listening in solemn silence, and doubtless the sympathetic impression which all this aroused, independent of individual feeling, produced an effect in London which those who witnessed it never will forget. The blow seemed to reach every heart, and was felt and mourned over as a national calamity.

Mr. Huntington, it will be remembered, was much attached to the Royal Family and the house of Brunswick, and we see the same feeling in Rusk and W. Moore, his hearers.

† This was the firing of minute-guns at the Tower and in the Park at the time of her funeral, which took place, as usual, at night, at Windsor.

suddenly passed away also, together with the hope of the family and nation. O what a solemn event and painful bereavement to the royal family! May it please the Almighty, in his great condescension and tender mercy, to sanctify it to the House of Brunswick and our sinful nation at large, if it be his holy will! And as David said of Jerusalem, so I still say of my country, "Because of the house of the Lord, I will seek thy good." I cannot refrain sympathising with the disconsolate, affectionate Prince Leopold; for I do feel a respectful, reverential regard to the royal family, for our good old king's sake. We as Protestants are much indebted to him, under God, for our privileges, civil and religious. And what is greater than that salutary law of our beloved land; I mean the kind protection of us in the solemn worship of our most merciful God? My heart says, "God save the king! Long live the king! May the king live for ever! Amen. Amen. Hallelujah!" Praise God for making him a nursing father unto us; and may his hoary head be laid down to sleep in peace; and as a shock of corn fully ripe, which cometh in his season, I pray that he may be gathered by the reapers into our Lord's garner. As a king may he resign his earthly crown for a heavenly one, that he may cast it at the feet of Christ Jesus our Lord, whom he has heartily acknowledged here below to be the King over all the earth; and God will acknowledge him. One of his declarations is sweet to me, namely, when at a particular time he said, "I have courage to descend from my throne to a cottage, or lay my neck on a block; but I have not courage to falsify my coronation oath, nor to deny *my God*." Bless his old soul! And I humbly bless my most merciful Lord for sparing his valuable life, and so lengthening out our tranquillity.

But O my country, my country! Ingratitude, oppression, pride, &c., are still reigning in thee, which reminds me of 2 Tim. iii. Our cry is next to the sin of Sodom. O what a departure from our God, even in the midst of his signal favours bestowed upon us. But our benign Parent, the Lord of Hosts, has protected us. And yet as a tender Father he shook his rod over us and smote the fruits of the earth in 1816.* Then the poor cried unto the Lord for themselves and their country; but many blasphemed; one we read of was struck instantly dead for his presumption, and others were obliged to acknowledge the Lord's hand lifted up. (Isa. xxvi. 10, 11.) But this year our bountiful Benefactor has bestowed an abundant harvest in our land, and suitable weather for the ingathering of the same, followed with a good seed-time also. Are not these great favours? Yes; and this reminds me of what our Lord says of his vineyard, "What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?" (Isa. v. 4.) My poor petition is unto the Most High, that in the midst of deserved wrath he would remember mercy, for it must be an aggravating crime in the sight of Almighty God; I

* This was a sad wet harvest; and the wheat was so much grown that a person whom we know said the other day, referring to the late weather, that bread could then be eaten with a spoon.

mean the monopolizing oppressors sporting with the staff of life, and so cutting off the poor, which God will avenge;* also the taking down of that barrier which kept Arians, Socinians, and Papists out of political power and public offices or command in our highly-favoured nation. And although it might be considered by some very unbecoming in such a poor obscure one as I to attempt in the least degree to advise or dictate, yet, for the honour of God, the respect I feel for the house of Brunswick, Hanover, and my country, constrains me to humiliation and prayer on this account, and that this mournful event may be sanctified, that we may confess our sins, and cry unto him that can turn us to himself; so that church and state might cry unto the Shepherd of Israel, saying, "O Lord God of Hosts, turn us again, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved!" for it is a blessing to a church and nation, when their hearts are humbled, to turn to him that smites them. But the contrary was seen in Nebuchadnezzar, and the awful effects of it followed at the end of twelve months. Daniel had said, "O king, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity." (Dan. iv. 27.) But the haughty king's spirit rose up, and his kingdom fell. May we be enabled to set our "face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting" from all evil practices, and say, "O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, to our kings, to our princes, and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." (Dan. ix.) In this chapter is the declaration of the angel Gabriel to Daniel that Messiah should be cut off, but not for himself.

This leads me to my first intended object in writing this letter, of the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon, which was a sore mourning for good King Josiah, who was slain near Megiddo. And this afternoon, (21st,) I was informed that Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales was decided against the Papists in favour of the Protestants, which makes the loss so much the greater to both church and state.

But I have been mourning for my country several years, on account of her departure from the Lord; and in the beginning of 1816 my mourning continued to increase, through dreams and the Scriptures of eternal truth pressing on my mind. And my heaviness greatly increased upon me in the night of October 6th, 1817, by a dream, and the word of God which I first opened upon the next morning: "Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down;" (Isa. xxiv. 1;) so that I could not refrain speaking a little of it to my friends. But I had much to ponder in my heart: "Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, for it is at hand; it is even at the

* Ps. lxxii. 4; Hos. xii. 7; Amos iv. 1—3; Micah ii. 2; Prov. xiv. 31; xxii. 16; Eccles. iv. 1—3.

doors;" therefore I made a feeble attempt among my friends to sound an alarm, believing a day of affliction and trouble was at hand, and I was constrained to tell some that I believed a sudden event was at hand. "Be watchful, be sober, be vigilant;" and now "Be still, and know that I am God;" "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." (Luke xxi. 28.) I read the Prophet Joel; Isa. xiii. 10, 11; Jer. xv.; Ezek. xxxii.; and Amos viii.; so that, you see, my mourning began long before the public lamentation. But the Lord the Spirit condescended to support my mind, and at times cheer my heart with some encouraging promises of God, namely, "The Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel;" (Joel iii. 16;) also Psalms xvi. and xci. But on Wednesday the 19th, the sable, solemn appearance of the people, the pulpit of chapel and church, the funeral knell until midnight, greatly affected me; but I was in some degree relieved by being carried in sympathy to the mourning of Hadad-rimmon in the valley of Megiddon, from thence to the Lord Jesus Christ, who, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, raised his princess, *his wife*, to eternal life. He is the Prince of Life and Lord of Lords, and King of Glory; and this, our glorious Christ of God, shall at last overcome Antichrist, however formidable he may rise. And may it please our most merciful Father, by his Spirit and grace, to keep us chaste in our affections to our Lord Jesus Christ, that we may not be left to commit adultery with the whore of Babylon, but by the Holy Ghost be enabled to resist the mark, the name, and the number of the name of the beast, and the worshipping of his image, although we be killed! But who is sufficient for these things? Not we; but our sufficiency is of God. But what is the death of the body when compared to God's eternal blast upon the body and soul of his enemies? O eternal death! wrath, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever; wrath to come, ever wrath to come: "If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name. Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." (Rev. xiv. 9—12.) The patience, sanctification, and justification *by faith*, and the blessed effects, are rest, felicity, and eternal glory in the heavenly fellowship of God, angels, and saints. A good old divine says, "To worship the image of the beast is to acknowledge the doctrines of the Church of Rome; and to have the number of his name is to profess justification by works of the creature." And O, awful as it is, we know hundreds of thousands are in this dreadful snare! But God be praised that we are enabled to

deny this, knowing we have nothing of our own to present to the Almighty acceptable to him, that we might gain his favour; therefore in the comfort of the Scriptures we have hope, and are glad it is thus written, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii. 8.)

But, my friend, you ask me a question: "Whether those that give the helping hand to the Lord's enemies to build up Babylon, the Mother of Harlots, have peace?" You answer the question in the words of Joram: "Is it peace, Jehu? And he answered, What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?" (2 Kings ix. 22; Hab. ii. 12; Rev. ii. 90—23.) By way of question you have another answer in 2 Chron. xix. 2: "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord." And the time will come that God will make his church a cup of trembling unto all the people round about, and in that day he will make Jerusalem a burdensome stone for all people; all that burden themselves with it shall be cut in pieces, though all the people of the earth be gathered together against it, for the Lord will smite them. And of his witnesses he declares, "If any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies: and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed." (Rev. xi. 5.) Therefore consider this; the enemies of Christ must fill up their measure of iniquity, and Christ's members must fill up, as the apostle says, that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in their flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church. And seeing Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, is made perfect in glory above, after passing through a path of suffering here below, let us not forget that our way into the kingdom lies through much tribulation: "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." (Phil. i. 29.) The sufferings of the saints are increasing, especially of the poor; and I am sure both church and state must suffer by the establishment of the Jesuits' college, seminary, and chapels in the country, as well as by the Roman Catholic chapels, &c., in London and elsewhere. But our dear Lord says to his church, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. ii. 10.) So says the King of princes; and may it please the Holy Ghost to take of Christ's, and show it unto us, that, by the unction of the Holy One and his blessed anointing, we may perceive the person of Christ, his undertaking and offices, and our interest in his finished work, that we may "sorrow a little for the burden of the King of princes!" And now humbly beseeching him to fulfil his gracious promise, as it is written, "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for

his firstborn. In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon." (Zech. xii. 10. 11.) The sorrows and sufferings of Christ, you know, are prophesied of in Ps. xxii. and Isa. liii., and you see them fulfilled in Matt. xxvi. and xxvii., Mark xiv. and xv., Luke xxii. and xxiii., and John xix. It is good for a sensible, needy sinner, to travail here, with his sin in view, and with the burden of guilt upon his conscience, to be waiting at wisdom's gates, and at the posts of the doors of the Lord's house; for he says, "Whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord." It is a good thing to be found in the means of God's appointment, (James iv. 8,) reading the word of God and bowing at a throne of grace, having respect unto the Lord's Day, and cleaving to the children of God, especially those who are meekened and humbled before the Lord; for he dwells with them, and reveals his secrets to them. They sit at his feet and receive of his word. As little children they go to Jesus and receive the kingdom of God, his gospel and grace, in this world, and glory in the world to come; as little children abide in him, that they might have confidence in him, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. And it is a good thing to be afraid of sinning against God, either sins of omission or commission, a being afraid of offending a gracious God. This is working out our salvation with fear and trembling. God the Spirit moves us to it: "God worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure." But a view of our sins in the glass of Christ's sufferings, a looking on him whom we have pierced in soul and body, and in the Garden in his agony, under the wrath of God against the sins of his people, causing that sweat of blood; O doleful midnight sufferings! In a dark, cold night he passed through that gloomy vale, crossed the brook Cedron, which ran between the mountains, then he entered the Garden of Gethsemane. It was there he took that bitter cup of wrath; there he was sore amazed; he began to be very heavy and sorrowful, even unto death, and, being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly. Here it is to be seen how his soul was pierced for the sins of his people; and you can see in the evangelists how he was afterwards led about, shamefully treated, and most cruelly handled, and, when on the cross, mocked and derided by men and deserted by God, which produced that lamentable cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Here his poor followers mourned, wept, and lamented. And whenever a child of God descends into his own soul and finds his Saviour there also, in the Garden and on the cross for him, bruised for his iniquity, and wounded for his transgressions, seeing him delivered up to those cruel men, in Satan's hour and the power of darkness, for our transgressions, and finding pardon and peace flow into the soul, this will dissolve the adamant heart:

"A sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves the heart of stone."

This will produce mourning, a solemn mourning, and weeping over the burden of the King of princes; and all those whom God

condescends to bring here will have some little knowledge of the Holy Ghost's meaning by Zech. xii. Indeed, Christ himself spoke it by his Spirit in the prophet, saying, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadad-rimmon in the valley of Megiddon."

But probably my friend's patience in reading will be like my strength in writing, almost worn out; but though I am faint, yet kept pursuing. Neither can I close this letter without looking again at the person of Christ, his natures, his offices, his satisfaction, and his sufferings for the vilest of the vile sinners, yea, the chief. You see Immanuel, God with us, God the Son, in human nature, pouring out his human soul unto death, in order to raise the dead in sin to a life of righteousness: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us." The Second Person in the Trinity laid down his human life to atone for the sins of his people.

But, my dear friend, I must commit you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to save your soul and preserve you to his everlasting kingdom and glory. You see what an in and out way I have come to you at last; and now my poor feeble mind is at work, and my thoughts running after the person of Christ, his natures, his offices, his great undertaking, sufferings, death, and finished work; his resurrection, ascension, and glorification in heaven. There the glorious great God-Man, our Mediator and Intercessor, is sitting at the right hand of the Majesty on high, ruling for and in his people. And "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Yea; he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Well, then, though our way is rough, he says our shoes shall be iron and brass, and as our days so shall our strength be; and though we often walk in darkness, he says he will make darkness light before us, crooked things straight, and rough places plain, and not forsake us. And though we often feel deadness, leanness, and barrenness, he is the light of life; yea, the Sun of Righteousness. He can fructify our doleful souls even when they are as deserts and wildernesses. He is all and has all we can need. May the Holy Spirit give us faith, and in all humility lead us to him for all we need, to the praise and glory of his grace! Amen.

Tender my love to all friends, and request them to remember me. At the foot of my wife's sick bed.

Thursday, Nov. 20th, 1817.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Whosoever he be that professes and loves the Word unfeignedly, and zealously seeks the glory of God, he shall be judged and called of the world and worldlings both a foolish and a mad man. That it has been always so the histories declare, and also these our days witness the same.—*Luther.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF HIS PILGRIMAGE.—No. II.

My dear Sister in Jesus, the sinner's best Friend,—Your last was almost too much for me to read through, and I was obliged to stop several times before I could finish. But I must not say any more on that subject at present, only observing that I felt constrained to bless God on your behalf for his grace given unto you, and to bless him that he should condescend to bless the few hints hastily written to you by myself. I have long given up all attempts at letter-writing, unless mere notes in a business-like way; and for years I have been obliged to write with every finger of my right hand nearly closed to the palm, from a kind of paralytic stroke affecting my fingers. My last letter to you is the first that I have begun and finished with the free use of my fingers for a long time. But O my heart is more paralysed than were ever my fingers! and were it not for rich grace, I should sink in hopeless despair. I came here, but said, ere I left home, "*This is my last effort for my recovery.*" It was with reluctance I came here, though advised so to do some time since by my medical attendant. One circumstance I must name to you, which obliged me to attend to your note. On Lord's Day week I went to the chapel near us, [probably an Independent one,] but was much disappointed in hearing, and came away grieved. There appeared to me nothing in the preachment calculated to awaken the careless sinner, to alarm the Pharisee, or to comfort the mourning souls. I thought that priest and people were all alike *dead to God*; but I might be wrong. I from my heart wished I was far from this place. But as I was walking to — the same afternoon, I thought what a pleasure it would be to me to find out one of the Lord's own family in the poorest thatched cottage in the village; and if the Lord would prevent my cough and give me breath, I would say something to them of Jesus my Lord, and set forth his superlative excellences as God-man Mediator; and if his blessed Majesty would condescend to join our company, our hearts would burn within us! When your note came, this circumstance immediately occurred to me.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Sept. 17, 1838.

HENRY FOWLER.

Christ did not die for sin that we might live to sin.—*John Mason.*

We can in our prosperity sport ourselves and be too bold with Christ, yea, be so insolent as to chide with him; but under the water we dare not speak. I wonder now of my sometimes boldness, to chide and quarrel with Christ, to nickname providence when it stroked me against the hair; but now swimming in the waters I think my will is fallen to the ground of the water; I have lost it. I think I would fain let Christ alone and give him leave to do with me what he pleases if he would smile upon me. Verily, we know not what an evil it is to spoil and indulge ourselves, and to make an idol of our will.—*Rutherford.*

A LETTER BY RUTHERFORD.

Mistress,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.

Though I have no worldly relation or acquaintance with you, yet (upon the testimony and importunity of your elder son, now in London, where I am, but chiefly because I esteem Jesus Christ in you to be in place of all relations) I make bold in Christ to speak my poor thoughts to you concerning your son lately fallen asleep in the Lord, who was some time under the ministry of that worthy servant of Christ, my fellow-labourer, Mr. Blair, by whose ministry I hope he reaped no small advantage.

I know grace roots not out the affections of a mother, but puts them on His wheel who makes all things new, that they may be refined; therefore sorrow for a dead child is allowed to you, though by measure. The redeemed of the Lord have not a dominion or lordship over their sorrow and other affections to lavish out Christ's goods at their pleasure; for you are not your own, but bought with a price; and your sorrow is not your own, nor has he redeemed you by halves, and therefore you are not to make Christ's cross no cross. He commands you to weep; and that princely One, who took up to heaven with him a man's heart to be a compassionate High Priest, became your Fellow and Companion on earth, by weeping for the dead. (John xi. 35.) And therefore you are to love that cross because it was on Christ's shoulders before you; so that by his own practice he has overgilded and covered your cross with the Mediator's lustre. The cup you drink was at the lip of sweet Jesus, and he drank of it, and so it has a smell of his breath; and I conceive you like it not the worse that it is thus figured; therefore drink, and believe the resurrection of your son's body. If one coal of hell could fall off the exalted head of Jesus, Jesus the Prince of the kings of the earth, and burn me to ashes, knowing I were a partner with Christ, and a fellow-sharer with him, (though the unworthiest of men,) I should die a lovely death in that fire with him. The worst things of Christ, his cross, have much of heaven from himself; and so has your Christian sorrow, being of kin to Christ's in that kind. If your sorrow were a bastard, and not of Christ's house, (because of the relation you have to him in conformity with his death and sufferings,) I should the more compassionate your condition; but kind and compassionate Jesus, at every sigh you give at the loss of your now glorified child, (so I believe, as is meet,) with a man's heart cries, "Half mine."

I was not a witness to his death, being called out of the kingdom, but you may credit those whom I credit, (and I dare not lie,) he died comfortably. It is true, he died before he did so much service to Christ on earth as I hope and heartily desire your son, Mr. Hugh (very dear to me in Christ Jesus) shall do; that were a real matter of sorrow if this were not to counterbalance it, that he has changed service-houses, but has not changed service or Master: "And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him." (Rev. xxii. 3.)

What he could have done in this lower house he is now upon the same service in the higher house; and it is all one, it is the same service and the same Master, only there is a change of conditions; and you are not to think it a bad bargain for your beloved son, where he has gold for copper and brass, eternity for time. I believe Christ has taught you (for I give credit to such a witness of you as your son Mr. Hugh) not to sorrow because he died; all the regret must be he died too soon, he died too young, he died in the morning of his life; this is all. But Sovereignty must silence your thoughts.

I was in your condition; I had but two children, and both are dead since I came hither. The supreme and absolute Former of all things gives not an account of any of his matters. The good Husbandman may pluck his roses and gather in his lilies at midsummer, and, for aught I dare say, in the beginning of the first summer month; and he may transplant young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, where they may have more of the sun and more free air, at any season of the year; what is that to you or me? the goods are his own. The Creator of time and winds did a merciful injury (if I dare borrow the word) to nature in landing the passenger so early. They love the sea too well who complain of a fair wind, and a desirable tide, and a speedy coming ashore, especially coming ashore in that land where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads. He cannot be too early in heaven; his twelve hours were not short hours; and withal, if you consider this, had you been at his bedside, and should have seen Christ coming to him, you would not, you could not have adjourned Christ's free love, who would want him no longer. And dying in another land, where his mother could not close his eyes, is not much. Who closed Moses' eyes, and who put on his winding-sheet? For aught I know, neither father, nor mother, nor friend, but God only; and there is as expedite, fair, and easy a way betwixt Scotland and heaven as if he had died in the very bed he was born in. The whole earth is his Father's; any corner of his Father's house is good enough to die in. It may be, the living child (I speak not of Mr. Hugh) is more grief to you than the dead. You are to wait on, if at any time Christ should give him repentance. Christ waited as long possibly on you and me, certainly longer on me; and if he should deny repentance to him, I could say something to that; but I hope better things.

It seems that Christ will have this world your step-dame; I love not your condition the worse. It may be a proof that ye are not a child of this lower house, but a stranger. Christ sees it not good only, but your only good, to be led thus to heaven; and think this a favour, that he has bestowed upon you free, free grace, that is, mercy without hire. You paid nothing for it; and who can put a price upon anything of royal and princely Jesus Christ? And that God has given to you to suffer for him the spoiling of your goods, esteem it as an act of free grace also. You are no loser, having himself; and I persuade myself, if you could prize Christ, nothing could be bitter to you.

Your brother and well-wisher,

London, 1645.

S. RUTHERFORD.

OBITUARY.

ANNE TOPP, OF MARKET LAVINGTON, WILTS.

(Continued from page 301.)

She then desired to be left alone for a little time, as she felt her heart going out unto the Lord in secret prayer; and truly it was prayer, as I stood below stairs and heard her. She said to me afterwards, "How the words, 'The Lord is holy,' dwell on my mind with might." And frequently afterwards, seeing me weep, she said, "Do not weep, my dear, 'The Lord is holy,' and dear is his name. It will not be long that we shall be parted. You will follow after me; I am sure of it. O what a mercy if we should meet around that blessed God! And is not my father a favoured man, that both his children should meet in heaven?" Seeing me continually weeping, she said, "My dear, the Lord is very good, he will appear for you. He is a very present help in times of trouble. Is there not cause for thanksgiving to see that I am not in violent pains and how wonderfully the Lord supports me? You have been as good a husband to me as ever lived upon this earth; but we have made idols of each other, and must for a time be parted. Before I was taken ill, the love that I felt to you I cannot describe; I could scarcely endure for you to be out of my sight; and the day before I was taken so violently ill, I was led to admire and bless the Lord in answering my poor petitions years ago, that I might meet with one who feared God and was not walking according to the course of this world. But my dear Jesus must have the pre-eminence of our hearts. O that I could feel more love to him, and enjoy more sweet communion with him! I cannot but hope in his mercy; there is something I cannot give up." I said, "Nothing will do for you but the precious blood of Jesus and his finished work revealed to your heart by the Holy Spirit; and if this fails, you are lost and undone for ever." She replied, "O yes, that blessed finished work! The very word 'finished' is dear to me." I observed, "Had there been no Saviour found, no Surety provided, no ransom paid, we should now have been on the borders of a dreadful eternity, and, with all the human race, sunk to rise no more; and we have justly deserved it." She answered, "Yes, we have justly deserved it." She then said, "Read the chapter about the crucifixion, where one thief said to the other, 'Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our sins; but this man hath done nothing amiss.'" I said, "These words were blessed to you some time ago." She replied, "Yes, and they are very precious now." I read the chapter; she repeated again, "Dost not thou fear God! but this man hath done nothing amiss." Afterwards she said, "Read the chapter where it is recorded that Jesus said to his disciples, 'My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you;' as those words are sweet to me, and have been so for

several days." I read the chapter; she added, "'My peace I give unto you.' Sweet peace! How blessed it is to have a little peace, and that the Lord does not suffer the enemy to harass me. But I must not expect to go to the end of my journey free from his temptations."

On the 26th of March, in the silent watch of the night, she repeated, in a solemn tone, the verse,

"How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

The following night the enemy came with this temptation, that he would sorely try her before death, because she would not take the medicine, as she had given up the physicians the same day, nothing that she had received from them having done her any good. I told her that "she must not expect to escape his fierce temptations. But the Lord has promised that when the enemy comes in like a flood, his Spirit shall lift up a standard against him, and that is a precious promise. And when he comes again, may you be enabled to tell him of your Saviour's bleeding wounds, death, and cross. Tell him that he cannot come to the Garden of Gethsemane nor to the foot of the cross, where the work of redemption was for ever completed." She replied, "I told him of his bleeding wounds and cross; and that hymn came so sweetly into my heart that I wanted to sing it, but was not able, particularly these two verses:

'When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
'See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?'"

I said, "You have many times sung those sweet lines in day^s gone by." She answered, "Yes, and it has sometimes been the sweetest employment that I have ever known. But at times I am afraid that I shall be left in the dark at last." I said, "Many of the redeemed of the Lord have had fears, and have been sorely tried, even till the last. The blessed Son of God himself was in darkness on the cross in his last expiring moments, when he cried out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' So that if the Lord should leave you for a small moment at the last, your suffering Lord and Saviour has gone before you and travelled the same path." She replied, "He was in darkness; he was in darkness. O if I should reach that blissful home, how I will sing,

'And crown him Lord of all.'

How many times have I sung that sweet hymn in this life, and felt my heart expand with the words, 'Crown him Lord of all,'"

I said, "Will there not be abundant cause to praise and adore him, to see from what we are saved, and to see and admire the arm that has done it?" She answered, "Yes, there will be cause for praise. O that he would appear more precious to me! I want a clearer manifestation of my interest in him. O that I may never be deceived at the last! I do feel my heart going out after Christ, and a longing for home." I said, "We read of the woman that cried after Jesus, but the disciples said unto him, 'Send her away, for she crieth after us.' But he said, 'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' And you, my dear, feel yourself to be lost, and lost for ever, without him, and saved by grace alone. In him is all your hope and all your salvation; and all your expectation of immortal glory is in and through what the blessed Son of God himself alone has done. You cannot rest upon anything but his blood and righteousness, his blessed finished work; and it is the Spirit's work alone to give you a clearer interest in it. This he will do in his own time." She replied, "Yes; O that he would give me patience to wait his time!"

On the 1st of April she was taken much worse and thought she was dying, for she appeared near death. I went to her bedside, but she was not able to speak for some time. At last she looked at me and said, "O that precious blood of Christ! do, Lord, seal it upon my heart. O Lord, do appear for me!" I observed, "Nothing but blood will do for you." She replied, "O precious blood! Do, my dear, beg the Lord to appear for my soul, that I may leave a testimony behind." I said, "The Lord has appeared for your soul, and will appear; you will live to praise him for those things. The desire of the righteous shall be granted, if not fully in this life, in that which is to come." She replied, "I want to feel him near." I said, "This is the place to be brought to, to need real religion; nothing but the real thing will stand; everything else will give way in the hour of death." She again said, "I want to feel him near." A friend remarked, "You want dying strength in dying moments." She replied, "Yes, I do. O that the Lord would appear!" Being exceedingly ill, she could scarcely be heard. I said, "O what sin has done!" and then repeated these lines:

"O thou hideous monster, Sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
All creation groans through thee,
Pregnant cause of misery.
Thou hast ruin'd wretched man,
Ever since the world began;
Thou hast God afflicted too;
Nothing less than that would do."

At this she was greatly affected. After she had been in this longing state for an hour or more, the Lord was pleased to send these blessed words into her soul with divine power, and melt her down into thanksgiving and praise: "Thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name." O my friend, what a change she felt in a moment! How she was enabled to praise the Lord! And he

gave her strength to sound forth his praise: "Bless the Lord, bless the Lord! Precious Christ, that ever he should have looked upon such a poor mortal as I! Praise his name, that ever he should have taken notice of me." I said, "Do the words seem precious?" She answered, "Very precious." I said, "Bless the Lord; one promise applied to your soul will carry you to heaven; one grain of faith will land you in glory. O what a wonder of wonders, that the Lord should have ever looked upon any of us! We all deserved to be sent to hell; but love moved the blessed Son of God to leave the abodes of glory and come down to earth to save our souls. Wonderful love! Surely there will be cause to crown him Lord of all." She replied, "Yes; bless the Lord." I said, "The enemy is a liar." She replied, "Yes; praise the name of the Lord." She was then for a little time overcome by her cough. Having somewhat recovered, she said, "Crown him Lord of all; crown him Lord of all! He hath appeared, and he will appear for me; bless his name." She then repeated these verses:

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast.
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!"

Of the few friends who came to take their farewell of her, one said, "I must leave you; and if we never see each other again, we hope to meet in a far better world, where there will be no more sickness. The Lord bless you with more manifestations of his blessed presence, and strengthen you through the valley of the shadow of death." She replied, "I believe he will; bless his name." Another friend said, "The Lord is better to you than all your fears." She replied, "Yes, bless his holy name." She continued for several days in a most sweet frame of mind, and the words, "Thy Maker is thy husband," were still sweet to her; so that she felt a longing to depart day after day. I told her that I was thankful every day that she was still spared to me. She said, "You may be more thankful when I am gone, and out of this weak state. How I can look back to my childhood, and see how the Lord has led me along and answered my prayer! I can see how he stopped me in my career, drew my affections away from my young acquaintances, and put a desire in my soul after himself; and how I have been led to admire his goodness in bringing us together. How wonderfully the Lord supports you, through this severe trial! I told you that he would appear for you; I was sure he would. I can say sincerely, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'" To a friend who gave her a cup of tea she said, "O what a privilege to have such good friends around me!" I observed, "We have drunk of the same cup here of our blessed Lord, and we hope to drink it anew with

him above, when we shall have left this clog of death behind; in that kingdom where the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick.' She replied, "Yes." I said, "You will leave us nothing behind but your corruptible part, your body of death." She replied, "Nothing but my afflicted body. I do not know how soon the enemy may come again, but I do not fear death, nor does the sting of it in the least terrify me. What a sweet psalm that was which Mr. D. read that Lord's Day. How forcibly does David say, 'I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me.' These things confirm me in the conviction that the Bible is true. 'The Lord is holy.'"

(To be concluded in our next.)

ERRATUM.—In our last Number, p. 299, it is stated, "On the 12th of May, 1842, our hands were joined in marriage." This is an error. It should have been, "On the 17th of May, 1849."

It is well worthy of our observation, says a commentator, that no one sentence uttered by the Lord is so frequently repeated as this: "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." It occurs at least ten times in the Evangelists.—*Hervey.*

My connexion with sea affairs has often led me to think that the varieties observable in Christian experience may be properly illustrated from the circumstances of a voyage. Imagine to yourself a number of vessels, at different times and from different places, bound to the same port; there are some things in which all these would agree. The compass steered by, the port in view, the general rules of navigation, both as to the management of the vessel and determining their astronomical observations, would be the same in all. In other respects they would differ; perhaps no two of them would meet with the same distribution of winds and weather. Some we see set out with a prosperous gale; when they almost think their passage secured, they are checked by adverse blasts; and, after enduring much hardship and danger, and frequent expectations of shipwreck, they just escape and reach the desired haven. Others meet the greatest difficulties at first; they put forth in a storm, and are often beaten back. At length their voyage proves favourable, and they enter the port with a rich and abundant entrance. Some are hard beset with cruisers and enemies, and obliged to fight their way through. Others meet with little remarkable in their passage. Is it not thus in the spiritual life? Though all are exercised at times, yet some pass through the voyage of life much more smoothly than others: But he "who walketh upon the wings of the wind, and measures the waters in the hollow of his hand," will not suffer any of whom he has once taken charge to perish in the storms, though for a season, perhaps, many of them are ready to give up all hopes. We must not, therefore, make the experience of others, in all respects, a rule to ourselves, nor our own a rule to others; yet these are common mistakes, and productive of many more.—*Newton.*

REVIEW.

A Treatise on Various Subjects. By John Brine. London: Paul, 1, Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row. 1851.

It is rather more than one hundred and ninety years ago since the Church of England cast out of her bosom two thousand of her most faithful ministers.* Nor was she satisfied with merely ejecting them and reducing them and their families to poverty and want; she added to it the most bitter and harassing persecution. Urged on by Clarendon, the same ungodly Parliament which passed the infamous Bartholomew Act, proceeded to treat as criminals not only the ejected ministers, but all those who cleaved to their ministry. Fine, imprisonment, and transportation to the colonies, another word for a worse than African slavery, were the punishments which ungodly magistrates, without judge or jury, could, on the oath of a common informer, inflict upon men of whom the world was not worthy.†

But it is not our purpose to dwell here on the sufferings of our Puritan ancestors. Let us rather endeavour to trace out in their sufferings the mysterious purposes of God. True religion never flourished, never can flourish, except in adversity. Prosperity is its death. However paradoxical the assertion may seem, true religion was in this country saved by the very blow that was aimed at its life. Had the scheme of comprehension succeeded which was to embrace in the National Church Bunyan, Owen, and Goodwin, with

* By the Act of Uniformity it was required that on or before St. Bartholomew's Day, Sunday, August 24th, 1662, every clergyman should be re-ordained if he had not before received episcopal ordination; should declare his unfeigned assent and consent to everything contained in and prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer; should take the oath of canonical obedience to the bishop; should abjure the solemn league and covenant; and should renounce the principle of taking arms, on any pretence whatsoever, against the king.

It was the three first articles chiefly that the Nonconformist ministers objected to, and could not conscientiously comply with. Two thousand were in consequence ejected from all their preferments, or voluntarily relinquished them.

+ By the Act of Uniformity, every clergyman who should officiate without being what was called properly qualified, was punishable by fine and imprisonment; but in 1664 an additional act was passed, in which it was enacted that wherever five persons above those of the household should assemble for religious worship, every one of them was liable, for the first offence, to be imprisoned three months, or to pay £5; for the second, to be imprisoned six months, or pay £10; for the third, to be transported seven years, or pay £100.

Think of a poor labourer, with a large family, being transported to Virginia, to work like a Negro slave in a tobacco plantation under the burning sun of America, nominally for seven years, but really for life. And for what? Because he met with a few gracious souls in a cottage to read and pray or hear the word. By the Five Mile Act none of the deprived ministers were allowed to come within five miles of a market town. And all this time iniquity ran down the streets like water.

Archbishops Sheldon* and Sharpe,† vital religion would have been strangled in its embrace. Owen, with a mitre on his brow, could hardly have written his work "On the Spirit." Bunyan, enthroned in a stall in Canterbury cathedral, would not have written "The Pilgrim's Progress." Bedford Gaol was a better place for him than the cathedral close.

The circumstances of the time were very peculiar. Few have any idea of the flood of ungodliness and profanity which characterised the reign of Charles II. It was not merely libertinism and the most unblushing profligacy which stalked abroad in open day, but the most avowed infidelity and coarsest profaneness. It was as if all hell had broken loose; and as if ungodliness, chained up by the iron hand of Cromwell, would now take its full swing, and make ample amends for past deprivations. The Puritans, called so derisively from their purity of principle and conduct, were hooted down, and driven from society as disturbers of the public peace. They had no need to separate themselves from the world; the world separated them from itself. Thus one grand point was gained. The church and the world were really separated. Ranks of society in those days were much more marked by outward distinctions than in our own. The gayest dresses, the richest silks, the most gaudy colours, were then worn by all of both sexes who aspired to worldly distinction. Here were our Puritan ancestors especially distinguished. Their plain garb and unadorned apparel at once marked them. This made a gulf between the world and them, now too much bridged over. And as thus they were driven out of the world, they were more closely united with each other than we have in our day any conception of. Two distinct forces were thus at work to bring together the people of God—external persecution and internal love. One drove and the other drew; one closed the circle from without, and the other attracted in the circle from within.

But as in all ages grain and chaff have been strewed on the same floor, wheat and tares have grown up in the same field, fish, good and bad, have swum in the same net, the Puritan assemblies were not exempt from admixture. If there was a Judas among the disciples, an Ananias and Sapphira among the Pentecostal converts, a Demas among Paul's personal friends, were the Puritans likely to be, according to their name, a pure heap of unmixed grain? But this very circumstance exercised a peculiar influence on their ministry and writings. If there had been no Talkatives in the little meetings at Bedford or Gamlingay, what materials would there have been for Bunyan's inimitable life-portrait? If no Mr. By-ends or Hold-the-world were to be found within reach of the

* Archbishop Sheldon among the bishops, and Lord Clarendon among the king's councillors, were the chief instigators of the Parliament which passed the Act of Uniformity.

† Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was the chief instrument employed by Charles II. in restoring episcopacy in Scotland, and was a fearful persecutor of the Covenanters. He was cruelly murdered in 1678, on Magnus Muir, near St. Andrews.

Tinker's eye and voice, they would not have fallen within the scope of the Tinker's pen. Mr. Money-love, it will be remembered, says to his good friend By-ends, "They, and we, and you, Sir, I hope, are going on pilgrimage." And pilgrimage in those days did not mean complying with the Act of Uniformity. In this, however, as elsewhere, we see good springing out of evil. Being thrown by the circumstances already mentioned more closely together, if there was on one side deeper hypocrisy, there was on the other clearer discernment. In their small assemblies *character* became more closely watched, and therefore better known. Professors of religion lived more under each other's eye. There was more spiritual conversation; more discussion of doctrine and experience; more marked displays of God's providence; more mutual intercourse and affection; more sympathy and communion; more bearing of each other's burdens; and more general equality and brotherhood than we have any idea of. Those who experimentally knew the things of God lived more under their power and influence than in our day; and religion, as a personal reality, was with them more a matter of daily and hourly experience and consideration. As a necessary consequence, counterfeits were better got up. If the coins from heaven's mint had in those days a clearer ring, were of brighter hue, bore a more deeply-cut impress, and showed a closer resemblance to the Sovereign's image, the master of the infernal mint was not then behind in his imitative coinage. The rude, mis-shapen, base money of the present day would not have passed in times when Bunyan and Owen were assayers. Their sharp eyes would soon have detected the clumsy counterfeit. This has made the Puritan writers so searching, so discriminating, so minute in the marks which they lay down of a real work of grace.

But the Puritan ministers were also men mighty in the Scriptures. When they had opportunity they had been hard students. Dr. Owen was one of the most learned men of the seventeenth century, and was appointed by Cromwell Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, mainly for the advantage of the students. Most also of the ejected ministers were men of ability and learning. But persecution drove them from public libraries; and poverty soon compelled them to part with books for bread. A learned ministry was rather an idol with the Puritans; and this idol was to be broken. Having to defend the truth from the assaults of Popery on the one hand and infidelity on the other, they had been compelled, as they considered, to study works of learning. But, hunted down by informers, haled before magistrates, hooted by mobs, and immured in prisons, they had little time for learned researches. Poverty made them dig other roots than those of Hebrew words; and the prison taught them to tag laces instead of turning over lexicons. Hiding in a wood by day, and preaching in a cottage by night, expecting every moment to hear the door driven in, were not situations favourable to hard reading. Folios and quartos, the usual sized books of that day, were not readily carried about when soldiers were on their track; and a hollow tree or a

damp cellar made but an indifferent study. Thus were they driven to study the heart instead of books, and to watch the movements of grace and the workings of sin instead of confuting the infidel arguments of Hobbes, or replying to the objections of Socinus.

The work of grace on the soul, its various counterfeits, how far a person may go and not be a Christian, the certain marks of regeneration, the opposition made to it by sin and Satan, the privileges and duties of a believer, the misery and danger of an unconverted state, the work of Christ on the cross, and the influences and operations of the blessed Spirit on the heart—these and similar topics form the staple of the writings of the Puritans. And though in some points, such as the law, general invitations, &c., they may be obscure, or even erroneous, yet where they are at home there is a peculiar weight and power in their works. They are eminently scriptural and invariably practical. They were keen anatomists of the human heart, dissecting its hidden fibres to the very core. Its deceitfulness and hypocrisy were well known to them, and they possessed a peculiar ability in laying bare all its pretences and false refuges. They were sometimes, perhaps, too systematic, and would scarcely tolerate the least deviation from the prescribed formulas of doctrine and experience. But they were a blessed generation, maintaining alive by their writings, when persecution had much silenced their voices, the hidden life of godliness in the hearts of hundreds; and by sending abroad from their hiding-places their spiritual and savoury works, they much made up by their pen what had been lost from their tongue.

But as they obtained rest from persecution, they began to decline in power and savour. The darkest period which the church of God in this country has ever seen, since the Reformation, was in the reign of Queen Anne. Dissent had obtained a legal footing at the Revolution of 1688. From that era commenced the decline of vital religion till the time of Whitefield. The eighteenth century arose in the thickest cloud that has overspread this country since Popery fell. We live, it is true, in a day of much spiritual declension; but things were much worse then. Nearly all the Dissenting churches were sunk into Arianism. Little else but dead morality was heard in pulpits where free grace was formerly proclaimed. Religion, in fact, had sunk so low that when Whitefield went about proclaiming the new birth, it was a doctrine as new to the Dissenters as to the adherents of the National Establishment. A rational religion was the order of the day, and as much preached in the chapel as in the church. The Lord doubtless had a people; a seed still served him; but the strength and vigour of those days when Bunyan preached and Owen wrote were gone. Strangers had devoured Ephraim's strength, and he knew it not. We admit that our day is a day of sad declension in the church, and of great ungodliness in the world. But those who speak of these days as the worst that England ever knew, religiously and nationally, are evidently unacquainted with either side of the subject. We feel not the least hesitation in asserting that one hundred and fifty years ago

there was more open brutality in the lower classes, and more profligacy in the upper, than the present generation would tolerate. Many, many years have elapsed since we read the works of that day and generation; but our memory, in some things too retentive, has not forgotten what made such deep impressions on the boyish mind. We have no desire, nor indeed would it be right, to bring forward the evidence to this point, which lies hidden in the memory and had best be for ever forgotten; but were it necessary, we could easily substantiate the truth of our statement by mentioning a few particular instances. Nor do we hesitate to say that the truth is now better known and more widely preached than in the days of Watts and Doddridge.

But the Lord has, in the darkest days, preserved a remnant in the earth, and has always maintained an apostolic succession, not indeed in the Puseyistic sense, but in the spiritual acception, of a series of gracious ministers to feed the church which he hath purchased with his own blood.

Amongst them we believe we may enrol the name of John Brine, whose name stands at the head of the present article.

To this republication of one of his best works is prefixed a short memoir of the author, from which we extract the following particulars.

John Brine was a native of Kettering, Northamptonshire, where he was born in the year 1703. He was one of the first fruits of the ministry of Dr. Gill, who was, when a young man, member of the Baptist Church at Kettering, and preached occasionally at Higham Ferrers. At an early age, Mr. Brine joined the same church, and after some time was called by it to exercise his ministerial gifts. After preaching occasionally for some time, he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Coventry. There he continued for a few years, when he was invited to the pastoral charge of the church assembling in Curriers' Hall, Cripplegate, London. His labours in London comprised a period of thirty-five years. He was a copious and able writer, and published many works which are now almost forgotten. He died Feb. 21st, 1765, in the sixty-third year of his age; and as he left positive orders that no funeral sermon should be preached, his request was partly complied with. His very intimate friend, Dr. Gill, preached, however, on the occasion, from 1 Cor. xx. 10: "By the grace of God I am what I am;" and in a note appended to the sermon, thus writes of his departed friend:

"I am debarred from saying so much of him as otherwise I could do. I was born in the same place, and he was among the first fruits of my ministry. I might take notice of his natural and acquired abilities, his great understanding, clear light, and sound judgment in the doctrines of the gospel and the deep things of God; of his zeal, skill, and courage in vindicating important truths, published by him to the world, and by which *he being dead yet speaketh*. I might also observe to you that his walk and conversation in the world was honourable and ornamental to the profession which he made, and suitable to the character he sustained as a minister of Jesus Christ, which endeared him to his friends and to all who knew him; but I am forbid to say more."

In Brine's day there was a very great departure in the Dissenting

churches from the discriminating doctrines of the gospel. This is evident from the writings of Skepp, Toplady, Gill, and other writers of that day, who now seem to us, from that circumstance, more doctrinal than experimental. The lamp of truth was hidden in the sepulchre, and they had to dig it out, trim the wick, and lift it up on high. We now content ourselves with *stating* doctrine. But they had to *prove* it. Election and the other glorious truths of God's word were with them pregnant with life; not, as often now, a cold, dead, lifeless statement. They had the soul where we too often have only the body. They felt, therefore, a holy unction and sacred boldness in bringing forth and defending the truth of God—truth which had been revealed by the Spirit with power to their soul. They clearly saw and felt that Arminianism was the parent of Arianism, Arianism the twin brother of Socinianism, and Socinianism the direct sire of infidelity. The low state of the churches in which the power and savour of godliness were well-nigh extinct, they attributed justly to the low doctrines then almost universally preached. And as they felt that the glorious doctrines of the gospel had instrumentally lifted their souls out of the pit, they preached them to others with the same unction and power with which they had themselves received them.

Some persons cannot understand why the doctrinal preachers of our day should not be as highly esteemed and as greatly blessed as the doctrinal preachers of the last century. They do not see the wide difference between receiving the truth at first hand and at second hand. When Toplady preached election, and Whitefield urged the new birth, they preached what their souls had received directly and immediately from God. It was not with them a second or third running, but the pure blood of the grape. Their souls had drunk of the wine of the kingdom; and, like the apostles on the day of Pentecost, they preached under its influence. Peter preaching Christ's resurrection at Jerusalem, Athanasius contending for the Trinity at Alexandria, Luther declaring justification by Christ's righteousness at Wittenberg, Knox thundering against Popery at St. Andrews, Whitefield pouring out his very soul in enforcing the new birth in Moorfields, Toplady urging election at Orange Street Chapel, all preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Many ministers now preach just the same truths; but are they equally blessed? No. Why not? Because they have not received them in the same way, nor do they preach them under the same power and influence. Their thunders are mimic thunders; their preaching is rather acting than preaching. Some one asked to see the sword of Scanderbeg, a celebrated warrior against the Turks, which was preserved in a museum. "Why," exclaimed he, "there is nothing remarkable in this sword." "No," was the reply; "but you should have seen the arm which wielded it." So the doctrines of justification, as preached by Luther, and of the new birth, as urged by Whitefield, may be stated by any white-cravated youth, with a few hairs on his chin. It may be the sword of Scanderbeg; but where is the hand that made it drunk with the blood of the slain? The secret of all

preaching and of all writing is power; and if that be denied, the tongue and pen are both those of the stage.

But besides the doctrinal statements, there is in the writings of Brine much that is closely experimental. Here, we think, he peculiarly shines, for he was evidently a man who knew much of his own heart. Among the papers in the present volume there is one, "On the Causes of Declension in the Power of Godliness," which seems to us very excellent. He treats first of the *causes* of declension, showing that there is a connection between cause and effect, and that much of this declension is attributable to ourselves. An extract here may be profitable.

"IV. Criminal indulgences are very prejudicial to grace. It may be taken as a certain rule, that by whatever means sin is increased, grace is impaired, and the flesh grows in strength when and so far as it is gratified in its desires; it increases in its demands as fast as they are answered, for it is of an insatiable nature. In vain shall we expect sin to abate of urgency in its pleas and arguments for gratification, if in any degree, or in any acts, we are prevailed with to give it countenance; modesty and limits it has none. We shall always find it grow in impetuosity and violence by every act of indulgence it is able, through its artifice and cunning, to obtain. The only way of keeping it under is refusing to hearken to its solicitations. If once it gains a small advance, it will not fail of making a great advantage to itself by our inadvertency and folly; and, in proportion to the increase of the vigour of sin, grace declines in its strength, darkness spreads itself over the mind, and an indisposedness to spiritual acts and duties is the certain consequence of all sinful self-pleasing. There are lusts of the sensitive and lusts of our intellectual part; indulgence to the latter is as dangerous and hurtful as indulgence to the former, though, but few seem to be persuaded of its truth. Pride is as pernicious as intemperance, and covetousness is not less hurtful than incontinence. If we follow after lying vanities of any sort, we forsake our own mercies. Backsliding is always attended with very ill consequences to ourselves, as it dishonours our heavenly Father. If our conversation is vain, frothy, and unguarded, we have no reason to wonder that we are lean in our souls, that our graces are languid, and that we are destitute of those spiritual comforts we formerly enjoyed. It is a dreadful delusion to imagine that we may pamper the flesh and at the same time preserve the vigour of the spirit. Grey hairs will certainly be found upon us, whether we are sensible of it or not, if the corrupt lusts in our hearts are suffered to break forth into acts. Indeed, it is not in our own power to give spirit to the new man; but we can sorely wound the new creature in us, and bring it under a sad waste of spirits, by acting a part agreeable to the old man. The eruptions of lust will assuredly be followed with a melancholy decay in grace; for if we live after the flesh we shall die, *i. e.*, we shall decay in the exercise of our grace, lose our comforts, and bring our souls into such a condition as may render it very difficult to determine, upon inquiry, whether we are in the flesh or in the Spirit—dead in sin, or dead unto it. O the egregious folly that many are guilty of who feed the carnal part, to the great detriment of their spiritual part! If, indeed, they are true Christians, it must be confessed that their behaviour affords very little evidence of real Christianity."

He next treats of the *symptoms* of declension, and unfolds the state into which the soul often sinks through carnality and self-indulgence. He shows how the conscience becomes deadened and hardened, and the grief and sorrow which always accompany true restoration.

Another chapter treats on the ways of revival, and the means by which God restores his wandering sheep; and with an extract from

this part of his subject, as we have somewhat exceeded our usual limits, we will conclude our present article.

"Shall we be so ungrateful to our heavenly Father as to bury in forgetfulness the gracious discoveries of his kindness, grace, and mercy to our souls when we were overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, curse, and vengeance which we saw we had contracted, and whereunto we were exposed, without any ground of hope of relief and deliverance, but only from that infinitely glorious Object against whom we had been sinning all our days? *Let us remember how sweet the gospel was to us!* what a rich treasure and delightful food it was to our famishing souls! how we delighted in the ordinances of Christ, that we '*sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to our taste!*' The remembrance of these things, on the one hand, may produce joy; and on the other, shame, sorrow, indignation, and revenge against sin and ourselves, when we consider what a melancholy change we have passed under. Oh! surely with *shame, blushing, and confusion of face* we must think of our present declension. What want of watchfulness against sin is now found in us, and what near approaches do we dare to make unto it! What a *languor* is there in our *graces!* How little is *faith* in exercise! And how is our *love* abated to God, to Christ, to his gospel, his ordinances, and his people! We cannot wholly be insensible that we are without those gracious visits of divine love from our covenant Father, our only Saviour, our best Friend, and *Elder Brother*, who was born for our help and relief in the *worst of adversity*, which in time past our souls enjoyed. And this distance between God and our souls is the consequence of our *sin, sloth, negligence, and base ingratitude*. Are our hearts affected with this as they ought to be? They are not, God knows. We are in a *sad slumber*, perhaps some are in a *dead sleep*, as we used to say, and nothing will wake and rouse them out of their wretched carnal security, but some shocking and terrible dispensation, which, whenever it comes, will pull them into the utmost consternation and terror, and they may not be able to determine whether they are of the *living in Jerusalem or sinners and hypocrites in Zion*, whose portion will be *fearfulness here, and everlasting burnings hereafter*, notwithstanding that flourishing profession they once made! Awful thought indeed! Should we not each of us say, What have I done to cause God to hide his face from me? Wherein have I grieved the Holy Spirit, which hath occasioned him to withhold his benign, comforting influences from my poor soul, through the want of which I am attended with darkness, deadness, loss of spiritual consolation, joy in God, and am at a great uncertainty, in my own apprehension, whether I am in the way to heaven, or in the broad road to hell and destruction? Oh! the bitter effects of sin!"

We must exactly understand the difference between the Law and the Gospel, whereof we often teach. The law draws to the judgment-seat, requiring of us integrity of life, love out of a pure heart and a good conscience; it makes us also to exercise ourselves therein, and must go no further. But when it shall come and accuse you, and will reason with you, and have those things to be performed which it requires, then shall you be greatly troubled. For although you have done them, yet are you not able to stand before God, before whose judgment-seat many things are yet found wanting in you, which should have been done of you, and you have left them undone; neither are they known unto yourself. Whither, then, will you turn? Here the law urges you by all means, and your own conscience being witness, accuses you, requiring the sentence of the Judge against you. Then must you despair; there is no counsel or help to be had, except you know to fly from the judgment-seat to the mercy-seat.—*Luther.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

NO. 203. NOVEMBER, 1852. VOL. XVIII.

NOTES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, ON SUNDAY
MORNING, AUG. 3RD, 1823, BY WILLIAM GADSBY.

"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongues faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them."—Isa. xli. 17.

A person who is a stranger to his own depravity, and who does not know his own heart, wonders, when he reads of Israel of old, to find that, after the Lord had done such great things for them, they should so revolt as to make a calf of gold, worship it, sacrifice thereunto, and say, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." (Exod. xxxii. 8.) But one who is acquainted with his own depravity, and knows and feels the plague of his own heart, wonders at nothing, except it is that mankind at large do not carry things to a greater pitch than they do, and that this world is not a very Bedlam. And indeed, if God did not lay a restraint upon mankind, this world would be as bad as hell itself.

In speaking upon the passage I have taken as a text, I will, as God shall enable me,

I. Describe the "*poor and needy*."

II. Their *seeking water*, their *not finding it*, and the *effect* it has on them.

III. The Lord's promise, to *hear them and not forsake them*.

I. We are to *describe a poor and needy man*. If we saw a man destitute of food and raiment, house, home, and credit, and so in debt as to be forced to hide himself, knowing that a warrant was out to arrest him, we should say he was indeed a poor wretch. Well,

what such a man would be temporally, God's people are spiritually. A quickened sinner feels, in some measure, the weight of his sins and the wrath of God due to him on their account; yet his experience is not so keen as is the experience of one who has known pardon and is now brought to mourn the absence of God. Satan suggests that he has committed the unpardonable sin, and this aggravates his misery; but the Lord has left on record a very encouraging word to such: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The soul says, "Lord, I am a worm, and so weak I am afraid." "Well," the Lord adds, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth, and thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff." You may wish to know what this instrument is. It is *faith*; and with it the worm, who thought he should be crushed to atoms, is enabled to beat down unbelief, devils, hell, and sin.

But to speak more particularly of the soul that is under conviction of sin. Much is said in our day about treason against the king, and very justly. Treason is a great crime; but a soul which the Holy Ghost has taken in hand is convicted of treason and of many other crimes against the King of kings; and he needs the application of pardon to his heart, for Jehovah pardons sinners. Our king can grant a pardon by a single stroke of his pen. It costs him nothing; it is called an act of grace. But before the King of kings could pardon a sinner, he must die for him. Justice must be satisfied and honoured; wherefore the King, to pardon the traitor, poured out his heart's blood.

It is common for persons under conviction of sin not to know what is the matter with them. I knew a youth who told his feelings to a medical man, and he prescribed for him; but he found it of no use. He required a better Physician to heal his wound. If such a one talks to nominal professors, they think he is going mad. I knew a young woman who was under convictions of sin, and her mother (a professing woman) put her into a madhouse, and was caressed by her connections for so doing. Some time afterwards, she went to see her, when the daughter told her how graciously the Lord had appeared for her, had visited her soul with his love, and filled her with happy enjoyment. When her mother returned home, she told her connections that, alas! her daughter was quite as bad, only the disorder had taken a *turn*. This was all she knew about it. But blessed be God for such *turns*. I believe there are more of God's elect in St. Luke's and other lunatic asylums than in all the noblemen's families in this kingdom; for I know that when a soul convicted of sin is observed by the ungodly, they often call it melancholy, and think the madhouse the fittest place for him. Some will say such a one is nervous, and such a one is a poor nervous

creature; but I believe all God's people are so, more or less, that conviction often shakes every nerve, and is sometimes so powerful as to impair the reason.

There was a member of our church who, when under conviction, could not bear to hear the tolling of a bell, for he thought it said, "Damn him, damn him, damn him," and that all nature seemed to curse him, and he said, as David said of Shimei, "Let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him." This is trying experience. Such a man reads his Bible, weeps, mourns, and is disconsolate. In the hours of common repose he cannot rest, but perhaps often has to rise and go to prayer while his partner is asleep. She will say to her neighbours, "I cannot think what is come to my John. He goes moping about, and seems not fit for his employment; and when he comes home he does not joke nor tell me any curious tales to cheer me up, as he used to do." And so if conviction take hold of a wife; "O," says the husband, "she is not fit to manage for the family, nor to assist in the business. If I had known this before, I would not have married her." And if the person is in the single state, it is in a manner the same. He can neither satisfy himself nor those about him.

A man who is poor literally might be relieved with a little, for at most we want but little here; but not so the poor in my text. Nothing will satisfy him but everlasting life, and God says, by the Apostle Paul, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

II. This poor man is said to *seek water*, &c. He has a burning fever in his heart, and desires that it may be satiated. If he is in a country where the gospel is preached, he will be found under the word, perhaps running from one place to another; but can get nothing. A few duties will not satisfy his conscience, like that of a mere professor. He fears he is mocking God. Some advise him to frequent places of amusement, and play at cards, it may be; others to be up and doing, and to double his diligence, and to get holiness; and others to receive the sacrament, &c. So he goes, perhaps, to the parish church and receives it; but now he feels worse than before, fearing he has taken it unworthily, and has eaten and drunk damnation to himself, and thinks he is not a whit behind Judas, who received the devil in the sop. Glad would he be to sink into nonentity and remain in non-existence, or at least be damned only with the common sinner, but he fears his punishment will be greater than any one's, as he feels he is an *uncommon* sinner. Jeremiah thus speaks of the distress of his soul: "He has brought me into darkness, and not into light. Surely against me is he turned. He turneth his hand against me all the day. My flesh and my skin hath he made old. He hath broken my bones; he hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old; he hath made my chain heavy. Also when I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer. He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones; he hath covered me with ashes." Nor did he rise till he saw that

his affliction was for his good, and looked upon his Saviour's sufferings: "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within me."

The great bulk of professors are utter strangers to these things. Our Lord thus describes the two classes, the self-righteous Pharisee, and the convicted sinner: "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." Here you see he tells God how *good* he is, and even thanks God he is so. But "the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

When you go from the house of God and converse together, take care to let it be on the things which are of the greatest importance; for the poor and needy, who cannot speak of his feelings to God's people, yet will listen to their talk to find if their path is like his; but if you talk only of this world, you will greatly distress him. I knew a man who, on one Lord's day, was, in the course of Providence, led to a distant place, where he went with his relations to their chapel. When service was over, he was desirous of conversing with some of the hearers, and as he saw several parties talking together, he listened, but could hear no talk but of war and trade. He then inquired of them if they could direct him to any place where the gospel was preached. "O yes," said they, "here," pointing to their chapel. "O no," said he, "that it is not; at least if it is, it has had no good effect upon you, for I have not heard one word from any of you about the gospel, or anything except war and trade." Beware, brethren, that you do not bring a similar reproach upon yourselves, for you do not know how you may wound the feelings of the poor and needy.

Again. If this poor soul seeks for comfort amongst God's own people, why, in some frames of mind, if they saw him coming in at the front door, they would rather run out at the back than stay to speak with him; for they have so much trouble going on within that they are unwilling to be burdened by him, forgetting that souls in trouble are often the means of comforting each other.

The effect of the poor soul's not finding the water he is seeking, is said to be that his tongue faileth for thirst. Job desired time to swallow down his spittle, being pressed, and pursued, and driven, as it were, to his wits' end. I should not be surprised if there is one here to-day, come to seek the Lord, determined, if the Lord does not show him mercy, to come no more, nor read the Bible any more, nor pray any more, but to go and destroy himself. You will perhaps say such a one is a lunatic; and I will tell you that such a

lunatic you will be if ever God brings you into very close quarters. "I went," says a poor soul, perhaps, "the other day to our minister and told him my pitiful condition. 'Ah!' said he, 'you have committed some great sin; you must remove the cause, and the effect will cease; you must watch and strive, and repent!' True, said I, I have committed many great sins, by which I have brought fresh guilt upon my conscience; and not only so, but I sin with every breath I draw; and as to the cause you bid me remove, it is in my breast, and I cannot remove it." But the poor parson, who is in reality much more poor than the poor soul himself, knows nothing about it. He is like Jonathan's lad, entirely out of the secret. But we will now leave such legal parsons and their legal preaching, and speak,

III. Of the Lord's promise to the poor and needy, to *hear them and not forsake them*. He hears them with attention, compassion, and delight: "The Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for those that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name;" "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people, and have heard their groanings by reason of their taskmasters, and am come down to deliver them." God is pleased to see the soul seeking him, because it is the work of his own blessed Spirit, who has brought him to feel his wretched condition; and he has promised that "whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." If a man literally poor came to our door for relief, we might, for decency's sake, stay and hear his tale, but perhaps pay but little attention to it, and at last say, "We can do nothing for you." But God could as soon cease to be God as to deny mercy to his redeemed, the poor and needy: "I said not to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain."

Again. In one place we read of the heavens dropping down and of the mountains flowing down at the presence of the Lord. The Holy Ghost descends, and discovers to the soul how Christ became his ransom, and, by his sufferings and death, payed his infinite debt and reconciled him to God. But though his pardon is thus proclaimed, it is the soul's union to Jesus that brings him to heaven. Being so related as being a joint heir with him, he has a right and title to heaven. He is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Such a soul now enjoys a treasure not to be pent up; and though the Lord may exercise him in this world, for the trial of his faith, it is that he may know more of his faithfulness and goodness.

In conclusion, I would ask you if you know these things for yourselves; for they are personal matters, which we must know for ourselves if ever we are saved.

That those who do may enjoy the happiness of them more and more, and that those who do not may be brought to do so in God's time, is my desire and prayer. I add no more.

A FEW FRAGMENTS OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE C. LODGE, IN A LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

My dear young Friend,—I will declare unto you what God has done for my soul.

He, in his kind providence, through the instrumentality of a friend who had made me promise to that effect, some time in the year 1806, brought me to hear a Mr. A., at L—, preach the gospel. In the morning I heard the man, but understood nothing, and came away with a determination not to go and be shut up in such a place again. The person, however, to whom I had made the promise to go to chapel on that day, came for me to go again in the afternoon, but I refused, until he brought a witness to prove that I had promised to go both morning and afternoon; on which I said, "I would not tell a lie over it," so went again, but very reluctantly, for I would rather have been at an alehouse than at chapel. I heard the man preach to some peculiar people, and about some peculiar privileges belonging to them, but I knew nothing either of one or the other. In concluding his sermon, he used these words, "Sinners! sinners! you know nothing about these things, nor do you care anything about them; but if you live and die without acquaintance with them, you will be damned!" and abruptly took his seat.

These words had such force upon my mind, that as Nathan said to David, so the Holy Ghost said to my soul powerfully and feelingly, "Thou, thou art the man!" I felt the arrow of distress, and found I had no hiding-place. O the distress and horror of my poor soul no tongue can tell! for I had been a wretched sinner, viler and baser than any. Thus I experienced what Paul meant in Rom. vii. 9: "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died;" feeling the law to be a "killing letter," and the "ministration of condemnation" against sin. When I got home with this in my soul and on my mind, I could neither eat bread nor drink my tea. No, nor could I drink strong drink; O astonishing! though I had been a drunkard for many years.

After this, I felt inclined to go to a prayer-meeting at F. J.'s. I went, and a man was there with whom I was acquainted, having been with him in the militia for a long time. He took up the hymn-book, gave out a hymn, and engaged in prayer. In his prayer, he acknowledged the existence of God, which made me sigh deeply; confessed his great sins; thanked God for reclaiming him from them; and expressed a hope that they were pardoned through Jesus Christ. O how the Lord took all this and made it the means of deepening my conviction tenfold! The meeting being ended, this person (evidently glad to see me there) made way to come to speak to me, but I saw his intention and hastened out of the door before he could come near me.

I went home with a heavy, burdened heart, sighing and inwardly crying and roaring with unutterable distress, and retired to bed, but with no cry to God, according to my recollection. After a long time, I fell asleep, and dreamed that the devil was coming to fetch me, to

me headlong with himself to hell. I awoke with the most terrifying and painful views and feelings that surely were ever felt man, and rolled about till my poor wife was deeply affrighted. Lord's ways, however, are in the whirlwind; he plants his foot in the mighty deep, and rides upon the storm; for on the same night, and ere very long, the name "Jesus" was presented to my mind, impressed thereon sensibly, instantaneously, and exclusively, giving somehow a little ease, a little hope, a little comfort; after which I again fell asleep, and awoke in the morning with a deep feeling of thankfulness.

After having breakfasted, I felt a strong and anxious desire to know something of Jesus as such, and, with that object, sought retirement.

I took my Bible, on the back of which you might have written my name. But O, remarkable! I opened the book, and my eyes fell on Matt. xi. 28, which scripture I read, and thought what a noble passage to my case, but wondered who could be the speaker; casting my eyes up to the 25th verse, I found, to my great wonder and delight, that the speaker was the same Jesus whose name had been pressed so forcibly to my mind in the night. I instantly fell on my knees for the first time, and prayed and cried to Jesus for mercy, forgiveness, and pardon, and for instruction, as I was ignorant; and had no knowledge, no understanding at all, even in the name of the gospel. While on my knees, I mentioned the name of Jesus many times over, I assure you, but it was in very broken words and groans.

I passed the week over till the return of the Lord's Day, when I was glad to go to seek relief where I had received my wound on the previous one, and there, in the afternoon, I received a little encouragement from the preacher's saying that when the people of God are really convinced what sinners they are, and know it feelingly and scripturally, they write bitter things against themselves, and want of the knowledge that this conviction is the effect of the agency of the Spirit of God, to show them their need of Christ and his salvation.

Let me trace out this work upon my soul from the Scripture. John xvi. 8.

The Lord convinced me of my sin, and of my sin being a transgression of the law.

He convinced me that the wages of my sin is death, moral, temporal, and eternal.

He convinced me of my utter inability to perform the just and right requirements of the law, which are holy, just, and good.

How to convince and to condemn is all the law can do in the hand of God by the power of the Holy Ghost; and a soul that is brought thus is quickened by the Spirit of God, and sees, knows, and believes that if he is saved it must be by grace through the death of Christ; a truth which is burnt in his soul by the Spirit, and fixed so that all the men in the world and all the devils from hell cannot shake him from the belief of it any more than of his own existence. How for what the same blessed Spirit showed me of Jesus and

his salvation. See John xvi. 13, 14: "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself." (Mind that.) "He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." The Lord gradually taught me this truth in about two years, and made me understand as a part of it,

1. Salvation by grace; (sweet theme!) salvation, everlasting (wonderful!) salvation from all sins, past, present, and to come. (Matt. i. 21.) This is one of the things of Christ which the blessed Spirit glorifies Christ in showing, for salvation is only accomplished by and found in the precious Saviour. (Acts iv. 12.)

2. Justification. (Glorious doctrine!) Now as justification stands opposed to that condemnation which the sinner most sensibly feels, so when understood by a good judgment, and appropriated by faith, the fruit of the Spirit, it makes that condemnation disappear; and the sinner sees himself to stand in Christ just and righteous before a God of unsullied holiness. O the blessedness of the man that stands clothed in Christ's righteousness! (Rom. iv. 6—8.) But this blessedness does not consist in freedom from sin, plague, and torment within, but in the knowledge of the truth that no sin is imputed to him. Sweet truth! God give me the enjoyment more abundantly, to the glory of Christ, of the truth which makes Jesus known as he on whom my iniquity was made to meet, that he might suffer for it; and as he, "who was made sin" (by imputation) "for us, though he knew no sin," (by perpetration,) "that we might be made" (by imputation) "the righteousness of God in him."

3. Redemption from all iniquity, from the curse of the law, he being made a curse for us; eternal redemption by an adequate price. Blood was the price and purchase-money. Blood freed the church of God. (1 Pet. i. 18; Eph. i. 7.)

In the time previously referred to, by God's blessing I had come to know in my judgment that which is said, "It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace." (Heb. xiii. 9.) I was very constant in the means all this while, I assure you, and the above are a few of the things he showed me of Christ, blessed be His sacred name for ever, during that period!

Further. The Holy Ghost glorifies Christ in showing these things. "He shall glorify me," says Christ, "in the dignity and infinity of my person, as the Word which in the beginning was with God, was, and is God, one divine Person in the divine nature, God over all, blessed for ever. Mark! "In the beginning;" here is his eternity. "The Word was with God;" here is his personality. "The Word was God;" here is his equality. The attributes of God belong, and are attributed to him: Omnipotence; (Col. i. 16, &c.) Omnipresence; (Matt. xviii. 20;) Omniscience; (John xxi. 17;) and Eternal Immutability. (Heb. xiii. 8.)

John i. 14.—Now, the blessed Word here spoken of was made flesh, and took not on him the nature of angels, but took on him the seed of Abraham. He caught not hold of angels, who therefore fell into hell, but he caught hold of men and lifts his

people up to heaven. (Heb. ii.) Blessed be his precious name for ever! O blessed union of two natures in one glorious Person, never to be dissolved! This is God (in the person of the Word) manifest in the flesh; seen of angels as such; justified in the Spirit as such; preached unto the Gentiles as such; believed on in the world as such; received up into glory as such. O blessed union! founded upon, resulting from, and likened unto the glorious unity of the Trinity; for out of the union of Three Persons in one essence arises that federal union which exists between Christ and his church, —Christ the Head, the church the members.

“Hail, sacred union, firm and strong!
How great the grace! how sweet the song!”

O what beauty and glory there is in the words, “And for their sakes I sanctify myself.” (John xvii. 19.) For whose sake? The objects of the Father’s everlasting love—sovereign, special, immutable love, expressed in his eternal choice of them in his Son Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love; and in his predestination of them to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, (praised be his name for ever!) and also in his gracious act of the gift of them to Christ, in which capacity they are several times mentioned in the context. These are they for whom he says, “I sanctify myself.” Blessed Jesus, of whom I hope I have a scriptural view! But what is meant by sanctifying himself? Not to make himself more holy—the idea is impossible, and it would be blasphemy to assert it; nor to make himself more perfect, but to set apart himself: “*I am*; and for their sakes I set myself apart.” Marvellous, wonderful, deep, stupendous love and grace beyond degree! The offended dies (as set apart) to set the offenders free. I set myself apart as a Husband for my bride. (Is. liv. 5.) I set myself apart as a King for my beloved queen, that she might stand at my right hand as such, clothed in gold of Ophir. (Ps. xlv. 9.) I set myself apart as a Brother, to show that he that sanctifies and they who are sanctified are all of one; and thus am not ashamed to call them brethren; (Heb. ii. 11;) declaring that they and I have one Father and God. (John xx. 17.) I set myself apart as their Saviour, as their Redeemer, as their Righteousness, as their Resurrection, as their Intercessor; and the foundation of my intercession is my propitiation, atonement, passion, expiatory death and oblation, having appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin by the sacrifice of myself. When he had by himself purged our sins, he sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high. And thus on the foundation of truth and justice he says, “Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me” (and for whom he was set apart) “be with me where I am, to behold my glory.” Blessed Intercessor!

“Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
The Father smiles on thee;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me.”

In two years' time the Lord taught me these truths, and principally through a regular attendance on the means, in which I delighted, and found myself growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I felt my mind^s impressed with a sense of the importance of the doctrine of baptism, as set forth in God's word; and the example and command of Jesus affected me so far as to lead me to attend to it, after stating an account of my experience to the church, which they received, as being of the Lord. That which was the direct means of deciding me to join the church was my seeing the solemn ordinance of the Lord's Supper administered, a scene which drew out my soul in love and warm affection to the suffering Saviour; and the hymn sung at the table was much blessed to my soul, so that I committed it to memory before I slept. Often has the Lord's ordinance been blessed to my soul since that time. How sweet and precious is the love of Christ, and the expressions of his love, as made known in the observance of it, when under the blessed anointings of the Holy and ever-blessed Spirit!

"Here at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admired that I
Should find a welcome place.

"I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

"What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Jesus takes me by the hand;
My Jesus bids me come.

" 'Eat, O my friends!' the Saviour cries,
'The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumph'd too.'

"With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had;
What will it be above?

"Ye saints below, and hosts above,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

"Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony."

But since then the Lord has more fully taught me my needy and dependent state by profitable but painful experience, for, for a long time, I knew but little comparatively of the deceitfulness of my heart, and of the depth of iniquity that lodged there. But when he did discover to me the heart's core to be a cage of unclean birds, to be full of lust,

pride, arrogance, deception, hypocrisy, adultery, fornication, it proved to be a shaking time indeed. And these things in connection with the temptations of Satan, and his abominable darts and machinations, and the Lord's hiding his face and leaving me to grapple with them; made me out of breath, and ready to halt; but in due time the Lord made it all work together for good, and brought me to his feet, with something to say to him there:

“ ‘ Lord, why is this ? ’ I trembling cried;
 ‘ Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ? ’
 ‘ ‘Tis in this way,’ the Lord replied,
 ‘ I answer prayer for grace and faith.
 “ ‘ These inward trials I employ,
 From self and pride to set thee free;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou mayst seek thy all in me. ’ ”

He now led me more to his precious word, to see if I could find any of the Lord's people spoken of there as being in my situation. I found many: Job, David, Isaiah; the first saying, “ Even to-day is my complaint bitter, my stroke is heavier than my groaning; ” the second, “ Lord, keep thy servant back from presumptuous sins; cleanse thou me from secret faults; ” the third, “ I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts. ” A display of God's purity to our minds always produces soul-humbling effects, and lays us at his feet, crying, “ Save, Lord, or I perish ! ” “ God be merciful to me a sinner ! ” that he may lead us feelingly to know and enjoy him as a faithful, sin-pardoning God, through Christ Jesus.

Thus I have given you the substance of a little of what the Lord has done for my soul; and I have further to say, to the honour of his name, that he has opened my mouth to speak his precious truth to and for the sake of his people, and for their benefit; and I can say that many of the Lord's people, among whom I have gone as a filler up of gaps, have been blessed, through the blessing of God, with and upon my communications to them.

Now, my young friend, whilst I state the above as my experience, I set it not up as an infallible standard for you, though I believe it to be the effect of the infallible truths of God's word and Spirit upon my soul. It matters not whether the old building of working for life be taken down stone by stone, (which, you know, would take a long time,) or whether the foundations be sprung, and all tumbles in or down in a short time; whether your convictions have been in power and degree like going through hell flames, or whether they have been more mild; it is by their effects we prove them to be genuine and real. The effect of real convictions is, that the subject of them says, “ I am damned to all intents and purposes if not saved freely by sovereign grace, through the atonement and expiatory death of God's dear Son; ” a cry to God for pardon, (“ behold, he prayeth, ”) through Jesus; a confession of sin, not in compliment, but honestly, sincerely, shamefacedly, and blushing before God, with a degree of loathing them as vile, and ourselves

as the subjects of them ; a sacred hope mixed with it all, that God will hear our cries and answer them ; " For if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness ; " " For the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin ; " and, " Whoso calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved. "

" Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

" Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high ;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

" But thus the eternal counsel ran :
' Almighty love, arrest that man !'
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

" Indignant Justice stood in view ;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
' This mountain is no hiding-place !'

" Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel form appear'd ;
She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus, as my Hiding-place."

CHARLES LODGE.

[The late Charles Lodge was, we believe, much esteemed for his singular honesty and uprightness by Mr. Gadsby, at whose chapel he was for many years in the habit of occasionally supplying the pulpit. Mr. G. once said he learnt more of the gospel from Charles than from all the Commentators whose works he had ever read.]

An earthly parent considers it as no diminution of his tenderness to a beloved child that he sends him abroad for education, or that he himself instructs and disciplines him at home ; because his future prospects in life are best promoted by this process ; and why should our heavenly Father be supposed to have lost sight of " the sure mercies of David " to his children because absence and discipline are made use of by him to forward his gracious designs of greater tenderness towards them ?—*Hawker*.

When God is about to perform any great work, he generally permits some great opposition to it. Suppose Pharaoh had acquiesced in the departure of the children of Israel, or that they had met with no difficulties in the way, they would, indeed, have passed from Egypt to Canaan with ease ; but they, as well as the church in all future ages, would have been great losers. The wonder-working God would not have been seen in those extremities which make his arm so visible. A smooth passage here would have made but a poor story.—*Newton*.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM MR. J. JENKINS, W.A.

No. I.

God bless thee, my daughter, and God Almighty perform the word which he hath spoken. Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her of the word. The Lord recompense thy work, (of faith,) and a full reward given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou shalt come to trust. And blessed be the Lord for ever, who hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel. This shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, that was forfeited by sin, and a nourisher of thine old age, when that comes; for "even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." O what wonders has the Lord done for us! According to this time, it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, "that hath God wrought!" He visited us in his anger, and found out the iniquity of his servants, but we never felt it in full extremity; he punished us less than our iniquity deserved. He made us feel his rod, and yield under his sovereign power; he courted our worthless affections, and won them; he actuated our hearts and took them. Farewell, idols, for ever! To the moles and to the ants with them! "Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols?" I have heard him and observed him. "I am like a green fir-tree," says the Redeemer, "from me is thy fruit found." Let us by all means keep near him!

I returned many thanks to God when I received your letter; I found my heart warm to the dear Redeemer of perishing sinners. I wept at his feet, and was filled with wonder and astonishment, that he has condescended so low as to make use of such a poor, insignificant worm, and that he has taken such a vile, despicable, and base rebel in his hand as an instrument to do any good to his children. Indeed he chooses the base things of this world to confound the wise; "yea, and things that are not to bring to nought things that are." I am a living witness of this. Among all the glib, vain, self-conceited, proud, haughty, presumptuous, daring, and letter-learned upstarts of the age, I was the most foolish, blind, vile, presumptuous, and basest of them all, and the most unlikely for God to fix upon beneath the sun. But so it is; the lot fell upon Jonah; and I believe he was the perversest creature in all the land of Israel. Thus he works, and these are his doings, and they are marvellous in our eyes. The bows of the mighty are broken, and *those that stumbled are girded with strength.*

I see by your letter that your worst days are over; guilt, wrath, and the curse, are gone, and cast into the depth of the sea. The storm and tempest of Sinai is all at your back, and the blessed Mount Zion is full in view; and from strength to strength you shall arrive there, and from faith to faith his righteousness shall be revealed. A few more brushings are needful, that the dust might be shaken off; a few more humblings, a few more faintings, and

then he that cometh shall come, and will not tarry. Do not be surprised when these come, for the trial of faith is "more precious than the gold that perisheth." And by fire the Lord will try it; but he sits at the furnace, and not a hair of their head shall fall to the ground.

Enclosed is a letter from Mr. H., which I received to-day; he directed it to me, but the contents are for you. God bless you, my dear friend, and prosper you in soul, body, and family; and I entreat you never to forget to pray for

Malling Street, Lewes, Feb. 16th, 1797.

J. JENKINS.

Jenkin Jenkins, W.A., (by which he meant Welsh Ambassador,) was a native of Wales, and received some education at Trevecca College, after which he continued for a time as a preacher in Lady Huntingdon's connexion. The ministry of Mr. Huntington was much blessed to him, whose most intimate friend and fellow-labourer he continued till his death, Sept. 2nd, 1810, near three years before Mr. H. He was interred in a vault in the burying-ground at the back of Jireh Chapel, Lewes, Sussex, where afterwards Mr. H.'s remains were deposited; which chapel was erected by the voluntary contributions of their friends, and remains in trust. Mr. John Vinall, his successor, is the present minister, and has laboured there for nearly forty years. Mr. Jenkins was never married, and suffered much from bodily afflictions and deep trials of mind.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE G. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—Your letters have been some little help and comfort to me, by the way, at times, for which I trust and do desire to give the glory to him who is worthy of praise and glory from such sinful worms of the earth as we; for the least lift by the way, whilst in this wilderness, is more than we deserve, to comfort or cheer our drooping spirits, from time to time, either by letters from one friend to another, or in conversation. The last three verses in Mal. iii. have often been blest to me. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name," &c. What a mercy to have that fear implanted in our hearts, and that the God of the whole earth should remember us, and our poor broken accents from time to time; either in our letters, or in conversation, and to write them down in his remembrance book. This has often caused me feelingly from my heart to breathe out for the Holy Spirit, when to open my mouth and to direct my tongue to speak; and also when writing, to guide my pen, and indite my breathings, so that my heart, tongue, and pen, may all go together; for I do truly find that without his teaching, direction, and instruction, that in and of myself I cannot do it; and I learn daily the truth of that portion, in which Christ said, "For

without me ye can do nothing." My proud nature does not say so. No, it wants to think itself able to do everything right. But O what a mercy to be brought to feel spiritually, and to know that it is all of rich sovereign mercy and grace, from first to last! And why is it? because he has said, "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy," and "Whom he will he hardeneth." Then what an unspeakable mercy to be found among the number of his saved and called ones, who have found grace in his sight. Well may we then sing,

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

I have suffered much from lameness for more than sixteen weeks, with sciatica or lumbago, and also from my side, where I had an accident about twenty years back. The beginning of February I went to London for further advice, to Sir Benjamin Brodie. I have been much better since then. I can feelingly say from my heart that the Lord has been very merciful to me, and better than all my fears, in not leaving me to myself to murmur, kick, and rebel against him and his ways towards me, in afflicting me. No, but he has enabled me to bear patiently what he has seen fit to lay upon me, and Hart's hymn, "And must it, Lord, be so?" &c., has been very sweet to me. I did often feel, and said,

"Lord, what is all our pain?
How light compared with thine!"

Indeed, my friend, I have tasted the sweets as well as the bitters; they have both been blended together; and, "He has given me strength equal to the day;" therefore, I can but speak good of his name, and do desire to extol him with the Psalmist in the 103rd and 145th Psalms, for he is worthy of unceasing praise.

Yours, in the truth,

Faversham, April 9th, 1851.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

The great Head of the Church did not take his wife exactly as you and I took our wives. We took ours, according to the Church of England service, "for better or for worse;" but Christ knew that there would be no "better" about his wife, but that she would be all "worse;" and yet he took her; yes, and laid down his life for her too. O what matchless love!—*Gadsby*.

The new covenant is shown to consist of a rich and gracious collection of free promises, in which "I will," and "I will," runs through the whole. God does not say, "Make yourselves obedient, and then I will sprinkle clean water upon you to wash away guilt;" but he says, "I will do both; I will pardon you, and make you obedient also; yea, I will do everything, and do it by my Spirit. Not your own might, but my Spirit shall sanctify your hearts and engage your feet to walk in my statutes."—*Berridge*.

"FOLLOW ME."

My dear Friend in the Lord,—Mercy and truth be with you and with the little company with which you mingle as one of the hills of Zion; and may the presence of a gracious God accompany this line of my communications, and all my movements.

What is religion without God? A name without a reality. Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life of his church; and without him there is neither life, truth, nor way, nor gospel worship. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; and "he that hath the Son hath the Father also." How essential is the communion of the Spirit, in order to know the things that are freely given to us of God! "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me" for good, I humbly trust; for he hath not yet cast me off, though I am a most unprofitable sinner; in his sacred service too often a poor blind blunderer, a treasure spoiler, a darkener of the divine glories of Mount Zion. The Lord's pure grace and mercy sin and self-sadly darken and abuse, both when the whole tide of grace and rich streams of mercy are not carried back again to their divine origin in songs of praise, and their effects manifested on earth in a life and conversation which correspond to such a favour as having found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. But our God is merciful, of one mind, and changeth not, therefore I, as one of the sons of Jacob, am not consumed.

It is now nearly fourteen years since I entered a terrible furnace, in which the Lord has shown me hard things, and made me drink of the wine of astonishment, but has given me the banner of the cross, that it might be displayed because of the truth. Here is my only hope and salvation—the precious blood of the Lamb. I would desire to humble myself under his mighty hand, if he will give me grace so to do, and would desire to walk humbly before him in the land of the living; certain of this one thing, that if I differ in anything from the fallen sons of Adam, it is through matchless, sovereign, free, discriminating, eternal grace. Mercy, moment by moment, I stand in much need of. What love, then, must be in the heart and bosom of Christ, that constrained him to leave his heavenly Father's bosom, in the sensible enjoyment of it, to become a Man of sorrows, and expose himself to all those pungent griefs which awaited him under the cross! "There they crucified him." The wilderness temptations, his agonising conflicts in Gethsemane, his dolours on the cross—what a scene of sorrows and sufferings made up the bitter cup which was put into his hands, which he drank up that his people might drink the cup of salvation, call on the name of the Lord, and "sing his bleeding heart." Surely Zion's service should be perfect freedom, when the sons of God meet together for praise and prayer, and to hear the good news of a Saviour's birth and finished salvation. Having abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, he has the keys of hell and of death, and sits upon his most glorious throne in all the august majesty of the incarnate God of Israel. At the name

of Jesus, may my poor stupid heart bow and give him the glory of his great name, "I am that I am," by trusting in it. I had need be sober-minded in what I say and do, for the Lord trieth the righteous, proves his work by fire, and burns up all vain-boasting, tongue religion which flows not from the heart. He sits a refiner, and purifier, and trier of gold and silver. It is the gold and silver that he tries and proves. Precious faith, however small, is a grace that unites a poor sorrowful sinner to a rich Saviour. All such have eternal life, and he has said "they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." But the devil, notwithstanding this, will have many a tearing pull at them. I find in my experience that there is something more in the gospel than "Believe and rejoice." There is connected with believing, the work of faith, marching, fighting, wrestling, and running; but faith and prayer fetch all their sufficiency out of the laid-up treasures of grace. With rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, there is connected the sowing in tears, weeping sore in the night, soul-travail for deliverance, until the gospel morning comes; and then comes He, who is as the light of the morning: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice."

Glad was I, my dear friend, to learn by your notes sent to me at L—, that the morning had come and your captivity turned. Surely the Lord has done great things for your soul, whereof I would be glad. May you be favoured with a near place at his throne, often feast upon his love, have a single eye to his glory, and aid his cause as ability is afforded. I would not reproach Zion, for this would be to reproach myself; but I fear these are sad times. Our life and power are gone; strife and division mark, alas! almost every hill of any standing. But what have disciples of Jesus to quarrel about? Nothing, when in their right mind. Whence, then, come wars and fightings? From the devil and the lusts of the flesh. But the Lord, who only knows the end of things from the beginning, can glorify himself in his own mysterious way of working salvation in the midst of the earth. It ill becomes me to take the judgment-seat, or to pretend to any knowledge of the future. I have long ago received a marching word, "Follow me!" and "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." These words, received at different times, seem to carry something in them that I do not at present understand. One thing I have been obliged to learn something about, that is, the necessity of Christ's prayer and power to keep my little faith from failing. Blessed be his name and mercy, hitherto he has helped me in every battering storm against my life. I have endeavoured to hold fast at the cross, and wrestle by prayer with my feeble breath until he comes and gives me a succouring or a delivering word, when I learn, to the honour of his precious name, "he is faithful that promised;" "he is the Rock, and his work is perfect;" he is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." A visit from Jesus is worth worlds; however short, it leaves a something that carries a divine testimony with his footsteps, which gives us the feelings and confession of Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place." Thus the Lord manifests himself

to our souls, by his applied word, lifted up countenance upon us, by his life and power in us, and his providences toward us. How unspeakably blessed in the substance of it to be enabled to say, "This God (Immanuel) is our God for ever and ever;" and to feel assured that we shall one day be like him, for we shall see him as he is. These times of refreshing in the house of our pilgrimage encourage us to rise up and go our way either rejoicing, contemplating, or trusting. It is a great mercy to be kept sensibly awake to the importance of the things of the Spirit by the Spirit. What a poor dead lump I am! at times as senseless as a beast; at others often seeking Jesus, but cannot find him; sometimes a wreck of helpless misery. "Vain is the help of man." If I fall down, help myself I cannot; but Jesus kindly sets me upon my hands and my knees to wait upon him by prayer. He sometimes sets me on my feet, and I try to walk again. If I wander out of the way of understanding, I am like a lost sheep; but I cannot put myself in the right way. After I have smarted for my folly, or got worried by the devil, how precious is Jesus in restoring my soul! how valuable my privileges! His word, Spirit, ordinances, house, and providences, carry with them a divine testimony of his hand and favour, and that the Lord rules in Jacob unto the ends of the earth. How precious the anointings of the Spirit in prayer! How desirous then am I to walk in the Spirit before the Lord, in the fear of God before the world, and in love before the church! In the manifestations of Christ, under the influences of his Spirit, we see, feel, and know what the gospel is, it being the power of God, adequate to all the vast designs of God in gathering together the children of God scattered abroad, forming them for himself a peculiar people, to show forth his praise. The gospel is not a rod to flog naked backs, and hungry souls, and weak hands, because they cannot work; but it feeds the poor, clothes the naked, and says unto the fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not; your God will come and save you" from all your fears by removing the cause. Guilt and condemnation are removed by a revealed, crucified Christ; and the devil dare not stay when the sinner tells him that the Man that died on the cross bought him with his blood; that cross will one day crush all its adversaries, Satan and his kingdom. The sword of the Spirit and the blood of the cross are weapons that the devils dread when wielded in the power of the Spirit by the warriors in Zion fighting the good fight of faith. The devil has got the earnest of what he may expect at the last day. He is destroyed in his power over the election of grace, who have seen the cross. He may howl after his prey, and make us almost sweat blood when we are down, as he has done me. Blessed be His holy name that sweat blood, and gave me the victory when the host of hell came out as a whirlwind to scatter me. Woe unto me at this season of the hour of darkness if I had been alone! O the value of a crucified Christ to a lost sinner when he comes to deliver souls, and thus take the prey from the terrible one! O what is salvation! The salvation of God certainly is a salvation from sin and all its consequences, with the promise of the life (of

faith) that now is, which is living by the faith of the Son of God. Faith is not sense, but a secret living principle. God manifests himself unto faith, and makes all things work together for good to his elect. Light shines out of darkness. Life, yes, a secret life, manifests itself in the midst of death; lives, notwithstanding the spite of hell, the clamours of carnal reason, the wisdom of vain philosophy, rage of infidels, hatred of pharisees, and scoffs and persecutions of an ignorant world. A man must be a Christian in order to know what vital Christianity is. Catholic, Churchman, Dissenter, are all upon a level here. If there is no life, death reigns. When life reigns, it vents itself and manifests itself in a thousand forms, if we had but eyes to see Christ living in a redeemed sinner. One Spirit manifests the elect in the bond of love. If disciples quarrel, the communion may be broken, but the bond remains, and all the reason and arguments a man may marshal together can never finally do away the certainty of once having had communion in the bond of love, in the manifested union with Christ. To deny this would be to strike at vital Christianity, and raze the gospel church from its foundation. What a mercy the Lord knows them that are his! But faith discovers a divine order of an arranged plan of infinite wisdom, ruling and overruling all things; and thus order arises out of a confused state of things of good and evil. The good is of God and the evil is of the devil, as to their origin. How near is the flesh to the spirit! yet how opposed and separate! The one earthly and earth-bound, the other heavenly and heaven-bound. But the new man is free in Christ, pants, breathes after, and loves the Lord, minds the things of the Spirit, follows Jesus, and fights the good fight of faith. O for more of that pressing energy, to press towards the mark; to get into the suburbs of the celestial city, ere the gates of eternal day are thrown open to admit us into the full fruition of faith's eternal glory in Christ! O for, a few banqueting seasons beneath the cross! and then the devil and the Catholics may do what the Lord permits them. Zion has an armour for the field, and a Captain that will not fail her in the day of battle. Sorry should I be to see old England under the Papal yoke. The Beast has nearly got his paw upon the throne, and unless the Lord interposes to disentangle our governors from the net that their carnal policy has taken them in, they have no way of escape. The Lord heal the breaches in Zion, and spare a guilty land! If the Lord will give us prayer and honest confessions of our sin, it will be a token for good, I hope.

If you feel disposed, write at any time. No apology is necessary, dear friend. When heaven's gates are thrown open to admit the sinner saved by blood, the chief of sinners will indeed enter. Heaven must wonder, and if hell could do anything, they will gnash their teeth, as they have lost their prey. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ. Amen.

The best of blessings be with you, even Christ himself. With love in him,

I am, yours,

King's Cliffe, March 5th, 1851.

R. H. I.

OBITUARY.

ANNE TOPP, OF MARKET LAVINGTON, WILTS.

(Concluded from page 332.)

April the 4th, being Lord's Day, she said, "I think this will be the last Sabbath that I shall spend on earth; but I hope soon to enter an eternal Sabbath." She appeared to be fast sinking into the arms of death. She repeated these words, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." Afterwards she repeated the verse, "For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." I said, "You can see a beauty in him, as your only hope, and all your salvation, so as to desire him." She said, "Yes. O that he would appear more precious now and in my last moments!"

Many friends called to take their farewell of her. On being asked how her mind was, she answered, "The Lord has been wonderfully good to me, far beyond what I have deserved. The Lord has severely afflicted my body, but he has wonderfully supported my soul." To a distant friend who came to take her farewell, she said, "I am glad to see you once more. I shall never see you again in this world; but we hope to meet in heaven." As I was taking her hand, and was about to leave her for a little time, she said, "The Lord be with you; his presence go with you and comfort your soul, strengthen you, and bring you back in safety, that I may see your face again in the flesh, which I believe I shall; but if we should never see each other again in this world, we hope to meet in a better."

Hearing that Friend G. was coming amongst us, she seemed very thankful, and for several days she felt a longing to see him, adding, "I hope, if it is the will of the Lord, to live to see him." I said, "Do you feel a love to him?" She replied, "Yes, a sweet union; and who can tell but that the Lord may send a word by him to me?" When he came, he was much pleased to find her in such a lively frame of mind. He asked her how she was. She replied, "The Lord has greatly afflicted my body, but he has wonderfully supported my soul. Nearly all the time of my illness he has been very precious to me; but I sometimes think I shall be left in the dark at the last." He replied, "It does not matter whether you die under the light of his countenance or in the dark. The glory of it is, once in Christ, in Christ for ever. His precious atonement stands the same; the work is completed and done for ever." She answered, "O yes, it is finished, or there would not be the least hope for me. His precious blood is all my hope." The conversation of Friend G. was sweet to her; but, after a little time, seeing her so weak, he said, "I will not stay to hurt you." She said, "You will read a few verses, and speak a few words in prayer?" He replied, "I cannot pray for you to live, when your

soul is so near the wicket gate that opens into glory, and when we see what a toilsome wilderness we have to pass through; for death is but the wicket gate to open into glory, to let the soul into the presence of Jesus, away from all sin and sorrow." Friend G. engaged in prayer, and indeed the Lord was near. It was quite a reviving time to my dear partner. After prayer he said, "It is not dying; it is only falling asleep in Jesus. And the Lord is now going to answer your prayers." She replied, "Yes, the Lord has heard my prayers on many occasions. I can look back and see how frequently he has answered my poor petitions. This is the third time that the Lord has brought me down near the grave; and since I have been ill, nearly all the ease from my pains which I have received has come from the Lord in answer to prayer. For some time after I was taken ill, I was afflicted with inward spasms. I begged the Lord to take them away, and, bless his name, he did, and they have not returned." Friend G. took her by the hand, and said, "Good bye; it will not be long before we shall meet again and never part. We shall soon follow you; you are only going home to glory a little before us. Farewell." My dear partner felt a sweetness in her soul, and a longing to enter the wicket gate.

As she continued to get worse, the day after my sister urged her to take a little food, as she had taken scarcely anything but water for many days past. She said, "I cannot. The bread that perishes will not save me; I want the bread that will never perish."

The following day she was scarcely able to speak to any one, but her heart and affections appeared to be after her eternal home. She was heard to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Afterwards she said, "Wilt thou not receive me, Lord?" And during the night she was exceedingly ill and desired to depart, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Come, Lord Jesus."

The next day she appeared fast sinking into the arms of death. She said, "I can say with David, 'I can tell all my bones.'" A friend who came from a distance to see her, asking her if Jesus was precious to her, she said, "Yes." She was unable to speak many words during the day.

In the evening of Lord's Day, April the 11th, she was taken much worse, and appeared to be dying. She was much exercised the greater part of the night, and her soul was drawn out with ardent longing desires after her blessed Lord to come. She said, "I cannot doubt him; I cannot but believe him.

" 'Give me Christ, or else I die.'

O I want to see him! I want a precious Christ!" Afterwards she said,

" 'The covenant made with David's Lord,
In all things ordered well.'

Blessed covenant! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Why tarriest thou?" Being so dreadfully ill that she could scarcely be heard, she

yet said, "Gracious Lord. Three persons in one undivided Godhead. Come unto me. Christ will save all that come unto God by him. Come, my blessed Lord, I am weary of this earth. Come, my Lord, and fetch me. I want to come up with thy children; I am weary of being here. Come, my Lord; come, my blessed Lord, come and fetch me. Three persons in one God." In this sweet longing state she continued for several hours. At times she appeared to have conflicts with Satan. After them she said, "Christ is precious; Christ is very precious." I said, "Is he precious? Bless the Lord." She looked at me earnestly, and smiled with such a sweet, heavenly smile, that the glory of the Lord sparkled through her eyes, and said, "Precious Christ! I have seen him; I have seen him! He is come; he is come!" She afterwards said, "O how precious it is to feel a little of Christ!" And her happy soul seemed earnestly longing to go home. She said, "Come, Lord, I want to come; I want now to come up. Three persons in one God. Three persons." We thought that she would not live through the night; but she lingered on all next day, occasionally longing to depart. Frequently during the day she exclaimed, "Christ is precious."

On Monday night, my friends being around her, she looked at them and said, "A good hope through grace."

"Look where the streams of mercy flow."

Praise the Lord; praise him all of you;" and desired them all to kneel down around her bed, to praise the name of the Lord. She felt such love to every one whom she could receive as the children of God, (nor indeed did she want to see any others,) that she wanted to kiss nearly all who came to see her. Though extremely weak in body, her poor trembling hand was held out to welcome the beloved of her heart in whom she could see and feel the image of Jesus was stamped, and who were assembled around her sick bed to witness the goodness of the Lord towards her.

A few days before, she expressed a desire to have a little prayer meeting, with a few of the friends, once more in her room, but was unable, being so very ill.

Amongst the many friends who came to take their last farewell of her, was her father and mother-in-law. There had been for many years a very close union between the father and the daughter; indeed a father's kindness was seen in the life and death of his daughter; and now he had come to take his final farewell of his dear child. He took her by the hand and kissed her, and said, "The Lord will soon come and release you, my dear child." She kissed him repeatedly, and said, "Yes, he will; the Lord bless you. Good bye." To her mother-in-law, they having kissed each other, she said, "And the Lord be with you, and bless you." And thus they parted, never again to see each other.

About the middle of the night she said, with a very solemn voice, "'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff

they comfort me.' Thou wilt save them that put their trust in thee. Thou art good, Lord, beyond what I deserve." She now became very restless, as the agonies of death were coming on. She began to shrink away at death's ghastly appearance. She continually wanted to be moved, and for a little time the Lord was pleased to withdraw the beams of his countenance from her. I shall never forget the evident longings of her soul; for nearly two hours she cried out, "The Lord be with us; the Lord be with us! The Lord come amongst us! Precious Christ, come amongst us! My dear husband. O precious Christ, O gracious God, I want to go home! Come and fetch me. Let me not sink in the deep waters. I am weary of being here; I am weary of this world. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with me and comfort me. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. I must be lost without thee; take me home to thyself, where there are pleasures for evermore. I want to come up. Come, my blessed Lord, and fetch me. Come, Lord; come, Lord. Come, my blessed Lord; I cannot abide here. I want to come home." After this she was exceedingly ill, and her eyes became fixed. She smiled and said, "Christ for ever! Christ for ever!" A little time after she said, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son," she tried to repeat the words, "Holy Ghost," but was unable. As she was so extremely weak, her words could not now be heard by any of us. We expected every moment that she would be choked by the phlegm, as she had not strength to cough it up. She had several times expressed a desire that she might not be choked with it at the last, as her brother was, which she witnessed.

And now we could hear her desires going up unto her dearest Lord, in broken moanings, that she might not be choked. It was wonderful to see the blessed hand of the Lord put forth in this last extremity, for the phlegm in her throat was removed, and she breathed more easily, till she breathed her last, which was about an hour after this, and when the last moaning after her blessed Lord to fetch her was over; for as long as she was able to speak the least word, she did so. She waved her hand twice, and laid it down, in token of victory; as I had requested her, when able to converse with me, that if she was unable to speak, but could see her way clear at last, and Christ was still precious to her, to give me a sign by lifting up her hand, to which she had said, "I will." And this being done, she never moved afterwards, but quietly breathed forth her precious soul into the hands of her beloved Lord, and entered the abodes of immortal glory; entered in through the gates into the glorious city, where Christ the forerunner, her blessed Lord and Saviour, has entered into the Holy of Holies, the new Jerusalem, where the righteous nation that keepeth the truth enter at the hour of death, to be for ever in the sight and presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords; to behold his wounded hands, feet, and side, to cast her crown at his immortal feet, to praise, adore, and admire the grace, free favour, rich mercy, infinite love, and divine compassion that have reached her and landed her

precious soul for ever far away from all the fiery darts of Satan, the curse of the law, the wrath of devils, from sin, death, the grave, and the bottomless pit; where all tears, sorrows, griefs, and troubles will be for ever wiped away; where she will no more say, "I am sick," but for ever behold her dearest Lord face to face, and bathe for ever in the river of immortal glory, without bottom or shore, through a long and lasting eternity.

Thus died and fell asleep my dearly-beloved wife, Ann Topp, on the morning of April the 13th, 1852, in the thirty-first year of her age. Her mortal remains were committed to the grave belonging to the little chapel, on the following Lord's Day. By her request, nearly all the members attended her funeral. The hymns which were sung in the chapel and at the grave were chosen by her, and she appointed nearly everything concerning her funeral some weeks before she died.

She lived and died a witness for the truth advocated in the "Gospel Standard," as she had read that publication nearly from its commencement. She lived and died in the faith of the little few in this town, and was a witness against the blind religion of the day. And now she is gone to be with Jesus.

I have often observed that when I have been shut up and kept fasting for several days together, I have lost nothing in a long run. If my soul exercise has been violent, my succeeding joys have been superabundant. If the conflict has been long and lingering, just so has been my future enlargement, long also. If my soul has sunk into gloom and horrors, when I have got my wings again I have soared the higher. If my soul has been remarkably dry, dead, lean, and barren, I have also found a feast of the fattest things afterwards, that has made my soul lively, active, and flourishing.—*Huntington.*

In my preaching of the word, I took special notice of this one thing; namely, that the Lord did lead me to begin where his word begins with sinners; that is, to condemn all flesh, and to open and allege that the curse of God, by the law, does belong to and lay hold on all men as they come into the world, because of sin. Now this part of my work I fulfilled with great sense, for the terrors of the law and guilt for my transgressions lay heavy on my conscience. I preached what I felt, what I smartingly did feel; even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment. Indeed, I have been as one sent to them from the dead. I went myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say, and that without dissembling, that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror even to the pulpit door, and there it has been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the pulpit stairs, I have been as bad as I was before. Yet God carried me on, but surely with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor hell could take me off my work.—*Bunyan's Grace Abounding.*

REVIEW.

"The Greatness of the Soul, and the Unspeakableness of the Loss thereof." *"No Way to Heaven but by Jesus Christ."* *"The Strait Gate."* By John Bunyan. To which is prefixed an *Introductory Essay on his Genius and Writings*, by Robert Philip, Author of *"The Life and Times of Bunyan."* London: Nelson, Paternoster Row.

There is a yearning in the mind of man after name and fame. Shrinking from oblivion, grasping at an earthly immortality, the ambitious heart desires not wholly in death to die. It would not pass away as unnoticed and as unknown as the leaf which falls into the babbling brook, and, after a few whirls, sinks to the bottom with scarce a bubble to mark its vanishing out of light into darkness. Few indeed care for life eternal—for an immortality of happiness and holiness in the mansions of heavenly bliss; or if there be a passing desire for heaven, it is but to escape hell. But to achieve an immortality amongst their fellow-men; to be or to do something which shall secure the proud and rare distinction of living after death in the memories and on the lips of successive generations, is a deep-seated feeling in the human breast. This felt Absalom, as the Scripture records: "Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place." (2 Sam. xviii. 18.) This feels the school-boy who cuts his name on the form, as much as the painter, who longs that the canvas may breathe his name when the fingers which spread it with form and colour lie mouldering in the dust; or the poet, who is content to die if his verses live for him from generation to generation. But this coveted distinction is attained by few. "Surely," says the Psalmist, "they are disquieted in vain." "Their memorial is perished with them." But could they obtain their object, it would be but a shadow. No applauding breath of man reaches them in their gloomy abode; no rills of human praise let fall a drop of water from earth to hell to cool their burning tongue. Most names that are remembered and handed down to posterity are of men in whom the Spirit of God was not. They were of the world; their words and actions were inspired by a worldly spirit, and directed to worldly ends. Therefore the world loved them in life, honoured them in death, and bestows on them after death the only reward it has to give—an earthly immortality. But when we view what they were in life, and what they are in death; when we lift up the veil which hides the mansions of the dead, is their lot worth coveting? Alas! no. Their soul is no more cheered by the honours paid to their memory than their mouldering dust is gladdened by the marble monument which stands over their grave. Solomon has already written the epitaph of this admired son of fame, the compendious history of his birth and death, beginning and end. "For he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness, and his name shall be

covered with darkness. Yea, though he live a thousand years twice told, yet hath he seen no good; do not all go to one place?" (Eccles. vi. 4, 6.)

But there are a few, and a few only, who have won a double immortality. Their names, their works, their influence survive them on earth when their happy spirits are bathing in the bliss of heaven. To be a Shakspeare, a Byron, a Voltaire—who that fears God would accept so wide-spread a name to accept with it what we may well apprehend is their present and future portion? Better be the meanest pauper who starves on a parish pittance; better be the shoeless wretch that sweeps the public crossing; better live in a hovel and die in a hospital, with the grace of God in the heart, than have a world-wide, time-enduring name when the soul is howling in hell.

And yet there is, we will not say an immortality, for that word is inappropriate to what blooms only on earth, but a living after death here below which is worth coveting. It is to be made a blessing to the church of God, not only in our day and generation, but when the grave shall have closed over us. The usefulness of most of God's servants necessarily terminates with their life. When their tongue is silent, the Spirit of God speaks no more by them, except at least so far as he may bring to remembrance words dropped from their lips. Few ministers of Christ leave any memorial behind them but souls called by their ministry, or the affection which recalls their names and words to remembrance. Some indeed write books, useful in their day, but they slowly fall into the gulf of oblivion. How active were pen and press in the days of the Reformation! Who now reads Bucer, Beza, Oecolampadius, or numerous other authors found in almost every hand in the sixteenth century? Who reads even the still more famed works of Luther, Calvin, or John Knox? They are to be found in dusty libraries, and are sometimes consulted by men of learning and research; but do they stand as of old on every book-shelf? Where, too, are the works of the seventeenth century, a more prolific period still? Howe, Owen, Goodwin, Flavell, and a few others still survive, and their works are sometimes reproduced; but the great majority of the Puritan divines have gradually sunk into oblivion.

One honoured name forms, however, a striking exception. That name we need hardly say, is BUNYAN. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is known wherever the English language is spoken. Nay, it has become known beyond those limits, by the means of translation into most of the European, and into some Oriental tongues. A great critic and historian* has said that the seventeenth century, so prolific in writers, produced but two thoroughly original works, which would be handed down to posterity; and it was noteworthy that both these were produced by the pen of Dissenters—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Bunyan himself, we believe, was not aware of his own peculiar

* Macanlay.

genius. Owing nothing to education, his powerful intellect grew like a wild tree, unpruned and unnailed to university walls; but it made up in strength for what it might lack in symmetry. He possessed by nature three rare gifts, which education might have refined, but could not have imparted, and possibly might have weakened—a most vivid imagination,—a singular power of dramatic representation,—and a most expressive style and language. The first and last are self-evident; the second may require a few words of explanation. Bunyan possessed, then, one of the rarest faculties of the human mind—the power of so throwing himself into the very character which he was drawing that he makes him speak exactly as that person would have spoken had he actually existed. A Puritan in principle and practice, he justly abhorred the theatre; and yet, without knowing it, he possessed in the highest degree that very talent in which consists the perfection of that species of writing. By means of this peculiar talent, his men and women are to us as substantial realities, as thoroughly living, breathing characters, as if they had actually existed. Christian, Pliable, and Obstinate, Faithful, and Hopeful, with matronly, prudent Christiana, and modest, maidenlike, timorous Mercy—we know them all as if we had lived next door to them. This perhaps is his most striking faculty, and has made the “Pilgrim’s Progress” a spiritual drama. What life and animation has this gift cast over it! Look, as a sample, at Obstinate’s short and characteristic sentences. “Tush! away with your book. Will you go back with us or no?” “What, more fools still!” Compare these sharp, short, iron sentences with Pliable’s soft, wax-like, ductile words, “And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?” How his pliable disposition is shown by this soft, drawling sentence to turn and wind itself round Christian’s belief! But what a peculiar gift was this to strike off with a few words two characters which have imprinted themselves on the minds of hundreds of thousands! But look also at his vivid, powerful, picturesque *imagination*. How image after image comes forth with unflagging interest and boundless variety! What force and power in his pictures! The Slough of Despond, and the Wicket Gate, and the Hill Difficulty, and the Castle of Giant Despair, the Vale of the Shadow of Death, Vanity Fair, Faithful’s trial, and the close of all—the passage of the Dark River—why does the mere mention of these scenes recall them at once so distinctly to mind? Because they are drawn by a master’s hand, giving form and body to scenes pictured in his imagination as living realities. His hand but executed what his eye saw; and thus his vivid imagination has engraved them more deeply on our memory than many scenes which we have seen with our bodily eyes. Is any book so well remembered? Has any made so vivid an impression? And all without the least effort on the part of the writer. In the Apology which he prefixed to it, for he must needs apologise for a production so different from the usual stamp of Puritan writings, he says,

“Well, so I did; but yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink

In such a mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what; nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbour; no, not I;
I did it mine own self to gratify.

"Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble; nor did I intend
But to divert myself, in doing this,
From worsè thoughts, which make me do amiss."

He wrote not to go down to posterity, but "to divert himself."

"Having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled, it came."

So John pulled away at the skein and weaved the bright threads into a web of unfading colours and imperishable texture. But even then, when he took it off the beam, and rolled it out, neither he nor his friends knew what to make of it. ●

"Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so:
Some said, It might do good; others said, No."

Simple-hearted John! Admirable critics!

The third striking feature is the plain, clear, strong, noble, good old Saxon English in which it is written, a style so admirably suited to the great mass of readers, and at the same time possessing, from its purity and simplicity, a peculiar charm for the most refined English ear.

"But," suggests a reader, "you have merely noticed the genius of Bunyan! What was that? It was only nature. There was no grace in that. Why do you not speak of his grace, and experience, and the teaching of the Spirit in his soul?" But, my good friend, don't you see how the Lord bestowed this genius on a poor illiterate tinker for a special purpose? Did not grace sanctify his natural genius, and direct it to the glory of God and the good of his people? And don't you perceive how this peculiar genius, of which you think so lightly, was absolutely necessary to produce the "Pilgrim's Progress," a work which will live when our heads are laid low? Bunyan was not striving after effect, beyond the best of all effects—being made a blessing to the church of God. He was not aiming at a dramatic representation of character, which a playwright might well envy. He saw Christian with his mind's eye in the Slough of Despond. His own feet had been fast held there. He saw and heard him in the dungeons of Giant Despair. He had lain there himself, and the iron had entered into his soul. He did not sit down as a play-writer to produce a drama, of which every character and scene were thoroughly fictitious. He had himself passed through all the scenes, and was, under the name of Christian, the leading character, the hero of the piece. The successive scenes were all deeply imbedded in his memory, and they came forth from his mind and pen as the deepest and most solemn realities. He therefore, under an allegory, described what he himself had seen, and where he himself had been, as a voyager in the Arctic regions might depict the frozen seas and piercing climate where the iceberg dwells

in lonely grandeur; or as a tropical traveller might retrace the bright skies and lovely isles where the sun walks in its meridian glory. Thus Bunyan is himself reflected from every page of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He is the pilgrim who progresses from the City of Destruction to the heavenly Jerusalem. It is, in fact, his own experience so far modified as not to be exclusive. He did not, like some, set up his own experience as a standard from which there must not be the slightest deviation. Mercy, who hardly knows why or wherefore she set out, except to accompany Christiana, is drawn as a vessel of mercy as much as Christian, who spends his nights in sighs and tears. But still he has drawn with vigorous hand a certain definite path, in tracing which the highest genius and the greatest grace combined to produce a work blessed beyond measure to the church of God, and yet so animated with natural talent as to be handed down to an earthly immortality. Who shall say the hand of God was not here? Who but He raised the immortal tinker to this distinction? The same hand which took David from the sheepcotes to feed his people Israel raised Bunyan from the tinker's barrow to feed the church of God; and the same power which gave David strength and skill to sling the stone put into Bunyan's hand a pen which has done far more execution.

But besides these extraordinary endowments of genius and grace, Bunyan's *experience* was in itself peculiarly calculated to produce a work like the "Pilgrim's Progress." Were we to characterise this experience in one short sentence, we should say, it was the *abiding power of eternal things resting on his soul*. He did not only believe, he saw. The word of God did not merely speak to him; it entered into his inmost soul. Hell, with its sulphurous flames, Heaven, with its glorious abodes, were to him more distinct realities than the earth on which he trode; for the latter was but temporal, whilst the former were eternal; the one but a passing shadow, the other an enduring reality. So when the law sent its curses into his inmost conscience, he saw more clearly its lightnings, and heard more distinctly its thunders, than his outward eyes ever saw the vivid flash or his natural ears ever heard the pealing thunders of a passing storm. The dark clouds of the natural sky soon rolled away, and ceased to peal forth their terrors, but the Law knew no intermission for time or eternity. Thus, too, when Christ was revealed to him, he saw him by the eye of faith more distinctly than he ever saw any literal object by the eye of sense; for the natural sun itself, the brightest of all objects, could but fill his eye, but the Sun of Righteousness filled his very soul. When he talked with God, he talked to him more really, truly, and intimately than he could ever talk with an earthly friend, for to God he could unbosom all his heart, which he could not do to any human companion. His spiritual sorrows far outweighed all his temporal griefs, and his spiritual joys far surpassed all his earthly delights. The one were measured by time, the other by eternity; man was but the subject of one, God the object of the other. A few sentences from the "Grace Abounding" will abundantly prove this peculiar feature in Bunyan's experience:

"By these things my mind was now so turned, that it lay like a horse-leech at the vein, still crying out, Give, give, (Prov. xxx. 15,) which was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the kingdom of heaven, (that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little,) that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats, could loose it or make it let go its hold; and though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have found it often since to get it again from earth to heaven."

"At another time, as I sat by my fire in my house, and musing on my wretchedness, the Lord made that also a precious word unto me, 'Forasmuch then as children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through the fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.' (Heb. ii. 14, 15.) I thought that the glory of these words was then so weighty on me, that I was both once and twice ready to swoon as I sat; yet met with grief and trouble, but with solid joy and peace."

"Oh! I cannot now express what I then saw and felt of the steadiness of Jesus Christ, the Rock of man's salvation. What was done could not be undone, added to, nor altered. I saw indeed, that sin might drive the soul beyond Christ, even the sin which is unpardonable; but woe to him that was so driven, for the word would shut him out."

"Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a settee in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and, after long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light; and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together, to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Saviour. O how happy now was every creature over me! For they stood fast and kept their station; but I was gone and lost."

"At which time my understanding was so enlightened, that I was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from heaven through the tiles upon me, and direct these words unto me. This sent me mourning home; it broke my heart and filled me full of joy, and laid me as low as the dust; only it staid not long with me. I mean in this glory and refreshing comfort; yet it continued with me for several weeks, and did encourage me to hope."

This same experience of the power of eternal things made Bunyan such a mighty preacher. What a key he gives to his ministry in the same book!

"Also when I have done the exercise, it hath gone to my heart to think the word should now fall as rain on stony places; still wishing from my heart, Oh! that they who have heard me speak this day, did but see as I do, what sin, death, hell, and the curse of God is; and also what the grace, and love, and mercy of God is, through Christ, to men in such a case as they are, who are yet estranged from him. And, indeed, I did often say in my heart before the Lord, that if I be hanged up presently before their eyes, it would be a means to awaken them, and confirm them in the truth, I gladly should be contented."

"For I have been in my preaching, especially when I have been engaged in the doctrine of life by Christ, without works, as if an angel of God had stood by at my back to encourage me. Oh! it hath been with such power and heavenly evidence upon my own soul, while I have been labouring to unfold it, to demonstrate it, and to fasten it upon the consciences of others, that I could not be contented with saying, I believe, and am sure; methought I was

more than sure (if it be lawful to express myself) that those things which then I asserted were true."

His was no cut-and-dried ministry, but the outpouring of his whole heart; and as God had blessed him with remarkable powers of expression, he sent arrow after arrow from his full quiver, lodging them in the hearers' conscience up to the very feather. He was not what men commonly call eloquent, and yet was so in the highest sense of the term, for his words were words of fire. The most manly fervour was combined with the greatest simplicity; language which a child could understand came forth from his lips, but a giant wielded the words. Blow after blow, thrust after thrust came from his vigorous hand. The subject was simple, the manner of handling it was simple; but the simplicity was that of the life-guardsmen's sword, of which the hilt is not gilded nor blade filigreed. Ornament would be foreign to the massive strength of either. Bunyan will make himself understood. He uses many words, but not a cloud of idle epithets. He thus addresses at the same time the understanding and the conscience, and reaches the latter through the former. The point of the sword enters the understanding; one home-thrust carries the blade deep into the conscience. This is the perfection of preaching—clear thoughts and words which pass at once into the understanding, and home-thrusts which reach the very soul. How many preachers and writers fail here! Confused ideas, cloudy, long, entangled sentences, which require the utmost stretch of attention to understand, perplex alike speaker and hearer. "What is the man driving at? Poor fellow! he hardly knows himself what he means;" and similar thoughts rise up almost involuntarily within. Others again speak and write with tolerable clearness, but their words are like Jonathan's arrows. None hit the mark. The arrow is beyond the lad, and the conscience is no more touched than the great stone Ezel, behind which David hid himself.

Bunyan was a most prolific writer. His mind teemed with divine thoughts. His heart was ever bubbling up with good matter, and this made his tongue the pen of a ready writer. Besides the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Grace Abounding," his two best works, for in them his whole heart lay, his "Holy War," "The Two Covenants," his little "Treatise on Prayer," his "Broken Heart the Best Sacrifice," and others which we need not name, are deeply impregnated with Bunyan's peculiar power and spirit. There is some powerful writing in the three treatises contained in the little volume before us. Take the following specimen, and see if it is not stamped with Bunyan's peculiar force and power:

"And never think that to live always on Christ for justification is a low and beggarly thing, and as it were a staying at the foundation; for let me tell you, depart from a sense of the meritorious means of your justification with God, and you will quickly grow light, and frothy, and vain. Besides, you will always be subject to errors and delusions; for this is not to hold the head, from or through which nourishment is administered. (Col. ii. 10.) Further, no man that buildeth forsakes the good foundation; that is the ground of his encouragement to work, for upon that is laid the stress of all; and without

it nothing that is framed can be supported, but must inevitably fall to the ground. Again; why not live upon Christ alway? and especially as he standeth the Mediator between God and the soul, defending thee with the merit of his blood, and covering thee with his infinite righteousness from the wrath of God and curse of the law. Can there be any greater comfort ministered to thee than to know thy person stands just before God, just and justified from all things that would otherwise swallow thee up? Is peace of God and assurance of heaven of so little respect with thee that thou slightest the very foundation thereof, even faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ? And are notions and whimsies of such credit with thee that thou must leave the foundation to follow them? But again; what mystery is desirable to be known that is not to be found in Jesus Christ, as Priest, Prophet, or King of Saints? In him are hid all the treasures of them, and he alone hath the key of David to open them. (Col. ii. 1, 2; Rev. iii. 7.)"

That he is in places somewhat legal, and speaks too much of the "proffers" of the gospel, we freely admit. This was the prevailing theology of the day, from which scarcely any writer of that period was free. But he sometimes employs the word "proffers" where we should rather use the term "promises" or "invitations;" these said "proffers" being not so much proffers of grace to dead sinners as promises of mercy to God's living family who feel they are sinners.

But we are unwilling to dwell on his blemishes. The Lord, whose servant he was, honoured him in life, was with him in death, and his name will be dear to the church of God whilst there is a remnant on the earth.

If so be that a Christian does good works, whereby he shows love to his neighbour, he is not, therefore, made a Christian or righteous, but he must needs be a Christian and righteous before. He does good works indeed, but they do not make him a Christian. The tree brings forth and gives fruit, but not the fruit the tree; so none is made a Christian by works, but by Christ.—*Luther*.

I was tempted, before I could get to sleep, with high thoughts of my own righteousness, both as a man and as a minister. The enemy plied his fiery darts very thick, and came in as a flood; but the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him. I was enabled (glory to divine grace) to reject the cursed insinuations as I would hell-fire. O that ever such a wretch as I should be tempted to think highly of himself! I, who am, of myself, nothing but sin and weakness; I, in whose flesh naturally dwells no good thing; I, who deserve damnation for the best work I ever performed! Lord Jesus, humble me to the dust, yea, to the very centre of abasement, in thy presence. Root out and tear out this most poisonous, this most accursed weed from the unworthiest heart that ever was. Show me my utter nothingness. Keep me sensible of my sinnership. Sink me down deeper and deeper into penitence and self-abhorrence. Break the dragon of pride in pieces before the ark of thy merits. Demolish, by the breath of thy Spirit, the walls, the Babel of self-righteousness and self-opinion; level them with the trodden soil, grind them to powder, annihilate them for ever and ever. Grace, grace be all my experience and all my cry! Amen. Amen.—*Toplady*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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JUDGMENT.

All the elect are brought, in this present world, more or less to delight themselves in God, and he is the sovereign choice of their regenerated minds, through enabling grace, as their portion and inheritance. They are brought to find the world a wilderness; sin mixed with all they do; the honied pleasures worldlings sun themselves in more or less filled with danger. What is there worth their living for? I answer, the unction and sweetness of God felt. This eclipses the sweetness of flower gardens, the brightest and happiest scenes under the sky. See the godly person in a solitary room where no eye can see him but God. There, when the unction and dew of God are feelingly upon him, I will undertake to say he neither envies rich bankers the earthly paradises riches can procure, nor does he envy any one. Satiated, satisfied, happy, contented, and blessed, what does he want? God gives him, or will, in answer to prayer, what he stands in need of in earthly things; will drown his eyes in tears with supplies to want in worldly things; and will comfort him more or less on every side.

But do these and spiritual blessings come at random? No, not to God's own people.

Repentance and faith are the two legs, as it were, on which a Christian stands. With these he walks with Christ. If he is lame in either of these two legs, his Christianity is so far marred. God is not mocked; sowing to the flesh and sowing to the Spirit bring their different reapings. Self-righteousness is rottenness and filth; and so is holding the truth in unrighteousness. Any one complete in Christ by pure grace and faith without works, often sees the beam of the scales and balances against him with this written on, "Hast thou not procured these things unto thyself?" At least I do in every thought; for "there is not a thought in my mind but what thou knowest it altogether." And Christ will bring every thought,

as well as every idle word, and every action into judgment. "The thought of foolishness is sin."

The Lord will judge his people at three different times. 1. In the court of conscience. 2. At, or just before death, when illuminating, enlightening grace will show them all their sins, in their most aggravated abominations, all overtopped and swum over by pardoning grace! Then more than victory will wave its colours in their souls, when they see their sins pardoned; and how can they see their sins pardoned, if they are not, as "spirits of just men made perfect," perfectly aware of *what* their sins are? This I am certain of, we cannot know the price we are bought at by the blood of Christ but by knowing the exact measure of our sins. 3. At the dreadful day of judgment, when the dead bodies are raised, when in the highest sense he will be seen by every eye as the God of judgment, by damned and saved.

How these things have made me tremble! And as God hates a false balance or deceitful scales, the more narrowly a saint is enabled to examine and look into these things, the more his comforts will abound; for "the Lord loveth judgment."

"Souls, by whom the truth's explor'd,
Wonders of mercy best proclaim."

I know these things are not relished by the harum-scarum swarm of doctrinalists, whom great swelling words of vanity, having a name to live, will satisfy. But I believe every truly elect soul will be brought to stand astonished and amazed at the exactness of God's plummet and line in judging his people, and not those only who are to be damned.

When I was curate of Baydon, in Wiltshire, about the year 1832 or 1833, I was convinced of this in an unspeakable degree. In a long, mournful, and melancholy captivity of soul, the Lord did so lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet, in showing me the greatness and horribleness of my sins, my heart aching, my mind distressed; all my sins of my entire life so raked up together and placed before my eyes. When I went out of doors, or walking, still before my eyes in all their native ugliness, dreadfulness, and terror. My very heart bleeding. No prisoner, with two policemen on each side, ever sank lower. Confessing, asking for repentance. Perhaps for three weeks one sin hung over me by a thread, like a drawn sword. O the achings, sinkings, and sighings in the unfathomable deeps of my soul! Inasmuch so, that I have often said publicly, I believe I should never be judged after I was dead; so thoroughly was every item of my life ransacked, torn open, and dragged to the light by the all-seeing judgment of God in my soul felt. And not only at that time, but year after year, for God shall judge his people. O the dreadfulness of falling into the hands of the living God! Were it not for a Saviour's blood, we should go distracted. This is one part of a fellowship of the sufferings of Christ. Here is where every bastard without chastisement comes short. Here is one part where the seal of God is manufactured in fires, to receive in due time the shining mark of manifested salva-

tion. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee, but with everlasting mercy will I gather thee." Did Christ suffer for our sins? We suffer with him; not a notional suffering; not a suffering of joy only, as some say, but "remembering mine affliction and misery, wormwood and gall, therefore have I hope." And so have I; for I have been secretly convinced thus, that God does not intend to damn me.

In these things, as Hezekiah said, is the life of my spirit. In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence. A sense that one has been damned makes salvation sweet. A sense that we have been judged already gives us through grace a comfortable prospect of death and the grave.

These are awful and solemn things; and have many times given me a view that there have been many poor things who have prattled even of the righteousness of Christ who have no part or lot in it. A partaker in the righteousness of Christ is one spiritually like "Lazarus dead and buried, lo! these three days," (longer or shorter,) under the curse of God. A prattler of the righteousness of Christ is one drawn by love; and who has therefore never known the first of the two covenants of promise, the law. "If they believed Moses, they would believe in me," says Christ.

A sense of this "judgment" which has passed on me in the court of conscience gives me confidence to meet the second judgment at or just after death; and thirdly, at the terrible day.

This judgment is also passing on me day by day in the covenant of grace in my soul; for God has a fire in Zion and a furnace in Jerusalem. And I would not give a fig for that man's religion if there is not that in him which is pained at a sinful thought.

Thoughts, words, deeds, there is that in me from Christ seeing them all in me feelingly with an eye that cannot be mocked. The Judge lives in me. Of that I am aware. Not a power of body or soul can I exercise, in thought, word, or deed, but what an all-seeing eye, that hateth sin, is observing me. At one time like a wild bull in a net; and yet knowing that God will bring me to judgment in my conscience by and by for it. For rebellion is like the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry; iniquity, because it is sin; idolatry, because it is preferring our will to his. Every thought is to be brought into captivity to the mind and will of Christ. Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Esau shall serve Jacob. And when the spiritual Esau, our old nature, gets the yoke off his neck, it only makes work for deeper repentance. Jacob then will wrestle a whole night with the angel of the covenant; so frightened is Jacob, the new man, at what is coming. At least, so it is with me. Day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, the Lord Jesus, the Judge of quick and dead, is sitting in judgment in my soul. And I am certain it is Jesus; for my own flesh hates him as much as the devil or the world does. But strong is the hand of the Lord God that judges thee.

And on the contrary. There is a principle in me that loves this Judge. No lover eyes his beloved with more tender and melting

flames of the purest and most honourable affection than I do this Lord Jesus. And when I see the dagger of divine justice steeped in his innocent heart for me, I cry out, in frantic gratitude and joy, why should such a fool and beast as I be in the covenant of grace? Bathed in the tenderest endearments, swum with the softest bliss, a gracious hatred of sin, in a fellowship of the Lord's sufferings, solemnly enraptures every feeling in my soul. Engrafted feelingly into the Tree of Life, with a gracious hatred of sin, I feel my soul safe for eternity. Dew, rich and warm, with the liveliest bliss, charm and overjoy my spirit. Enrapturing glories, as it were, bewilder my delighted eyesight. I see a never-ending eternity ready to burst on my sight; the Judge standing at the door. Judge, did I say? Nay, he is my Lover. Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour. And so he is. Who would have thought, in the lowly Jesus of Nazareth, the Creator of the world was hidden? Yes, my soul; and at one time thou didst not think that under an angry Judge was hidden thine eternal Lover.

No rest have I, or want I, except in the same degree as I am in perfect peace with this Judge and Lover of mine, called Jesus. Through floods and flames my soul is following after him. Stung, buffeted, and driven by every wind and venom of indwelling sin, Satan, and the world, my soul cleaves to Jesus as my All in All. I respect in love neither myself, neither anybody else, except in the same degree as changed into the image of this Jesus. The creation around me is to be burned up; and so will every man and woman be in hell, if not, sooner or later, changed perfectly into the image of this Jesus.

When I have parted for a time with the dearest friend I have on earth, I have gone back into my solitary room, I have burst out into tears, and said, "But I have not parted with thee, my dearest Jesus."

"The rocks and mountains may decay;
The seas their wand'ring streams remove;
The heavens and earth may pass away;
Yet God can never change his love."

Overcome by the sweet and solemn flow of these feelings, a life of meditation fills my soul with the highest pitch of ravishment. And at several times, overpowered and overwhelmed with divine bliss, it has dropped into my soul, "If you are so delighted now, what will it be above?"

"What are these little tastes of love,
To those which we shall have above?
A drop of water to the sea!
A moment to eternity!
Saints, who have tasted of this grace,
Take more and more with thankfulness;
Drink heavenly wine, eat heavenly food;
And feast with the ALMIGHTY God!"

Mine has been a life of suffering affliction for above thirty years. I have had my share of bitters.

But, with regard to this "judgment." If God does not judge you in this world, you will be damned in the next. Does it not say, "Christ will bring every idle word and every secret thought into judgment?" Reader, if thou art a Christian indeed, and not only in name, all the honest grief thou art inwardly pierced with for all thy sinful thoughts, words, and deeds, is one part of thy fellowship of the sufferings of Christ, who suffered for his people's sins, and nought else. And if there is not a tender conscience there is no evidence of a new birth. Love to God and hatred of sin, (thoroughly, and Christianly, and graciously,) is the neck that fastens thee to thy glorious Head and Husband, Christ; and in the same degree as a real saint knows not supernaturally these things in experience, however much he may shine in head-knowledge or letter-knowledge, he is in the same degree as ignorant of *felt* salvation as a Chinese heathen or pagan is. The elect of God inherit substance, while the non-elect can be entertained with shadows.

Abingdon.

I. K.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BAILEY,
IN ANSWER TO ONE WRITTEN TO HIM BY A YOUNG PERSON.

My dear Friend,—It is at all times a mercy to know and fear the Lord. Better late than never; but I think it is a peculiar mercy to "remember our Creator in the days of our youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when we shall say we have no pleasure in them." I rejoice that the Lord has been pleased to give you a concern about your immortal soul in your youthful days. O that you may escape those evils peculiar to youth in our days! I trust the Lord has given you to see and feel your state and condition as a sinner before him; for none but sinners, poor and needy sinners, prize a rich, able, and willing Saviour. It is the sick, not the healthy, that need the good Physician. Be assured that it is only as you see and feel your helplessness, that Christ will be precious to you by the Spirit's power. As the strength of Israel and the God of our salvation, blessed be his dear name, he is life to the dead, eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, wisdom to the ignorant, righteousness to the condemned, pardon to the guilty, sanctification to the unclean, and redemption to the poor sin-bound and sin-burdened soul. Jesus Christ is the one thing needful; this I sincerely hope you are brought to know, and increasingly to desire a *felt* interest in him, in other words, the knowledge of your salvation by the forgiveness of all your sins; for blessed is that man and woman "whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed are they to whom the Lord will not impute iniquity." O that Christ may be your hiding-place, your high tower, and the rock of your salvation! He is a refuge for the needy, a refuge in times of trouble. God grant that you may be enabled to make him your refuge when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against a wall.

Remember, my dear friend, you are now travelling in a waste howling wilderness, wherein are many ravenous beasts of prey. Satan is represented as a roaring lion, walking about, seeking whom he may devour; not whom he *would*, but whom he *may*, for if he could he would devour us all. The wicked also are compared to wolves, ravenous wolves, bears, serpents, &c. Sometimes the tremendous roar of the old lion and the prowling wolves will frighten and alarm your fears; the serpents will hiss and sometimes bite you; but the blood, the precious life-giving blood of Jesus, (for the life is in the blood,) will heal the adder's bite and the serpent's sting. Nor have you less to fear from the thieves and robbers that you will find, as the Holy Spirit is pleased to discover them, in your own heart, which is, as the prophet Jeremiah says, "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" a nest of unclean birds, a den of thieves, a sink of iniquity, from whence proceeds every evil imagination, every blasphemous thought, and every lustful desire. Ah, my Christian friend, you will often cry out, "The Canaanites, the Canaanites are in the land!" and, like Gad, a troop comes, and these troops will overcome you while you are in this world; but, through the Captain of your salvation, Jesus Christ, you and all the redeemed shall overcome at last, though now, as the hymn says,

"Like Gad, by a troop overcame,
They fall through the workings of sin;
Yet glory they not in their shame,
But mourn their defilement within.

"On Zion's bright summit above,
Victorious at last they shall stand,
Though now for a season they prove
The Canaanites still in the land."

I am, your soul's well-wisher,

J. BAILEY.

"Verily I know you not; depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Remember, I entreat you to remember, they are not sent away for being fornicators, swearers, Sabbath-breakers, or prodigals; no, in all probability, as I observed before, they were, touching the outward observances of the moral law, blameless. They were zealous maintainers of the form of religion, and if they did no good, yet no one could say they did any one any harm. That for which they were condemned and eternally banished from the presence of the Lord (for so much is implied in that sentence, "I know you not!") was this, they had no oil in their lamps, no principle of eternal life, or true and living faith and love of God in their hearts. But, alas! if persons may go to church, receive the sacrament, lead honest moral lives, and yet be sent to hell at the last day, as they certainly will be if they advance no further, where wilt thou, O drunkard? where wilt thou, O swearer? where wilt thou that deniest divine revelation and even the form of godliness? where wilt thou and such like sinners appear?—*Whitefield*.

THOUGH ABSENT NOT FORGOTTEN.

My dear Friend and Brother in a precious Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace from Jesus, the Fountain of life, love, and blessedness, be multiplied unto you.

We received with great pleasure your very kind, affectionate, and savoury epistle from America, dated May 17th, 1851, on Friday morning, June 6th, and kindly thank you for it, being truly glad to hear that you had arrived safe, as we had heard before from your brother, and that you still remain, through mercy, in tolerable health.

Having commended you to God in the very feelings of my soul before you embarked, I was not in the least afraid of your not safely reaching your destined port; and now my heart melts with love and praise to the God of my life for another instance, in this case, of his great lovingkindness, in condescending to hear and answer the fervent cries of a worthless, nothing worm. So many proofs that he does hear and answer my prayers I have had, that I do feel, in every time of need and trouble, more and more disposed and encouraged to take my case, and concerns, and miseries, and wants, to him, rather than, as many do, to others. Not that I object to the Lord's people communicating to each other, by the way; it is good, and often they find it profitable so to do. I have felt it good and profitable to communicate to and talk with my brother in our troubles, and concerning Christ and his great salvation, in quiet by our fire-side. I have felt it good and profitable to hear him pour out his soul before God in the midst of our dear Lord's solemn assemblies, and in mingling my groans and cries with his and those of the brethren. And my very heart and soul does feel it also good, and profitable, and precious, too, to hope, ere long, to join with them above in the triumphs of the redeemed before the eternal throne for ever. But to return to your report of America.

But above all things, your report respecting the scarcity of revealed truth known and felt in the conscience, and lived upon by faith, and seen in their lives, in those parts you have travelled over, is the most solemn. I am sorry to say this is the case also in very many parts of England as well. And your mind is so uneasy and troubled that you cannot rest nor endure the pain you feel because of the company you are exposed to, and especially the sweet savoury feeling, unction, and power of the heart-melting and self-crucifying religion of Jesus and his cross which you often enjoyed among your friends here in England, you cannot in your travels from New York, through Ohio, &c., find to your satisfaction. This is lamentable indeed, but I am not surprised at it.

Blessed be God for giving you and me a spiritual discernment of mind to know from our feelings where this peculiar savour is, and where it is not; and for giving you such a tender conscience as will not let you rest or remain among a people where this sweet testimony of our dear Lord's great loving-kindness is wanting.

“Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his

friend." The presence of Christ enjoyed makes the soul joyful in the midst of the heaviest troubles. Godly sorrow, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost combined, compound a sweet unction, a blessed mixture indeed. My soul desires to be anointed therewith every hour and moment I live.

You desire to be in that position and place where you may be most useful to the Lord's family. This desire is good and acceptable to God. You cannot see that you can be of any service where you are. Then come back, my brother, and help us. The bounds of my habitation are fixed till death, among God's dear, despised, praying poor at Bedworth. Your name is recorded there with mine, and I hope my Lord has fixed the bounds of your habitation not far distant; so that you may live and die with us.

The deathliness and misery you feel you say you cannot describe. O the blessedness of being companions with God and his spiritually-minded favourites, with those with whom we can feel a sweet union of soul! The heart is deceitful above all things; therefore it does not take much to draw it aside; then darkness and misery are sure to be the consequence. But as long as felt misery is kept up within, it will still make the heart groan and cry with bitter sighings unto God, and preserve you from that treacherous calm in which I was once for years. I pray God you may never be overtaken with the like. Do not despair, my brother; this deathliness is not unto death, but to teach you and me a lesson in the school of Christ that we cannot easily forget. Nor is this misery for your hurt, but, if continued until the prayer of necessity brings down mercy felt within, it will end well indeed. O the thousands of times I have, through the deceitfulness of my base, wretched, and deceitful heart and sin, felt so lifeless, and cold, and prayerless, and careless to that degree, as though I never had felt one desire for Jesus, or for the knowledge of his ways, or ever felt one spark of love for his dear name! I have feared I never should again, and thought it was impossible I could ever feel any movings of soul after Christ again, and meltings of heart, with mercy divine felt within, at his dear sacred feet. But, to my wonder and surprise, all in a moment I have felt the healing waters begin to move, bringing a secret, sweet calm, a gentle glow, stealing so softly and heavenly over my spirit, until my heart, and soul, and eyes wept with the love I once more felt for his dear name, and people, and ways; and hoped ere long to be with Christ above, free from this vile body of sin and death, and from sin and all its effects, that I might sin against him no more for ever. Thus has the Lord put my unbelief to the blush so many times that I now begin not to consider any of the changes I pass through, or anything above measure strange, but oftentimes, venturing hard, I begin rather to sing in my heart, with David of old, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him."

Again, you say you are at home anywhere where all is right between God and your soul, and nowhere else. This speaks volumes in my brother's favour. All is right with the quickened soul when

atonement blood felt within has purged the conscience from guilt, and sin, and shame, and he is brought and kept near to God in holy and sweet communion, casting all his cares, and sorrows, and guilt, and sins, and all that grieves him, on Jesus, Zion's Burden-bearer, and can feelingly lie in the dust at his dear Redeemer's feet, clothed and in his right mind, and knows no will but his. Then is he right, and only then; then I know my brother is right when he is so favoured, and only then; and when he is not so favoured everything is wrong. And I am sure he will feel himself at home where he is so favoured, and among that dear people who are so favoured too; as it is written, "Happy are the people who know the joyful sound; yea, happy are the people whose God is the Lord." It is just so with me; therefore, though upwards of four thousand miles apart, I suppose, by this time, give me your hand, and look upwards. If thus you cannot feel in a foreign land, I say return home to your friends, in hope to feel so with them again, and probably to a more blessed degree than before.

To be with Christ above when he has accomplished all his will in, through, and by me below, and sin no more, is deeply engraven on my heart. O how sweetly the hope bears up my sorrowful mind as I pass on through tribulation's path! Every night I am saying inwardly, "One more trouble, one more day from the appointed number is gone," while "hitherto!" forms my nocturnal song of praise. Every morning commending myself, and partner, and family again to God, my soul waits and rejoices in hope. And every noon and every hour I live, my heart and soul refuses to be comforted when my dear Redeemer hides his smiling face. O how sweet a rest will heaven be to me! My soul triumphs in Jesus at times, in hope and prospect of that day of sweet release now fast approaching. Yet I feel inwardly willing and desirous to live here a little longer in this trembling way, to report all around the debt of love I owe to my dear Triune covenant God, for the great things he has done for me. The secret is this—"A Sinner Saved by Grace" desires to be consecrated body, soul, and spirit, to the declarative glory of God. I am the subject of many changes; as it is written, "What shall ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies." As dying, and behold I live; sorrowful, and rejoicing; a mystery of mysteries; a wonder to many, but the greatest wonder to myself. There will be a wonder indeed in heaven when I am there; a brand plucked from the burning, and proved to be a son, a heir of the King. Blessed be God that ever I was born! Once I wished in my very soul I never had been born. Not so now.

O my dear brother, it is more to be a Christian than thousands in England, or tens of thousands in America, or the whole race of ungodly sinners knows anything of. Yet God has made you one, and me one, in mercy. O what a favour, sovereign, rich, and free! Does my brother often call it in question? So have I, with respect to myself, thousands of times twice told. But now abide these three in my heart, "faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity."

Furthermore, from what you witness around you, and do also

feel within you, you say you are daily led to see more and more that none will flee to the Rock of Ages but the lost and undone, and none know that they are lost and undone so as to seek for a shelter but those who are taught of God. And this, my dear brother, you will prove to be the case more and more the longer you live. The dead in trespasses and sins cannot act, or hear, or move, or live spiritually of their own accord. They must be first quickened and empowered so to do by the Holy Ghost. But I need not so speak to my sorrowful brother; he knows it well. The new birth is essential to salvation. No mortal on earth, you know, can be saved unless thus he is made a new creature in Christ Jesus. This work all the wooings, and beseechings, and fleshly labours of all the blind guides on earth combined cannot perform. Through this mistake nine-tenths of the preaching here, and in America, and in the world, will be weighed in the balances of God's sanctuary and found wanting. And "who hath required this at your hands?" will thunder thousands into everlasting misery. O the fearfulness, and tremblings, and horrors that await all such who are not thus quickened, and taught, and sent of God, and the blessedness of those who are! My heart and flesh desires to live and die his witness. My soul seems to leap in my body with joy, in hope of the glory that shall be revealed in us. O my dear, gracious Lord,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

Because I was beloved and chosen of God, and ordained to obtain this great salvation. Others would rather starve than come, as above written, because they had no will. Such was my case once. But when God quickened my soul, he gave me a will, and in his own time wrought in me the power also to come to Jesus, with a "Lord, save, or I perish!" This was the last cry of my soul before mercy reached and broke my heart. Such a necessity was laid on me that I could not take a denial; and I assure you, I really did then feel willing, as I have ever since, and now do still, to be saved in his own appointed way. Thus do my feelings testify that both power and will comes from him. And thus my soul and powers will witness while life and breath remains; for every moment I live, during my wakeful hours, I prove it to be true.

Great is the mystery of godliness. Zion's mysteries all the wisdom of the wise and noble cannot understand; yet God does reveal them to babes, young men, and fathers in Christ, by his Spirit. The new birth is one of these mysteries. So is faith in a pure conscience; faith flying to, taking hold of, embracing, and enjoying a precious Christ, and the conscience cleansed with atoning blood. Christ in the heart the hope of glory is another of these blessed mysteries. To live a life of, and to walk by faith in holy communion with God, are both of them mysteries. The life of every true Shulamite is a mystery. The warfare, changes, conflicts, sorrows, and joys which they feel within are mysteries. They are mysteries.

to others, and greater mysteries to themselves. It is a mystery and a wonder to them how God can bear with them so long as he does in the wilderness, and help, and bless, and pardon, and multiply to pardon their sins and transgressions as he does. Why they should be chosen and taken, and others left is a mystery. Why Christ should die for them in particular is a mystery. How it is they are enabled to hold on their way is a mystery. The sting of death taken from the conscience is a mystery. But the greatest mystery and wonder of all will be to find themselves delivered from a body of sin and death, and from sin and all its effects, and safe beyond the gun-shot of earth and hell, safely lodged in the everlasting embrace of Jesus above, the glory, joy, and boast of their souls. An earnest of the inheritance felt and locked up within the breast, gives an assurance of the safe possession and enjoyment of all this blessedness. May the dear covenant God of Israel lock this heavenly treasure up in my dear brother's breast, as he has done in mine; and soon return him to us, no more to part until we meet in heaven to part no more for ever.

With melted heart and eyes I must now stay my rambling, as time admonishes and business calls, or I feel that I could thus ramble with you day and night.

The brethren received your affectionate salutation very kindly; and we do all wish your return, and do desire our kindest and united love in Christ Jesus. Our dear old pastor, Mr. S., remains about the same as when you left us; and sends his kind love. As a church, we remain in peace, and the Lord is with us. Our prayer-meetings prove it; our dear infirm pastor and his little flock feel it; and my soul knows it by happy experience.

Remember us at the mercy-seat, as also we do feel it blessed there to remember you. Write again soon, and say when we may expect you. We are as well as usual, through mercy.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, near Coventry, June 12th, 1851.

G. T. C.

WE SEE NOT OUR SIGNS.

My dear ———, —I think I can gather from your letter that your mind has received spiritual strength equal to your day. May you be preserved from sinking in your nerves after this excitement and agitation is subsided; but the Lord is able to uphold and strengthen you; and one sweet visit from him will do you more good than all the doctors in the world. A manifestation of his love to your soul will bring with it such sweet submission to his will, and resignation to his chastening rod, as will produce peace in the midst of perplexity and a calm in the midst of storms. Both body and soul are in his hands, and I feel a hope that he will sustain you with a good hope and reliance on his arm alone; and I feel no doubt that in the issue he will bring you out into a wealthy place, put a new song into your mouth, turn your captivity, bring you deliverance from bondage,

and enable you to praise him for all that he has caused you to pass through, looking back and desiring nothing to have been altered. And I believe you may even now say,

“ Though painful at present, ’twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror’s song !”

If it were put to your conscience now as to whether you would exchange your lot for any wordling’s portion, however seemingly happy, you would reject it at once,

“ For though your cup seems filled with gall,
There’s something secret sweetens all.”

Although you cannot see your signs, they are there, visible enough to the eyes of others, and marked before God as the genuine work of his blessed Spirit: “Thy walls are continually before me.” The signs spoken of in the word, “We see not our signs,” (Ps. lxxiv. 9,) are the marks and evidences of life in the soul. These signs of a state of grace are often most hid from the possessors of them when most visible to the eyes of those who have discernment given to know and love all those in whom they see these signs appear, however low such may appear in their own eyes. And they know such shall be exalted to safety, when the whole herd of mere professors shall be swept away in the destruction that awaits the ungodly. Therefore blessed are they in whom are these signs.

1. One of these signs is a *trembling at God’s word* and being duly affected therewith. This sign you know you have, however at times it may be hid. Your conscience testifies that you would willingly bear double your calamities, heavy as they are, than have any part or portion of his word against you. This is a sign that all God’s people have. They reverence his word, and seek in it for their own character; as Hart says, speaking of such, they

“ Take the whole gospel, not a part,
And hold the fear of God.

This sign is visible to others; and God himself says he will look to that man (or woman) that trembles at his word, and with a look of approbation too. They not only tremble at it, but they look to it for guidance, and you know you would not go contrary to it. They look to it for instruction in righteousness, and would not hold any opinion contrary to it, however convenient to flesh and blood to do so. They look to it also for comfort and consolation, and would not have any false comfort contrary to it. However much they may be cast down, yet they would shrink from receiving the least benefit, except on the ground which the Scriptures testify of as being firm and good.

2. Another evident sign is *the fear of God*, which is the beginning of wisdom and root of all the rest. Where this fear is there is a departing from evil. You are sensible that your cry to God continually is to enable you to do this, and, as far as you are enabled, you do depart, not only from the grosser evils of the world, but the evils you feel daily prone to, as flowing from an evil heart within.

You would also and do depart from all evil company, as tending to lead your soul from God and the things of God, however moral and seemingly right. You cannot be happy with them, except you see those signs in them which you desire to find in yourself; therefore you depart from them, first in heart, and then in practice. This sign is visible to others also, and God takes notice of it, and says, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

3. Another of these signs is a *cleaving to the dear children of God*, as well as forsaking the wicked. This is more particularly felt to those who are manifested in your conscience as blessed with a goodly portion of his Spirit; the more they savour of that, the more closely you feel to cleave to them, esteeming them as the excellent of the earth; and you have more delight in their company the more they are enabled to testify of what God has done for their souls. So that you cleave to them for the sake of what you feel towards them as partakers of that hidden life you so much desire to be blessed with in your own soul; not for any external qualifications of mind, body, or circumstance, but purely of love to them as children of God. This is a sign soon visible to others before the soul sees it in himself, and the Lord takes notice of it too. And when they that feared the Lord spake often (or communed) with one another, the Lord hearkened, and a book of remembrance was written before him; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels.

4. Another sign is a *love to the real truth* as far as you have been led to receive it. The more the Lord's ministers are enabled to enter into the substance of divine truth, the more you feel your soul to go out after it, to cleave to it; and the more you love those who preach it earnestly, desiring to become more and more savingly acquainted with the blessings it contains; and as you grow in the right knowledge of divine truth, the more your desires grow with it; for it is an inexhaustible fountain flowing out of the fulness of him who fills all in all, the God-Man, Christ Jesus, who is emphatically said to be "the Truth." Now this sign conscience will testify that you possess, and it is obvious to others when unseen by yourself; and the Lord looks upon such, and promises to send them his Spirit to guide them into all truth.

5. Another sign is to have the *eyes of the understanding enlightened, to see Jesus Christ as the sum and substance of all real religion*, and to be blessed with a heart to go out after a knowledge of personal interest in him, as being the one thing needful, holding all religion short of this as being nothing. When a soul is blest with this sign, it drops its hold of everything else to bring before God for acceptance, and is made willing to count all things but dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord, saying from the very heart, "O may my soul be found in him! O that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, the fellowship of his sufferings, and be made conformable unto his death!"

No mere professor ever came here in reality, for there is a deal of

gospel labour gone on in a soul before he be made willing to renounce his righteousness, his hollow profession, his good name among men, his false hopes and sandy foundations; none will ever give up these until they are obliged from necessity by such a teaching as you have for some time been under; and you can truly say, in desire at least,

“ Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

I must perish without him. But the knowledge of this is hid from all the wise and prudent professors; therefore they can be satisfied with a name to live, which you feel you never can. This sign, then, is visibly to be seen in you by those most acquainted with you; and the Lord looks upon it and says of all such, “Blessed are your eyes, for they see,” by this enlightening, what is the hope of their calling, and the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints; and this hope will never perish nor this glory ever fade away.

6. Another conspicuous sign of the living family is that they will one and all *bow to his sovereign way of saving sinners*, justify him in their condemnation, and acknowledge that if ever they are saved, it must indeed be by an act of sovereign grace, for they have been feelingly taught that they are worthless, helpless, and utterly undeserving of any favour at his hands; and, as the hymn says,

“ If death by due desert should go,
Then sure their due desert is death.”

This sign most of those who have it are sensible of themselves, and you will fall in here, and say, it is even so with you. O may the Lord bless you with grace sensibly to see your signs, and enable you to press on through all discouragements, as it is strivers, gospel-strivers, through grace, who win the prize; and souls in your state cannot be easy nor happy; they must strive or perish. Through mercy the Lord holds them to the work, or Satan would soon damp their cries and strivings.

But my paper is out, and time up. If the Lord should condescend to own and bless anything I have written, to your soul's comfort, how happy I should be to hear it. And that he may support, comfort, and strengthen you in this our day of calamity, and bring you home again in peace and safety, is the sincere desire and prayer of your affectionate

Aug., 1852.

H.

Men had rather hear of Christ crucified for them than be crucified for Christ.—*John Mason*.

It will avail you nothing to say you have not been so bad as such a one. When a man is going to be tried for his life, it will be of no use for him to say, I have not done such a thing and such a man has. He will be told what he *has* done; and “he that offends in one point is guilty of all.”—*W. T.*

DIVINE MYSTERIES.

A SERMON PREACHED AT TROWBRIDGE, ON TUESDAY EVENING,
FEB. 18TH, 1851.—BY J. WARBURTON, SEN.

“As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.”—2 Cor. vi. 10.

What a contradiction here in our text to carnal reason! Carnal reason and natural wisdom can never comprehend this. There are two complete opposites in it, evidently contrary to natural reasoning: “Sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing all things.” It can never be fathomed by any mortal man in a state of nature. But the testimony of God clears it up. When a man has the testimony of God in his conscience, as Paul had, it is all opened to his view; as he says, “I came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.” (1 Cor. ii. 1, 4.)

Now sorrow and joy are two opposites. How then can it be said with truth that these two opposites are in exercise at the same moment? It strikes my mind that there is only one spot where this can be said to be true; only one place. We are sorrowful and joyful at the same moment when we have faith to see what was done for us, when we have faith to see Jesus bleeding and dying for our iniquities. It makes us sorrowful to behold what he endured for us, that he who knew no sin should come and take upon him human nature, and suffer, bleed, and die; and it makes us joyful, when we have this faith in exercise, to see and feel that by his sufferings we are for ever saved from sin, and death, and hell. God favours his children thus sometimes; and how sorrowful it makes them, when they have a believing sight of the sufferings, of the weakness of the Son of God, and of his dying for their transgressions. It is at these times and seasons that such godly sorrow is produced, such godly sorrow felt in the heart for the transgression of crucifying the Son of God; and then there is such a solemn awe and rejoicing in the heart for his love, his tenderness, his kindness, and his patience, that we cannot describe. God himself has described it, my friends, better than any words of ours can express it: “They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son.” (Zec. xii. 10.) Ah! what godly sorrow does a sight of such a sorrow as this produce! How that soul mourns over the sacrifice that God made to redeem so vile a wretch as he! He feels in a measure *his* pangs. His very soul is melted in wonder that ever Christ should die for such a wretch, such a hell-deserving wretch; that Jesus should redeem such an unworthy worm as he feels himself to be,—one who has crucified him; and his very soul is ashamed of what he has done in times that are past. He says, and feels within himself, that he thrust the sword into his heart, and drew the thorny crown upon his head. Here is godly humility; and yet such a joy mixed with it, a joy of

humility, that his soul is lost for words to express it. But these are not frequent times and seasons. God does not indulge his people with many of them, but only as it pleases his holy Majesty. The generality of God's children are sorrowful. The Lord himself says, "Because I said unto you that I go away, sorrow hath filled your hearts; but I will see you again, and your sorrow shall be turned into joy." So that you see there is sorrow without the exercise of joy. Why, then, how can it be said, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing?" Why, so it is at times, when the Son of God returns; always when he comes to visit the soul again there is joy. And, my friends, there never was a scene of sorrow with God's family but joy will follow it; there never was a tossing or a warfare, that the child of God has been in, but victory will end it; there never was, or will be, a time of adversity with God's people, but there is prosperity behind it. It is a time of rejoicing when God returns. Then indeed we find joy, and we can never find joy till then.

Now, the Lord tells us again, in the Scriptures of divine truth, that "sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." We are not to understand when he is speaking of his people having sorrows, and night seasons, and seasons of grief, and the hidings of his face, and sorrow of this sort, that they have always joy in the midst of these sorrows. No, my friends; no, no; joy and sorrow are two distinct things. When we view Jesus as our Redeemer, when we see what he endured for our sakes, see him in his love taking all the curse of a broken law for us, *then* there is joy and sorrow mixed up together. But then it is such a godly sorrow that there is never any need of repentance for it. It is a godly sorrow and joy. It produces humility, and love, and wonder, and adoration. But in the night seasons, my friends, the Lord has withdrawn the light of his countenance, and, in consequence, there is sorrow felt in the soul. O! the language of some of the old saints describes the state of the soul exactly as it is. When they were in sorrow and in grief, they had no where to go to but to him; yet they could not always find him. They searched for him, longed for him, fainted for him, and looked on the right hand and on the left; but could not find him whom they were seeking after. And God's children experience something of the same sort of feeling now. My friends, at such times as these they mourn like a dove, and roar like bears; they grieve like a widow that has lost a beloved partner, one in whom she could confide, but now finds herself struck off from every natural friend, and like the spouse of old that cried out and said, "If you see him whom my soul loveth, tell him I am sick of love;" "O that I knew where I might find him; I would come before him, and I would pour out my complaint before him." My friends, when the soul is there, there is no rejoicing; but as sure as ever there is sorrow, there is rejoicing at the end of it, fixed by God himself, as sure as ever there is a Saviour. God says it is to come, and it is sure to come. When the morning dawns, light breaks into the soul, and the poor soul hears the voice of the Son of God. Then joy and delight come unto him, for there is no voice like His, there is no power like His;

and when he comes with his mighty power and love, and says, "My spouse, my beloved, that is in the mountains of leopards and in the lions' den, come, come forth," then the soul comes forth skipping over the mountains; then his sorrow is turned into joy; and the joy that this gives him in his heart no man can meddle with or take from him. Joy is come; the voice of his loving and kind Lord and Master gives him a joy that no man can rob him of. So that, my friends, notwithstanding the children of God have sorrow, and will have sorrow, yet always in the end of night there is joy. There is joy in the morning after a night of sorrow; they experience God's blessed and sweet presence, and then they shout for joy. Now I think this is very clear and evident in the apostle Paul himself, as we have it in the 7th chapter to the Romans. You will there see an account of the sorrow that bowed him down, and the misery he had. There was no joy, no thankfulness in the miseries of his wretched nature, when he suffered the hidings of God's face. But joy sprang up when the Lord came, when He appeared in his glory. And then in another place he says, "But thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. xv. 57.) But, my friends, while the soul is fighting, the devil roaring, and his carnal heart boiling up like a pot, he finds there is nothing within himself but misery and wretchedness, and he cannot say that he is alway rejoicing, but rather, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? (Rom. vii. 27.) "Why," says God, "it is in my beloved Son. It is by none other but him. All your salvation and peace is in him;" and when the blessed Comforter leads him up to have a sight of Christ, then joy breaks forth, and he finds it all joy, so long as his God, his best Friend, is with him. Then he says, "With my mind I serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin." How his soul then rejoices, when he looks up into the glories of a precious Jesus; and then, and then only, he can say with the apostle, "With Christ strengthening me, I can do all things, but nothing without him." So that, my friends, they shall always come off victorious over every foe, till the Lord Jesus Christ shall make known his glory in bringing them home to be with him for ever and ever.

But here the apostle tells us what seems to be a complete contradiction, "As poor, yet making many rich." Whoever out of poverty ever made any person rich? Is it possible, my friends, for poverty to enrich poverty? It is the poor that want riches. They want everything to produce comfort. There never was a poor man in the world, nor ever will be, that ever can make one rich from want. I believe the poor that is here spoken of, or meant, is the very poor man that is spoken of by Solomon; for Solomon tells us, under the teachings of the Spirit, that "There was a little city and few men in it, and there came a great king against it, and he besieged it, and he raised up strong bulwarks against it. And there was found in this little city a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city, but no man remembered the poor man." And then said Solomon, "I said that wisdom is better than strength."

(Ecc. ix. 14—16.) And so it is. But who was this poor man in this little city, that could deliver it? Why, my friends, it is the very man that Paul speaks of when he says, "He for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich." (2 Cor. viii. 9.) Here are riches through poverty. In him only is this to be found,—riches out of poverty. None ever can make a man rich out of poverty but he. Here is the glorious Second Person in the Holy Trinity comes and takes our law place, room, and stead, though he was equal with God, though he was God, yet was made in the form of a servant; yes, and humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross. Thus he was born of a woman, and became debtor to the law, and to all that ever justice required of the objects of his love; and, my friends, he was poor and needy; but here are riches through *his* poverty, through his sufferings, through his humiliation, and through his death. Here are all the riches, all the perfections of God; here they all meet together in him. And I believe in my very heart and soul that it was here that the apostle comes, and where he hangs the hinge upon, that "as poor, yet making many rich;" for he knew that out of his poverty he could make many rich. The apostle knew himself to be poor, to be a poor rebellious worm, that had all his dependence upon God, entirely from first to last; for he tells us that his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom; no, my friends, but by the demonstration of the Spirit, and of power. And he tells us again, when the Corinthians had been contending which was the greatest amongst them, which was the greatest speaker, Paul cuts them up; why, says he, "I write unto you as unto little children." What! quarrelling about which is the greatest? What is Paul? what is Apollos? (1 Cor. iii. 5.) Why, says he, are we not all servants, receiving our messages from the Lord, receiving everything from him that we have to carry to the people? What can we do? Every man has his own labour and his own work; and whether it is Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, all go as servants. And here the apostle says, "We have the treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." So that you see Paul was a poor and empty,—poor and empty soul, that had nothing to go to the church with, to the poor of Christ's family with, but what God put into his earthen vessel. Now what a difference there is between earthen vessels and what they contain. I have looked at it many times, and it has been most humbling to my soul. If you take a water pot, there is nothing in it; it is empty. It is of no use at all. There is nothing about it that is of any use till there is something put into it. No, no; it is only useful for you to go to the pump or well with, for the pot of itself can produce nothing. So you see a man does not need to understand Hebrew, Greek, or Latin to understand the word of God. Why, it is as simple as ever God can make it. So that the apostle, when speaking of himself, says that he is nothing but an empty earthen vessel, and therefore *he* can never make any rich, but as God is pleased to make him his mouth, and to give him utterance before the people. And here the apostle, as God's mouth, says, "As sorrowful, yet always

rejoicing; as poor, empty, weak, helpless creatures, having nothing, yet making many rich." Well, and how is this? Why, it must all come from God. He must put it into their earthen vessels before they can enrich poor souls; for if Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas water, or preach to the people, the blessing that enriches the poor souls must come from God. It is by his divine power. And therefore sometimes when the apostle went to preach he was so shut up, I have no doubt, that he was hardly able to say anything; but what then? Why the blessing enriched those poor souls, some of them, although, when the apostle began speaking, he thought what he was going to talk about could never enrich any one; he was in such a low place. "Though I am bound," he says, "the word of God is not bound," but the earthen vessel. And thus his preaching was a savour of life unto some, and a savour of death unto others. When God gave him his message to deliver, all that he could do was to deliver it unto the people, leaving the result to God. The word that God gave him was a mystery to many; for Christ is the righteousness of the unrighteous; Christ is the justification of the poor condemned soul; Christ is the fountain to the poor guilty soul that is full of iniquities, and that feels his sins to boil up within him; Christ is the shield for the tempted; Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; Christ it is that makes us rejoice and rich, and it is he that is everything that our souls can stand in need of. How many times have I seen this when I have been in this pulpit. I have not known how to hold my head up for shame for the people to look at me. I thought it was such ignorance for me to preach, I felt so shut up, and so bewildered in my feelings; but how many times I have proved all my fears to be groundless, and at some particular times have had evidences that they were so; and O! how thankful this has made me! How astonished I have been that ever God should make use of such a weak creature as I have felt myself to be! I recollect one time very particularly when a person, and that was poor dear Richard E., whom some of you knew, came to me, after I had felt so shut up, and cut up too in my feelings, and told me how he had been blessed. I took for my text that portion where it is said, "My soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;" (Ps. lxxiii. 4;) and I could talk about nothing at all but the thirsty soul, and how the law of God had dried up his spirits, and how he was brought to be so thirsty, that all he could do was to cry for mercy. And I recollect very well that I got as far as here, and I could not get any further. I did not know what to say, but after a time I said, "If there is a poor soul in the chapel that knows this to be true in his own heart, thou art a child of God, and born to be saved;" and I sat down. These were the very words and the text that were the means of setting his poor soul at liberty; and I thought when he told me his experience that I should have swooned away, to see the Lord's work in releasing such a poor soul that had been tempted by Satan, and had been told many times by the great adversary of his soul that it was all in vain for him to think God would appear for him, and likewise that he would not make use of such a poor,

weak, empty creature as I was in releasing one of his own children. O how good and how kind of God thus to indulge a soul, and bring him to enjoy such riches as this, by bringing him into sweet and glorious liberty. This is making rich out of nothing. Aye, and how many poor souls go sometimes with their heads hanging down like a bulrush, and God is pleased to bless his own truth to them, while the minister trembles at his ignorance, and sometimes is afraid he is presumptuous. It seems as if he is taking too much upon himself, and goes into the pulpit trembling at the work; but while he is trembling and afraid he is presuming, God is pleased to bless the text, and carry it home to the consciences of some poor souls, and enable them to see the glories of Christ in the word. O how this enriches many poor souls! and they sometimes go and bless God for it, for the blessing that they have received. Why it is these poor souls that come and praise Christ who suffered and died; he that hath all riches, and glory, and honour for his people.

Then the apostle concludes the text, which seems really to be a complete contradiction, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Why, however can any body make this out? What! A man that has *nothing*, possessing *all* things! Why, we consider a rich man to possess all things, not a man that has nothing. My friends, these are the things of God, not the things of nature, of flesh, and blood. "As having nothing." They have nothing, my friends, but a mass of misery in and of themselves by nature. God says we brought nothing with us into this world, and we did not anything that is holy or good. We brought nothing but sin, nothing but confusion, nothing but God-dishonour. And the poor dear child of God is brought at times to know that he has nothing at all to recommend him to the notice of God. O what a blessing this is for God to teach us that we have nothing of our own to plead, nothing of our own to look to. Poor soul, thou hast nothing that thou canst produce of thy own, nothing whereby thou canst deserve the least notice of God. It seems to thy feelings at times that thou art a complete nothing; and there is none,—none but God, can honour these nothings. He says in one place, he hath "chosen the foolish things, and base;" and then he comes again and says, "and God hath chosen the things that are not to bring to nought things that are." So that that soul, my friends, is precious in the eyes of God, and God will stand by him for ever.

Now, how can it be said that these souls that have nothing possess all things? Why, my friends, he tells us that Christ in the heart is the hope of glory. Christ in his heart suits the soul; Christ in his heart is the Lord his righteousness; Christ in his heart is the fountain of living waters; and having Christ in his heart, he is in possession of all things, whether food, or raiment, or health, or strength, or the use of his senses, or righteousness, or peace, or salvation, or joy, or anything else; all is in him; and therefore it is of the gift of God that he possesses all things. But then the possession of this is not by his own doing or his own management. Nothing that he can do can put him in possession of this; for it is a posses-

ston of all the blessedness that ever God can give, and it will be for his own good, and for God's honour. All is his by the gift of Christ. A man can have nothing but what God is pleased to give him. Glory not in men; look not to men; look to nothing whatever from this quarter, for man's breath is in his nostrils.

And then the apostle says, "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas." They are your servants; they can but go at God's command; look not to them; glory not in them—in the poor old cracked water-pots. They are poor earthen vessels, ready to be broken to pieces. "All are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's;" and you have it all in and through him, and it shall come, just as you want it, day by day." "As your day so shall your strength be;" for you have a never-failing store in Christ Jesus the Lord, that can never be emptied, nor ever be plundered. And this blessed possession is in Christ, and all Christ's glories are wrapped up with it for the dear children of God. We bless God if ever he has entered into our hearts, for he has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus our Lord. So that, though we are empty and unrighteous, yet we are in possession of all things. Having Christ our Lord, there is not a single blessing but what is entailed to us, and shall come in its proper time.

What a blessing it is, my friends, to be poor and yet possess all things. Poor dear Martha was cumbered about many things, and she spoke to him for him to give Mary a hint to help her; but he says to Martha, "Martha, Martha, thou art cumbered about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her;" that pure and rich part, that full part, that God-glorifying part, that part that fills all aching voids, that fills every particle of God's perfections, that blessed part which fills all his Marys, and all his chosen. It is a good part, and they shall never be robbed of it to a never-ending eternity. My friends, to be possessed of such blessed riches as this, how precious it is when God brings it home with power to our hearts.

"GLORIFY GOD IN YOUR BODIES."

Dear Brother,—On Monday morning I rose early, to seek him whom my soul loveth; and I found him to be "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely to my poor soul." "The Lord sitteth king for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people; he will bless his people with peace." Oh! my dear friend, I can declare unto you that it is my greatest delight to have the beloved Three-One God to sit upon the throne of my heart, to feel that goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and that I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. God makes his dear children to know the truth of that sacred Scripture where it says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" They might as well ask me, when I got ur

from your table, how did I know that I was filled; because I had taken of the food and was satisfied. And there can be as much mistake about the one as the other, when God fills our earthen vessels. Yesterday morning it pleased the Lord to pour into my soul the riches of his grace, and such a longing desire to grow in grace and the knowledge of God that my soul longed to exalt and glorify Emanuel, and I walked about my house and wept, and cried, entreating of him that I might glorify his dear Son. The dear Lord poured such love, gratitude, and submission to his sovereign will and pleasure into my poor soul that I felt his pleasure was mine, and I believe that either a look, wish, or thought that was wrong would have grieved my poor soul, I was so taken up and overcome with my Beloved, for I knew that I had got him and that he had got me of a truth; that he was in the Father, and I in him and he in me, and that we were bound up together in the bundle of life. The language of Paul (Romans iv.) was my own, by the free gift of God's dear Son. This power was so great in my poor soul that I thought I must have laid me down on the house floor. I said to my wife, "I do want to glorify the Lord, but I can't live to glorify him as I want to do." I said I did not know what I was fit for. I felt quite unfit for the world; and I think to have sat and wept myself away in those dear arms of love would have suited me very well. I found some sweet and precious food in reading John v. I; Eating flesh and drinking wine refreshes the body, and eating the flesh of the Son of God and drinking his blood I know has two glorious effects; it refreshes both soul and body when bowed down, and it bringeth both soul and body down to wash His feet with tears and to dry them with the hair of the head. The language of a poor soul when he gets here is, "Do not wake my beloved until he please." This is my meat and drink, and my poor soul would wish to live and die here. I do trust in my gracious Father, that he will go on to feed and clothe this poor soul of mine with the fruits of the body of his dear Son. It is a blessing unspeakable and full of glory when the Lord speaks home to the poor soul and says, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee!" In the evening I was all alive, and ready to dance for joy. My dear friend, when the Lord pours a little wine into the heart to cheer it, and a little oil to make the face to shine, it makes a man's soul to dance within him; for it is my very soul's desire to live before God. I do love to feel my heart burn within me whilst we talk and have communion together. But on Wednesday night there was a gloomy feeling came across my soul, and a dread and fear of some sad prospect for me to pass through; and I soon began to feel peevish and fretful about it, but God was better to me than all my fears, for it lasted but for a few hours, and he showed himself as the King of Peace. So with a fair wind, the vessel travels along pretty gaily. Things are comfortable, and I am still entreating that where I go he may go, and stay where I stay, that we may abide eternally together. I trust that the gospel of the Son of God will ever find a place in my heart.

I long for the understanding of the gospel of the Son of God to be given unto me, that they may be revealed mysteries unto me, to the glory of his great name. Pray for me, dear friend, if it be consistent with his will to grant me the request of my lips, and the desire of my heart. I shall not soon forget the sweet feelings I had when I was under your roof. You remember how I told you that I had to bow myself two or three times before him, and even that precious book I was obliged to clasp in my arms, even in bed, and could not turn over without grasping it. These are some of the things I have been experiencing since I left you, and to him be all the praise. I must now conclude.

I am yours, in the best bonds,

Stamford, Jan. 29, 1849.

T. B.

DELIVER HIM FROM GOING DOWN TO THE PIT.

Dear Sir,—I have, I trust, been many times refreshed in spirit by reading, from time to time, the experience of some of the Lord's own tried family in the "Standard;" and thinking perhaps my own might, by God's blessing, be the means of comforting some in whom the Spirit of Truth is beginning to work, I venture to address to you as brief an account of the Lord's dealings with my soul as I can.

I had been in a situation in London for sixteen years, where my apprentice time was served, and had a general character for being steady and trustworthy. I did not know myself what need there was for a change, as I was going on so nice and easy, when, on a sudden, my little boy, about four years of age, was taken very ill of scarlet fever, and, in four days, died from the glands in the throat swelling so much as to stop his breathing. That night, yes, Sir, that night, after I had gone to bed, the holy law of God was revealed in my conscience in a most terrific manner, and for four hours I could not tell what to do. All my life was brought before me, and every action seemed to be condemned, I should say, from as early as five years of age. My conscience condemned me as a wilful violator of that law.

I arose in the morning early, got a light, and went down stairs; but the dreadful apprehension I was under of the divine wrath seemed so heavy upon me that I hardly knew how I got down. I then crawled to a chair, and tried to pray, but could not; it really seemed as if I must be choked when I attempted to speak. After kneeling some time, I ventured to get up, and proceeded to light the fire for my wife, which I usually did in the cold weather; and while so doing, and as it began to burn, something said to me, "Ah, you will soon be in the fire of hell!" and I seemed to feel as if I must. The first words from the Bible which came to me were those where it is said "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of them who hold the truth in unrighteousness.

When I went to the shop to work, my fellow-workman who sat next me said, "What is the matter with you?" I could not tell him or speak, being assured, from my knowledge of him, that he had never met with such a law as had found me out. Now what am I to do? thought I. Repentance came to my mind. Yes, repent I will; and never shall anything be done by me that is wrong any more. Well, at tea time, when I got home, the "Youth's Magazine" came to my hand, and in it an article upon repentance. Well, this is just what I was after. The tears began to roll as I read. My wife noticing this, said, "It is no use fretting for the boy." No, thought I to myself, I care not about the boy; it is my never-dying soul. O what shall I do to escape the damnation of hell? And my poor conscience already seemed to feel something of it. Well, the reading of this article seemed to act upon me for an hour or so, and to give some slight comfort; but before I came home at night I was more miserable than ever, and in this state I continued for a year and nine months, not having any hope of ever being saved. What passed through my mind during this lapse of time is impossible for me to describe, but sure I am the devil tried to drive me to utter despair. I used to creep into chapel, so that no one might see me, and especially where the minister might not; and I also read the Bible and the "Gospel Standard," to see if any relief might be obtained, and several other books. The only thing that seemed to do me any good, and that was not lasting, was an account of a woman, Sarah Church by name, who was, or had been, in a very dreadful state of mind, thinking herself lost. I never could read any of the promises in the gospel as belonging to me, but the condemnatory parts of the word of God seemed all to belong to me. The devil, too, I thought, would stand in front of my board, and make faces at me, and say that he should have me. During most of this distress of mind, I was full of all manner of evil, swearing dreadfully inwardly. O how I tried to pray! Many times, when some horrible blasphemy has seemed as if it would force its way out of my mouth, have I left my work and gone to try to pray; and many sleepless nights I have had, calling for mercy. Often, too, have I found myself asleep, from weariness, with my Bible before me, entreating the Almighty to pardon me. But it seemed there was no pardon for such as I; from chapel to chapel, from book to book I went, but no mercy. "Now," says the devil, "you may just as well destroy yourself, for you cannot be more unhappy in hell than here; and, live as long as you may, you are sure to be damned at last." Many times have I resolved to do so, and once especially I started from home on purpose to cut my throat, and throw myself off the steamer, to make sure work of it. Indeed I was in such a wretched state, that it often is a matter of astonishment how I went again and again to my work. My friends and my wife's, for the most part, thought I was going out of my mind. Some said, "Why don't you leave off reading the Bible, and go to the theatre?" Others, "Take a newspaper in, and this will relieve your mind." But my God said, though not then loud

enough for me to hear it, "There is a set time to favour Zion;" and sure enough it was so. I had sent my wife to Gravesend for a few days, and I went with some other London friends to a chapel there. The text preached from was from Ps. li. 17. All was for me. Had I been in a well a thousand fathoms down, I could not have felt deliverance more sensibly. Christ came to me in that sermon, by the almighty ministry of God the Holy Ghost. He then gave me that which I had not before, nor all the preachers I had heard before. The minister did not know me, nor that I was in the chapel, yet every word he spoke told upon me just as if he had been shooting at a target, no arrows failing, but striking right into the centre; so in my poor depressed, hopeless, and dejected soul did his words tell right into the seat of my disorder; and so surprised was I that I could scarcely believe it would be lasting. That night the stars in heaven shone with an unusual lustre; and as I sat looking at them, the thought came to my soul very sweet, "The same hand that made those wonders has delivered thee from going down to the pit." Indeed, I seemed quite another creature. All things to me bore such a wonderfully different aspect, that I was almost afraid to tell my wife that I felt a great change in my mind, lest it should not be lasting. But, bless his dear name who came to seek and save the lost, it was a real deliverance, and every one, more or less, that I was acquainted with soon saw the difference in me.

A BELIEVER.

Where God gives repentance, it is never meant to purchase pardon; for tears pay no debts. They will not pay your neighbours; and much less those due to God, which are weighty debts indeed.—*Berridge.*

God regards the intense desires of the soul as real prayers, and has made many promises for the comfort and encouragement of such of his poor weak family who cannot address him as they would; such as these, "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities, and maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered;" "Because of the deep sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord." He often stands behind the wall, and shows himself through the lattice in our distress, and now and then gives us a ray of light, a drop of comfort, a feeling sense of his power nearer than usual, to enlarge the heart, to raise hope, to increase our expectations, to set an edge to our appetite, and to make us expect no less than his real manifestation to our souls; and then off he goes, and takes all the bag of money with him, and we seem further off from the mark than ever. Then jealousy burns, anger rages, disappointment cuts, the devil comes, sin revives, unbelief prevails, and all confidence is cast away; and the language of the devil and unbelief is, "Let him go if he will; I would to God I could rest satisfied without him;" but this ends in grief, sorrow, honest confession, double love, and treble desires; cursing self, and crying for mercy.—*Huntington.*

REVIEW.

The Christian Philosopher Triumphant over Death. A Narrative of the Closing Scenes of the Life of the late Wm. Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., of Kingston-upon-Hull. By Newman Hall, B.A. Seventeenth Thousand. London: John Snow, 35, Paternoster Row. 1852.

THE SOVEREIGNTY of God is a great deep—a deep utterly unfathomable to human reason. This will be readily admitted by all whose creed is sound and judgment clear in the truth of God. To disbelieve, to doubt, to cavil at God's sovereignty exposes a man to a suspicion, and for the most part a well-grounded suspicion, of unsoundness in head or heart. But do all who receive the doctrine of God's sovereignty receive the truth of God's sovereignty? for there is a difference between receiving a doctrine and receiving a truth. The judgment is the seat of the former; the heart the seat of the latter. Job, doubtless, had received the doctrine of God's sovereignty, and by it had instructed and comforted others, as Eliphaz told him, "Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. Thy words have upheld him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees." (Job iv. 3, 4.) But how did Job feel when put into the furnace of temptation? Where was his hold then of the sovereignty of God, as applicable to his own case? "But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled." (Job iv. 5.) When David went out with the sling and stone, and specially when he returned with the Philistine's head in his hand, he doubtless believed and admired God's sovereignty. He felt it, too, when hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and even when driven from Jerusalem by his son Absalom, as is evidently shown by his touching speech to Zadok: "And the king said unto Zadok, Carry back the ark of God into the city; if I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation: but if he thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him." (2 Sam. xv. 25, 26.) But when tidings came that Absalom was slain, his crushed spirit could hardly submit to God's sovereignty when displayed in a manner which cut his very heart's strings. The feelings of the father overcame the feelings of the saint. His own life, which rested on the sovereign will of God to shorten or prolong, he could freely have laid down to have spared for awhile the life, equally determined by divine decree, of a rebellious son, who would, if permitted, have steeped his hands in the blood of his own father, and God's anointed king. The deep, full tide of the father's love swelled above all the restraints of grace, and burst forth in that heart-rending cry, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" (2 Sam. xviii. 33.)

But not to speak of such deep and painful trials, in which natural feelings are so overwhelmed that the voice of grace is almost si-

lenced, there are other cases wherein the sovereignty of God is with difficulty bowed down to, or reverentially held by. Take, for instance, the work of grace on the soul. Our own experience, the experience of others most commended to our conscience, that of the preachers and writers most eminently blessed, all point to a certain line of divine teaching. This, therefore, we feel constrained to abide by. But even here, in our own stronghold, our impregnable fortress, divine sovereignty seems sometimes to run counter to our firmest creed. In election itself, that cardinal feature of divine sovereignty, the objects of eternal choice are not always such as we should seem, at first sight, to approve of. But will the Lord walk within our narrow limits? Say, for instance, that he has chiefly chosen the poor in this world's goods. May he never take any comparatively rich? Or admit that the Lord's people are generally of uncultivated minds, and devoid of human learning. Has he none in the wide reach of his gracious embrace whose minds have been cultivated by education, and whose acquirements he sanctifies to the use of the sanctuary, as the jewels of old which were brought up out of Egypt? Or allow that it is a rare instance for any one of noble or distinguished birth to be called by grace. Is there never such an exception, now, as that of Queen Candace's noble chamberlain, or Luke's "most excellent Theophilus?" Or allow that the great bulk of God's children are dis severed from the National Establishment. Has the Lord no children in her pale? Upon such points as these the sovereignty of God sometimes startles us. But even in that important matter, Christian practice, undoubted saints have been permitted to act in a way which seems opposed to fundamental principles of gracious obedience. We are not speaking here of slips or falls acknowledged and repented of, but of a line of conduct for which no repentance was felt, or at least ever expressed. Colonel Gardiner continued in the army for years after his most striking conversion, and was killed at the battle of Preston Pans; and though it may be pleaded that he died in defence of his king and country, and indeed of the Protestant faith, all of which were perilled in the rebellion of 1745, yet to fight for pay, and charge at the head of a regiment with the intent to destroy hundreds of lives in the most murderous possible manner, seems inconsistent with the requisitions of the gospel of peace. John Newton, for some considerable time after he was called by grace, was master of a slave-ship, and trafficked backwards and forwards from Africa to the West Indies in that horrid and accursed trade, carrying slaves, and as he says, enjoying the presence of God amidst all the horrors of the middle passage. Think of John Newton enjoying communion with God in his cabin, separated by a few inches from a crowd of miserable slaves, manacled and fettered, torn from family and home, and dying by scores of suffocation and disease! Even apart from grace, think of the newly-married husband writing daily the tenderest letters to his wife, and almost dying of a broken heart for fear she was dead, when he was dragging hundreds of husbands to die under the lash in a sugar plantation! But who would unchristianise

Colonel Gardiner or John Newton? We do not mention these things to disparage these eminent saints and servants of God, but to show how in the sovereignty of God things are done, or permitted to be done, which seem to run counter to those views of Christian practice which we feel constrained to hold by. But do these instances overturn sound scriptural views? Not a whit. Nay, they rather confirm them. It is in grace as in grammar. The exception proves the rule. Jan. 1, 1851, was, we believe, a warmer day than June 1, 1851;* but that does not turn winter into summer. In the commencing, carrying on, and completing of the work of grace in the soul, the Lord usually moves in a certain path; but he does not always confine himself within certain prescribed limits.

The work before us, which has given rise to these observations, is in some points the most remarkable book which we have read for a long time. Its main object is to give an account of the last illness and happy death of Dr. Gordon, late physician in Hull. We may be deceived, but we cannot but think that Dr. Gordon was a most remarkable instance of the sovereignty of grace. And yet we cannot but feel that in some leading points there was a deficiency, or at least a discrepancy, in what we consider to be the decisive work of the Spirit. As a man, naturally Dr. Gordon was eminently distinguished and favoured. He possessed a searching and highly cultivated mind, was a most ardent and indefatigable student in the fields of science, had an extensive and lucrative practice, and was much looked up to and respected. His moral character and disposition too were peculiarly beautiful. He possessed the warmest possible affections, was of a singularly upright and truthful disposition, and especially full of benevolence and solicitude for the interests of the poor. To show this latter trait in his character it will be sufficient to mention, that after his death a monument was erected to his memory chiefly through the contributions of the poor, bearing this inscription: "Erected by public subscription to William Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND."

But all this others have been, who lived and died enemies to God's grace. Not so with Dr. Gordon. The displays of the grace and power of God in his sickness were indeed most remarkable. But up to his last illness he scarcely seems to have made even a profession. Still, as he declared on his death-bed, his soul had been long secretly exercised. Nor, again, have we any distinct and clear account of the way in which mercy reached his heart. But his joy and peace, as having received mercy, were most remarkable. It must be borne in mind that he was a most acute sufferer in body, and most sensible of the gradual approach of death.

The following extracts will show the acuteness of his sufferings, arising from a disease the nature of which much baffled all medical skill:

* The thermometer was ten degrees lower on June 1, 1851, than on Jan. 1, 1851.

"Dreadful agony now came on, arising from spasm of the heart. He frequently raised himself in bed, and lifted up his arms in great distress, comparing his sensations to the effect of ten thousand screws tearing him to pieces. As his powers of patient endurance were remarkable, it was evident that the suffering which would cause such indications of it as were witnessed, must be of the most intense kind. He once cried out, 'O my friends, my children, can you do nothing for me? O my heavenly Father, help me! O my dear Jesus, take me!' Frequent vomiting, and the necessity of continually changing his position, added to his distress. But he retained most fully his self-possession, frequently feeling his pulse, making remarks on its intermittent character, and calling for remedies as the symptoms varied; often expressing his surprise that he continued so long."

"At intervals he made the following remarks: 'Remember, this pain is only bodily. I've no fear. Is this because I've no dependance on myself, but am trusting to Jesus alone? If I come, will he reject me? And will he put those white robes on me? This is indeed agony, torture; but what a mercy that my *mind* is at perfect peace.'"

But amidst the most racking tortures of body and the prospect of almost immediate dissolution, his peace and joy were most remarkable. It was not stoicism, nor mere mental endurance, as the soldier at the triangles bears the lash without a groan, or the Indian smiles at the burning pincers, but a solid rejoicing in the felt presence of Christ and the prospect of eternal bliss. Could this be delusion? Had he been unsound in doctrine, or devoid of experience, we might well suspect the ground of his peace. But he had fully received the doctrines of grace, laid hold of and embraced Christ's righteousness, and had felt mercy and pardon in his soul. Nor was he likely to be deluded by false joys. He was a man as far removed from enthusiasm as well could be. The turn of his mind was rather sceptical than enthusiastic; and all through his illness he had the most complete possession of his intellect.

The author, who, as his son-in-law, was almost constantly with him, and took down in short-hand, unperceived, what fell from Dr. Gordon's lips, records the following dialogue:

"Dr. Doddin called to bid him farewell, when the following dialogue took place:

"Dr. G.—'This affliction was all for my good, my happiness.'

"Dr. D.—'God sends afflictions that we may remember him.'

"Dr. G.—'Not only that we may remember him, but that we may have joy. I have had more enjoyment the last few weeks than in my whole life. I could not have a doubt, not one. He saw me a rebellious child. I am a miracle—an example of a marvellous interposition of God. A short illness would not have been enough. He saw I needed all this, and O the blessing that has attended it!'

"Dr. D.—'More seems necessary to be done for educated men than for others. They have pride of intellect and of heart to be subdued. But there's only one way.'

"Dr. G.—'Only one. I trusted too much to human learning; but when I saw how to get this, by coming as a little child, it burst on me in a way I cannot describe. But man could not have taught me this. It was the Holy Spirit of grace. Then it all rushed upon my view at once. I saw Christ my Saviour; stripped off all my filthy deeds, went to the foot of the cross, and Christ presented me to God.'

"Dr. D.—'This is the best wisdom.'

"Dr. G.—'It is the *only* way. I could laugh to scorn the man who rests in his learning.'

"Dr. D.—'The true wisdom is in coming to Christ. This is joy.'

"Dr. G.—'And power and majesty. You have a greatness in your soul you never felt before. You have no fear of the world, or death, or anything. You feel God is your companion and friend, cherishing you by constant intercourse. O the hours I have spent of the most delightful kind, such as I never experienced before.'"

The strength, simplicity, and firmness of his mind are very remarkable in the preceding conversation. The author records another, in some respects more interesting :

"Mr. and Mrs. J. V. H., arriving unexpectedly in the evening from Maidstone, that they might have the melancholy pleasure of bidding him farewell, the following conversation took place :

"Dr. G.—'How kind to come and see so unworthy a creature.'

"Mr. H.—'You are a monument of mercy.'

"Dr. G.—'I am indeed. I am as black as sin can make me.'

"Mr. H.—'We grieve to lose you, but the will of God must be done.'

"Dr. G.—'That is what you must say; what I say every hour.'

"Mr. H.—'We ought not only to submit to, but *acquiesce* in his will.'

"Dr. G., very earnestly.—'I *love* it.'

"Mr. H.—'Don't let me weary you, but I love to talk of the grace of God.'

"Dr. G.—'I should like to hear it talked of from morning to night.'

"Mr. H.—'I am afraid of exciting you.'

"Dr. G.—'It does not excite me. I love it. I have had a joy and a peace which I did not know existed. And how did I get it? There's the kindness, the blessing! No clouds, no doubts, no fears—peace unbroken. I am a marvellous instance of the gracious interposition of a kind God. If he sought me when I did not seek him, why should I doubt now I have gone to him? O that magnificent book!"

"N.—'The wise cannot understand it, but only the fool and the babe.'

"Dr. G.—'Human wisdom is folly, folly! though I once did not think so. I have felt my degradation and my black wickedness, but he has forgiven me and washed me.'

"Mr. H.—'What a blessing that he "has forgiven us *all* trespasses." They alone know this peace who have tasted it. You have.'

"Dr. G.—'I have indeed. If such an impossibility could take place that I should be restored, nothing could give me the least trouble. I do not think fear of any kind could ever enter my breast. Had I no other evidence than my own feelings of the truth of Christianity, it would be sufficient. If all the world were anti-Christian, I should be a Christian.'

"Mr. H.—'This confidence is from God. Not all the books you have read could have given it.'

"Dr. G., emphatically.—'Never.'

"Mr. H.—'I remember once thinking it folly to talk of being born again. We knew not what it meant.'

"Dr. G.—'But we know now. It is the strong conviction of the truth of Christianity which gives me peace and blessedness. It has so changed my whole nature. This is the evidence.'

"N.—'John Newton, when entangled by scepticism, resolved to test the truth of Christianity by seeking the divine influence promised in answer to prayer, arguing that if the religion were true, the result of such seeking would be an evidence of it.'

"Dr. G.—'That is the argument which weighs with me. No mere reason of man could have written that book. Reason may find *fault* with it, but could not have *made* it. O it is a book! Read every word of it, and believe it just as it is.'

"On taking leave for the night, he said, 'Let me see a great deal of you. Constant talk of my blessed Saviour will be my greatest happiness.'

"Mr. H.—'How blessed it is to feel a thrill of joy within at the name of Jesus!'

"Dr. G.—'To know it in the *head* is not to know it.'

"Mr. H.—'I have been called mad because I love Christ, and delight to talk of him continually.'

"Dr. G.—'I wish all the world were mad. My blessed Saviour is always with me.'"

We do not say that there are not a few expressions in the above dialogue which may not quite lie square with our own views, but there is, to our mind, a singular force, and almost majesty, in his energetic expressions.

But the question arises, How did Dr. Gordon get this peace and joy? Is there no account of the way in which it was produced in his soul? The author records the following conversation with him:

"In the course of the day, the author said to him, 'You have told us that, had it pleased God that you should recover, it would have been your delight to preach Christ. I have been thinking that you could do this very emphatically at your funeral. Many people, of all descriptions, will be gathered together, and your dying testimony would be very impressive. If you would like to say anything I will write it down.'

"Dr. Gordon.—'O I cannot find words sufficient! I am afraid I cannot convey the thing sufficiently. I should be doing injustice to my Saviour.' He then, after a brief pause, very solemnly and emphatically spoke as follows: 'All human learning is of no avail. Reason must be put out of the question. I reasoned, and debated, and investigated, but I found no peace till I came to the gospel as a little child, till I received it as a babe. Then such a light was shed abroad in my heart, that I saw the whole scheme at once, and I found pleasure the most indescribable. I saw there was no good deed in myself. Though I had spent hours in examining my conduct, I found nothing I had done would give me real satisfaction. It was always mixed up with something selfish. But when I came to the gospel as a child, the Holy Spirit seemed to fill my heart. I then saw my selfishness in all its vivid deformity, and I found there was no acceptance with God and no happiness except through the blessed Redeemer. I stripped off all my own deeds, threw them aside, went to him naked—he received me as he promised he would, and presented me to the Father—then I felt joy unspeakable, and all fear of death at once vanished.'"

A few more extracts from this remarkable work will show what joy and peace reigned in his soul:

"In conversation with his family, he said, 'How can I help loving him? I seem to see him with his heavenly countenance smiling on me now. He has pardoned me, washed me, clothed me, is preparing mansions for me—I feel I *could* not rebel against him! What are men about when, with such a theme, they can preach such sermons as many of them deliver! There are not only joys to come, but joys in this world. Having him so near as a companion takes from us evil thoughts, ambition, and avarice. He says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' And what are his commandments? Not grievous! There he was, seeking me out first, and not I seeking him! And whence came this? By grace we are saved. O think of Christ! How can any one think of himself? Analyse any one act of his life, how imperfect compared with that pure and spotless Being! But Christ says, 'Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow!' and he has forgiven me, and clothed me with the robe of righteousness. It has come to me in so mysterious a manner. I now see how full the whole Bible is!'"

"To his family, who were sitting at his bed-side, he said, 'What joy I have had! no one can describe it. I have often told you, when in great pain, that I could not have conceived any human being could suffer so much. I am sure I may now say I could not conceive any human being could *enjoy* so much! And to compare these pleasures with the pleasures of the world, O how foolish! I have seen all grades of life, but I never found full satisfaction, because I had not got the pearl. I honoured Christianity, thinking it a great and noble thing, but I did not *feel* it. What a difference! Now I feel God is my Friend. Christ has covered my sins; I am fit for heaven.

I could not dread danger and death. But this is not to be had by reasoning. How true that saying is, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." But directly we come as little children, we obtain everything we need. I never disbelieved, but I did not feel, as I now do, the wisdom and goodness of the gospel."

But though in some points the experience of Dr. Gordon might seem less marked or decisive than usually accompanies the Spirit's teachings, yet let it not be thought that he received mercy without a sense of guilt or sin. He repeatedly spoke of himself as the chief of sinners. On one occasion he said,

"I am so *deeply* sensible of my unworthiness and wickedness! But then I look to Christ, and he has pardoned me, washed me, and clothed me in his robe of righteousness. And why, then, should I fear? This is why I am now contented and happy, with no dread of death, because, though I see my own vileness, I see Christ as my Saviour."

We cannot forbear giving, as our closing extract, the account of his departing moments, in which, as far as human eye could see, his soul was bathing in heavenly bliss before he dropped the mortal body. The author, who was present at this wondrous scene, where to sufferer and spectator death was alike swallowed up in victory, thus relates his last moments on earth:

"Increased difficulty of breathing was the only distressing symptom. He appeared no longer conscious of what took place around him. He gazed upwards as in a rapt vision. No film overspread his eyes. They beamed with an unworldly lustre, and the whole countenance, losing the aspect of disease and pain with which he had been so long familiar, glowed with an expression of indescribable rapture. As we watched in silent wonder and praise, his features, which had become motionless, suddenly yielded for a few seconds to a smile of ecstasy which no pencil could ever depict, and which none who witnessed it can ever forget. And when it passed away, still the whole countenance continued to beam and brighten, as if reflecting the glory on which the soul was gazing. Like Stephen, he was, by faith, looking up to heaven, and with a clearer vision than may be hoped for till the river of death is well nigh passed, was beholding, through the opening gates of glory, 'the Son of man standing at the right hand of God.' It is not too much to say that, as far as the expression of holy rapture could contribute to it, like Stephen's, 'his face was as it had been the face of an angel.'

"Though his emaciated frame, propped up by pillows, was incapable of the least effort, yet such was the effect on the bystanders of his upward outstretching gaze, that even the motionless body itself seemed to be reaching forward as if impatient for the summons to depart. We saw as much as mortal eye *could* see of the entrance of a soul into glory. Nothing more could have been given us but the actual vision of the separate spirit and its angelic convoy. This glorious spectacle lasted for about a quarter of an hour, increasing in interest to the last, during which the soul seemed pouring itself forth from the frail tenement which had imprisoned it into the embrace of its Lord. The breathing now became shorter and shorter; then, after a long pause, one last gentle heaving of the chest, and without a struggle, at two o'clock, the soul had fled."

When a Bible and a newspaper are found upon your table, I can guess which your hand will take up first; and the heart directs the hand. The worldly magazine is sweeter to your taste than the heavenly leaves. You may force and drive your thoughts on heavenly things, but can you set your heart upon them?—*Berridge*.

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